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WAVERLAND

up an inclined plane of about forty-five degrees with perfect ease.
"O, look down!" said Lady Irving, "it makes me dizzy!"
"What if the cable should break?" said Stella.
"We would land near the depot or down among the trellises," answered Melvorne.
"No," said a man on the car, "those brakes which fasten on the rails, and can even lift the car clear from the track in case of accident."
"That is a protection then, aside from the cable?" asked Melvorne.
"Yes, sir," said the man, "the cable parted once, and the brake saved the car."
"Thank you," said Melvorne. "One feels greater safety in traveling when they understand the workings."
Turning to come down, Lady Irving said: "I feel as though I was sinking. How strange that we go no faster coming down than we did going up."
"It is like the belt to a machine moving equally fast at every point. The car is fastened to the cable, not running on it," explained Melvorne.
We were glad to stand on terra firma once more. Then we went back into the great waiting room of the depot to get ready for our train.
"Such a hum of activity! Such a hurrying to and fro! Such anxiety for the trains! Such crowding for lunch, and such a disregard for everything but self, I never saw in all my travels!" said Melvorne.
"It makes me think of a hive of bees," I said, looking at the moving mass of human beings. "Where can they all be going?"
"There, our train has moved down," said Melvorne, and we gathered up our bundles, crossed the intervening tracks, produced our tickets, and took our seats in an elegant palace car. The quiet was a luxury after the noise and confusion of the busy waiting room.
"How different things look to me now, little girl, that I have found you on my arm."
"Melvorne," I said, as we entered a carriage, "would you like to see Potter Palmer's residence now?"
"No," he said, laughing, "but we will rest at his hotel a few hours, however. Then if the ladies are not too much fatigued we will start for New York."
They declared themselves ready for the journey. I believe that they enjoyed it. Our active English ladies are not sickly sentimentalists who think the crowning glory of womanhood is to be thought an invalid. They are brave, pure-hearted women. They can be independent of the old oak, yet love and home are no less dear to them because of that independence.
What happy hours we spent on that homeward journey. Stella never tired of asking questions about her father's childhood home, and Melvorne seemed to enjoy picturing the old place. He would give the most minute descriptions of everything about it. At last, on a beautiful day in July, we were on a great ocean steamer bound for home.
One evening as we were standing on deck Melvorne asked:
"Loyd, do you remember the day I found you dreaming?"
"Yes," I said, "I think I do! I little thought then that I was seeking a friend, and I found that he had lost the one he held most dear."
"And did you expect to find us so far from home?" asked Lady Irving archly.
"No, my lady," said Melvorne, half playfully. "When I was in London I would not seek you for fear my sweet girl would be changed to a cold proud woman of fashion."
"What do you think now?" she asked mischievously.
"I think," he said, catching her in his arms, "that I shall hold you a prisoner until you name the day that I shall call you mine!"
"And I make the same demand," I said, kissing Stella to my side.
"We may as well present our flags of truce and surrender to our conquerors," said Stella to Lady Irving.
"Yes," said Lady Irving playfully, "we accepted that some day you would become tyrants and use the conqueror's right to command; so we prepared our weapons of war ready to surrender with grace! At River Dell, my home in London, there will be a double wedding on the evening of the seventh of September, if you will agree to such a treaty of peace."
"Is that true?" I asked, kissing the lips I loved so well.
"Yes, Loyd, after meeting you in Denver, Lady Irving and I planned not to be married until our return to England. She made me promise to be married on the same day she was and at her home."
"Then, you little rogue, you had made these arrangements when I urged you to see the day that evening in Manitou!"
"Yes, and it was fun for us when we met after our return from the evening meal. Cousin James had asked Lady Irving the same question, and had urged a double wedding," said Stella gaily.
"Do you hear that, Melvorne?" I asked.
"Tear what?"
"Why, these mischievous wretches had planned to make us wait until we were in England before they would yield their freedom to our wills," I said. "Do you remember that evening in my room when you were so blue, my asking you if you did not believe that they had some scheme against us?"
"Yes, I remember it very well. So you were going to carry out that plan if we had remained in America a year?" he asked of Lady Irving.
"Most decidedly, my Lord," she said, making him a mocking courtesy.
"Then I am thankful for that telegram."
"So am I, for now that the day is set, I have enough to do to get ready to receive my Waverland at her new home," I said.
"I claim the right to keep Cousin Stella as my guest until that time," said Melvorne.
"No, I have a prior right to her for my companion," said Lady Irving.
After some debating Lady Irving won her point and Stella was to remain at Silver Dell until after the wedding.
The voyage was a most delightful one, yet we were glad when it was ended and we were quietly seated in Lady Irving's spacious dining room. She had earnestly insisted that the first evening of our homecoming should be passed together at her home. Silver Dell is beautifully located on the Upper Thames not far from London. It is a grand old mansion, perfect in all its appointments.

