## A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest Foe," "The Wooing O't," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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But her musings were broken up by the

evening and cail at my diggins' where I

shall be ready to go with you to the Prince

of Wales's. The new play is excellen'.

Awfully sorry I can't come out to fetch

you, but I shall have a rush to be ready at

but thoughtful eyes. "I am so sorry Alicia will miss it! She enjoys a play—

though she is not so wild about plays as I

am! but, of course, I can go! I will leave

a note for her to explain things. What

o'clock is it? Nearly five! I shall have

some tea and thick bread and butter, and

then I shall dress. What shall I put on?

skirt is woeful y shabby, but the evening

body is in high preservation. I shall put

some fresh white lace on it, just under the

black edging, and there are still some lilies

of the valley lett in the corner of the garden.

I'll not put anything in my hair. I have

providential that I chose black on s, but

they are too short. I must add some lace

bell-like lilies, and proceeded to carry out

Two hours later the smiling Matilda,

who was devoted to the young ladies, had

hansom in the semicivilised neighbourhood,

should have missed so great a treat, but

of Travers' lodgings in Mount Street, he

as he stepped into the cab, seating himself

gone to a children's party at Miss Golding's,

so I thought you would not mind my coming

may get over it," he returned, smiling,

while his eyes dwelt on her with something

different in their expression from anything

she had ever read in them berore-some-

thing that made her heart beat, though

she would not let her own drop. "I am

"I did not think so advanced a young

lady as you are. Kate, would you have

brought my little velvet toque, so I can go

are of an ecenomical turn of mind, suppose

"No, I don't like. But as I know you

"I should not mind in the least it it

"I'm not afraid of that, Dick !"-with an

Arrived at the theatre, they were con-

ducted to a private box, where Travers

settled his cousin with her face to the

ter that than nothing. You'll see pretty

well, and I can look over your shoulder."

"Is's rather high up, he said, "but bet-

"It is all delightful," returned Kate.

"I shall meditate on your many perfec-

"No. Attend to the drams, and be

The play was Robertson's "Caste," per-

"How human it all is!" she exclaimed,

"Your experience is not great," ob-

"No Still I am sure this is ver y good.

"But she ought not to have married

after the second act. "It is the best play

ready to discuss it with me while the drop

'Don't attempt to speak to me, except be-

stage and well sheltered by the curtain.

upward glance sweet and mischievous at

designed to travel in a growler?"

back in an omnibus if you like."

keeps fine and you come with me."

"Oh, no. I shall send you alone,"

"If you are very good and reasonable I

'What! all alone, Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! yes, I am so sorry. But Alicia had

her programme of preparation.

set forth on pleasure bent.

appeared in propria personae.

opposite to her.

alone. Dick?"

Tottenham Court Road.

we walk back?"

tween the acts."

scene is down."

less with interest.

I have ever seen."

served Travers.

Don't you like it ?"

tions in the interval.

The Lext mom nt she was flying down

Kate stood gazing at the lines with bright

eight. Don't fail."

to them."

entrance of the "gurl" with a note.

SYNCPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

over them, and flew to her father, and then swittly on to Dick Travers. It was a week CHAPTER I. - Kate and Alicia Carey are daughters since she had seen him. Alicia had written of a Dublin solicitor, who, through mister une, leaves Ireland for Wales with a view to economy. to inform him of their father's sate arrival leaves Ireland for Wales with a view to economy. While in Wales they meet Mr. Brett, wealthy railway contractor, who fell in love with Kate. He induces her father to go to London to seek employ ment, saving he will introduce him to his agents, Messrs. Winks and Bouchier. This he fails to do. Kate Carey writes to Mr. Winks, unkn with to her father, and encloses two letters in which Mr. Brett promises assistance, asking for employment for her father. She anxiously awaits a reply, but does not receive one. She, however received a letter in his native land. Kate had lett this task to her sister. She had been a little cautious about her intercourse with Travers since Alicia's tiresome warnings, but it did seem a long time since she had seen him or Tulloch. Tulloch amused her, and though it is reluctantly admitted by the writer to be not receive one. She, however received a letter from her cousin. Dick Travers, advising that he is not quite high-minded enough for a heroine. in London and about to call upon them.
CHAPTER II.— Mr. Carey and his daugh er, rambshe was pleased by the ill-suppressed admiration shown in his looks and speech.

