

THE MONTE CARLO BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF "THE LORD OF THE HARVEST"



Going Through the Register.

It was a typical American woman who now climbed the hot, dusty road, no shade being afforded by the aloes and cypress trees, burning sun and glare of white walls unshaded by a single cloud.

Apparently insensible alike to the heat and blinding dazzle she stepped along, as dainty an apparition of youth, loveliness, and daring as ever crossed the Atlantic. Strikingly contrasted was the delicacy of this young thing—she could hardly have been eighteenth birthday—with her evident feistiness and habit of independence. Sympathetic in her slightness, scarpically fair, golden haired, and blue-eyed, she had likely visited the old world alone, and without consulting any one was here on her own business. Only one trait of the American girl was wanting. Perhaps the black ribbon on her white muslin dress and half-mourning hat accounted for an expression of profound sadness. She seemed not only sad but bent upon fulfilling a hard, a bravely confronted duty. There was no spring in her footfall, no alertness in her looks. Slowly and deliberately she toiled along, a basket of white flowers on one arm.

About half a mile, perhaps less, separated her from the little railway station just left behind and her destination, every upward step affording a wider, more exquisite panorama. Not once did Evey pause to glance at the scene below; no more beautiful combination of sea and coast to be found in Europe. A sheet of sparkling sapphire today looked like the Mediterranean, asbestine gleamed its shores, of pale amethyst was the mountain range above, whilst in tiny equally gemlike spots and pools stood out orange and white villages shining from their mist. As in a hollow, separated from the rest, and even more beautiful than its entourage lay Monte Carlo, with its marble palaces, emerald lawns, fountains, and rose gardens. Faintly yet inspiringly the strains of an orchestra reached this higher ground, and gaily dressed groups could be discerned sitting under trees. Fairylike, a vertiginous island of the Blessed, might have appeared to the uninitiated, to some inquirer from a more artless world. Surely here he would exclaim, in such an earthly paradise, sin and sorrow and shame can have no place!

When Evey reached the hilltop she did indeed halt, but not to gaze and admire, only to draw a deep breath, and brace herself for an evidently dreaded ordeal. She had now come to the cemetery, a vast inclosure, here, as are cemeteries elsewhere in France, scrupulously kept, each monument standing in a tiny flower garden, choice trees and shrubs adorning the walks, not an inch but was thus relieved of gloom.

That momentary pause over, Evey walked straight up to the porter's lodge, and rang the bell.

"I have come, if you please, to make some inquiries," she said, with an air of quiet authority.

"Walk in, mademoiselle," replied the porter amiably, and without testifying the least surprise. Young, beautiful American girls wandering about the world alone, are no longer sources of wonder or curiosity. They have become, indeed, as much a matter of course as Mr. Cook's handkerchiefs and gloves.

The concierge was an elderly man having the reserved, gentlemanly air of even the humblest French official. Obliging, tactful, never losing sight of stray gratuities, yet never appearing expectant, his manners and appearance often made strangers hesitate before putting their hands in their pockets. "We keep our registers here," he added, entering an inner room, "you have only to give me name and date, and I can indicate the grave you have come to visit. And the Protestant cemetery lies only a stone's throw off."

So saying he lifted his index finger in a certain direction of the vast, beautiful burying ground.

Evey turned her back upon the white marble monuments, the little flower gardens surrounding them, and the flower-bordered alleys.

"My errand is not there," she said, then with an effort she managed to get out—"I have to visit the suicides' cemetery, but first of all, to obtain some particulars."

Even this announcement did not astonish her interlocutor. Nothing in the shape of human tragedy came as a surprise at Monte Carlo. Folks who live there grow hardened to grimest tragedy. The circus-spectator porter only became a trifle more subdued, more officiously servicable. A thousand pities, he thought to himself, that the father, brother, or maybe fiancé of this pretty demoiselle should have come to such an end!

"Certainly, mademoiselle," he answered. "We do all we can to oblige friends and relatives of the defunct. Just take a chair by the table, and I will fetch my register."

So saying he unlocked a cupboard and brought out a heavy tome in leather binding.

"I need not tell you," he continued, "that dates are often more useful than names as a means of identification. Many unfortunate persons put in the ground without Christian burial took care to leave behind no trace by which their bodies could be identified. Others had gambled away their all under an assumed name. And not a few who have made away with themselves are never put under the sod at all—"

Evey looked up horror-stricken. Without a word her companion pointed to the seat.

