

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Harry J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethel's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

At the sound of her voice the same tremor which had run through Margery's frame when Grandma Ferguson came in, returned, and this time with greater intensity. There was a faint, moaning cry, and sounding like, "Queenie, oh, Queenie!" and, stepped forward the physician said, "Miss Hetherton. She seems to know you, and must rouse her, or she will die."

Thus importuned, Reineette knelt beside her friend, covering her face and hand with kisses, and saying to her, softly: "Dear Margery, do you know me? I am Queenie—little Queenie. Speak to me, Margery, if you can, and tell me what is the matter? What would you wish I could do?" "No, no, I do not! Go away! I can't bear it! You hurt!" Margery said, and she tried to disengage her hand from Reineette. And those were the only words she spoke for several days, during which she lay perfectly still, never moving hand or foot, but apparently unconscious most of the time of what was passing around her, and always seeming happier when Grandma Ferguson was with her, and agitated when Reineette came in, with her caresses and words of sympathy and love.

It was a most singular case, and greatly puzzled the physician, who said once to Reineette: "It seems like some mental shock more than a bodily ailment. Do you know if anything has happened to disturb her, which added to over-fatigue, might produce this utter and sudden prostration?" Queenie hesitated a moment, and then replied: "She did hear something which surprised her greatly, but I should hardly think it sufficient to affect her mind."

"Temperaments differ," the doctor replied, while Queenie thought to herself: "Can it be possible that Margery takes her mother's silence so to heart, and does she fear that she will make any difference in my love for her? It cannot; it shall not; and I will put it to the test."

After this Queenie took up her abode, for the time being, at the cottage, of which Mrs. La Rue seemed to have lost her senses, and did nothing but sit by Margery and watch her with a pertinacity and earnestness which annoyed the sick girl, when she came to realize that she was being around her, and made her try to escape the steady gaze of those strange eyes always watching her.

"Don't look at me," she said one day. "Move back, please, where I cannot see you." Without a word Mrs. La Rue moved back into the shadow, but did not let her eyes rest except at intervals to eat and sleep, and thus the whole charge of the cottage fell upon Reineette, who developed a wonderful talent for housekeeping, and saw to everything. Much of her time, however, was passed with Margery, on whom she lavished so much love, that her caresses seemed at times to worry the sick girl, who would moan a little and shrink away from her.

"What is it, Margie, darling? Do I tire you?" Reineette asked her, one day, when they were alone for a few moments, and Margery had seemed uneasy and restless. "I do believe you would tire me," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you."

"Why, yes, Margery. What can happen, and why should I love you, when you are asked as he holds the beautiful golden head against her bosom, and kissed the quivering lips. "Margery," she continued, "do you feel so badly because of your mother's silence? She has explained it to me, and I am satisfied. Don't let that trouble you any more. No other besides me, and I know you know she is, and thus all talk and comment will be spared."

"I know, I know," Margery replied, "but Queenie, you told me you believed there was something else—some other reason, and you meant to write to France; do you mean it with you? Will you tell me what it is?" "Yes, I think so," Queenie answered, "just for my own curiosity. I shall make no bad use of it. I shall not harm you."

"No, no; you must not seek to know," Margery exclaimed, with energy. "There was something, Queenie. I have wronged you, but I don't intend to do it again. I have had her come near him or you. She did right to keep silent. She ought not to have spoken. And, Queenie, if you love me, promise me you will never try to find it out—never write to any one in France. Promise, or I shall certainly find it out, and then—"

She had disengaged herself from Queenie's embrace, but was sitting upright in bed, with a look upon her face like one who was really losing her senses. It startled Reineette, who answered unhesitatingly: "I promise. I will not write to any one in France, but may I tell me some time, how you Margery?"

"Never—never, so help me Heaven!" she was the emphatic reply, as Margery fell back among her pillows wholly exhausted. For a moment Reineette stood looking curiously at her; then seating herself upon the side of the bed, and taking Margery's hand, she said: "You make me half repent my promise, made without stopping to consider, for my curiosity is very great. But I shall keep it, do not fear; only tell me this—was it anything very dread—was it your mother did to make my father angry?"

