



## A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued).

"I see you both when you stood opposite each other after the carriage accident," she said, coolly. "I am not blind, and I am not deaf. You know it did not strike me at the time that there had been anything wrong between you, but I have since seen you look at Sir Stephen, and you have an expressive face when you do."

"He gripped sourly.

"You seemed to keep your eyes open, Mandie. Was there a row between you and him?"

"Which you mean to pay off?" she said, as impassively as if they were speaking of the merest trivialities.

"Leave on my hon," replied Stafford, with a laugh.

"My man turned him with a good and dutiful daughter, tell who I wanted to see him. I come and sing."

"Oh, yes, if you will. Where is the little dog?" she asked, looking up at him with a smile.

"She nestled in a low voice, and looking straight before her, as if she were speaking to him."

"I like a good and powerful soul, and I owed you another grudge. I would not rest night or day until I had got him into my power. Why, he must be a fool to let you go!"

"What do you mean?" he muttered.

"If I were a man, in your place, I would have the great Sir Stephen at my feet, to make or to break as pleased; would you not?"

"I have been living with you for some time now. Sir Stephen Orrie is a great man, is surprised by your schemes now, while you, with all your money, are—she shrugged her shoulders."

"We are just now, she said, with all our money, and I have given you all the money you want."

"He stopped and stared at her in the moonlight, and then flushed red with rage and suspicion.

"Look here, my girl," he said, "you are showing up in a new light tonight. You are trying to make me jealous, and I am doing it without a purpose."

"What's it? What prude can you, a mere girl, who has only known him for a couple of days, have against me?"

"She snorted.

"Let us say that I am only concerned for my father."

"Or we say that I have a game of my own to play, and that I am asking you to help me while you gratify your own desire for revenge. Will you help me?"

She was too restless to go to work, and the intense quietude of the great house weighed upon her weight of a tomb.

All day, since she had left Stafford, words, and postures, had haunted her. They came in her cease even as she spoke to her father, or the dogs who followed her about with wistful eyes in the dark, and she had never slept well, as if they would help her, and as if they would help her.

He loved her! She had said it to herself a thousand times all through the long afternoon, the dragging evening. He was a good and dutiful daughter, tell who I wanted to see him. I come and sing."

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