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(Continued.)

"I should like it very much, Mr. Romer," said Honor, with a readiness, and even gratitude, quite unexpected by him; "I only intend to be in this neighborhood two days, and I am going now to the Larches—do you think they will ask me to stay?"

"Promise to come to us to-day, Miss Craven, do! Whatever they wish, let them know that you have given me the prior promise."

"Yes, I will promise, Mr. Romer. I see you feel sure they will not care to see me, and I am very much obliged for your invitation."

And this was the return of the millionaire.

"Mr. Haughton has grown more morose than ever during the last few days, Honor"—the old name slipped out just as naturally when he found her just his little favorite of old days—"and Miss Haughton more wrapped up in her brother, or herself, or both. It will not cheer you to stay there, my dear."

"And Phoebe?"

"Phoebe is just what she always was, and probably what she always will be. You are sure to have heard all about the others," continued the rector, looking down into her face, "as Captain Trent hurried to town to put himself at your service."

"Hervey's service," said Honor, laughing, "is pre-eminently a summer pastime, Mr. Romer. It is not a wearying process for him."

"I suppose Lady Lawrence discouraged his visits?"

"Yes, and he did not force them upon us."

"That was well; but it will be different now. Shall you go to Deefrogo to-day?"

"Oh, no."

"That is well, too. Mrs. and Miss Trent are not generous to the memory of Lady Lawrence, or—"

"O to me," smiled Honor.

"Of course you are going over to see Abbotsmoor? You will hardly know it."

"I hope not," she answered. "Mr. Stafford is staying in Kinbury, and will drive over for me to-morrow. I intend to spend a whole day at Abbotsmoor, as I want to go over the cottages as well as the house."

"The cottages, eh?" inquired the rector. "There will not be much pleasure for you in that. The Abbotsmoor poor are a benighted set."

"Then it is high time, is it not, that some one lived at Abbotsmoor?"

"High time, indeed, and a good day it will be for Abbotsmoor, Honor, when you go."

They had reached the Larches now, and the rector, with a last reminder to Honor of her promise, opened the gate for her.

She looked eagerly up at the bare windows of her old home, as she trod the familiar drive to the front door. No sign of any face looking out; and she knocked with a hand that trembled a little.

Yes, Miss Haughton was in, and Miss Owen. The housemaid was a new servant, and did not recognize Miss Craven. Miss Haughton entered the room presently, in her stiff, black dress (it was a matter of pride more than courtesy in all old Myddelton's relations to assume mourning for Lady Lawrence), and held out her hand to Honor, as if offering the limb for voluntary sacrifice.

"I concluded it was you," she said, in dull, cold tones, which brought Honor's childhood back to her with a rush of self-pity, "though I wonder you have leisure or inclination to return here."

"I left London for the purpose of visiting Abbotsmoor," said Honor honestly, "but I could not be so near and

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not come to see you. Are you quite well, Jane?"

The girl soon found she had set herself no easy task in opening a genial discourse with Jane Haughton, and Phoebe's entrance, after a time, was a great relief.

"Why, Honor," exclaimed Miss Owen, rushing up to kiss her cousin, "I had no idea it was you, else I should not have waited a minute."

"I shall leave you girls together now," observed Jane, rising. "I shall send in a glass of wine, Honor, or are you going to stay here this evening?"

With a great effort Honor thanked her guardian's sister for this cordial invitation, and explained how her promise had been given to Mr. Romer; then Jane, with great unconcern, wished her good-bye and left the room.

"Phoebe," said Honor, standing with both her hands upon her cousin's shoulders, "will you come back with me?"

Looking down into the broad Dutch face, Honor saw a vivid scarlet spread from chin to brow.

"Oh, Honor," she faltered, and then stopped.

"Is it no?" asked Honor, sadly.

"I cannot come."