"Yes," Margery replied; "it was very dreadful—it would make you hate her and me, too, if you knew. Don't, Queenie—don't talk to me or any one about it. Don't mention it again, ever."

"But tell me one thing more," Queenie persisted, but with a little on her cheek. "To tell you the truth, Margie, I did not like it. I rebelled against it with all my might. I thought I was wearing the apron which you wore the first time I ever saw you—that coarse linen which covered your neck and arms, and I dreamed I wrenched it off my neck, and threw it away, and then I threw myself out of the window, when my maid woke me up and asked what was the matter that I cried out so in my sleep. I told her I was Margery La Rue, living in the Rue St. Honoré, and wearing coarse clothes, and she could not possibly believe me, brought my prettiest dress, and showed it to me, with my turquoise ring, papa's last present to me. That made it real—made me Reineette Hetherton again, and I grew calm and quiet. It was very foolish in me, was it not?"

Margery did not answer at once, but sat looking at her friend with a queer expression in her great blue eyes, while the lump in her throat kept increasing in size, and threatened to thrust out the fatal words which she must not speak.

"Turquoise rings and pink silk dresses trimmed with real Valenciennes lace were better than the prettiest dashing Queenie than coarse aprons and coarse fare in the Rue St. Honoré. These last were for her—Margery, who was accustomed to them and could bear it, while the high-spirited Reineette would indeed dash herself to the ground, as she had thought in her dream, if subjected to such degradation."

"No, no, I must never, never speak! God help me to keep my vow!" Margery said to herself, while the drops of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead and about her mouth, and at last attracted Queenie's notice.

"What is it, Margery?" she said. "Are you too warm? Let me screen between you and the fire."

The screen was brought, and, wiping the drops of sweat away, Margery rallied and tried to seem cheerful and natural, though all the while she was terribly suffering, and at her heart she was saying, "It might have been kept repeating themselves over and over again."

That evening Mr. Beresford called, and, sending his card to both the young ladies, was admitted to Margery's sitting-room. He had not seen her before since her illness, though he had thought to inquire for her several times, and had heard various reports with regard to the cause of her sudden attack. He had heard that she had dropped to the floor in a fit, and had been taken up for dead, and that over-work and loss of sleep was the cause assigned. But, shrewd and far-seeing as he was, Mr. Beresford had a terrible feeling that Margery's loss of sleep, as nearly as he could calculate, the fainting fit had come on about two hours after Reineette's interview with Mrs. La Rue.

There had been ample time for Margery to see her mother and stand related to her, and she had made, different from the one given to Reineette he did not doubt; and with his suspicions strengthened, he was sure to see the girl

what she knew and what had affected her so powerfully, taking away all her strength and seemingly all her vitality so that she did not rally or take the slightest interest in anything about her. Every day Grandma Ferguson came to the cottage to inquire after her and ascertain the probabilities of her being able to make the brown silk in time for the grand wedding which was to come off soon, and was the theme of so much gossip. At last, finding there was no prospect that Miss La Rue could make it, she took it to West Merryvale, but before doing so questioned Margery closely as to how it should be made and trimmed, and had the utmost confidence in Margery's taste, and weak and listless as she was, Margery entered heart and soul into the details of trimming, and told the old lady just what to have done and how, and when Reineette protested against it, saying, "It tired and worried her so much, she replied: "It neither tires nor worries me. I like to tell her—like to please her—like to have her here in the room with me. I wish her to come every day."

So every day grandma came with her knitting work and some delicate delicacy for the sick girl, and she would smile so sweetly in times, and sometimes draw the old face down beside her own and kiss it lovingly.

At last the physician said Margery would have a change or she would not rally, and then Reineette insisted upon taking her to the Hetherton Place, which would be change enough.

"She will be so quiet there, with nothing to excite her, and I shall take care of her all alone. You, I suppose, will have to stay here and see to the cottage," she said to Mrs. La Rue, who assented in silence, for she knew that her presence was a constant source of pain and excitement to Margery, who undoubtedly would improve more rapidly away from her.

