



By Luk Jensen

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Look, grandpa, at my lovely flower," said Mary, showing him a really beautiful wild flower.

"It is very fine, my dear. Where did you get it?"

"About three miles from here."

"Have you been three miles this morning?"

"No, I thought I had."

"I did not say I had gotten it this morning, grandpa," was her rather lame explanation.

"No; I thought you had not had your ride. To-day told me last night that he had forgotten your saddle. The poor old fellow was really distressed about it."

"He need not have felt so bad," rejoined Mary, looking up to find Jack's eyes upon her. "Something in her place was a revelation to her. The hot blood mounted to her brow, and an overwhelming sense of shame swept over her. In the first bitter rush of this feeling, she left the table precipitately."

"Grandpa, I'm not hungry, and need. Please excuse me."

These declarations, delivered in decidedly jerky tones, caused Mr. Millard to glance up in some surprise.

"Not well?" he repeated, fixing his eyes upon her face; "my dearest, you make me anxious."

"So like you, grandpa, to be anxious for nothing. Upon reflection, I feel wonderfully well, and have a very great appetite." With which assertion the contradictory Mary returned to her place and revealed in the highest spirits during the rest of the meal. Only occasionally, when by some chance she encountered Jack's glances, she colored warmly, and dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment. Her grandfather watched her gravely.

"I fear Mary is somewhat feverish," he observed, with much anxiety, to Jeannette, after breakfast; "the child is always so well that her slightest indisposition alarms me."

"Indisposition," repeated the practical Jeannette, "I call it temper, sir. Don't you worry about Miss Mary; I haven't known her all these years for nothing."

The gentleman appeared unconvinced, but he said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of this mingled blame and solicitude was crouched in the depths of her grandfather's chair. Hearing Jack's step she snatched up the book closest at hand, and, without seeing a word before her, pretended to read.

"Is it interesting?" he asked, crossing the room with the air of one not quite certain of his reception.

Mary made no answer, and Jack approaching more closely, read the title over her shoulder. "So you read Homer in the original?" he said very quietly.

Closing her book with a snap, she turned upon him; "I want to ask you a question," she said in a voice of suppressed anger. "Not Greek, but plain English, and I wish a plain answer. What did you mean by the look you gave me at breakfast? No evasion please. You know I took a ride this morning?" An inclination of his head gave an almost imperceptible assent to her question. She understood it, however.

"You know," she repeated, biting her lips fiercely. "How did you know? Did you see me?" She brought out her words with difficulty, and again Jack assented.

"Where?" came more sharply than before. "Starting or—on the way?"

"On the way, since you will know the truth."

Her eyes fell, and once more the hot color burned in her cheeks.

"Thank you, Mr. Beverly," she cried, starting up with a passionate gesture. "I have nothing to say to you. I am plain English, too, I hate you."

"Don't go," he pleaded, as she tried to pass him. "You forced me to tell you. You really did. I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Why, for being there, and—seeing you," he returned, taken at a slight disadvantage.

"Sorry for being there and seeing me," she repeated in a voice suspiciously lowered. "What a kindly way to put it. To spare my feelings, I suppose. Don't try. I have none to spare. I'll only unduly actions. I take to them quite naturally. I'm not ready to have lessons in deportment from you yet, and I wish to gracious you would go where I can't be meeting you at every turn."

"I will, by your means," he responded as she concluded her half-cocked utterances. "I don't believe you mean a word of what you have said, though, not a word. I know."

At this point Jack found himself addressing empty air. Mary had departed and for the rest of the morning remained invisible.

At dinner time she insisted on remaining in her room, claiming a headache as an excuse, but when her grandfather, considerably worried, came to inquire for himself, she told him she had never felt better, insisting, notwithstanding, on having dinner in her room.

Jeannette thought this a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will, and expressed her views quite strongly to the delinquent.

"And your grandpa worried nearly out of his wits," she concluded, "and wanting to send for a doctor."

"Why will grandpa be so foolish," said Mary in a slightly vexed tone. "I hope you won't let him do it, Jeannette."

"Of course I won't. You need a shaking-up much more than you do a doctor, my dear. And I'm thinking you'd better come to supper."

