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She looked at me, startled and wondering; but, when she saw the smile in my eyes, she laughed.
"Yes," she said, "he can come here."
When we had passed the lake, I saw there was a low stone wall to divide this little lane from the Grange property, a low wall over which ivy grew and gray mosses crept.
How well I learned to know the very stones of that wall, and how well I grew to love every little leaf and flower that peeped from its crevices, and the tendrils that clung to it scarcely tighter than clung the fibres of my heart!

"You see that a path from the house comes down to this lane," Annis said. "It is the way we generally come."
Gwendoline and Hilda were out of sight. They had not paused for us or spoken to us once during the walk. But quicker and more determined steps than theirs came down the path behind us; and Annis paused by the bank-side—I thought, to let them pass.
They were two tall handsome young men, with slight well-knit figures and the stamp of gentle breeding on their fair straight-cut faces. They stopped, raising their hats, and on the face of the fairer and younger there was a specially bright glad smile. I guessed in a minute who he was.

"I am glad you have come to-day, Annis," he said, as he took her hand; and the pleasure in his face was reflected on hers.
"I must introduce you to my friend," she said in answer. "Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. Ulric Gascoigne—Miss Thorne."
When we walked on, however, we fell into couples. Annis and her lover lagged behind, his brother strolled on by my side. He seemed used to playing the part of third, for he talked easily and unconstrainedly, without heeding the young folks behind us.
"You are a stranger to Mariand, Miss Thorne," he remarked. "I suppose you are staying at the Grange? Did Annis's sisters come out with you this afternoon?"
"They came, but they walked on in front of us, and we have lost sight of them."
"Hilda generally comes with Annis," he said; "but I do not think she likes it"—and he laughed. "My cousins are very proud, and they do not approve, I fancy, of Annis's allowing us, who are in disgrace, to speak to her."

He talked lightly and freely, concluding, I suppose, though it did not occur to me then, that, since Annis had brought me with her as chaperon, I was in all the secrets of the Grange. I did not think of it then, and so I let him speak on; and, after all, he told me little more than I had guessed.
His own existence was the one thing I had not dreamed of; but he was, I found, the elder brother, and the heir by birth to St. Gabriel's Grange, but disinherited by his uncle. I could not but wonder in my own mind what Mr. Gascoigne could have found against this young fellow that he should deprive him of his heritage.
I stole a furtive glance at him now and again as he talked; it was a frank and pleasant face I looked at. He was older than I had perhaps at first supposed. There was a decision about his mouth, a slight frown of the brows, and lines here and there, telling that his path had not been all roses, nor his life without thought.

We walked and talked on for some time. I am half surprised now to think that I was not embarrassed or perplexed by his allusions to those family concerns at the Grange of which I knew absolutely nothing; but at the time it all seemed perfectly natural, and I listened and responded without a thought of his probably mistaken view of my position. We met sometimes in our lives men and women with whom it comes instinctively to fall at once into friendly relations. It was so with me that afternoon. I was content to meet those frank gray eyes and listen to that pleasant voice without heeding much else.
"How far behind your brother and Annis are?" I exclaimed at last, glancing back down the lane.
"It would not be kind to remain in ear-shot," he answered, laughing. "I wish Annis would summon up courage to allow uncle Richard to be told of her engagement. She seems afraid of the very mention of Ulric's name in his presence; but why should she care? Ulric has fortunately inherited sufficient property from his mother to live on; he is not a soldier of fortune, like myself."
"You think Mr. Gascoigne would be angry?"
"Oh, yes, certainly! He has shut us out entirely from his favor, you know. Sometimes I think Annis's sisters have more to do with keeping the secret than Annis herself. They might share my uncle's indignation unless he were to forgive her. Poor uncle Richard! It could not be much satisfaction to him to discard them also. But I am glad Ulric chose Annis instead of handsome Hilda, and, in fact, I question whether Hilda would have looked at him and his modest establishment."

"She would make a stately duchess," I answered. "She is almost too handsome for every-day life."
"Yes," he smiled; "love in a cottage would not be in her line. I hope she will win the duke. But Annis may know more of love in her humbler walk, and Ulric may possibly be happier than the duke."
Two figures were advancing down the pathway towards us, growing nearer and clearer.
"Here are Gwendoline and Hilda," said Mr. Gascoigne. "It is not often I see Gwendoline now, perhaps because there is hardly room for three in this little path."

As we met, Hilda's face flashed a glance at me. It was the first time I had encountered the full gaze of those blue eyes that were accustomed to deny me even the honor of a look, but which I had seen fixed so calmly and steadily on other faces; and now I was startled at the sharp angry light darted upon me. I had seen scorn and restless passion in Gwendoline's eyes, and it had not hurt me, for it scarcely seemed that I myself could have caused it. But this brought suddenly to my brain amazement and horror and pain, for in that one swift glance I read hatred.
It was only for a second. Miss Farquhar turned with a smile and a slightly risen color to Mr. Gascoigne.
"How do you do, Gilbert?" she said. "I thought we should see you to-day."
"Did you?" Annis told me you were out somewhere—she did not know where. How are you, Gwendoline?"
"I did not know you were acquainted with Miss Thorne," said Gwendoline abruptly.
"Neither had I that pleasure until Annis effected the introduction some ten minutes since."
"Did Annis tell you that she is Mr. Gascoigne's new secretary?"
It might have been the rudeness of her speech or simply the information therein which took him aback and brought the sharp decided answer—
"Annis simply introduced Miss Thorne as her friend. I hope my uncle has not forbidden the acquaintance. Miss Thorne?"
"Is that likely?" said Gwendoline. "Or do you suppose she would heed it if it were the case? Mr. Gascoigne is confined to his rooms. She is, Annis should have told you, his companion, amanuensis, intelligence, and everything else that her predecessors, Granville Cox and James Stanton, were."