"But, mademoiselle," he went on cheerfully, "here are the entries of the last twelve months, certified and anonymous. If the name you look for is not down, carefully note the dates."

With a pale face, but never for a moment losing self-control, Evey sat down to her gruesome task. Could the world show a record more appalling? These official minutes one and all stood for so many wrecked lives and broken hearts, for unbridled passion, frenzied cupidity, and irretrievable dishonor. Not touching the volume, shrinking from contact so repellent, she coned entry after entry.

No, the name she sought was not there, that fact was quickly seized by her swift, unerring eye. She must then examine dates, rely upon these as a means of identification. Still onward she went, although by this time her feet were numb from contact with her shoes, she now scrutinized entry after entry, quickly abandoning the larger number, soon concentrating her attention upon two or three, finally transfixed by one.

She rose suddenly, her rapid movement and quick, nervous, commanding utterance causing the caretaker to drop his Petal-Johnson with a start.

"Please lead me to that number," she said, pointing to a line of his open register.

"At your service, mademoiselle. Just hold up your dress," was the prompt reply, and, taking up a huge bunch of keys, he begged her to follow him.

II. In the Suicides' Cemetery.

"You see," added her guide, "the cemetery gardeners shoot down their rubbish yonder, and you might catch up briars and dead leaves."

So saying, and unlocking the iron gate of a walled-in inclosure, quite apart from the beautifully kept burial ground, he led her to a certain spot.

Well might Evey stand still for a moment, as if at last courage failed her. Here the dead lay separated by surroundings contrasted as those of Dante's purgatory and paradise. On the one hand were sculptured crotaphs, symbolic trees and flowers, with perpetually renewed wreaths, the wide Campsanto lying open to the heavens, bathed in light and sunshine, the green and smiling of the tablet, dispelled by such surroundings, any reminders of pious undertakings. On the other were all the desolation and horror of the malefactor's last resting place, the unhalloved, unremembered graveyard within prison walls.

With perceptions sharpened by sorrow Evey glanced round, seeing every accessory of the place. Half sepulchral, half woe, here in revolting contiguity lay graves of men and women, and refuse bars, garden sweepings, shavings, funeral wreaths, bits of craps, with broken bottles, potatoeris, and miscellaneous household rubbish.

Thus then put in the ground by the parish grave digger, interred without following or religious ceremony, rested the suicides of Monte Carlo! Each grave was marked by an upright bit of wood, somewhat larger than that used by gardeners to mark the slips bearing a number, nothing more. Stakes driven into the earth indicated vacant spots. The indescribable grossness of the scene was heightened by two small monumental stones garlanded with black and violet artificial wreaths.

"You see, mademoiselle," said the clericone, observing that Evey's eyes rested on these, "it is not every poor creature buried here who is forgotten. Yonder tablet was put up to the memory of a poor young fellow, an artisan, by his fellow-workmen, the poorer one by a young man's brothers and sisters. It isn't only rich folks who are driven to make away with themselves by the gambling table either. But here is a number you want. Let me tidy up a bit."

Without giving her time to reply he fetched a broom, swept clean the narrow space around the grave, and put down a bit of old carpet.

"That will keep your dress clean and your feet dry. It is damp hereabouts. Do you want scissors and string and can I help you?" he asked.

Evey shook her head, and with trembling hand put a piece of money into his own.

"Leave me a little while," she got out in an unsteady voice and immediately turning away her head.

"Certainly, mademoiselle, you are at liberty to stay as long as you please. If you want anything I am within call, and a thousand thanks." He moved away, to the girl's intense relief, offering no word of sympathy or encouragement, affecting not to see her white face and nervous tremor.