ling over the hill, come across a shooting party, among whom is Dick Travers, Dick who has had among whom is Dick 'Travers, Dick who has had some reverses, is now secretary to Lord balmuir. Carey at length hears from Bouchier and Wincks, making an appointment at their office in London. Carey, accompanied by Kate, sees Mr. Wincks, and accepts a position as clerk Wincks speaks to Kate with a view of employing her also.

CHAPTER III.—Carey, settled in his situation proves himself use ul. Kate is surprised by a visit from Dick, and an hour passes pleasantly. Dick

proves himself use ul. Kate is surprised by a visit from Dick, and an hour passes pleasantly. Dick, on leaving, promises frequent visits. Carey, returning home in the evening, is much excited over a new railway scheme of his own. Kate receive a communication from Wincks, asking for her presence at her house next against the scheme of his own. ence at her house next evening.

chappen iv.—Kate keeps her appointment, and is received by Mr. and Miss Wincks—by the latter rather coldly. Her free and easy manners do not meet Miss Wincks' approval. She leaves with a law deed to copy out. On Sunday Dick comes to dispute and a form for the matter and a special content. dinner, and a few family matters are explained. Kate again sees Mr. Wincks, who shows himself pleased with her progress and gives her further work, which this time will be paid for. Miss Wincks is more cordial than before, and promises

Wincks is more cordial than before, and promises to give Kate lessons in knitting.

'HAPTER v.—Mr. Carey gets promotion and an increase of salary Mr. Wincks becomes i l and Kate offers her services to read to him, which are accepted. Miss Wincks consents, but with bad grace. Wincks recovers and his sister becomes more jealous, Wincks offers Kate a present, and sne selects a book. Dok Travers arrives and calls sne selects a book. Dck Travers arrives and calls on the Careys. He speaks of James Tulloch a rich friend of his, bling in London. Kate and Travers take a walk.

CHAPTER VI.-Travers gets a note from James Tulk ch, who has been in Scotland, announcing his return to London. They meet, for the first time in four years. Tulloch it quires about the Careys and learn of their reverses in fortune. He promises to call on them and do s so on the following Sunday in company with Travers. They are made welcome. Talloch, who has ot seen Kate since she was a little girl, conceives a great admiration for her, and tells Travers of it. Mr. Carey was not at home when they called, but he writes a note inviting them both to dinner on the following Wednesiay. CHAPTER VII - Travers an i Tulioch go to dinner at Carey's. Mr. Carey tells of his good luck in being about to go to Ireland on a special mission for Mr. Wincks. Mr. Carey has a scheme for establishing an Irish branch for Boucher and Wincks, and Tuiloch hints that he would advance some capital to enable him to enter the firm. Tulloch becomes more in love with Kate and Travers seems annoyed On the way home Tuilock learns that Carey has no means, and tels Travers he is not seeking a penniless bride. Mr. Carey departs on his mission to

CHAPTER VIII .- A REVELATION.

It was wonderfully strange to be without the dear father. Alicia and her sister had rarely been separated from him before; a and Kate, with a radiant face, and most great sense of loneliness oppressed them. Although the girls really took care of him in all essentials, they firmly believed that his protection was of the last importance to them, and out of doors hated to do anything, or go anywhere without him. His letters, however, were cheery and interesting. In Dublin his old triends and acquaintances received him with open arms, and wished to lavish hospitality upon him which he could not stay to receive; but after a short conference with the estate agent in whose hands the property, respecting which he had to make enquires, had been placed, he hurried away southwest to inspect it.

