



TUPERSIN AGAINST THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM OR THE PAIN OF NEURALGIA

Indeed, he said. "How strange you must find it all! When did you leave your ship?"

He spoke in the leisurely tone with which a grown man addresses a young lad ignorant of the world, and Nora, as she listened, felt that already she was beginning to hate him.

"Not long," she said. "He seemed to listen with a sudden increase of attention."

"What is the name of your ship?" he inquired. "The 'Neptune,'" replied Nora, her eyes fixed on Vane, that she might see which spoon to use, and what dish to accept or refuse.

"I am in the merchant service," she said, coldly. "Senley Tyers looked at her out of the corners of his eyes."

How did a cousin of Vane Tempest, a connection of the great Westleighs, come to be in the merchant service? "You are away on leave, I suppose?" he said.

it, and Lord Warlock eyed her with keen amusement. "Well, you are the most abstemious sailor I ever met with," he remarked.

"But I suppose you prefer hot grog and a short pipe to '48 port; and I don't know that you're wrong," he said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, shortly, "you think I'm old, do you?" He sighed and leaning back, looked at her wistfully.

"I am very strong," she said. "And as straight as an arrow," he muttered. "Help me to that chair, and then go and amuse yourself. By and by I'll tell you all about it."

"I am not fond of melodrama even in its proper place—the theatre, Mr. Senley," she said, with an attempt at scornful irony.

"No, I," he said; "and I rarely indulge in it. You are quite right when you accuse me of having done so."

"I am painting a portrait of Lady Florence, as you may have heard," he went on, "and I should like you to see that, and to hear your opinion of it."

"I am glad of that," said Senley Tyers. "I shall be very pleased if you will come and see some of mine. Ask your cousin Tempest to bring you."

"You are eating nothing and drinking less, my lad. When I was your age I shouldn't have passed that last entrée."

CHAPTER XX. Nora sat in her corner, with a photograph album, as still as a mouse, but with eyes as sharp as a pounce, and alert little animal.

She saw the whole of the business between Lady Florence and Senley Tyers, and watched the changing expressions in the beautiful face. But though her woman's wit made her suspicious she was too ignorant of the world and its wiles to understand; she only thought that if she were the proud beauty she would not have permitted Mr. Tyers to bend over her and talk in such low and confidential tones for Nora's dis-

While she was watching him he turned, in his softly sudden fashion, and met the gaze of her bright eyes; and, as if reminded of her existence, he crossed the room and approached her.

"Ah, yes," he said, with a smile. "Then you had been persistently yourself, I'm glad to hear. You were kept aboard for punishment, Mr. Mortimer. Was that it?"

"I should have thought the good people down at Trelore would have been well up in all that kind of thing. You're generally superstitious."

"I should say you had a very pleasant life before you," he said, smiling up at her. "You are a lucky young man, if I know anything of the art of fortune-telling by the hands. There is only one thing for you to guard against, Mortimer; and that is to be a fortune teller."

"I am glad of that," said Senley Tyers. "I shall be very pleased if you will come and see some of mine. Ask your cousin Tempest to bring you."

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Unfortunately we cannot all be Vane Tempests, and so"—he shrugged his shoulders, and so"—we have to love hopelessly."

"I don't believe," she said, involuntarily; then she stopped. "Ah, well! perhaps not," he said. "They say that it is a case of loving or being loved. No one gets back the love which he or she gives. It's a matter of fate. By the way, do you believe in fate, Mortimer?"

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"It wasn't much of a compliment," she said, with a smile. "But I meant that he was so much darker, and that his features were so unlike yours. But you say that there is not much relationship?"

"No, not much," he assented. "At that moment Lady Florence, catching Nora's eye, nodded and beckoned with her fan."

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