

ANSWERED IN THE COURSE OF GEORGE MUNRO & JOSE, NEW YORK

summoned, Frank did not know till night, after the little party had broken up, and the two young men were alone in Darrell's sanctum.

dead-looking as she—"I stopped, shuddering—ah! I am foolish, but knowing what I did, it seemed like a foresight of my Cora's fate; and I am ashamed to confess how much she startled me—was, but, Frank, it was in that moment this idea sprang like an inspiration into my mind. If Rose will only send me your gift."

"Only this—the way for the climax must be paved in a few days; you'll be the task to spread it about that her health is falling; say it to gossips Mrs. Mortimer, to that gossip Mrs. Spencer; you know how to do the thing of course—you understand what I mean, don't you?"

"I am so glad, sir, that I don't know what to say! I thought you did love her long ago—you couldn't do so, if you'll forgive me the liberty of saying it—nor she either, pretty innocent darling; and I've so hoped it, for you're good enough even for her, sir—that you are!"

"I wish I were, my dear girl; but at least I am no fortune-hunter, like the two who were here before me. You, sir! Of course not," exclaimed Dorothy indignantly.

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against the mantelpiece, went to the first point without any ado. How very handsome he looked! Dorothy thought, with respectful admiration.

"Dorothy, I don't fancy that my first news will be startling news to you at all—the rest will. I love that dear child in there—what man could help it—all the money in the world is in my hands, and she loves me."

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other's hand closely. "She couldn't help loving you. I always said you would never win your wife like anybody else, Lance, and I'm verified, you see."

"I suppose you are, Frank," answered Lance, with a half laugh. "It is all right anyhow, and my darling won't mind it. Well, then, Frank, quickly, why not go the simplest way to work—take her quietly off and marry her a snap for the fifteen thousand pounds perked or lost?"

"Not one bit; but," said Lance, gently, "forget, dear Frank, how delicate she is—yet—far from delicate, and so young too, to be hurried into marriage now. It would be dishonorable to take such advantage while it is possible to save her by any other means."

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CHAPTER XXXIII. After what had passed yesterday, Lance Darrell was naturally anxious as to how Cora would behave herself toward Aldyth and to himself in Aldyth's presence.

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CHAPTER XXXIV. Frank Heathcote was artful enough the next day to say to Aldyth as she strolled on the lawn:

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