"It's quite amaz ng how gossip and invention go hand in band," was the concluding paragraph of one of his first epistles. "It is reported here that I am head man in a big London firm which is going to buy up halt Ireland; and I might live free of cost for a month of Sundays it I choose. But I must get through my work sharp, and come back to my darlings. Anyhow, it's a small thing that amuses the people here—or indeed anywhere—and I'd be sorry to spoil their sport ; let them have have their bit of invention to play with. I'll write more fully from Ballykilldoolan."

"It will do him so much good," said | "Do you call this a growler? I tried to Alicia reflectively handing the letter which | find a hansom but could not. I have

she had read aloud to Kate. "I was atraid the sight of the pl cas would make him sad," she remarked; "but the welcome he has had will cheer him up, and he'll come back a new man ; though I am sure he has wonderful fortitude." "And resignation." added Alicia.

"I prefer fortitude," returned Kate "resignation is a woman's virtue, though very little of it has come to my share." "Here is an invitation from Miss Gold-

ing to a children's party tomorrow, which means that I am to help her with the tea, and play for the dancing and musical chairs," said Alicia.

"Ah, well, she has been very nice and good; I wish she had asked me. I would

have romped with the children with pleasure. I shall go and see Miss Wincks while you are out. I have finished the last book Mr. Wincks gave me, and an awfully tough one vis. Now he will want to examine me in it. I beiieve he thinks he is remoulding my charactes. Perhaps he is, though l don't feel like it, but he is a good, kind, queer soul, and has a live heart under that dry, chippy exterior of his. I know he likes me, and I am sometimes inclined to give haps his best. Kate was absorbed, breath-

"Pray don't !" cried Alicia, who was : little atraid of her sister's impulsiveness.

Kate laughed merrily. "Just fancy Miss Wincks' face if I did. She is not a bad old thing, either, and would like me, only she is jealous of her brother. How I hope dear papa will manage this matter to Mr. Wincks' satisfaction, nd then he may be taken permanently into the office."

The next day was fine, though grey, and half-past three Alicia started to keep her engagement in Westbourne Terrace. Kate curled herself upon the sofa, and took up prised. the book on which she expected to be examined, just to retresh her memory. It was himself. It was wrong to let him link hima solemn work on "The cultivation and government of thought." from the German of that celebrated philosopher, Von Bosch. Her own thoughts, however, soon escaped too much respect for herself to listen to from any government their owner exercised him."

owa pride-she might break his heart?" "Do you think he would be heart-broker? Men don't otten break their hearts.'

"Come, Kate, don't take up that rubbish about the inquities of men.'

"Who, me? I don't think them inquitous. They have always been very nice and kind to us. What a dear Papa is? And you are a dear too. Dick! But men have some. thing else to do than breaking their hearts and crying their eyes out. They ought to be commonsensical Sall, I am a raid that atter a while George would be rather sick of old Eccles and Samuel Geridge, as a brother-in-law. Esther ought to have saved h m from that."

"You torge". Kate, that she loved him." said Travers, almost startled by her tone of conviction. "You cannot expect stoicism from the loving heart of a woman."

"Why not? If anything can give s'rength and pereption it is true love," said Kate, thoughtfully; "and imagine what she would teel later on it she saw that he regretted his marriage Why, life would be intolerable. I should throw myself into the

r.ver rather than endure it." "I believe you would," returned Travers strongly impressed. "There is a large dash of the devil in you, my sweet cousin.

"These fe lings don't come from the devil, Dick; or it they do, the devil s certainly not so black as he is painted; perhaps, as the Zoroastriars believe, he will be converted some day and crawn into the general scheme of happiness."

'On! thank you!" cried Kate, starting "Zproastrians! You a arm me! I tear up to take it, and recognizing Dick's writyou have been diving into the depts of ing. Though addressed to her sister, she knowledge," said Travers, laughing. opened it unbesitatingly. It was briet : "Don't mock, Dick; you are odious "Will you and Kate," it ran, "put yourselves into a cab about seven-twenty this

when you are cynical." "Mock! 'He jests at scars who never telt a wound.' I never felt less in slined to jest than at this moment, believe me. There was sincerity and something more which she did not quite understand in his voice. Neither spoke for a few minutes; then Travers, after looking down on the Stalls steadily, said, "Do'you see a tall young tellow, with an infinitesimal black head? There, on the right of the gangway, third row; take the glasses."