But she doubted if Hetherton Place were the spot to take her, and Margery doubted, too, and shrank from going there with a person who would make the brown silk in time for the grand wedding, leaving Mrs. La Rue alone in the cottage to combat her remorse and misery as best she could. Everything which loved could devise or money do was done to make King-room sleeping-room across the hall from Reineette's, which were to have been Mr. Hetherton's, were given to her, and all the rarest, costliest flowers in the greenhouse were brought to beautify them, and make them bright and summery. And there the sick girl, when she came to realize that she was being around her, and made her try to escape the steady gaze of those strange eyes always watching her.

"I do not think I quite understand the arrangement of a French kitchen, but I do not mind it, and I am sure you will be glad to see it. I know just how they looked," he said, and Reineette, who was all enthusiasm about the picture, exclaimed: "Indeed, sir, you do not. You cannot know how beautiful Margery was even in that high, coarse brown which she wore, and neck and arms. No matter you or an angel could ever paint her as lovely as she was, with her golden hair and great blue eyes, which were just wonderful when she changed dresses, and I put my scarlet cloak on her and said she was Mr. Hetherton's little daughter, and I was so proud of her."

Mr. Beresford was not looking at Reineette as she talked, but at Margery, whose face grew very white and was even ghastly in its expression when Reineette spoke of the change of dress and name on the day they both played "make believe." About her mouth, too, Reineette, who chattered gaily, now telling how delightful it seemed to have Margery there, and how she wished she could keep her always.

"You ought to have just such a home as this. It suits you, or rather you suit it, better than any other home I know of. It is warm all the time for people who are some of them sniffling enough to think you beneath them because you earn your own living," she said, one afternoon when they sat in the gathering darkness, with no light in the room, save that which came from the fire in the grate. "Yes, I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

and watch her with his few knowledge, which he felt almost certain she possessed. The mother had confessed her guilt to her daughter, and how would the daughter bear it and what would be her attitude toward Reineette, and what would the latter say or do if she knew what she suspected, and what he fully believed after he had been a few moments in the room and detected the new expression on Margery's face; the new light and ineffable tenderness in her eyes when they rested on Queenie. And yet there was something in those eyes and in Margery's manner which baffled the keen-witted lawyer, who, accustomed to study the human face and learn what he wished to know by its varying expression, looked closely but in vain for what he had expected to find.

There was nothing about Margery indicative of humiliation or shame. On the contrary it seemed to him that there was in her manner a certain reassurance and dignity he had never noticed before, and he studied her curiously and wondered if after all he was mistaken and the insinuations, amounting almost to assertions of the clerk in Mentone, false. How impressively sweet and lovely he fully believed after he had been a few moments with her to make her interesting, and Mr. Beresford found it difficult to decide which of the two girls pleased and fascinated him most, the Pearl or the Diamond.

Both seemed to be at their best that night, and from their talk he caught a new inspiration for the future, which was progressing slowly, for he was so anxious about it and so particular that he frequently pointed out one day what he had painted in the previous one. He had not intended letting either of the girls know what he was doing until the picture was finished, but under the spell of their beauty he grew communicative, and telling them his secret asked them to come some day and see his work, and give him any suggestions they saw fit.

"I do not think I quite understand the arrangement of a French kitchen, but I do not mind it, and I am sure you will be glad to see it. I know just how they looked," he said, and Reineette, who was all enthusiasm about the picture, exclaimed: "Indeed, sir, you do not. You cannot know how beautiful Margery was even in that high, coarse brown which she wore, and neck and arms. No matter you or an angel could ever paint her as lovely as she was, with her golden hair and great blue eyes, which were just wonderful when she changed dresses, and I put my scarlet cloak on her and said she was Mr. Hetherton's little daughter, and I was so proud of her."