At supper Mary duly appeared, arrayed in a dress Jack had taken pains to say he disliked. Neither she nor Jack was especially talkative, and her grandfather, who was quite unobservant, was forced to keep up the somewhat flagging conversation.

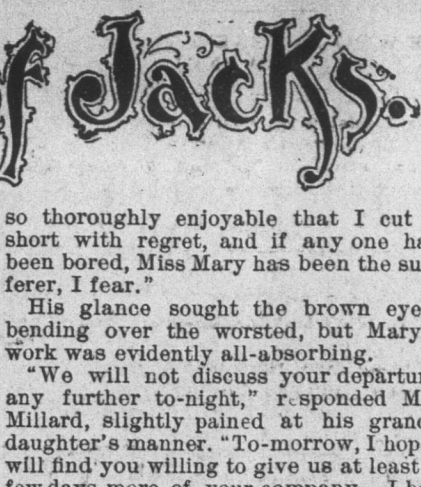
As the evening was cool they went immediately to the parlor, where Mary, in an unusual fit of industry, got out some crocheting and began working on it, as though her very life depended upon what she accomplished.

"My dear," said Mr. Millard, breaking the rather heavy silence, "Jack is thinking of leaving us. You may help me to persuade him to prolong his visit."

"Don't you think we should consider Mr. Beverly, grandpa? Think how long he has been here by us already and spare him further affliction."

Jack bit his lips, and turning from the window, where his fingers had been playing an idle tattoo, he addressed himself to Mr. Millard:

"I have already improved too long on your kind hospitality. My visit has been



By Luk Jensen

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Look, grandpa, at my lovely flower," said Mary, showing him a really beautiful wild flower.

"It is very fine, my dear. Where did you get it?"

"About three miles from here."

"Have you been three miles this morning?"

"No, I thought I had."

"I did not say I had gotten it this morning, grandpa," was her rather lame explanation.

"No; I thought you had not had your ride. To-day told me last night that he had forgotten your saddle. The poor old fellow was really distressed about it."

"He need not have felt so bad," rejoined Mary, looking up to find Jack's eyes upon her. "Something in her place was a revelation to her. The hot blood mounted to her brow, and an overwhelming sense of shame swept over her. In the first bitter rush of this feeling, she left the table precipitately."

"Grandpa, I'm not hungry, and need. Please excuse me."

These declarations, delivered in decidedly jerky tones, caused Mr. Millard to glance up in some surprise.

"Not well?" he repeated, fixing his eyes upon her face; "my dearest, you make me anxious."

"So like you, grandpa, to be anxious for nothing. Upon reflection, I feel wonderfully well, and have a very great appetite." With which assertion the contradictory Mary returned to her place and revealed in the highest spirits during the rest of the meal. Only occasionally, when by some chance she encountered Jack's glances, she colored warmly, and dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment. Her grandfather watched her gravely.

"I fear Mary is somewhat feverish," he observed, with much anxiety, to Jeannette, after breakfast; "the child is always so well that her slightest indisposition alarms me."

"Indisposition," repeated the practical Jeannette, "I call it temper, sir. Don't you worry about Miss Mary; I haven't known her all these years for nothing."

The gentleman appeared unconvinced, but he said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of this mingled blame and solicitude was crouched in the depths of her grandfather's chair. Hearing Jack's step she snatched up the book closest at hand, and, without seeing a word before her, pretended to read.

"Is it interesting?" he asked, crossing the room with the air of one not quite certain of his reception.

Mary made no answer, and Jack approaching more closely, read the title over her shoulder. "So you read Homer in the original?" he said very quietly.

Closing her book with a snap, she turned upon him; "I want to ask you a question," she said in a voice of suppressed anger. "Not Greek, but plain English, and I wish a plain answer. What did you mean by the look you gave me at breakfast? No evasion please. You know I took a ride this morning?" An inclination of his head gave an almost imperceptible assent to her question. She understood it, however.

"You know," she repeated, biting her lips fiercely. "How did you know? Did you see me?" She brought out her words with difficulty, and again Jack assented.

"Where?" came more sharply than before. "Starting or—on the way?"

"On the way, since you will know the truth."

Her eyes fell, and once more the hot color burned in her cheeks.