"Phoebe," said her younger cousin, presently, "just listen to me for a few moments. I can see from your manner that Lawrence and Jane would be angry—scornful, too, most probably—if you proposed coming to live with me—and now, as in old times, you would not for the world act against Lawrence's wish. And besides that," added the girl, gently, "I suppose it is still happiest for you where he is. But if the time ever comes when you think differently, Phoebe, remember what I tell you now. I shall be as glad to have you then as I should be glad to have you to-day. Be sure to remember this, dear little Frau; promise."

"Yes, Honor. It would be beautiful to live with you in such grandeur, and with no shortness of money, and scoldings, only—"

"Only you would rather wait," concluded Honor, kindly. "But be sure and remember what I tell you, Phoebe."

"Oh, Honor!" sobbed Phoebe, with a new trouble, "Lawrence is harder than ever now."

Of course the very mention of his name unsealed the slightly guarded fount of Phoebe's tears, and they flowed freely while she enlightened her old companion on the subject of her guardian's indifference and general moodiness.

"Since his return from London, Honor, a week ago, he has been far, far worse."

"Never mind him," said Honor, in her honest contempt, as she recalled the reason of this. "Talk of some one else, little Frau."

A long hour, which Phoebe did not make a very cheerful one, the girls spent together; then they parted with a renewal of that promise of Phoebe's, and a request from Honor that when Mr. Stafford drove over from Kinbury next morning, Phoebe would send him on to the rectory.

A pleasant reception awaited Honor at the rectory, and, indeed, any little pleasure which she was to glean from the visit to Statton was to be due to the cheery rector and his wife, except that generous pleasure it gave her to see the intense happiness of Marie Verrien in her preparations for departure.

The day she and Mr. Stafford spent at Abbotsmoor was a disappointing one. True, the house was growing comfortable and beautiful, but the girl's real motive for the visit (that search among the cottagers for Margaret Territ) was as much in vain as had seemed that search of Royden Keith's so long before.

"You must entirely give up your Quixotic idea, Miss Craven," remarked the lawyer, as they drove back to Statton. "Why, even if the woman could be found, she could not remove the guilt from Gabriel Myddelton. So do you not see it better to let the subject be in its long oblivion?"

"No," said Honor, with a regretful shake of the head, "I do not see it better, Mr. Stafford, ever now, when we have tried all day, and met with no success."

"Well, I have given you my advice, my dear young lady; but still I need not remind you I am at your service, even in this Quixotic search."

This was a gala evening at the rectory. Sir Philip and Lady Somerson had heard of Honor's advent, and driven over from the castle to spend this evening with her. And they all did their best to make this night a festival, just as if they understood how little Honor had been welcomed among her own connections.

Next day, with Mrs. Romer as her guest, she returned to London, and Marie Verrien was installed in a pretty little room, and which seemed to her as a perfect little fairy-land, containing, as it did, delightful devices for her comfort, pretty things for her to look upon, and materials for many a different and attractive work. What happy, placid hours Marie was to spend in this room! sociable ones, also, to which the poor

French girl had been so little accustomed. One or two at a time the servants would come and sit and chat with her, bringing her something to see, or to discuss, or to laugh over.

Just as the servants in Royden Keith's household—following their master's example, as servants usually will—had been kind to, and considerate for, her father during that happy visit of his to Westleigh Towers, so were Honor's servants, following her example, thoughtful over this afflicted girl. But the brightest hours of all her life to Marie were those which Honor herself spent in the pleasant room, entering with her soft step and merry greeting, and sitting down, just as if the rest and the change were as good to her as to Marie. She would take the same interest as the sick girl did in a new pattern, or a picture, or a book, and sometimes she would sing to her, as dying ears had loved to hear her sing; while at others she would sit in silent interest, gently wooing Marie to talk of her father—ever the poor girl's one sweetest subject of thought or speech.

It was at these times that Marie often and gratefully mentioned the name of Royden Keith, and it was at these times that Honor's silence was so long and so unbroken.

(To be continued.)

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