"I can see quite well without them.

Who is he?" "Young Finlay; he is the head of Finlay and Co., the brewers. You see 'Finley I haven't much choice. Black? That black | and Co's. entire' all over the place. He has just succeeded to the proud position on the death othis father. He has a soul above malt, however, and tancies himself as a crack shot; so nothing will do him out sport and exploration on the Gordon-Cumming lines-in Atrica. He is busy nothing that is fit. Then I am sure Alsie organising an expedition for the autumn, would let me have her black mantilla to and has persuaded some rich city fellows to wrap around me. It will be quite enough take it up. He was with me yesterday, -it will cast a halo over my skirt. Thank to persuade me to join, and made some

eaven! I have a new pair of gloves! It is | tempting offers, I assure you." "But you will not go?" cried K .te, clasping hands, and looking at him with implor-

"No. It would be wiser, I tancy, to the steps into the garden, from which she | stay where I am. But-would you or ject soon returned with a handful of the tragrant | to Africa? "Selfishly, I would. We should miss

you woefully. Though, of course, that need not count for a mom nt." "No, of course not, to so strong-minded young woman as you are, Kate.

fetched a four wheeler, not having found a "Don't call me names, please." Travers laughed and was about to speak carefully attired to the best of her ability, then he suddenly checked his words, and as the drop scene was raised soon after. She was sincerely sorry that her sister

converstion ceased. "Stand in this corner and keep a look out for me while I look for a hansom with too joyous to be seriously damped by regret. When the driver drew rein at the door a tolerable horse," said Travers, put ng Kate in a nook near the door when all was over. "Now don't move away till I come

> He soon returned and beck oned to her. They were swiftly en route.

"I have picked up a capital animal. He'll bowl us out to Nottingbill in no time," The steed in question was a large bony beast. So they spun away down the New Roid, as it was then called, along Cam-

bridge and Oxford Terraces, and into the Bayswater Road. "Ah, it was a great treat!" said Kate, after they had got clear of the noiser'streets.

"I shall often dream of it." "So shall I, I suspect," returned Travers,

not looking so badly," was her inner con-"Should you like to go to Africa?" she viction. "He will not be ashamed of me." Meantime they were rolling towards the

resumed, after a pause. "Well, yes. I suppose there's nothing gets so thoroughly into a tellow's blood as a taste for big game, and Finlay's idea is to do a good deal in that line; but it's all very uncertain. What a race our cabby's going! Our drive will be over too soon. much too soon." He opened the trap door to speak to the driver when there was a sudden swerve, shaking of the cab, a stumple torward, and a desperate effort on the part of the horse to recover himself before he came down smashing the shaft. Kate was jerked violently upward and forward, her shoulder coming in contact with of the curved irons which keep the front window down when lowered in its place. The shaft breaking at once saved them from a complete overturn. Travers threw back the doors and sprung out in a moment. "Don't be in a hurry. Give me your hands and jump," he cried. Kate obeyed, but giddy from the start and severe pain of her shoulder she stumbled on reaching the ground. "Are you all right?" he asked, catching her in his arms and straing her to him. "Darling, are you hurt?" he added in a lower tone, as for an instant she did not move. The words had passed his lips before he recovered self-control. "Yes, a little. I am all right, Dick. I

can stand now, thank you." "I don't think you can," for he felt that she was trembling from head to foot, and still held her tenderly, though he relaxed his hold. Is it your arm?" touching her, "It is the shoulder," she replied, a quiver of pain in her voice. "But, it is not so bad now ; I can stand quite well ; do see to

the poor driver and the horse." This passed in quarter the time taken to describe it. She disengaged herself, and went not too steadily across the foot way to

ings of Kensington Gardens.

