

caused you inconvenience, perhaps trouble. Your face tells me so whenever I meet you."

Marie had ceased to rebel at her imprisonment.

"I think you mean to be kind to me," she said, with excited pleading. "You who are so strong could not purposely wish to injure one so weak and friendless as I. Please, sir, please," entreatingly, "when you meet me do not speak to me. Please pass me by. I thank you for all your past kindness to me. Please do not think I am ungrateful; I am a lady's maid, and every time you speak to me I am forced to suffer humiliation."

"You will suffer no more from my thoughtlessness," he said. "I have hoped that I could get your confidence, and that you would learn to look on me as a friend who wished you nothing but happiness. Sometimes I have thought that you were not happy here, and that perhaps—I do not know how to say it—don't take offense. What I mean is, that I am able and it would give me great pleasure if you would let me assist you in any way."

It was certainly singular, after his recent confession to Alice, but this looked much like "seriousness" on his part. Marie's cheeks were tingling under his earnest gaze.

"You are very kind," she said, in a low voice, "and I thank you. Now will you please let me go?"

Hawkes flushed. He had forgotten that he still held her hands.

"But you haven't promised," he said. "I will never again speak to you if you so wish it, only say that you will let me, or," with a sudden thought, "my good old friend, Mr. Grillis, if you prefer, know of your whereabouts. If you will come to him for counsel. I know more of the world than you, and if you will trust in me—in us, I will say, if you prefer—you may be saved much unhappiness. How shall I ask it?" he had again taken her hand and was speaking so rapidly that she could not mistake his anxiety for her welfare. "If you were my sister I could guide you. You believe that I wish you nothing but good?" bending over to hear her answer.

"Yes," unhesitatingly.

"And will you promise? Will you apply to Mr. Grillis if you are in need of assistance or counsel while I am away? He has very kind feelings toward you. Will you?"

"I will think of it," she answered. "You are very kind to wish me good, and now you will please let me go. Good night."

"Good night," he answered, though his hand lingeringly released her. He watched her till she entered the Pattern mansion.

An hour later Mr. Goldthurst and his daughter were alone in the library.

"Were we successful?" the father asked, a conscious smile on his fine face as he drew an easy chair and motioned her toward it.

"To what do you refer?" she asked, sinking into the chair wearily. "The party was successful certainly. Is it to ask me this that you have sent for me?"

For some minutes he stood silent, smoothing his white mustache and eying her.

"You know why I have sent for you," he said. There was a recklessness in her way of speaking that angered him. "You had better be reasonable, Alice,"

he continued, "you know that I am in financial difficulties, and that I must have assistance."

"Speak out," she interrupted, as she rose to her feet. "There is no further use for hypocrisy to-day. Our guests have gone and are well deceived. I have played my part. Now that we are alone, speak out if it is in you to do anything direct. You want to know if I am ready to carry out my part of the agreement?" Hers was a regal beauty, as she stood, defiance in every feature. "I refuse to marry Mr. Pattern," after she had vainly awaited speech from him. "You want the control of his money. I may get along with the dolt as best I can."

He had been watching her narrowly. Her growing stubborn expression denoted the expectation of an angry scene. She was taken aback at the quietness of his voice when next he spoke.

"If there is any one else who has the money. There is," eagerly, "I see it in your face."

"I can not tell yet." She had fallen back into the chair and rested her forehead on her hand. All her anger had gone and her attitude beseeched consideration. "It is too soon," she said, "let us go on as we are for a little time longer. He has money, and to-night—"

"He spoke to you?"

"Yes, but I have nothing definite to tell. I'll know more soon. Wait a little longer." Unsteadily she turned to go, then, guiding herself by her hand on the wall, she left him.

Robert Barr, the teamster, was releasing his horses from the wagon in his yard in Railwich. A strong, cool breeze was coming over the marsh, and the animals stretched their necks and breathed long, satisfying draughts, then shook out their matted, perspiring hair and trotted out to the pump under the chestnut trees in Railwich square. Bob gave the horse last unhitched a hearty stroke on the flank, which started him off at a lazy, swinging canter, and was walking toward the barn when a woman came from the house. The woman was nearly as tall as Bob, and large of frame. Her pleasant face was given a kindly, benevolent expression, by silvery, soft, gray hair.

"Well, mother," Bob exclaimed, cheerily.

"You look tired, Rob," in such a low, even voice as one would expect, considering the face. "Has it been a hot trip?"

"A scorcher," placing his empty water can in his mother's hands. "The grass along the roadside is actually burned up by the sun, and the dust is choking. Hello, Bill!" to his partner, who had come through a door in the shed. "Your team's all put up, I suppose?"

"More'n an hour ago," Bill answered. Bill did not appear in a communicative frame of mind. He strode about the yard, his hands deep in his pockets. At length he stopped before Bob, who had continued with his chores, and said—

"You ain't got no objections to my talkin' to ye a bit, hev ye?"

"That's a curious thing for you to ask," Bob returned.

"Well, now, p'raps ye won't think so afore I get through," said Bill, in a half pleasant, half dogged way. "Bob, ye're neglectin' of yer business."