"Thank you, Mr. Beverly," she cried, starting up with a passionate gesture. "I have nothing to say to you. I am plain English, too, I hate you."

"Don't go," he pleaded, as she tried to pass him. "You forced me to tell you. You really did. I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Why, for being there, and—seeing you," he returned, taken at a slight disadvantage.

"Sorry for being there and seeing me," she repeated in a voice suspiciously lowered. "What a kindly way to put it. To spare my feelings, I suppose. Don't try. I have none to spare. I'll only unduly actions. I take to them quite naturally. I'm not ready to have lessons in deportment from you yet, and I wish to gracious you would go where I can't be meeting you at every turn."

"I will, by your means," he responded as she concluded her half-cocked utterances. "I don't believe you mean a word of what you have said, though, not a word. I know."

At this point Jack found himself addressing empty air. Mary had departed and for the rest of the morning remained invisible.

At dinner time she insisted on remaining in her room, claiming a headache as an excuse, but when her grandfather, considerably worried, came to inquire for himself, she told him she had never felt better, insisting, notwithstanding, on having dinner in her room.

Jeannette thought this a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will, and expressed her views quite strongly to the delinquent.

"And your grandpa worried nearly out of his wits," she concluded, "and wanting to send for a doctor."

"Why will grandpa be so foolish," said Mary in a slightly vexed tone. "I hope you won't let him do it, Jeannette."

"Of course I won't. You need a shaking-up much more than you do a doctor, my dear. And I'm thinking you'd better come to supper."

At supper Mary duly appeared, arrayed in a dress Jack had taken pains to say he disliked. Neither she nor Jack was especially talkative, and her grandfather, who was quite unobservant, was forced to keep up the somewhat flagging conversation.

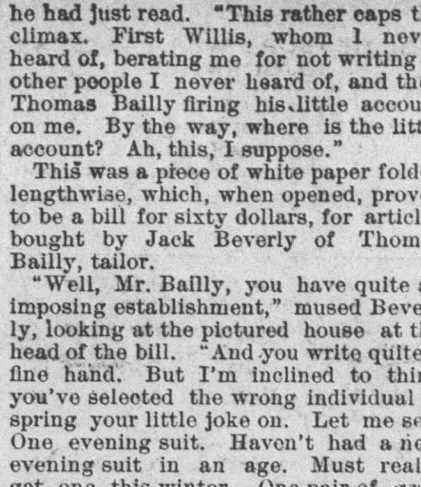
As the evening was cool they went immediately to the parlor, where Mary, in an unusual fit of industry, got out some crocheting and began working on it, as though her very life depended upon what she accomplished.

"My dear," said Mr. Millard, breaking the rather heavy silence, "Jack is thinking of leaving us. You may help me to persuade him to prolong his visit."

"Don't you think we should consider Mr. Beverly, grandpa? Think how long he has been here by us already and spare him further affliction."

Jack bit his lips, and turning from the window, where his fingers had been playing an idle tattoo, he addressed himself to Mr. Millard:

"I have already improved too long on your kind hospitality. My visit has been



By Luk Jensen

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Look, grandpa, at my lovely flower," said Mary, showing him a really beautiful wild flower.

"It is very fine, my dear. Where did you get it?"

"About three miles from here."

"Have you been three miles this morning?"

"No, I thought I had."

"I did not say I had gotten it this morning, grandpa," was her rather lame explanation.

"No; I thought you had not had your ride. To-day told me last night that he had forgotten your saddle. The poor old fellow was really distressed about it."

"He need not have felt so bad," rejoined Mary, looking up to find Jack's eyes upon her. "Something in her place was a revelation to her. The hot blood mounted to her brow, and an overwhelming sense of shame swept over her. In the first bitter rush of this feeling, she left the table precipitately."

"Grandpa, I'm not hungry, and need. Please excuse me."

These declarations, delivered in decidedly jerky tones, caused Mr. Millard to glance up in some surprise.

"Not well?" he repeated, fixing his eyes upon her face; "my dearest, you make me anxious."

"So like you, grandpa, to be anxious for nothing. Upon reflection, I feel wonderfully well, and have a very great appetite." With which assertion the contradictory Mary returned to her place and revealed in the highest spirits during the rest of the meal. Only occasionally, when by some chance she encountered Jack's glances, she colored warmly, and dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment. Her grandfather watched her gravely.

