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RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

(Continued.)

Honor glanced shyly toward Mr. Stafford. If he would but come forward, she thought. He must have heard just as much, and as plainly, as the others had; yet he stood to all appearance, engrossed in conversation with the chaplain.

"Ask him," repeated Mrs. Payte, peevishly. "He will do it for you—of course he will, because you are a possible heiress of Lady Lawrence's."

"Oh, hush!" whispered Honor. "He will hear."

She moved toward him as she spoke, but Hervey intercepted her.

"Let that vulgar little creature do her own work, Honor," he urged, in a low tone. "For goodness' sake, dismiss her!"

But Honor went on, and standing shyly and earnestly before Mr. Stafford, asked him if he would be so very kind as to promise to help "her friend" in dealing with a question of law.

"I scarcely know what to say," returned the lawyer, looking keenly into the girl's face, first through, and then over, his glittering spectacles. But, after that hesitation, he added, genially, "Yes, I will do it, Miss Craven."

"Thank you," she said, with unfeigned gladness, "thank you. You hear, Mrs. Payte? Mr. Stafford promises."

"That's a relief," observed the old lady, without, however, much evidence of gratitude. "I can manage now, and you will come to see me? I don't ask any of you," she said, looking round upon the group with indomitable effrontery. "because I don't feel quite sure that I have ever seen you before. If I have, so great a change has taken place that it renders recognition difficult."

Honor, good-bye. I will give you my address as soon as I am settled. "You are sure you will call?"

"Quite sure, Mrs. Payte."

"And now," concluded the old lady, with a shrewd slow glance around her, "I wish you all a good-day."

She waited to note each separate reception of her farewell, her dark little restless eyes full of keen observation. Only a few vouchsafed any reply. Theodora took no more notice of her presence than if, just then, she had been a stool upon the carpet. Mrs. Trent slightly bent her pompadour head, but did not move her lips. Phoebe said "Good-morning," as she might have uttered a forced apology which she loathed to utter. Captain Trent bowed his most formal bow, and Mr. Haughton hurried through a rough "Good-day to you."

The other gentlemen bowed without a word, while Honor walked to the door with her old friend.

"Don't come down-stairs," said Mrs. Payte, arresting her. "This is not your own house, you know, child, and you had better act as the others act. Turn back and let me go my way alone. Make haste, and you will have the fun of seeing them smooth their ruffled plumes."

At dusk, when the servants came in to light up the room and shut out the fading daylight, the spirits of every one rose, and expectation grew keener every second. This was the time Lady Lawrence had promised to join them, and there was no fear of disappointment to-day. For the years of anticipation, as well as the week's waiting in London, they would all be rewarded in a few minutes' time.

Every eye was on the watch; every ear was strained to the uttermost; for it would be hard to catch the rustling of a dress through these thick walls, or the fall of a step upon the velvet carpet.

Complacency had returned now to every member of the family, and smiles were ready to their lips. The influence of this eager and expectant watchful-

ness had so wrapped Honor, too, that when at last the door was thrown wide open, and a voice announced "Lady Lawrence," she felt with what a sudden start and quiver she rose, as all the others rose, to meet the advancing figure.

There was not one of old Mr. Myddelton's possible heirs who was not, and had not for years been, familiar with the portrait of his sister, the Anglo-Indian, who was to be the arbitress and distributor of his almost fabulous wealth, and on whose return to England so many hopes were centered. All were familiar with the sketch that had been sent them, as well as with the girlish portrait at Abbotsmoor, and built upon these—some had formed a fancy portrait of this important dame, in whose power it lay to make them rich. Familiar to all were the poesy figure in its stiff, plain dress, and the smooth, sleek face, with its low braids of dark hair, its sleepy, thoughtful eyes, its intellectual chin, and its wide and firmly closed lips. Not one but knew this picture well, and knew that this was Lady Lawrence whom they should rise to meet. So there was not one who did not start back in visible alarm and consternation when they saw that it was another and very different figure which entered after that slow announcement of "Lady Lawrence."

A small figure this, in a rich black satin dress, heavily trimmed with crepe, and wearing an exquisite little lace cap upon the crisp, gray curls; a small old lady, with keen eyes, a dark, restless face, and lines of cynical amusement round her thin, mobile lips.

"My dears, I am glad to see you all—very glad to see you here," she said, advancing toward them with her small hands outstretched. "I have kept you waiting a long time, and for that I owe you an apology. But I intend to defer it until after dinner, and in the meantime how do you do, all of you?"

If a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, the family of old Myddelton would have been less surprised, and would have stood less breathless. There seemed no life or motion left among them. On that quivering, joyous expectation with which they had risen to meet Lady Lawrence, had fallen, in one moment, an awful numbness, a maddening sense of utter defeat, and helplessness, and despair, and, withal, a bitter, stinging consciousness of what might have been.

For, instead of that imposing figure for which they had looked, there had entered the tiny one which, half an hour before, had come in to them in broad black hat and shabby dress, to be disowned, and discarded, and insulted; instead of the stranger they had looked for, had entered the insignificant person who, months before that day, had lived among them as a poor and unknown gentlewoman, able only to afford cottage lodgings, but who, in this cottage home in their midst, had had every opportunity of studying their characters, while before her they had not dared to wear disguise.

It was strange that now, in her handsome dress, and in her own beautiful rooms, all could readily detect the inherent aristocrat. Brusque, eccentric, excitable, she might be, but still she carried with her the marks (and the consciousness, too) of high birth and high position. A man's position was the woman's. Lady Lawrence's position was the woman's. Lady Lawrence's position was the woman's. Lady Lawrence's position was the woman's.

It was not your conduct to myself which was to be the test I sought. I had a wider motive, which you will soon understand. You are very kind to have met me here. I have delayed making my will as long as I think it safe to delay it. I am an old woman, and you know, all of you, how another old woman who had been my companion for twenty years has died within the few months you have known me. True, I am healthy—brisk and active, as most of you have remarked; but a certain old proverb insinuates that a door on strong hinges is liable to be de-

pendent on. Remembering this, I have determined to make my will without further delay. I shall be glad of your presence, for I do not intend to omit one name; so to-morrow morning, Mr. Stafford, we will be ready," she added, with a merry sparkle in her eyes; "for you know you promised an hour ago to settle this little legal matter which brought me to London."

"Dinner is served, my lady."

With a certain dignity which seemed now to belong to the old lady, in spite of her restlessness, she paired off her guests.

Out of consideration for them, dinner had been thus early and suddenly announced, to excuse dinner-dress, which neither she nor the gentlemen of her household had assumed.

Mrs. Trent, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable, not only mentally but (in consequence of her unusual attire) physically, too, left the room gloomily on the old chaplain's arm. Jane Haughton, more rigid than ever in her mortification, walked like a pillar in the escort of the cheery lawyer. Theodora Trent tried to call up her old smiles for the benefit of the Indian secretary, but her mind was too full of anger—an anger which was wide and vague, and directed against every one but herself.

(To be continued.)

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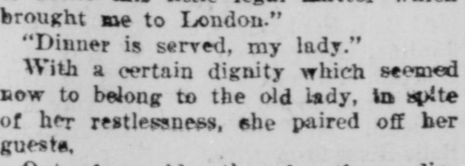
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