A momentary weakness, indeed, impelled her to scatter her flowers and straightway follow him, henceforth it possible to blot from memory this hideous picture, at once quiet the scene of her lover's temptation and fall, only remember him as he had been, joyous and joy inspiring, upright, manly, and true! Then upbraiding herself for what she regarded as cowardice, making an immense effort she turned to the clericone, and with a more impetuous, so much carelessly heaped up earth, surmounted by a slip of wood to his rescue, how willingly would she have sacrificed her all to save his good name and his life! What evil influences had come between him and the playfellow of his boyhood, the friend and confidante of his youth, the chosen partner of his fortunes? For they had been much more than lovers in the ordinary sense of the word, from their earliest years sharing alike joys and sorrows, intensely interested in each other's sympathy later ripening into passionate devotion. Until that

fatal departure for Europe just six months before not a cloud had shadowed this affection. Nothing could have made her believe that he would ever change, grow secretive, mistrustful, by little and little let himself drift apart from her, a wall of silence and mystery at last rising up between them.

The bitter retrospect over, the reluctant reluctance vanquished, she set to work, deftly, although with intermittent tears, putting her white flowers into the form of a cross, for symmetrical detail, fashioning her symbol as if it were to adorn some hallowed God's acre, each beautiful blossom secured in its place. Once in awhile the porter just glanced towards that slender white robed figure framed by surroundings so hideous, but without much curiosity. The unmannly, tragic, awoken scold surprise in the vicinity of Monte Carlo, officials get used to the daily fare. Evey knew nothing until she had done, until nothing remained but to place the cross, take a last look at her lover's grave, and go away, did she lose heart. It seemed impossible that two beings who had loved each other so dearly could be separated forever.

And separated thus!

Shuddering, transfixed to the spot, yet anxious to be gone, she glanced at the heap of earth before her with its numbers of wood. The horrible influence of the place confused her senses, made her brain whirl. Tears would have relieved, but she could not weep. Motionless as a marble figure or sculptured tomb she knelt by the grave, her floral cross as yet unplaced.

Meantime the hours had sped on, to the heat and glare of the short afternoon succeeding a sulphurous glow and damp haze. Sunset enchantment was shut out of the walled-in inclosure, but beyond, unpeppably beautiful, were alike distant panoramas and intervening scenes.

Oriental were the opaline tints of mountain range, shore, and sea, whilst close under the exquisitely kept town cemetery, like a village gleamed amid palm groves, and the dark, glossy foliage of the pomegranate mingled with the silvery plumed olive.

All was still. It seemed to Evey, as she sat alone in her desolation, that it would be well to die here, to share the last resting place of the one being she had adored. What, indeed, was there to live for? And O! never now to understand each other, to wipe away each other's tears, their love strengthened, sanctified by sorrow and suffering!

"Edward!" she cried at last, throwing herself upon the grave in a frenzy of grief and yearning. "Edward, call me, take me, let me come to you!"

III. The Vision.

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felt herself in the world now, nothing left of it but this charnel house, to which she was henceforth wedded. Youth, beauty, the good girls of fortune, the strenuous stock of friends, all had become indifferent as if they had never been. Jealously she shut out every moving remembrance, every softening thought, the faintest recollection of an untroubled sunny, fondly caressed existence. Love and death claimed their own; her place was by a maiden's grave!

Identifying, idealizing had been the short, southern twilight around and below. Here such magic was impotent. Drearer, drearier grew the walled-in burial place under creeping shadow and gradually encompassing gloom.

For a brief space only were the precincts of Monte Carlo allowed to remain in soft, poetic semi-obscure. Immediately underneath soon twinkled a thousand fairy lights, some that by daylight could not be improved upon, some being rendered theatrically dazzling and voluptuous. Wider and wider grew the many-banded circle of electric lights, more and more numerous the Kaleidoscope of hues. And if for a short interval the orchestra ceased, animation still reigned in every part. In pavilions ornate as those of the "Avanturiers" men and women of fashion, gamblers, amateur artists, and professional, sipped tea and smoked cigarettes, watched, read and idly, like outward unattractiveness, alike by night and day banished from view.

All the horrors of Evey's surroundings were indifferent to her now. In her self-attendant she welcomed their tenacious shadows, this tomblike equipment. And as the evening wore on, drawing her downwards, came the longing to be with him, forever united in the grave.

"Edward, Edward! I am here. Take me! Let me come to you!"

The heartless murmur died away in a sob. Half in ecstasy, half overcome by mortal terror, she realized that her invocation was answered; that Death and Love had come to claim her.

