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May 17th, 1906.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY
Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.
"Mrs. Payte."
Mrs. Trent's eyes turned languidly to her drawing-room door when this visitor was announced that afternoon, but she made no advance to meet her.

"A cold day," she remarked, indifferently, as she touched the little old lady's hand with her soft fingers.
"Cold, is it?" returned Mrs. Payte, looking inquisitively at Theodora, who was making an elaborate process of collecting her wools before she rose. "I did not notice. I feel hot enough myself, for I have been put out."

Utter silence. Such a plain hint that the feelings and temperature of Mrs. Edna Payte were matters of supreme indifference to the ladies at Deergrove, that the bold little visitor for a moment was nonplussed—only for a moment, though.

"Yes, I have been put out," she resumed, sitting—for her—unusually still, and making strenuous use of her eyes, "by Honor Craven."
"Indeed!"

A faint and languid sign of interest at last.
"She is at my house now, dancing attendance, forsooth, upon my sick friend; but it is not that nonsense which put me out. It was her ridiculous determination not to make any effort to be agreeable to Lady Lawrence when she arrives. Bless me, why should one of the family—however insignificant a one—refuse, and leave greater chance to the others?"

"Why, indeed?"
This was all Theodora could say, in the very decided pause which the rapid little speaker made; but her face was growing full of interest now.

"Why, indeed, as you say, Miss Trent?" resumed Mrs. Payte, a little more slowly; "although, of course, for your sake, I could almost wish that Honor would persist in her absurdity, even so far as declining to go up to London at all to meet her ladyship; because, if that were the case—I saw that it struck you just now—you would have everything your own way. Lady Lawrence would hardly hesitate to choose you before either Miss Haughton or Miss Owen."

"I think," put in Mrs. Trent, that my daughter has little to fear from the rivalry of any other member of our family."
"I think not—oh, I certainly think not," returned Mrs. Payte, with prompt decision. "But then, what can we tell of the eccentricities of old Myddelton's sister? At any rate, all I have to say in the matter I have said now. I determined to tell you, because you have always been so very wishful to help Honor—she being your youngest relative, and an orphan."

A pause again, so definite that Mrs. Trent nervously rushed in to break it with a clear and stiff "Oh, certainly."
"Yes," said the small old lady, with a quick nod. "Well, then, you will urge upon her the necessity of going to London amongst the earliest of you, and doing her best to make herself agreeable to her great-aunt (if she is her great-aunt, but I really don't understand anything about the connection), that the chances of her being remembered in the will may be as good as yours. I have done all I can, and I leave it now in your hands."

"Honor is not at all likely to forego her chance," said Theodora, wishing in her heart that this blunt and staring little visitor would leave.

"If she does, I shall now consider it entirely her own fault," observed Mrs. Payte, almost blandly. Then, to the great relief of both mother and daughter, she rose in her bustling manner, and prepared to take her leave.

"I am relieved to be able to make so

short a call," she said, with apparent enjoyment of the idea, "but I wish, if possible to pay another visit before it is dark, and in these wretched country districts one's friends always live so far apart. Good-bye. Then I may hope to hear a different decision from Honor, after she has seen you."

Miss Haughton had just donned her black silk dinner dress, and was beginning to listen for the sound of her brother's return, and Phoebe was practising a fantasia which was to astonish him, when an unexpected visitor was announced—"Mrs. Payte." The old lady made a longer ceremony of her call here, though she had given herself exactly the same mission to perform.

Jane received it with a strong disregard to its import, and Phoebe (though she exclaimed several times, "Oh, of course, Honor must come," and "Oh, Lawrence would never go without Honor," and "Oh, it was a shame to think of it") hardly followed the idea to the bottom, though a great deal more about the bow in her hair, and listened a great deal more eagerly for the wheels of the waggonette.

"I feel sure," observed Miss Haughton, reverting to the subject when the visit was nearly over, and the visitor had dropped it, "that Lady Lawrence will make nothing at all of her female connections. She will be, you know, one of the wealthiest—indeed, the very wealthiest woman in England. She will most naturally select an heir."