Mr. Beresford was not looking at Reineette as she talked, but at Margery, whose face grew very white and was even ghastly in its expression when Reineette spoke of the change of dress and name on the day they both played "make believe." About her mouth, too, Reineette, who chattered gaily, now telling how delightful it seemed to have Margery there, and how she wished she could keep her always.

"You ought to have just such a home as this. It suits you, or rather you suit it, better than any other home I know of. It is warm all the time for people who are some of them sniffling enough to think you beneath them because you earn your own living," she said, one afternoon when they sat in the gathering darkness, with no light in the room, save that which came from the fire in the grate. "Yes, I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

lay awake, feeling again the clasp of Mr. Beresford's hand and seeing the look in his eyes when they rested upon her.

"If he knew! Oh, if he knew!" she bravely fought back the temptation assailing her so sorely, and then vowed solemnly that ever before that through her she should never love any man who had been so near to her if there was that in his heart which she suspected.

Next morning Margery was later than usual, for she lingered long over her toilet, taking, as it were, a regretful leave of all the articles of luxury with which her room was filled. The white cashmere dressing gown, which she had bought so cheaply, and which she had had sent him away, and had more than once lamented the fate which had made him her cousin, and so, in her estimation, precluded the possibility of her marrying him, even if she were disposed to do so.

"And sometimes I think I am," she said, one day, when speaking of him. "I don't mind telling you, Margery, because I tell you everything. Since Phil went away, and I have missed him so much, there has come to me the belief that I do love him in the way he loved me, and that if he were not my cousin I should have married him. You silly boy, come home, and I will be your wife."

"Yes," Margery replied, regarding her attentively, with her blue eyes unusually large, and bright, and eager, "you really think you love him well enough to marry him, if he were not your cousin?"

"I know I do," Reineette replied. "You see there is a thought of him all ways with me: morning, noon and night. I seem to hear his voice, and see him as he stood before that day pleading for my love, and finally reproaching me for having so cruelly deceived him, if I did not love him. Oh, Phil, Phil, he little knows how my heart has ached for him, and how dreary my life goes on without him."

There were tears in Margery's eyes as she read the letter, and her voice there was a ring of utterable tenderness, and she said, "I should have found him the wanderer her cry and hasten back to her. For a moment Margery looked at her with that same curious expression on her face, which was very pale, and then she said: "Do you think you love him so much that you would give a great deal, or rather bear a great deal to know you were not his cousin, after all?"

It was a strange question—put, it would seem, without any cause, but Reineette's mind was too intent upon Phil to give any thought to its strangeness.

"As you sometimes," she answered, "I'd give everything but to be his cousin so I could be his wife—endure everything but disgrace or shame for Philip's sake."

"Yes, yes; disgrace or shame," Margery said to herself, and her heart was as heavy as lead and ached with a new pain as she thought, "God help me to keep the vow; I cannot bear this, and I cannot bear the thought that he would be the man I loved," and then suddenly there flashed into Margery's mind a thought of Mr. Beresford, whose manner had been so different toward her of late from what it was formerly.

He had always been courteous and polite, and she had never seen him so different. He had called frequently, there had been a change, and with a woman's quick instinct she saw that she was an object of greater interest to him than she had formerly been—that his visits there were almost as much for her as for the house, and that he was young and handsome, and that he was so different from the man she had formerly loved, and that when he was gone, she would miss him, and that when he was gone, she would miss him, and that when he was gone, she would miss him.

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

lay awake, feeling again the clasp of Mr. Beresford's hand and seeing the look in his eyes when they rested upon her.

"If he knew! Oh, if he knew!" she bravely fought back the temptation assailing her so sorely, and then vowed solemnly that ever before that through her she should never love any man who had been so near to her if there was that in his heart which she suspected.

Next morning Margery was later than usual, for she lingered long over her toilet, taking, as it were, a regretful leave of all the articles of luxury with which her room was filled. The white cashmere dressing gown, which she had bought so cheaply, and which she had had sent him away, and had more than once lamented the fate which had made him her cousin, and so, in her estimation, precluded the possibility of her marrying him, even if she were disposed to do so.