For some minutes she had felt conscious of a dim, half-defined presence, of a thin voice calling her, of arms outstretched for an embrace. Darkness had now enveloped the horrid confines of the suicides' cemetery. Nothing could be distinctly seen, while the silence around made the slightest sound doubly audible. Shuddering, yet with a sense of exaltation, she descended the summer.

A more shadow was the apparition that now folded her in its arms; faint the voice, in life so ringing and so strong; cold and hesitating the lips now pressed to her own. But it was he. They should be separated no more. The grave, even such a grave, was welcome for his sake.

That was her last thought before all became dark and silent, her perception being suddenly dulled, alike terror and transport cut short. His kiss she tried to return; then she knew no more.

A quite every day story was Edward Dangerfield's; nothing in it to awaken astonishment or exceptional horror. Nor was the coincidence that had brought Evey Bower across the Atlantic to find that her lover "was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found" at all hard to account for, a matter of unusual occurrence. Two young men of unmistakable Anglo-Saxon origin and gentlemanly appearance at the same time had been gambling heavily and disastrously. Both had disappeared within a few days of each other, the one being discovered with a bullet through his brain in the Casino gardens, the other being picked up, self-wounded, but not mortally so, in a lonely Italian byroad some distance off. Both had destroyed everything about them that could possibly give a clue to their identity, thus disappearing as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up.

Of the first gambler Evey knew nothing, but the entries concerning him in the register of the suicides' cemetery corresponded with those of her own little pocketbook. A short, desperate note had been penned and posted by Dangerfield just two days before the other's body had been found, and the personal description had fitted. No link, indeed, seemed missing in the heart-breaking chain of existence.

Son of first rate professional people in Boston, a brilliant student of Harvard university, his prospects fair as any young man could reasonably hope for, until that unpropitious journey to Europe, Edward Dangerfield had never caused his friends or his fiancée a pang.

"This is Ned Dangerfield?"

"Just like that," said Evey, "and you have heard of his case?"

"It was his who followed me down here, the same gamblers' worthy as well as moral ruin. Unknown to Evey, little by little his small fortune had been withdrawn from America, to the purchase of a second hand revolver being devoted his last handful of francs. Shabbily dressed, without betrothal ring, watch, or studs, without so much as a sou in his pocket, he had set out on what he intended to be his last errand."

Return to life and consciousness imparted a chastened yet courageous spirit. Before embarking for home—and Evey—she determined to revisit the horrid scene of his fall, there making a solemn vow never to touch cards or dice again. And with the intention of giving himself one last, unforgettable lesson he had gone to the suicides' cemetery.

About six weeks later Evey Bower and Edward Dangerfield were married at the American consulate, Paris.

A Bachelor's Romance. By J. LINCOLN RANDALL.

M. R. HILTON HEY was "eligible." Every one knows what that means. He had lately taken an old fashioned house near the village of Paxton. Also the office of church warden at the village church.

Now, within the borders of Paxton lived six single women more or less on the left side of 40, too, pleasant to look upon, and blessed with a considerable portion of this world's goods. Coincidentally he had dined with Mrs. Smurthwaite, widow; high tea with Miss Heeley, gilded with Miss Evans, audited charity accounts for Mrs. Stanfeld—likewise widow—lunched with Miss Flint and her small nephew, and practiced darts for a village contest with Miss Lord.

Then arose a cloud a trifle bigger than a man's hand—a girl with red gold hair and blue eyes, the new lady organist of Paxton church.

The six went in for the unity which is strength, and reported individually on the situation as soldiers who mark the movements of the enemy.

"He saw her home from the choir practice last night," said Miss Heeley, who had dropped in to tea with Mrs. Stanfeld.

"So Miss Evans told me," returned Mrs. Stanfeld. "I'll be bound she kept him talking at the gate for long enough. With no one to fetch her in and shake her."

Miss Heeley rose to go. As she hurried down the lane she met Miss Flint, who burst into a communication without preliminary.

"They're both in the church now! She's practicing, and he's sitting in the front pew. Miss Lord peeped in and saw them."

"And Miss Evans told Mrs. Stanfeld that they stood at Bridget's gate last night talking for long enough with their heads together?" gasped Miss Heeley.

"I shall speak to the vicar," said Miss Flint decidedly. "I'm going to Mrs. Smurthwaite's, and I shall ask her whether she doesn't consider it our duty."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Smurthwaite, on hearing the news. "I had no idea—interrupted Miss Flint, "until we saw for ourselves. It shows how easy it is to warm a viper in your bosom without knowing it!"