"I fear Mary is somewhat feverish," he observed, with much anxiety, to Jeannette, after breakfast; "the child is always so well that her slightest indisposition alarms me."

"Indisposition," repeated the practical Jeannette, "I call it temper, sir. Don't you worry about Miss Mary; I haven't known her all these years for nothing."

The gentleman appeared unconvinced, but he said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of this mingled blame and solicitude was crouched in the depths of her grandfather's chair. Hearing Jack's step she snatched up the book closest at hand, and, without seeing a word before her, pretended to read.

"Is it interesting?" he asked, crossing the room with the air of one not quite certain of his reception.

Mary made no answer, and Jack approaching more closely, read the title over her shoulder. "So you read Homer in the original?" he said very quietly.

Closing her book with a snap, she turned upon him; "I want to ask you a question," she said in a voice of suppressed anger. "Not Greek, but plain English, and I wish a plain answer. What did you mean by the look you gave me at breakfast? No evasion please. You know I took a ride this morning?" An inclination of his head gave an almost imperceptible assent to her question. She understood it, however.

"You know," she repeated, biting her lips fiercely. "How did you know? Did you see me?" She brought out her words with difficulty, and again Jack assented.

"Where?" came more sharply than before. "Starting or—on the way?"

"On the way, since you will know the truth."

Her eyes fell, and once more the hot color burned in her cheeks.

"Thank you, Mr. Beverly," she cried, starting up with a passionate gesture. "I have nothing to say to you. I am plain English, too, I hate you."

"Don't go," he pleaded, as she tried to pass him. "You forced me to tell you. You really did. I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Why, for being there, and—seeing you," he returned, taken at a slight disadvantage.

"Sorry for being there and seeing me," she repeated in a voice suspiciously lowered. "What a kindly way to put it. To spare my feelings, I suppose. Don't try. I have none to spare. I'll only unduly actions. I take to them quite naturally. I'm not ready to have lessons in deportment from you yet, and I wish to gracious you would go where I can't be meeting you at every turn."

"I will, by your means," he responded as she concluded her half-cocked utterances. "I don't believe you mean a word of what you have said, though, not a word. I know."

At this point Jack found himself addressing empty air. Mary had departed and for the rest of the morning remained invisible.

At dinner time she insisted on remaining in her room, claiming a headache as an excuse, but when her grandfather, considerably worried, came to inquire for himself, she told him she had never felt better, insisting, notwithstanding, on having dinner in her room.

Jeannette thought this a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will, and expressed her views quite strongly to the delinquent.

"And your grandpa worried nearly out of his wits," she concluded, "and wanting to send for a doctor."

"Why will grandpa be so foolish," said Mary in a slightly vexed tone. "I hope you won't let him do it, Jeannette."

"Of course I won't. You need a shaking-up much more than you do a doctor, my dear. And I'm thinking you'd better come to supper."

At supper Mary duly appeared, arrayed in a dress Jack had taken pains to say he disliked. Neither she nor Jack was especially talkative, and her grandfather, who was quite unobservant, was forced to keep up the somewhat flagging conversation.

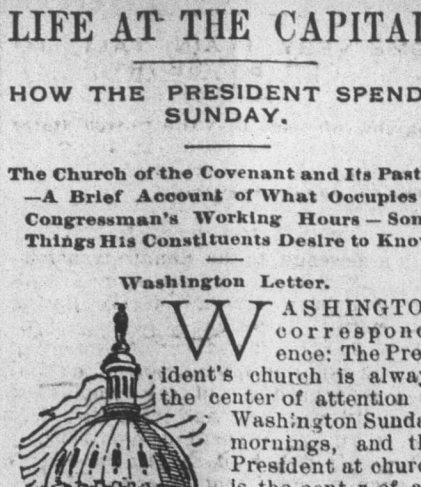
As the evening was cool they went immediately to the parlor, where Mary, in an unusual fit of industry, got out some crocheting and began working on it, as though her very life depended upon what she accomplished.

"My dear," said Mr. Millard, breaking the rather heavy silence, "Jack is thinking of leaving us. You may help me to persuade him to prolong his visit."