The driver had escaped injury, and was him," resumed Kate, her large eyes fixed | already endeavouring to undo the harness. Travers went to his assistance, and between and gazing far away.
"Why?" asked Travers, a little surthem they soon had the horse on his feet. After examining him as well as they could "She ought to have guarded him against with the help of one of the lamps, they imself. It was wrong to let him link him-

"What will you do with the cab, at this hour?" asked Travers, as he paid the man his full fare.

"Thank 'ee, sir. I must just leave it

"You young Spartan! Why should she | before, just to warn drivers. There are make him miserable for the sake of her stables near by where I'll take the horse, and may be one of the men will come back with me to help to wheel it in."

"Any chance of another cab?" "Don't think there is much sir; it's past twelve. You might pick up a return empty, but anything down from town will be occupied."

"I suppose so. Hope it won't be an

expensive job to you "It won't be cheap. Good-night sir." "Do you teel equal to walking, Kate?" asked Travers. "I'm afraid there is very little chance of finding a conveyance."

parapet, but stood up as he approached. "Ob, yes; I can walk quite well. I was dizzy wi h what tright (I am ashamed to say I was frightened) and a blow on my shoulder, but I am myself now. It cannot know, and I am growing weak and cowardbe more than a mile and a half further to Oakeley Villas. Is the driver unburt, and

She was leaning sideways against the

the poor, dear horse?' "Yes, they are safe and sound ; you are the only sufferer "

"Come, then ; we had better go on." "Take my arm.

"Thank you. Oh, rot this arm ; I cannot move it. Is it not fortunate that my right arm bas escaped?"

"I see nothing fortunate in the affair." said Travers gloomily. He was furious at having lost hold of himselt. Atter months of the most careful self-control, of the most successful concealment of feelings, the strength of which he scarcely knew-a moment's overpowering impulse had tetrayed all. Kate must be dull indeed if she did not understand the meaning of his eager anxiety; and now there was the dangerous delight of this long, lonely walk, when all the world was sleeping. Was he not bound to say something explanatory of the feeling he had betrayed. They walked on in silence, as he pondered these things.

"It must be difficult to upset a hansom," she exclaimed at last, in an easy natural voice. "I thought our last hour had come when the horse tell but we did not go over." Travers was surprised, relieved, and just a little piqued.

"I suppose living in London has spoiled my nerves," continued Kate. "I did not think I was so cowardly. Then everything seems worse in the dark, don't you think

"No doubt," returned Travers absently. "I hope Alsie is not sitting up for me!" Kate ran on. "Mrs. Salter gave me the latch key, so I feel like a young man about town. It Alsie is awake she will tancy all sorts of things, because I shall

"I hore she will be up," said Travers, for I am sure your bruises ought to be

Kate quickened her pace and continued to talk lightly and pleasantly on many subjects enlarging on Mr. Wincks pecu larities and never leaving the initiative to Travers for a moment He followed her lead, not without a slight sense of irritation at being led, yet thankful to believe that no mischief had been done. For mischievous it would be, to add to this young creature's troubles and difficulties, to entangle her in a hopeless lingering

"She looks on me as a sort of useful bachelor cousin, and no more. So much the better, I am rather an unlucky fellow. she had better keep clear of me," he thought. Gradually Travers took his share in the conversation, though Kate assisted

largely in keeping it going. At last they were at the garden gate Oakeley Villa.

An ejsculation of "thank God," in an undertone, escaped Kate's lips as they paused to open it. "I am atraid you are suffering horribly," said Travers.

"Oh! no, not so very much, but I am glad the walk is over, here is the key, I think Alicia must have gone to bed, it is

She was wrong, as Travers opened the hall door gently, one opposite, which led into the chief sitting room also opened letting a line of light stream down the hall

and show the figure of Alicia as she stood against it her hand on the lock. "So glad you have come!" she exclaimed, advancing to meet them "I have been listening for a cab, and beginning to think

you were very late." "We have had a spill," said Travers, 'and I am afraid Kate's shoulder is badly

"A spill !" repeated Alicia, somewhat dismayed. "Come in to the light and let me see, Why, Katey dear, you are terribly

white. Let me see-"Not here!" returned Kate, steadying herself against the back of a high chair. "I shall go away to bed. A good night's rest will put me all right. I was frightened, and I am tired. Good night, Dick, and

thank you for giving me such a treat "
"Which? The play or the spill?" he asked, as he took her hand. "I am awfully sorry about this mischance. Don't be ashamed of being frightened, when you have the pluck to hide it. Let me stay here, Alicia, till you ascertain what barm is done. Come back and let me know."

