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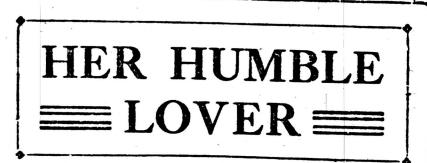
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"By all means," he ways, calmly, al- ! dear, Signa is her own mistress!" most respectivity. "Let it stand for to-night. Mrs. Podswell; let me beg of self-willed girl," exclaims Aunt Podsyou to accept this fact, I love your well.

nice most dearly." The bent head is raised for a moment, and the violet eyes give him a look of passionate gratitude that nearly sends Aunt Podswell mad. "As to my worthiness—I makes his way into the hall, and has makes his way into the hall, and has gel; what on earth do you want? mean in a worldly stage I can never his hand upon the latch, when some Money? Then all the romance would be anything but unworthy in any other one glides through the darkness tohope to assure you at a more conward him.

his hand upon the laten, when some money. Then an the foliation are any other man. A title? Bah! I've accept it as a fact, that Signa will be my wife. She is not one to change-"

"No!" softly, dreamily, from Signa. 'And I am as firm as a rock. Shall me one last kiss!" "One moment, Mr. --er-Warren!"

says the rector, finding his voice at him what he asks. said the rector, finding his told.

When he gets nome—which he does last; "I have to make a remark, but in a sort of raptureus dream—he Olympian ren touches her on the arm and opens

Good-night, my own, my darling!" lowing note to Lady Blyte: he murmurs, as obediently she passes

or to start uneasily.

Zes. I am quite aware." your feelings, Mr. Warren-you must yours very faithfully. see, a gentleman of your acute ; erception must see-

That it's impossible," cuts in Mrs. careless suppressed impatience.

"I am duite aware that Sir Free le It is Lady Rookwell who speaks, give music lessons and she can turn has proposed for Signa's hand," he with her keen little eyes twinkling a mangle—" preposal.

Aunt Podswell, desperately.

"I trust to Heaven that it may be!" grows harder—"if you will not con- intense amusement.

sent and good wishes." Aunt Podswell, sinking on her sofa. | mad!" better talk this over to-morrow!" says they are in love. I call love a sort of ever a man was head overheels in

"She is an ungrateful, disobedient, puts in Aunt Podswell, solemnly."

"Has the storm passed?" night, my darling, good night! Give tige of saying rude things, and stalk-

And she, as she flits from him, turns her head over her shoulder and gives

She does not move, but Hector War- comes down from the Olympian heights of lover's happiness, and collecting his thoughts, writes the fol

"Dear Lady Blyte, - I lose no time out.

"Tow, cir," he says, and his voice has returned home to the Rectory, in my charge. She begs, and I join in is oblder and sterner, causing the rec- my charge. She begs, and I join in her earnest request, that you will acer was about to ramark, Mr. cept the simple fact of her departure warren, that though we are—I er from the Park and the impossibility an sure honored by your proposal, of her return without question of that we have other views for our reproach. Miss Grenville desires me to nicee. Perhaps you are not aware that thank you most sincerely; and heart-Sir Frederic Blyte has er-proposed ily, and affectionately for all your kindness to her. May I add that she "Well-er-1 do not wish to be in- grateful and happy by the promise of vidious, but really—I wish to spare her hand? I am, dear Lady Blyte,

CHAPTER XIX.

ing against him—but Sir Frederic breath and keep yourself cool: You as first. Bah! It's a very nice Blyte—" she stops, the dark eyes might just as well try to move a rock match, and I shall say so whether I regarding her patiently, or rather with as move Signa from her plighted go; and if they haven't enough to uroth!"