Mrs. Smurthwaite informed Miss Lord the same evening that she was no prude, but that when it came to surreptitious kissing at dusk beneath a laburnum tree the situation passed beyond her comprehension and experience. Which was certainly correct.

The vicar had a sudden attack of pleurisy, and the six took it as a personal insult. Miss Flint suggested that the quiet of a sick room would be conducive to a consideration of affairs, and wished to visit instead of waiting for an interview. Then Miss Evans said, "Why not write to the girl? And the idea 'took."

It was not a nice letter. It conveyed scathing disapproval of what the writers termed "shameless conduct," and demanded that it should be discontinued, if only for the sake of the villagers, who were as yet happily ignorant of the ways of adventuresses.

Its one redeeming feature was that it bore the signature

of the six. They addressed it to "Miss Joyce Chiltern, Laburnum Cottage," posted it, and went their ways.

Joyce Chiltern was singing a little French song from sheer light heartedness when the postman arrived next morning.

The song ceased abruptly as Bridget's soapy hand came round the parlor door.

"A letter, my dear?"

"O, you dear!" cried Joyce, snatching it eagerly.

But her face fell when she saw the handwriting. She tore open the envelope and read.

A sudden wave of color rushed to her cheeks; then she turned white, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"The pigs!" she said—"the horrid, hateful pigs!"

Hilton Hey was standing before a pier glass in his dining room.

"Not bad, I fancy," he said, surveying his reflection critically. "Lots of fellows younger than I am have gray hair. I don't suppose she's more than 24, though. What would that matter if she is? That's what I'm in such a fool! I don't want her the least little bit that I care for far less than she. Who the dickens is coming at this hour?"

"Miss Chiltern to see you, sir."

"Goodness!" muttered Hilton Hey.

Joyce looked round nervously as she entered the room, and Hilton Hey marked her agitation.

"Good morning!" he said brightly, holding out his hand.

"What a lovely morning! I think this is the most comfortable chair."

"Mr. Hey," began Joyce breathlessly, taking the proffered chair. "I'm afraid I'm doing an awfully unconventional thing; but I'm worried, and you have been kind since I came here. The vicar is ill, and I've no one to consult, so I've come to you as I used to go to my own father."

Hilton Hey dashed slightly.

"I take it as an honor, Miss Chiltern. I shall be proud to help you in any way I can."

"Well, then," said Joyce, "I received this letter this morning, and I want to know what I ought to do."

Hilton Hey took the letter and read it through. His brow grew dark, and the veins in his forehead stood out in little knots. Then he swore and apologized in the same breath.

"The brutes!" he said.

"Aren't they pigs?" said Joyce, a twinkle of amusement for the moment in her eyes.

Hilton Hey turned to her suddenly.

"Do you know I'm rather grateful to the old cats, because it gives me a chance to tell you what I think."

"You know," interrupted Joyce, with a laugh that was suspiciously like a sob. "It's the more absurd because of Cecil. I suppose he's the person I should have shown the letter to, but he'd have been so furious that I don't. He'd have come down by the first train and set fire to the village or something."

The letter had dropped from Hilton Hey's hand and fluttered to the floor. He picked it up deliberately. Then he said in his ordinary voice:

"Who is Cecil?"

"How stupid of me!" Joyce blushed hotly. "He's the

man I'm going to marry. He's in an office in town, and he doesn't get a big salary, poor darling; so we have to wait. You see, I have no one else since my aunt died, and I'm poor, too, so I determined to get this post, if possible, to help things on a bit."

"He is fortunate," said Hilton Hey. "You are worth waiting for, Miss Chiltern."

It was his first compliment to her. Joyce blushed again.

"Cecil?" she said. "Now, must I answer that letter, Mr. Hey, or can I ignore it?"

"Would you leave it in my hands?"

Joyce looked up in surprise.

"Of course I would! Only I don't want you to have any trouble about it."

"I—I shan't. Of course, I needn't tell you that you can afford to ignore it, but a lesson would do these—these individuals good."

"What shall you do?" queried Joyce, with interest.

"I don't know yet. But you can trust me to do nothing of which you or your—Mr.—"

"Cecil," supplied Joyce.