"I will" she returned, and followed her

Travers paced the room in anything but a happy frame of mind. If ever there was an unluck fellow, he was one. Would it be wiser to cut and run away to Africa? No! He could not desert these rather helpless relatives. They had no real triend in the huge brick and mortar wilderness save beside him. The light was still clear himself. Already he had saved Carey from enough to let Kate see how pale and several imprudences, and now that he had made a little success he was likely to commit many more. No, he would stand by them. He ought to be strong enough to she laid down her role of copying and immask his own weakness. At any rate Kate pulsively took it in both her own. "I am thought it would come would come to had no idea of it, and happily regarded so sorry you are ill," she exclaimed, presshim as a friend only-so-

"It is a very bad bruise, but no more," said Alicia, coming into the room noiselessly behind him. "Just in the hollow, under the point of the shoulder, I shall put | pleasant sensation of soothing warmth. on some brown paper and vinegar, and get "You don't disturb me," said Mr. he called her "darling." How often had "Yes. There is something natural and rest against the low wall beneath the rail- her to bed. I do not think it will signify Wincks, with a little wintry smile. "I am she thrilled at the recollection since. Was much. She says you are not to trouble only a little weak, that is all. Let me see she toolish, mistaken, in tancying that he

> "Would it not be well to get a surgeon. There are lots of them about. I could | tore him. find one close by, I dare say."
> "I don't think it is the least neccessary."

"Then I had better leave you! Alicia, you will be sure to send me a line tomorrow? For unless you really want me, slowly pulled out his purse.

I shall be too busy to come out here." slowly pulled out his purse.

'Pray do not trouble about it now. I I shall be too busy to come out here."

"You may depend on me, Dick. She will be much better tomorrow, though it is where it is. I'll fasten a lamp behind and very painful now. Good night."

"Good night. I hope for a better report tomorrow. Having locked and chained the front

door and turned of the gas, Alicia went quickly upstairs. Kate was standing before the dressing

table, one hand resting on it. "I cannot get my dress of !" she said a low unsteady voice, my shoulder is so s'iff Will you draw down my sleeve?"

Her sister tenderly and carefully assisted "Thank you," murmured Kate. "I am afraid I startled you!' Then she sudden-

ly burst into tears, and threw herselt into ber sister's arms. "Why, Katey dear! this is not like you!"

cried Alicia, greatly surprised "No, it is not. But I was so trightened, and-and upset! It was quite dark, you ly. But I shall be all right and my own self tomorrow. Will you do up my hair, dear, or it will be in such a tangle? Oh, to be quite quiet!"

CAAPTER IX -A DISCOVERY.

Alicia Carey slept soundly after sitting up to an unusually late hour, and the unpleasant excitement of Kate's accident. She woke with a start, and an almost gu lty consciousness that she had neg'ested her sister; that she was unfeeling and reprehensible for being able to sleep so unbrokenly the tiny footpaths of idle thought, which when her Kate was probably suffering.

She raised herself on her elbow, and looked across to her sister's bed, hoping to see her wrapt in slumber, but instead she encountered a pair of extremely bright, wide-awake, laughing eyes.

"Well, you have slept like a top, Alsie!" exclaimed Kate. "It did me good to see

such 'rapture of repose.' " "Oh, Katey, I hope you did not want anything. You should have roused me if you did. I am ashamed of myselt for having gone off in that way, and yet I was are right; but would it not be dieadiully quite anxious about you when I went to sleep. How do you feel?"

"You could not have done anything for me, dear. I was a little restless and waketul, and, of course, my shoulder is stifl, but I am better, aud I will get up.