says, calmly, "and that Signa has with suppressed amusement, and the refused him. I am convinced that half-malicious, half-satirical grin nothing and nobody on earth would wrinkling her painted and powdered persuade her to revoke that refusal. I face. It is a week since Signa retrust that nothing would persuade her turned to the Rectory in the company he'd come and stand beside her and to recall the assent she gave to my of Hector Warren, and the storm give a turn or two to-the handle ocwhich he prognosticated has almost casionally. But there, they'll do very "It shall never be!" exclaims poor spent its force; but though the rector, well; and for Heaven's sake, don't and all Northwell from Lady Rookwell keep worrying them and yourseif. Hector Warren smiles, almost to Captain Jenks have accepted Signa's And that's my advice, and of course betrothal to the unknown gentleman you won't take it-nobedy ever does. who came to look over Lord Dela- And now I'll have a cup of tea, my he says. "Come, Mrs. Podswell, Signa | mere's library, Aunt Podswell is still dear, for I want to wait for the male is her own mistress, and if she prefers dissatisfied and complaining. That turtle-dove. I suppose they will be a poor man to Sir Frederic Blyte, who | Signa should reject Sir Frederic Blyte | flying home directly." shall say her nay? I love her quite for Hector Warren is to her some- Aunt Podswell sings out a "Yes" as well, as Sir Frederic can do, and thing monstrous and unnatural, and and rings for the tea. I will do my best to make her happy. to whomsoever she meets she pours "I think I've got a little surprise to Lady Blyte, I will write her out her lamentations. She has been for him," says Lady Rookwell, chuckto-night, and see that straight, and doing so now for fully a quarter of ling and nodding over her tea-cup. if—as they say in the play—you will an hour, and Lady Rookwell, en-consent, why then we shall be happy scenced in one of the Rectory easyever afterward; but"-and the smile chairs, has listened with quiet but her head and grins.

afterward all the same! But, believe ral!" wails Aunt Podswell, wiping her the way, do you know that Sir Fredme, I am very anxious for your con eyes, and sniffling. "Look at the difference, Lady Roo'kwell! She might that the Park is shut up? His "I—wash my hands of it!" exclaims have been Lady Biyte! She must be mother has gone after him, some

"Er-er-ahem!-perhaps we had "No doubt. Most girls are when to London. Poor Sir Frederic!-if

patient to sanity. My dear, take my advice; as I said, you cannot move Signa. She is one of the sort who take the disease which we have consented to call love, very strongly. If it brought out spots like the measles, Signa would not be fit to be seen. In leve! I never saw a zirl so thoroungly and completely and madly in love. Why, she worships the ground he treads on. And he looks at her as if she were the first woman created, and he really could not get over his amazement and delight at so great a marvel," and the old worldling chuckles sardonically. "I met them wandering down the lane; I believe that they were holding hands—I do, indeed; but, anyway, they looked supremely happy. She is a beautiful creature; lovelier now than when she first came, and she was pretty enough, then. Heaven knows, to send a man out of his wits."

is not incurable; but one soon gets

over it. Marriage soon restores the

"I don't say that they were not attached to one another," wails Aunt Podswell; "but what are they going

"Bread and cheese, and kisses," re torts her ladyship, sardonically. is an excellent diet for a newly married, couple, and does not produce indigestion. My good soul, give it up as a bad job. They will be married as surely as—as—turtle doves pair in the spring. That you should be surprised amuses me. Why, I saw it the first night they were together." But Aunt Podewell sauffs and

"If I had guassed at such a misfortune, I would have refused to receive his visits!"

"Then they would have met in the lanes, or—or anywhere, and she'd have run away with him, says Lady Rookwell, consolingly. Marriages, my dear, are made in heaven—or the other place. other place; I think this would 'have been manufacteured in the former; and, after all, I rather like your Hector Warren. He is handsome enough, goodness knows-"

"Handsome is as handsime does!" "Exactly, my dear; and Hector Warren 'does' very handsomely. He She is the sweetest, most generous looks like a prince, and talks like a got a title, and how much am I the "Nearly," - he murmurs. "Good happier for it? It gives me the presing out of rooms before some other

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"That is just what it will come to!"

The terrible old lady grins.