"Don't you think we should consider Mr. Beverly, grandpa? Think how long he has been here by us already and spare him further affliction."

Jack bit his lips, and turning from the window, where his fingers had been playing an idle tattoo, he addressed himself to Mr. Millard:

"I have already improved too long on your kind hospitality. My visit has been



By Luk Jensen

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Look, grandpa, at my lovely flower," said Mary, showing him a really beautiful wild flower.

"It is very fine, my dear. Where did you get it?"

"About three miles from here."

"Have you been three miles this morning?"

"No, I thought I had."

"I did not say I had gotten it this morning, grandpa," was her rather lame explanation.

"No; I thought you had not had your ride. To-day told me last night that he had forgotten your saddle. The poor old fellow was really distressed about it."

"He need not have felt so bad," rejoined Mary, looking up to find Jack's eyes upon her. "Something in her place was a revelation to her. The hot blood mounted to her brow, and an overwhelming sense of shame swept over her. In the first bitter rush of this feeling, she left the table precipitately."

"Grandpa, I'm not hungry, and need. Please excuse me."

These declarations, delivered in decidedly jerky tones, caused Mr. Millard to glance up in some surprise.

"Not well?" he repeated, fixing his eyes upon her face; "my dearest, you make me anxious."

"So like you, grandpa, to be anxious for nothing. Upon reflection, I feel wonderfully well, and have a very great appetite." With which assertion the contradictory Mary returned to her place and revealed in the highest spirits during the rest of the meal. Only occasionally, when by some chance she encountered Jack's glances, she colored warmly, and dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment. Her grandfather watched her gravely.

"I fear Mary is somewhat feverish," he observed, with much anxiety, to Jeannette, after breakfast; "the child is always so well that her slightest indisposition alarms me."

"Indisposition," repeated the practical Jeannette, "I call it temper, sir. Don't you worry about Miss Mary; I haven't known her all these years for nothing."

The gentleman appeared unconvinced, but he said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of this mingled blame and solicitude was crouched in the depths of her grandfather's chair. Hearing Jack's step she snatched up the book closest at hand, and, without seeing a word before her, pretended to read.

"Is it interesting?" he asked, crossing the room with the air of one not quite certain of his reception.

Mary made no answer, and Jack approaching more closely, read the title over her shoulder. "So you read Homer in the original?" he said very quietly.

Closing her book with a snap, she turned upon him; "I want to ask you a question," she said in a voice of suppressed anger. "Not Greek, but plain English, and I wish a plain answer. What did you mean by the look you gave me at breakfast? No evasion please. You know I took a ride this morning?" An inclination of his head gave an almost imperceptible assent to her question. She understood it, however.

"You know," she repeated, biting her lips fiercely. "How did you know? Did you see me?" She brought out her words with difficulty, and again Jack assented.

"Where?" came more sharply than before. "Starting or—on the way?"

"On the way, since you will know the truth."

Her eyes fell, and once more the hot color burned in her cheeks.

"Thank you, Mr. Beverly," she cried, starting up with a passionate gesture. "I have nothing to say to you. I am plain English, too, I hate you."

"Don't go," he pleaded, as she tried to pass him. "You forced me to tell you. You really did. I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"Why, for being there, and—seeing you," he returned, taken at a slight disadvantage.

"Sorry for being there and seeing me," she repeated in a voice suspiciously lowered. "What a kindly way to put it. To spare my feelings, I suppose. Don't try. I have none to spare. I'll only unduly actions. I take to them quite naturally. I'm not ready to have lessons in deportment from you yet, and I wish to gracious you would go where I can't be meeting you at every turn."

"I will, by your means," he responded as she concluded her half-cocked utterances. "I don't believe you mean a word of what you have said, though, not a word. I know."

At this point Jack found himself addressing empty air. Mary had departed and for the rest of the morning remained invisible.

At dinner time she insisted on remaining in her room, claiming a headache as an excuse, but when her grandfather, considerably worried, came to inquire for himself, she told him she had never felt better, insisting, notwithstanding, on having dinner in her room.

Jeannette thought this a most reprehensible exhibition of self-will, and expressed her views quite strongly to the delinquent.