"You have quite a high colour. I am afraid you are teverish dear." and Alsie looked anxiously at her, struck with the brilliancy of her eyes. the rose-tint of her cheeks. "I will get you a cup of tea as soon as I can, and you shall keep quiet!" She slipped out of bed as she spoke.

"Nonsense!" cried Kate. "I am dying to be up and about! I am, oh! so sick of thinking and trying not to tkink. I feel particularly energetic !"

"That is not a good sign. You had better stay in bed."

But Kate had her way, as she generally had, and was ready for breakfast almost as didn't know I had ever thought about thinksoon as her sister. On the table they found a letter from Carey, announcing his return at the end of the week, to his daughters' great joy.

"It will be nice to have the dear father back again," cried Kate. 'Don't say a word to him about my having hurt myself It is your turn to write to him to-day. I have some work to do for Mr. Wincks." "Can you manage it?"

"Oh, yes, quite well. My right arm is perfectly uninjured. I promised to take the papers back this evening, and that book Mr. Wincks wished me to read."

was a little puzzled by the con'rast between | as if weary, putting aside his book. her complete breakdown the previous night and her almost joyous energy not eight hours after However, this slight uneasiness passed away when Kate set down as soon as breaktast was cleared away and settled steadily to her work, while the elder applied herself to her letter before going out on some housekeeping errand.

"Who are you writing to now, Alicia?" asked Kate, observing that she took tresh paper as soon as she had closed the letter

"I promised to write to Dick this morning to save his coming out here. He was so troubled about you last night."

"Pray tell him I am nearly quite myself. He is not to trouble about me, but just to mind his business. He was going to be very busy," and Kate resumed her writing with much diligence.

The day passed as usual, and after their high tea Kate put on her hat and set out for | trusting." Paragon Place, declaring that she felt "perfectly fit."

It was a lovely evening—the deepening blue of the sky-the changing colors of the sunset—the perfume of the lilacs and laburnums in the little gardens which are attached to most of the houses in this Kate, and seemed to sink into her haart with a magic of sweetness and sadness such | there.' as she had never felt before.

Mr. Wincks had come home unusually early, his sister told her young visitor. He had felt ill and faint at the office-she supposed because of the sudden heat-but his tea and a favorite author seemed to have revived him, and he was quite ready to see Miss Carey.

Though Miss Wincks had become comparitively friendly, she never so far relaxed from her dignity as to call Kate by her Christian name.

Mr. Wincks was sitting in the drawingroom near the open window enjoying the scent of the flowers. Paragon Place was a quiet sleepy [corner] through wichh [there was no traffic. He had a book on his knee and a glass of lemonade on a table haggard he looked. Her kind heart was stirred by his air of suffering, and as he ing it tenderly. "I should not have dis-

Kate opened her scroll and spread it be-

"Hum! You are greatly improved in writing—one could scarcely think this done by a girl. Oh! I don't think I have settled with you for the last two jobs." He their trials and troubles. Well, she must

am not in a hurry!"

"That sounds well. You manage to make down people as themselves.

"I wouldn't let him, even if he were so

"Thanks to you. Yes! I have even saved up a little," added Kate, blushing in

a charming manner. "I am glad to hear it-very glad. The man or woman who can gather a little money together has valuable qualities, and so long at they do not develop seltishness will do well. There-there's your tee."

"I see you have brought back Abercrombie. How have you got on with

"At first I found the book rather dry and difficult, but gradually I began to understand and like it. How hard he must have thought to work out all the problems he treats ot. I always wonder how people think consecutively. It a thought comes into my head, before I have time to look at it clearly it calls up another and then another, and they all dance round vill I scarcely remember what I started from." And she laughed a sweet fresh laugh

"It is something to be able to describe vour own mental confusion," said Mr. all I want is to get to sleep, and not to Wincks. A kindly expression gleamed in think. Thirking is sometimes very bad. his small keen eyes. "But one, perhaps Put out the light. Alicia dear. I want the greatest, obstacle to mental development and progress is this flucidity of thought. All rational individuals ought to be able to marshal their thinking faculties and direct them along certain lines. To take an idea and study it, viewing it in various lights, bringing previous mental acquirements to bear upon it, and resisting all temptation to wander down the by-ways are for ever branching off on the right hand and on the left. Imagine the enormous acquisitions which might be added to the storehouse of observation and deduction if men could only master their thoughts instead of being at the mercy of an unruly crowd of self suggesting ideas, which flit to and tro like unsubstantial shadows."