"Wait till they come in, my dearsent, why—we shall be happy ever "But—but it is dreadful and unnatu- then I shan't have to tell it twice. By say-others that she has merely gone

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Podswell, viciously. "Mr. Warren "My dear creature, what is the use? doesn't want to say rude things, and may be all very well—we know noth— You might just as well spare your she'd as lieve go out of a room last live on, why then—then—well, he can

"Oh, dear!" wails Aunt Podswell.

"And she'd be happy even then if

the rector, in despair. "After all, my madness, and the great pity is that it love, he was and is! Never mind!-

he'll get over it; it don't kill how- there were no suc't persons, as Hector eyes out because they wouldn't let me to know my news?' should have been Mrs. Belvoir with piness.

lightly, as he takes her hand. holding out her other beringed hand hand with your fellow simpleton." sardenic caim; "but you see Mr. Warto Signa. "Give me a kiss. Is it "Signa, here is thay Rookwell callwarm outside, or have you always got ling you opproblous names." that color on your olive cheeks, my dear? Take off your hat and let me response.

look at you." Laughingly Signa obeys, and Hec. Rockwell, grinning. "But come, I en Miss Laura Derwent carte blanche, tor Warren takes her hat from her, know you are dying of curlosity." and carries it reverently to a side table. Her ladyship grins.

merit which you are desirous of disposing of-such as Antique Furniture. Old Plate, Brassware, Prints, Engravings, Old Arms, Armour, Curics, etc.? If so, you will find it of interest to you to consult

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will pitch it on the sofa, and then Laura Derwent's thoughts?" forget all about it; and sit upon it." "Will he?" says Sniga, blushing and ! laughing. "Well, I can always re Derwent, if she can make use of them. taliate, and sit upon his. Will you You don't know her."

that you would have liked to stay out one of blood?" wandering in the lanes hand in hand! "Hector!" murmurs Signa, coming You were, weren't you?"

"Yes," says Hector Warren, prompt- upon his shoulders with half-timid, ly, as Signa tries to keep down the half-bold tenderness. tell-tale color. "It is of no use, Lady "My dear child, I am quite serious. Rookwell, you can't make us ashamed I am trembling in my boots. Keep me certainly not me at any rate. Why not in suspense. Lady Rookwell. The shouldn't we go hand in hand? It is dread mandate, what is is? Thy slave a glorious ole custom; they do it now is all attention." in Germany. Yes, we were hand in The old lady looks at him with a hand; the lame is steep, you know"— keen scrutiny and nods her head. gravely-"and Signa might fall."

"You see, my dear," to Aunt Podswell, went is coming here in three weeks." who sits bolt upright and looks scan- He is silent for a moment's space, dalized, "they are both quite in earn- then he inclines his head slowly. est. But come, sir, I've some news for "In three weeks! Barely time to get

cup and a slice of bread and butter as decorated, Lady Rookwell?" thin and unsubstantial as a wafer. "Is She grins until all her teeth are there any news? I thought the world displayed. had stopped still."

suppose," retorts her ladyship. "Well, Grange." it hasn't; it is still going on, as if "In-deed," he says, slowly;

all, it can't be bad while-And she turns sharply as the door eyes wander to Sign; as she mo.es must bow the head and carry out her opens, and Hector Warren and Signa about the room, putting things behests, Lady Rookwell, in two words. enters.

"It is the best of all possible worlds, my dear Lady Rookwell," he says, "Oh, of course not: while you have the expense! All this will cost thousand the room, putting things beings, Lady Rookwell, "the says, "But," walls Mrs. Podswell, "the expense! All this will cost thousand the expense! All this will cost thousand the expense!

your lady love within reach, nothing ands! Really, dear Lady Rookwell,, "Yes of course—the dearest, sweet- matters Thrones may totter and dy- this this whim of your niece's te est, happiest of worlds, isn't it, Miss masties fall, and nething signifies most extraordinary. Turtle Dove?" retorts her ladyship, while you wander idly about hand in "Isn't it?" says Lady Rookwell, with

"I don't care," comes the laughing litetor Warren laughs.