"And your grandpa worried nearly out of his wits," she concluded, "and wanting to send for a doctor."

"Why will grandpa be so foolish," said Mary in a slightly vexed tone. "I hope you won't let him do it, Jeannette."

"Of course I won't. You need a shaking-up much more than you do a doctor, my dear. And I'm thinking you'd better come to supper."

At supper Mary duly appeared, arrayed in a dress Jack had taken pains to say he disliked. Neither she nor Jack was especially talkative, and her grandfather, who was quite unobservant, was forced to keep up the somewhat flagging conversation.

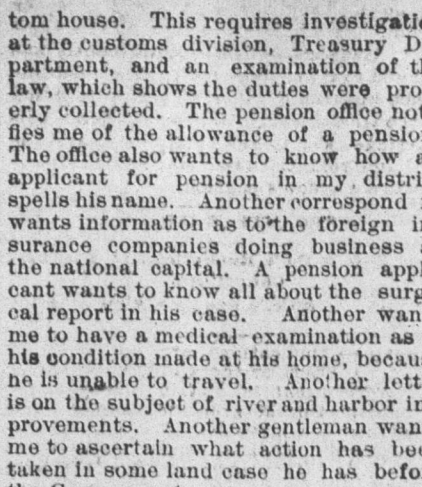
As the evening was cool they went immediately to the parlor, where Mary, in an unusual fit of industry, got out some crocheting and began working on it, as though her very life depended upon what she accomplished.

"My dear," said Mr. Millard, breaking the rather heavy silence, "Jack is thinking of leaving us. You may help me to persuade him to prolong his visit."

"Don't you think we should consider Mr. Beverly, grandpa? Think how long he has been here by us already and spare him further affliction."

Jack bit his lips, and turning from the window, where his fingers had been playing an idle tattoo, he addressed himself to Mr. Millard:

"I have already improved too long on your kind hospitality. My visit has been



By Luk Jensen

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Look, grandpa, at my lovely flower," said Mary, showing him a really beautiful wild flower.

"It is very fine, my dear. Where did you get it?"

"About three miles from here."

"Have you been three miles this morning?"

"No, I thought I had."

"I did not say I had gotten it this morning, grandpa," was her rather lame explanation.

"No; I thought you had not had your ride. To-day told me last night that he had forgotten your saddle. The poor old fellow was really distressed about it."

"He need not have felt so bad," rejoined Mary, looking up to find Jack's eyes upon her. "Something in her place was a revelation to her. The hot blood mounted to her brow, and an overwhelming sense of shame swept over her. In the first bitter rush of this feeling, she left the table precipitately."

"Grandpa, I'm not hungry, and need. Please excuse me."

These declarations, delivered in decidedly jerky tones, caused Mr. Millard to glance up in some surprise.

"Not well?" he repeated, fixing his eyes upon her face; "my dearest, you make me anxious."

"So like you, grandpa, to be anxious for nothing. Upon reflection, I feel wonderfully well, and have a very great appetite." With which assertion the contradictory Mary returned to her place and revealed in the highest spirits during the rest of the meal. Only occasionally, when by some chance she encountered Jack's glances, she colored warmly, and dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment. Her grandfather watched her gravely.

"I fear Mary is somewhat feverish," he observed, with much anxiety, to Jeannette, after breakfast; "the child is always so well that her slightest indisposition alarms me."

"Indisposition," repeated the practical Jeannette, "I call it temper, sir. Don't you worry about Miss Mary; I haven't known her all these years for nothing."

The gentleman appeared unconvinced, but he said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of this mingled blame and solicitude was crouched in the depths of her grandfather's chair. Hearing Jack's step she snatched up the book closest at hand, and, without seeing a word before her, pretended to read.

"Is it interesting?" he asked, crossing the room with the air of one not quite certain of his reception.

Mary made no answer, and Jack approaching more closely, read the title over her shoulder. "So you read Homer in the original?" he said very quietly.

Closing her book with a snap, she turned upon him; "I want to ask you a question," she said in a voice of suppressed anger. "Not Greek, but plain English, and I wish a plain answer. What did you mean by the look you gave me at breakfast? No evasion please. You know I took a ride this morning?" An inclination of his head gave an almost imperceptible assent to her question. She understood it, however.