Kate listened with profound attention. Mr. Wincks rarely made so long a speech. "You must have thought a great deal yourself," she said, "and I suppose you tiresome to be always keeping one's thoughts in order? I am sure I never could. Besides, I fancy that it may be in wandering hither and thither in the playtime of thought that poetry is found, like wild flowers in the woods, away from tenced-in roads and milestones. And discoveries! Don't they come often unsought to wanderers too? When roaming aimlessly or groping in darkness they happen upon unexpected treasures or sudden bursts of light."

"You seem to think yourself," he returned, though there was a tinge of displeasure in his tone. "But I should like to see you more alive to the value of order in everything, especially thought. You seem to have marshalled your forces

"Oh, no. I never marshal anything. I deed, I wish I could regulate my thoughts," she added, with a sigh and a tone of profound sincerity. "I will try as hard as I

"I am glad to hear you say so, and hope you may succeed. In fact, I have strong faith in the power of will, honestly exerted. "I will tell you how I get on," said Kate, with a frank smile. "But I am a raid you have no idea how weak and illogical I am

"If you acknowledge these defects you have taken one step towards correcting them." Mr. Wincks said this in a some-Alicia looked earnestly at her sister. She | what faint tone, and leant back in his chair

"I am staying too long, and making you talk to much," exclaimed Kate, rising ' No, you do not tire me ; but the light is fading and I do not care to have the gas lit. I rather wanted to finish this chapter.' "May I read it to you?' interrupted

Kate. I can see quite well." "Thank you, I should be glad if you would. Then I shall, I think, go to bed. So Kate read for the better part of an hour When she had closed the book Mr. Wincks thanked her, and there was a short

pause, and he resumed. "Your father returns on Thursday. I am glad I sent him on this mission; I believe he has saved my client from making a serious mistake. I did not think he had such a shrewd business side to his char-

'Oh! papa is very clever I have often heard clever people say so; but he is too

"Not a usual fault in a lawyer." "I suppose not," she returned laughing. "But I am so glad he has been able to serve you in any way, for you have indeed Wincks thought for a moment, and then

said, "Mr. Brett was in my office a day or western suburb had an unusual charm for two before Mr. Carey left for Ireland, and seemed greatly surprised at seeing him "I do not see that he should be, consid-

ering he proposed recommending my father to you hims It. "I suppose he changed his mind?' said Mr. Wincks, drily. "He had no right to do so. He just went away for a long time and omitted to

fultil his promise. Rich men torget the necessities of their poorer brethren often. I hope you do not regret your kind confidence in-me?' "No. my dear young lady, I do not." She had never heard her curious old

patron speak so warmly before. She bid him a cordial good-night and departed. Instead of taking the most direct way home she turned to the left instinctively, chosing a longer route, for she wan ed to be alone.

"I wish I could rule my thoughts," said Kate to herself, as she strolled on into the soft darkness of the warm night; "but I smiled and stretched out his hand to her cannot; I cannot put Dick Travers out of my head. I always liked him, but I never this-that his eyes seem always looking into mine, his voice for ever sounding n turbed you had I known," and she looked my heart. I have always thought of him a into his eyes with such genuine sympathy good deal, but since last night-" Again that the little man experienced a curious | memory recalled the close, tender pressure of his arms, the passion in his voice when what you have done—and—sit down." loved her? No; try as she would to reason away the impression, she felt that for the moment at least Dick loved her. Ah! life passed with him would be only too gloriously delightful; but it could not be. How loyal and kind he had been to them all in repay him by saving him all the pain she could. It would be ruin to him to ally