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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.)

He turned and looked moodily and persistently out upon the quiet, wintry gardens. If this feeling of wrath against Honor were to be encouraged, he knew he must not follow her with his eyes. The influence which, even from a child, her presence had exercised over the hard and austere man of the world, could not be hidden while he watched the beautiful, changing face he loved so passionately.

"How are the servants at home behaving, Honor?" inquired Miss Haughton.

Honor looked curiously for a moment at her guardian's sister. From her, at least, she had expected an inquiry for the poor sick lady whom she had stayed behind to nurse.

"Very well," she said, speaking rather heavily in her disappointment. "Phoebe, I am sorry to say your bird is dead; you forgot to leave any particular instructions—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Phoebe, ecstatically. "What is that?"

She had arrested their attention in this manner a hundred times before, but Honor did not know this, and so, of course, she listened.

"I heard a step, I am sure," said Phoebe, apologetically, when no sound reached any other ears; "and I thought it was Lady Lawrence. Oh, Honor, what a pity about my bird!" and for the space of six seconds Phoebe mourned her lost canary.

"Honor, how are the old women at East Cottage?" inquired Mrs. Trent, feeling that any news might serve to pass the time.

Honor told her in a few words; then, for a time, silence settled among them; and Honor, from her low seat near the fire, surveyed the group in puzzled wonder. Hardly one of them looked or acted as she had been accustomed to see them look and act, and she tried to make the change clear to herself. Even Mrs. Trent had adopted the simple attire which Lady Lawrence was supposed to affect, and of the whole group perhaps the greatest difference was observable in her. To miss the voluminous silks, the laces, flowers, and jewelry, was to miss Mrs. Trent herself.

In Theodora the change was almost as great. She was a different person without her brilliant toilets, with her manifold minor allurements; but just at this time Honor could note another change. Miss Trent's patience was exhausted. The languid placidity had given way to a worried peevishness as a normal expression. Only now and then, with sudden recollection and alarm, could she call back her complacency. But her moods were too uncertain to retain it, and the fretful look was resumed unconsciously.

To Honor the whole thing was a comedy. Jane's rigidly Quaker attire; Phoebe's staid simplicity—Phoebe, to whom ribbons, and feathers, and trills had hitherto been the necessities of life—the affected geniality of Mr. Haughton's expression when sudden moments of recollection visited him; and the utterly unsuccessful attempt of Captain Trent to be devoid of affectation just for this once.

So they sat at their several occupations in the immense room in which they seemed so few where the rich glow of the fire-light fell upon a profusion of valuable Indian furniture and where the silence was as dreamy as was the silence without, while the December afternoon drew to its close. So they sat, minute after minute, waiting.

"How sick I am of expecting her!" observed Theodora, speaking almost unconsciously, as she threw down her work and moved to the window.

"Ah!"

But the door had been opened only

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to admit Mr. Stafford, Lady Lawrence's lawyer. Though Miss Trent's first feeling was disappointment, she could not but hail his coming as a relief to the monotony, and she roused herself to engross him. He chatted merrily among them for a time, and cracked various good-natured jokes about his little client.

"She takes an unconscionable time to sleep off her fatigue," he said; "but I suppose she will be really down presently. She will dine with you to-night without fail. Ah—who comes here?"

Two gentlemen entered the room as he spoke; one being Lady Lawrence's chaplain, and the other a swarthy, fine-looking young man, in an embroidered silk cap, a man who was evidently Indian by birth, and who—though this certainly was not evidenced in his martial bearing or foreign appearance—was Lady Lawrence's private secretary. His advent was a treat for Theodora. She was keen enough to detect the signs of "este," and what a relief a little flirtation would be in this tedious waiting!

About half an hour after the entrance of these two gentlemen, and when conversation was getting lively and general in the long drawing-room—though Mr. Stafford, the chief talker, had been for some minutes absent—a slight old lady alighted nimbly from a cab at the door of Lady Lawrence's mansion, and, much to the surprise of the powdered footman, inquired for Miss Craven. One of them gravely consented to inquire, and, in consequence of this concession, the gentleman-usher appeared again at the drawing-room, to inform Miss Craven that a lady waited to see her.

"The most curious little person I ever chanced to encounter," whispered Mr. Stafford, happening to return at that minute. "I would not go down to see her, Miss Craven, if I were you. Had she been a real lady, the servants would have been quick to see it, and she would have been shown in here before me."