"Mr. Clint would disapprove."

"O, yes," Joyce rose to her feet. "I won't tell him about it just yet. I'm awfully obliged to you."

"The obligation and honor are on my side," said Hilton Hey, as he opened the door for her. As he came back into the room he caught sight of himself again in the tall pier glass and stood a moment.

"You old fool!" he said huskily.

A little twisted note slid into Miss Heeley's letter box that evening with a soft, small thud, which was the only intimation of its presence. Miss Heeley, passing through her hall, heard, investigated, unfolded, and read.

"Meet me in Primrose Grove tomorrow at 3.30—H. H."

"Good gracious!" she said.

Then she slipped it into her pocket.

"There is only one 'H. H.' in Paxton who could send this," she whispered excitedly. "He is going to appeal to me to save him from that designing girl!"

Primrose Grove was a wooded dell a mile out of Paxton, where the little yellow house clustered in sweet profusion.

Miss Heeley spent the hour following her dinner next day in arraying herself in the village dressmaker's latest creation, and a black straw hat, in which willowflowers waved untroubled. And at 3 o'clock she sallied forth.

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Smurthwaite should be passing pace with a "Good afternoon!" and vanished in apparent pursuit of Mrs. Smurthwaite. Miss Heeley's backward glance, however, had revealed to her the presence of a distant but advancing form which each moment was shaping into Miss Flint.

"One can't take a quiet walk," she gasped indignantly, "but the whole village must needs turn out to spy! It's scandalous!"

She slipped into a chemist's shop and purchased unnecessary lozenges until the unconscious Miss Flint ambled by. Then, finding the coast clear, she started once more.

Primrose Grove was reached by a footpath breaking away from the high road and terminating in an awkward stile, which acted as entrance—or barrier—to the dell.

"Thank goodness I've escaped them!" gasped Miss Heeley, as she picked her way along the muddy pathway.

"I almost feared—why—"

There was a sudden sound of high and annoyed voices as a turn in the path brought the tumbledown stile into view.

Mrs. Stanfeld was glaring it, while Mrs. Smurthwaite, Miss Evans, and Miss Flint stood facing her.

It appeared that Mrs. Smurthwaite had found Mrs. Stanfeld there on her arrival, and asked the reason of her presence. Whereupon Mrs. Stanfeld inquired at what date Mrs. Smurthwaite had purchased the right of way to Primrose Grove. Out of which had grown an unpleasant discussion, Miss Evans and Miss Flint joining with fervor on their respective appearances.

"I almost feared to fly—almost into the arms of Mrs. Lord, who was hurrying along the slippery path."

"O!" panted Miss Lord. "What are you doing here?"

Miss Heeley drew herself up.

"Really, Miss Lord, I don't know who authorized you to—"

"O!" panted Miss Lord. "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to—gather primroses," said Miss Lord nervously. "Is there any harm in getting primroses?"

"You'll have company!" said Miss Heeley wittingly, waving her hand towards the stile.

"O-o-o!" gasped Miss Lord.

"Why don't you climb over and begin, then?" rose Mrs. Smurthwaite's voice, loud and angry.

"She can't!" retorted Mrs. Stanfeld.

"She can't!" giggled Miss Evans.

"If these impertinent questions—" began Miss Flint.

"Why, here are Miss Heeley and Miss Lord! It's—it's—"

Miss Evans rapped the stile sharply for attention.

"We've been down," she said. "What's the good of consulting it? It's that dreadful girl! I said no good would come of writing to her!"

"Why, you proposed it!" cried Miss Flint.

Miss Evans looked pained.

"Of course," she said. "If you'll say that you'll say anything!"

"I've had enough!" said Mrs. Smurthwaite furiously.

"I'm going!"

"One moment, ladies, please!"

Hilton Hey was walking leisurely towards them, driving Miss Heeley and Miss Lord before him like refractory sheep. A sudden embarrassed feeling fell upon the group. The newcomer alone was calm.

"You're all a little early," he said pleasantly, consulting his watch. "I could hardly have believed that the experiment of six initialed notes would prove so successful. I just wish to speak about a letter from you to Miss Joyce Chiltern which has happened to fall into my hands. Will some one be good enough to tell me what is the—shameless

Not once did Evey pause to glance at the scene below