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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 22, 1884. AN AMBITIOUS WIFE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER IX.

"Your frankness," said Thurston, with one of his easy, wise smiles, has a positive prudential quality...

"I should not talk to every one as I talk to you," Claire quickly answered. He took one of her hands in his for a few moments...

"My poor child," he said, "you have a hard road before you. But I know you mean to tread it with determined feet..."

"I am glad to hear that you are so happy," said Claire, still letting him keep her hand. "Oh, no; of course I shall not mind..."

"I will be very pleased with it, if not; but now I must say something that I have never said before..."

ing. She became, to the eyes of him who watched her, a fascinating woman. She seemed to demand what was merely her just due...

All this time she had let Thurston retain her hand. Once or twice her slight fingers pressed against his palm, with unconscious warmth...

"I will give you my help," he said, with a new note in his voice that was a sort of husky throbb...

"That is not what I mean," Thurston objected. He rose as he spoke, still holding Claire's hand...

CHAPTER X. Not long afterward Claire found herself alone. Thurston had gone. She felt her cheeks burn as she sat and stared at the floor...

His declaration had strangely shocked her at first, for the entire man, as it were, had undergone a transformation so abrupt and radical...

Claire had never thought of Thurston as capable of a live sentiment toward any woman. She had taken it for granted that all this part of his nature was in dignified decay...

Through the days that followed, Claire and Thurston gradually yet firmly resumed their past agreeable converse. She had warned to him with a truly filial ardor, and this sudden ruin of their mutual relations now gave her acute stings of regret...

Their former chats were resumed, steadily interrogative on her side, complacently responsive on his. As winter softened into spring, the dissipations of Sophia decreased...

"God gracious, ma!" she once asseverated, in private debate, "Claire wouldn't over think of marrying a man old enough to be her father!"

"She might do worse, now, Sophia," protested Mrs. Bergemann, with the coolly formulated style of talk and thought which marks so many matrons...

Mrs. Bergemann became obediently quiet. But she continued to have her private opinions. Meanwhile Claire and Thurston held their brief or long interviews, as chance favored.

A certain admirer of Sophia's had of late deserted her, and sought the attention of Claire whenever occasion permitted. His name was Brady...

Claire could hardly endure the attentions of Brady. She was civil to him because of her two hostesses, whose perceptions in all matters of social degree seemed hopelessly obtuse...

He was very tall and slim of figure, with a face whose utter smoothness would have been the despair of a mercenary barber. His large ears, jutting from a bullet-shaped forehead...

"I think," said Thurston, speaking of him one day to Claire, "that he is truly an admirable creature. The ancients used to believe that monsters were created by the union of two commingling elements, such as a human and a broken phial..."

Claire laughed and presently shook her head in gentle argumentative protest. "I think there is a flaw in your theory," she said, "and I'll tell you why..."

He spoke these words with his usual robust sort of languor, in which there was never a single trace of affectation or frivolity. At the same time a secret feeling of wonder possessed him...

He marvelled now, as he had repeatedly done on recent occasions, at her remarkable power to grasp new phrases, new forms of thought, new methods of inquiry...

"Oh, I ain't, not a bit," said Brady, ardently contradictory. "I'm glad of it, Miss Twining. I wanted to have a little chin with you..."

"I am quite well Mr. Brady," he said, smiling. "I hope you're well. I hope you're well as well as the rest of 'em..."

He began to sway his head slightly from side to side. It was his way of showing nearly every emotion, whether embarrassment, perplexity, chagrin, or even modification.

"I think that's a lot about 'em, did you?" Claire. She was watching him, in all his unpleasant details, though very covertly. She was asking herself...

She had grown sharp-sighted for the detection of these tender signs. And even in Brady's tender signs was unmistakable. His bewitching cruelty had softened, in all its ways...

and Sophia: "How strange that he sent me to me! There may have been some mistake..."

"Oh, not a bit of it!" Sophia exclaimed. "He's dead gone about you, Claire. I've seen it lately. So has ma..."

"Upon my word," she declared, "I don't know as any girl had ought to refuse a fellow as awful well-off as he is. Sophia is always talking of his great big ears, and his boastful ways..."

"I don't know as any girl had ought to refuse a fellow as awful well-off as he is. Sophia is always talking of his great big ears, and his boastful ways..."

The rich hue of the roses haunted her all day, even when she was not near them. Their splendent crimson seemed like a symbol of luxury that she might be called upon to refuse...

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She was quite right in this assumption. The grand Michael presently brought up Mr. Brady's card. Claire hesitated for an instant, and then said that she would see the gentleman...

"I don't want you to tell me anything about his character as a man," Claire quickly replied. "But I want to find out his standing in society..."

"Not at all. They have never been called upon to know or not to know him. The best class is in a different world altogether..."

"You mean the set of people with whom Sophia associates?" "Yes. I mean the rich, vulgar set of which you have so frequently seen specimens in this very room..."

"I'm glad to hear that you are so happy," said Claire, still letting him keep her hand. "Oh, no; of course I shall not mind..."

The Post and Weekly Globe one year, for new subscribers to Jan. 1885, \$2 00. The Post and Western Advertiser, 2 00. The Post and Country Gentleman, 3 10...

as wife if he should ever ask her. The remembrance of his great prospective wealth dealt her more than one thrilling stroke, and yet feelings of self-distrustful dread visited her also...

"I'm glad you did like 'em," said Brady, examining his radiant rings for an instant. "They cost a heap of stamps," he added, suddenly lifting his head and giving her an intent look...

"Look here, now, Miss Twining," he said. "I never expected to get married. I've had some pretty nice girls make regular date sets at me—yes, I have—but none of 'em ever took my fancy..."

Claire had been trying to withdraw her hand, for several moments, from the very firm grasp of this remarkable suitor. But as Brady ended, she literally snatched the hand away, and rose, facing him, contemptuous, and yet calm because her contempt was so deep...

She at once left the room, after thus speaking and saw, as she did so, that Brady's face was pale with rage and contentment. His insolent patronage wounded her more than she knew...

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