But Honor rose at once to go, though she had no need to do so. Almost before the lawyer's words were finished, Mrs. Payte herself, in defiance of the usher's hesitation, appeared in the high doorway, and, frowning a little, as if either the size of the room or the glare of the fire-light dazzled her, stood there for a minute gazing around her.

"A curious little person," well might Mr. Stafford say; and never had she looked so curious as she did now. She wore still the shabby black costume which she had assumed for Mrs. Disbrow's funeral, and this was surmounted by a broad-brimmed black hat, for which in June there might have been some excuse, but which in December was ridiculous as well as hideous.

Altogether, such a figure as this must assuredly have startled the select and aristocratic neighborhood, and such eccentric shabbiness must have been a new spectacle to the stylish and immaculate retainers in Lady Lawrence's household. Still, however ludicrous the scene, this visitor's name was announced with the same solemn and respectful gravity with which the others had been favored.

"Mrs. Payte!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Theodora Trent turned her back most unmistakably upon that excited body, and, having on energetic conversation with the secretary, who had just and conversed most differentially, she had an amused smile in his Indian eyes, as if he understood a little more than she expressed to him. "I wonder," she murmured with a good ignorance, "who this person can be who has taken the trouble to seek me in Craven here? I always knew that Miss Craven was an odd girl, and had odd acquaintances, but I should hardly have supposed she would encourage them to follow her here."

The Indian bowed grave. "Her ladyship would be surprised to find such a visitor here, doubtless," he replied. "I hope," put in Theodora, smiling, "that she will understand it as Miss Craven's affair entirely."

"Her ladyship shall be made to understand," he answered, gallantly.

Then Theodora resumed her flirtation with her mind at ease.

"Honor," whispered Captain Trent, "dispatch her quickly, for heaven's sake! Just suppose Lady Lawrence came in now!"

"Mrs. Payte," remarked Mr. Haughton, coldly, "I have no doubt Miss Craven will come down-stairs to you."

"I don't want her down-stairs," retorted the old lady, with all her characteristic brusqueness; "I want her here. Because I have heard that there is a London lawyer here. Honor, are you listening?"

"I am listening, indeed, Mrs. Payte," said the girl, who had not only gone forward and grasped the old lady's hand, but because she saw the supercilious glances cast upon her, held it still.

"Settled at once, now poor Selma has gone, so I changed my mind and came to London to get it done. Wasn't it lucky that I chanced to keep Lady Lawrence's address this morning when you showed it to me? I have got rooms near here, for I must stay till it is settled. I know you will call upon me—eh, child?"

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Payte," said Honor, cordially.

"And now I have another thing for you to do," resumed the old lady, in a lower tone. "I want to find some lawyer—a London man, else I should have appealed to my learned friend, Mr. Haughton—who will do this business for me, moderately as well as wisely. I heard there was a lawyer here. Which is he?"

"The gentleman by the fire," whispered Honor, half laughing. "Mr. Stafford, of whom you have heard us speak at Statton."

"Oh!"

"Shall I introduce you?"

"No, child; I had rather you arranged the matter for me. I don't like strangers. Tell him I have need of a solicitor's advice and services, but that I am anxious not to be led into much expense. Ask him if, under those circumstances, he would give me the benefit of his help."

Though Mrs. Payte possibly might be under the delusion that she was conducting this conversation privately with Honor, every word was distinctly heard by the other occupants of the room, and this was made sufficiently evident—Theodora gave a short, sarcastic laugh. Mrs. Trent murmured an astonished "Dear me!" Hervey muttered a few words, of which the only audible ones were, "Pon my soul!" And Lawrence Haughton turned away with an air of thorough disgust.

(To be continued.)

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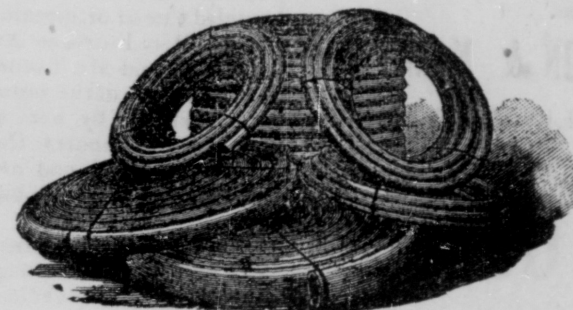
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