"And sometimes I think I am," she said, one day, when speaking of him. "I don't mind telling you, Margery, because I tell you everything. Since Phil went away, and I have missed him so much, there has come to me the belief that I do love him in the way he loved me, and that if he were not my cousin I should have married him. You silly boy, come home, and I will be your wife."

"Yes," Margery replied, regarding her attentively, with her blue eyes unusually large, and bright, and eager, "you really think you love him well enough to marry him, if he were not your cousin?"

"I know I do," Reineette replied. "You see there is a thought of him all ways with me: morning, noon and night. I seem to hear his voice, and see him as he stood before that day pleading for my love, and finally reproaching me for having so cruelly deceived him, if I did not love him. Oh, Phil, Phil, he little knows how my heart has ached for him, and how dreary my life goes on without him."

There were tears in Margery's eyes as she read the letter, and her voice there was a ring of utterable tenderness, and she said, "I should have found him the wanderer her cry and hasten back to her. For a moment Margery looked at her with that same curious expression on her face, which was very pale, and then she said: "Do you think you love him so much that you would give a great deal, or rather bear a great deal to know you were not his cousin, after all?"

It was a strange question—put, it would seem, without any cause, but Reineette's mind was too intent upon Phil to give any thought to its strangeness.

"As you sometimes," she answered, "I'd give everything but to be his cousin so I could be his wife—endure everything but disgrace or shame for Philip's sake."

"Yes, yes; disgrace or shame," Margery said to herself, and her heart was as heavy as lead and ached with a new pain as she thought, "God help me to keep the vow; I cannot bear this, and I cannot bear the thought that he would be the man I loved," and then suddenly there flashed into Margery's mind a thought of Mr. Beresford, whose manner had been so different toward her of late from what it was formerly.

He had always been courteous and polite, and she had never seen him so different. He had called frequently, there had been a change, and with a woman's quick instinct she saw that she was an object of greater interest to him than she had formerly been—that his visits there were almost as much for her as for the house, and that he was young and handsome, and that he was so different from the man she had formerly loved, and that when he was gone, she would miss him, and that when he was gone, she would miss him, and that when he was gone, she would miss him.

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

"I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you," she said, "if I were not so glad to see you." "I do believe you would tire me, if I were not so glad to see you."

lay awake, feeling again the clasp of Mr. Beresford's hand and seeing the look in his eyes when they rested upon her.

"If he knew! Oh, if he knew!" she bravely fought back the temptation assailing her so sorely, and then vowed solemnly that ever before that through her she should never love any man who had been so near to her if there was that in his heart which she suspected.

Next morning Margery was later than usual, for she lingered long over her toilet, taking, as it were, a regretful leave of all the articles of luxury with which her room was filled. The white cashmere dressing gown, which she had bought so cheaply, and which she had had sent him away, and had more than once lamented the fate which had made him her cousin, and so, in her estimation, precluded the possibility of her marrying him, even if she were disposed to do so.

"And sometimes I think I am," she said, one day, when speaking of him. "I don't mind telling you, Margery, because I tell you everything. Since Phil went away, and I have missed him so much, there has come to me the belief that I do love him in the way he loved me, and that if he were not my cousin I should have married him. You silly boy, come home, and I will be your wife."

"Yes," Margery replied, regarding her attentively, with her blue eyes unusually large, and bright, and eager, "you really think you love him well enough to marry him, if he were not your cousin?"

"I know I do," Reineette replied. "You see there is a thought of him all ways with me: morning, noon and night. I seem to hear his voice, and see him as he stood before that day pleading for my love, and finally reproaching me for having so cruelly deceived him, if I did not love him. Oh, Phil, Phil, he little knows how my heart has ached for him, and how dreary my life goes on without him."

There were tears in Margery's eyes as she read the letter, and her voice there was a ring of utterable tenderness, and she said, "I should have found him the wanderer her cry and hasten back to her. For a moment Margery looked at her with that same curious expression on her face, which was very pale, and then she said: "Do you think you love him so much that you would give a great deal, or rather bear a great deal to know you were not his cousin, after all?"