"Just dying," he assents, sinking availing herself of it. As to the exback into the easy chair, and following pense, that is of no moment-"In twelve months' time, my dear, Signa with his eyes, "What is it, Lady you will be permitted to carry your Rookwell? Have you come to tell us own hat; or if you give it to him he that an act of Parliament has been He shruggs his shoulders and smiles.

passed forbidding any marriages for ours," he answers. "He is reputed, and "Parliament will never attain to I have no doubt rightly, to be wealthy such a sensible act," she retorts. "No! I've had a letter from Laura

Derwent." He leans forward with mock plarm. "Not another! Spare us, Lady Rookwell! As you are strong be merciful. What has that remarkable young lady done now -turned the Sultan of Turkey out-of Constantincple, and seized the threne?—set the river on fire, and les who saw him wanted to kiss him. interviewed the emperor —taken pos- but Jack was not old enough to ap-

est," retirts Lady Rookwelf, eyeing him all of a sentimental description. with malicious enjoyment from behind Young Jack returned home pretty about you yourself"

Signa's gloves, and examines it as if was sent to bed: "Give mother a kisa he has never seen such a curious ar- dear." ticle before. "Can it be possible that so insigni- | fatnar and said:

cant an individual as licetor Warren "Dad, for goodness sake, kies this can come within the sphere of Miss weman!"—New York Times Lody Rockwell grins.

"No one is too insignificant to Laura have some more tea? I am sorry I He shakes his head with mock awe.

"What is it? Do you keep me in "My dear, don't fib-you are nothing (suspense). What grewsome command of the sort. You know as well as I do has she set upon me? The task—is it

behind him, and putting her hands

ravely—"and signa might fall."

"You may laugh," she says, "but "Of course," retorts her ladyship. what do you say to this? Laura Der-

the triumphal arches ready, and the 'Have you?" he says, his whole at- red blaze, and brass band! Shall you tention devoted to handing Signa a have the whole of your pretty villa re-

"He! he! My villa! She is not To stare at your idiotic happiness, I coming here! She is coming to the

adays, whatever it might have done Warren and Signa Grenville to make | "Yes, cf course. Didn't I tell you in our time. I remember crying my simpletons of themselves. Do you want she would? And that isn't all. She have Jack Belvoir; but I'm glad now He bows, and spreads a piece of most literal word. She means they didn't. He was almost as hand-bread and butter with jam, and takes to have the Grange done up some as our Hector Warren, but he it at a mouthful; there is something hadn't a penny; and by this time I positively boyish in his intense hap
Warren, "What would Signa say if I warren, "What warren, "What would say if I warren, "What would say if I warren, "What warren, "What would say if I warren, "What warren, ten children and four hundred a year. "It all depends," he says, pleasant-Ah, well, it's a strange world—isn't ly. "It is bad or good news? After a personage to be disobeyed. She is the " and his queen of fashion, and we, her slaves,

to the excense-

"Trut question is simple enough," "Den't care was hung," says Lady he says, "My friend Delamere has givand she is quite within her right in

> "No moment!" sniffs Aunt Podewell, "when it may be thousands!"

"He must be worth at least forty or fifty thousand a year," breaks in Lady Rookwell, sharply.

Hector Warren nods. (To be continued.)

Jack's Appeal.

Eight-year-old Jack was a handsession of the Tuileries, or what? It but Jack was not old enough to appreciate his privileges. One afternoon several friends of his mother called. that young lady's name mention of several friends of his mother called, tremble." makes me and they all kissed him. Later on he "Then you can tremble in real earn- his pet cowboy scenes the films were her gold eyeglass, for she has written well tired of the whole tribe of wo I men. To cap the climax his mother He leans back and takes up one of said to him that evening when he

Jack looked appealingly toward his

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