"That seems the general opinion," observed Mrs. Payte, carelessly; "but of course I know nothing about it. Only I should say, if she does wish to select an heir, she will be tempted by the brilliant talents and sterling qualities of Mr. Haughton; and yet—and yet," ruminated the old lady, pensively, "Captain Trent is very accomplished, and of elegant bearing, besides having the useful power—like a cat—of lighting forever on his feet. He, too, seems to have a pretty fair chance. Well, well, it's of no use our worrying ourselves about it. I only hope, for the sake of justice, that when the day comes for meeting this formidable old millionaire, you will all be there. Now, I must hurry home, or I shall be benighted. If Mr. Haughton were here, I would get him to escort me; as it is, I must go alone." And she went briskly and cheerfully.

"She chose to come alone in the dusk," Jane said, rigidly, when Phoebe ventured to ask whether it would not have been well to send one of the servants with the old lady; "so I suppose she is used to it."
"They are all in a rare state of excitement," muttered Mrs. Payte to herself, as she walked homeward in unusual thoughtfulness, and with an unusually slow step. "And it has been almost as good to me as an Asmodean fight."

"Halloo, there!"
The exclamation came from Lawrence Haughton, as, in the gathering darkness, he drove up close upon this solitary and heedless pedestrian.

"Mr. Haughton, is that you?"
Lawrence pulled up his horse, and leaned down from the waggonette, which he generally preferred to drive himself.

"Mrs. Payte, I did not know you. It is late for you to be walking alone."
"Yes, it is," was the prompt reply. "Please to turn and drive me home; then you can bring Honor back."
"Honor! Is she at your cottage so late?"

Lawrence was beyond a doubt, very angry, and he turned his horse without a word.

The servant held open the carriage door, and Mrs. Payte was driven back to East Cottage in grim silence. But she did not seem to mind it much, and her small, shrewd face wore something very like a smile when the lights of the cottage fell upon it at last.

"By the powers!" she exclaimed—it was a vague oath, in which the restless little woman could safely, and not against her conscience, indulge—"Honor has got a bright and cheerful-looking room up there; and I declare she is singing to Selina! That is one thing Honor does well. Her voice is not a machine, and she knows the difference between singing and executing a song—I call it executing a song when girls behave it of sense and feeling. Will you stay here, Mr. Haughton," she continued, leading him into the fire-lighted sitting-room, "while I fetch Honor?"

Scarcely two minutes had Lawrence sat there, moodily, when the old lady returned to tell him that she could not persuade Honor to leave Mrs. Disbrow, who was very ill and restless, and was soothed by Honor's singing and reading, and even by her quiet presence; "Mr. Haughton must please excuse her tonight."
"I cannot excuse her," said Lawrence, roughly; "she must come home."
"I really fear she will not," replied Mrs. Payte; and fortunately the first light did not betray her mean enjoyment of his wrath. "She is, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, 'as headstrong as an all-gory on the banks of the Nile.' Shall I appeal to her once more, or had

I not better take your consent for her to stay with my sick friend?"
"It is not right for her to stay away from home," fumed Lawrence, in his selfish anger; "please tell her I insist on her coming."
"I decline to tell her that," rejoined the old lady, with sudden, quiet gravity, "and now I decline to urge even your request. I hoped you would yourself think better of it, and now, merely as a polite formality, Mr. Haughton, I beg you to leave your ward here. She is very nobly and very tenderly fulfilling a duty which has fallen in her way. Her presence here is, beyond measure, pleasant and beneficial to a dying woman, and still she is most unwilling to disobey her guardian, or even disregard his wish. This being the case, I will not vex her again with the choice, but will myself arrange with you for her to stay here a little time."
It was a perfectly insignificant person who thus accosted Lawrence Haughton, a person meanly clad and dimly surrounded, yet there was something in the words, or the tone, or the bearing of the speaker, which kept his angry answer back, and brought to his own reply a chilly but very evident effort at politeness.

"I will drive here myself for Miss Craven in the early morning, before I leave for my office," he said; "you will not allow her again to set aside my order, I hope."

(To be continued.)

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