is always ready to receive its noble mistress and all her guests.
After dinner we spent a few hours talking over our plan for the future. It was agreed that Melvorne should attend to the business which had called him home and then we were all to visit Raven's Park together.
"Come Loyd," said Melvorne, "you are to be my guest while you remain in England."
"Thanks," I said. "I was dreading a lonely lodging after so much pleasant company."
It was late when we reached Blue Ridge, but the great mansion was brilliantly lighted. Lady Hortense had a gay party about her.
The following day we ran down to the city, and while Melvorne was attending to business I was traveling over again, in imagination, the mountains and glens of Colorado with Stella and Lady Irving.
When Melvorne returned we decided to visit Raven's Park the following day.
"We almost need our business manager to keep us posted on the day's proceedings," said Melvorne.
"I wonder where the Lollards are now," said Lady Irving. "Some time I am going back to finish the tour your telegram cut short."
"I am going too," said Stella. "I am not satisfied with our short stay in the new world."
CHAPTER XXII.—BUSY DAYS.

We drove to the depot as arranged, ready for a visit to Raven's Park. It was a delightful day. Every blade and leaf quivered with the gentle breeze, and in the air was a dainty gentle very sweetness from the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky.
About noon we reached the mansion, which through Melvorne's generosity, was now the property of Miss Stella Everett, grand-daughter of the earl of York. It had been built in the olden days when British peers were fond of palatial mansions. It stood in a park surrounded by a royal forest. As we walked up the avenue lined with majestic oaks and lindens, Stella said:
"Then this was the childhood home of my simple, loving father, who never gave me a hint that he belonged to the English nobility. He was content to live a life of usefulness among the humble tenant people, and tears rolled down her cheeks from thinking of the past."
"Yes, cousin, this was his childhood home," said Melvorne. "It was almost my home too. I have passed many happy hours here with my grandfather. He never tired of talking of Charlie. He was his father's pride and joy until, in a moment of passion, that father had disowned his son and sent him away, henceforth to be a stranger from his home. I was the only one that my grandfather would permit to mention Charlie's name in his presence. I was so small when Uncle Charlie left home that I cannot remember anything about him. But I believe my grandfather was always sorry for his hasty action, and if it had not been for his ungovernable pride, he would have called him back."
"I fear you may regret your hasty action, Cousin James," said Stella.
"I shall never regret that; but I would like to add a clause to the transfer," said Melvorne.
"What would it be?" asked Stella.
"That this shall be your Winter home, as it is near to Blue Ridge."
"I will grant your request," said Stella, offering him her hand as a pledge for its fulfillment. Then she turned to me, saying: "You agree with me in keeping this promise?"
"Most surely! I could not help agreeing to live in such a beautiful place," I said, putting her hand upon my arm, as we started to leave the fountain, where Lady Irving had been watching the little fishes, while we had been talking. As we entered the hall Lady Irving said:
"I think Stella and I might command quite a large circle of friends who would add much pleasure and enjoyment to all these fine arrangements."
"I am only too anxious to introduce the Duchess of Melvorne to a large circle of friends," said Melvorne.
Stella remained silent as we entered and passed through the old hall. What a grand place it is! Just the home for my darling, I thought. Pictures of ancestors for many generations hung on the walls of the long gallery; and, as we were passing along Melvorne stepped to one and paused.
"This," he said, with reverence, "was Sir Edward, our grandfather."
Stella looked for some moments at the stately form with snow white hair and beard and bright blue eyes.
"My father had those clear blue eyes and a broad smooth brow, but the expression of his mouth was not so hard and proud," said Stella as she moved away.
"This was my mother's room," said Melvorne, leading the way into another apartment. The room was trimmed in blue and white. The ground work of the carpet, the curtains and all the drapery of the room was blue, while delicate vines and leaves were traced in white. Every thing about the room was in accord with the most perfect taste.
"This was your father's," said Melvorne, opening a door down the hall. Here, rich, dark tints gave a warm glow to the room. "And these were his books when a school-boy," he continued, opening the doors of a bookcase.
Stella went to the open case and with a tender sadness on her face took one book after another from its old accustomed place and read with an aching heart the dear names now forgotten save by a few. Tears fell on the open page as she looked upon the writing of the hand that had been her guide from infancy. I longed to comfort her, as she stood there with the memory of a fond father's kind, protective love so fresh in her thoughts. I went to her, and placing my arm about her waist remained silent.
"To think," she said, "that after all these years they are here to give me a welcome home. It seems like almost seeing my father to be among his books and see his own writing!"
"There is comfort in the silent messages," I said, as she stood reading from the margin of an old book. Then, as though speaking to herself alone she said:
"O loving father, fond and true, Each silent book can speak for you. As with an absence most rare, Remind me of your tender care."
Then, as though some unseen comforter had been near, Stella closed the doors of the bookcase with a gentle touch as though she felt that it was conscious of her love. Then we left the room and joined Lady Irving and Melvorne in the school room. Broken toys and torn books still told of children's wayward ways. But now, alas, how changed, as Longfellow so beautifully pictures life in the line:
[To be Continued.]

Go to the doctor and get a prescription; then go to Brown & Barrett's and get it filled.

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