"You will have a busy time then," Mr. Gascoigne said simply, addressing me in the same pleasant tones as before. "I hope you will not tire of it so soon as they did, nor omit to take regular walks."
"Naturally she has a great deal to do; but walks may form part of her business," Gwendoline replied tauntingly.
"I do not understand your meaning in the least, Lady Martin," I said. "If you mean to intimate that I come out by Mr. Gascoigne's orders, you know that is not the case. I came by your sister's invitation. If you mean that Mr. Gascoigne has forbidden me to know his nephew, I can only say that Mr. Gascoigne has never mentioned his name to me."
"Gilbert knows what I mean. He is the only person to whom I am speaking," Gwendoline answered contemptuously.
"Shall we walk on to meet Annis?" put in Hilda, with perfect calmness. "It is too cold to stand. How do you and Mr. Garden get on together, Gilbert? You can still find time, it seems, for walking out in the mornings."
I noticed afresh, as she spoke to him, what an exquisite face it was that turned with a slight smile to his. The coldness and the pride had gone, and left a radiant loveliness in their place.
As the way was so narrow, I fell back, and Mr. Gascoigne stepped behind a space also.

"Please walk on with your cousins, Mr. Gascoigne," I said, in low tones; and indeed Gwendoline was already by his side.
"Two is company," she said, with a laugh, changing her tone in that chameleon-like fashion which again and again had puzzled me. "Perhaps Miss Thorne will give me the pleasure of her company, and I can tell her your history, since Annis has afforded information and my uncle has been equally uncommunicative. Will you join Hilda, Gilbert?"
Perhaps she expected me, on this hint, to display some curiosity. I cannot say; but I spoke no word in reply; and we walked on in perfect silence, Gilbert Gascoigne and his beautiful cousin some paces in advance of us, her fair smiling face turning every now and again to him, and an occasional word only reaching us.
We left the gentlemen by the stone wall, passing through a rusty iron gate into the Grange grounds, and walking by the lake and the shrubbery to the hall door.
Annis addressed to me a smiling innocent remark or two, which I answered simply and quietly. Her sisters said nothing to me, nor I to them. As we parted in the hall, Lady Martin Pomeroy came to my side for an instant.
"Now, spy," she whispered tauntingly, "go tell your master all you have seen and heard!"
Then she turned away swiftly, and followed her sisters into the morning-room.

(To be continued.)
Wealth That Is Dug For.
If you were suddenly asked, "Which are worth most, the gold mines or the silver mines of the country? The gold or silver mines, or the mines of iron or the coal mines? The gold mines or the stone quarries?" what would you say?
It is a good plan for young people to consider questions of this nature; and, more, to make themselves in some measure acquainted with the materials upon which such great interests and industries as mining and metal working are based. Can you tell a copper ore from a silver ore; iron ore from lead ore; a useful mineral from a worthless stone; pottery clay from ordinary dirt? Every little while we hear of valuable minerals discovered where men have come and gone for a hundred years. At last some one who pays attention to such natural sources of wealth recognizes that the earth or stone that has been kicked about or trodden under foot by hundreds contains something that the arts have need of, and the un-intelligent land-owner sells to him for the price of ordinary land, mineral lands that may be worth a thousand times the price asked for them.
It is safe to say that but a small fraction of the possible mineral wealth of the country has yet been found. A large block of the unknown treasure may lie within the range of the reader's daily walks. Have you ever thought to inquire what the earth and stones you see every day are made of, and how they differ from those from which men are getting every year values to the amount of four or five hundred millions of dollars, in this country alone?

Disarmed by a Whip-Lash.
One of the dangers which menaced travelers in the early history of California was an attack by highwaymen. An old stage-driver who drove over a part of the long line between San Jose and Los Angeles relates an interesting incident of those early days. He says:
I remember once, in a lonely coast-range canyon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was a moonlight night and I was pushing ahead at a good speed with a stage full of passengers and a heavy treasure box.
Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw the figure of a man on horseback beside the road. He yelled out for us to stop and I saw a gun barrel gleam in the moonlight.
The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I made up my mind to take the chance of getting through. I saw the gun raised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand and with a desperation born of the peril of the moment I made a vicious swipe at him.
I don't know how it happened, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by the whip was drawn taut. I was nearly pulled off my seat, but I held on and the gun was dragged out of the robber's hand and fell to the ground. At the same moment it was discharged by the shock.
It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whip-lash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll wager he was surprised.

No Fun There.
A friend of mine has a little boy who has just reached that age where he is interesting. The other afternoon he was found sitting on the steps of the veranda looking very much downcast and his mother asked him what the trouble was.
"We'll have to move away from here," he said.
"Why?" asked his mother.
"Oh, I've done up every kid in the block and there ain't any more fun here."—*Buffalo News.*

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