

In the music room, a noted pianist was thumping the piano keys in a manner that caused Peggy to think he must be avenging his own and all his ancestors' wrongs on the costly instrument. Now and then the crashing chords ran off into wonderful trills and cadenzas. But in these little lulls Peggy found herself listening, not to the music in the next room, but to the still more wonderful trills and cadenzas of the wild birds in the maples outside. She was standing beside a low window opening upon a wide veranda. She saw her aunt talking with much animation to a blonde young man, wearing eyeglasses, whom she decided at once was Dr. Robert Chalmers.

The music had ceased; and, under cover of the general movement, obeying a sudden impulse, she stepped through the low window out upon the wide veranda. Virginia Dayton was about to follow, but some one claimed her attention. So Peggy wandered out alone into the beautiful grounds, her mind filled with the thought that it was here her father played as a boy. She paused beside a great bed of scarlet tulips, when quick steps on the gravelled walk behind her caused her to start and turn.

A servant in livery came into view; he was followed by a white-haired priest. Peggy stepped aside, and stood with bowed head until they passed; for something in the priest's bearing told her that he carried the Blessed Sacrament. Then she turned quickly and followed. They entered a black hallway, from which a flight of stairs led up to the servants' quarters. As she ascended the stairs, Peggy heard a low murmur of voices, which ceased as the priest approached. He entered one of the rooms, and a hush fell upon the servants gathered in the hall.

'What is it?' Peggy whispered to a maid standing near her.

'It's Patten, the old housekeeper. She's dying. Miss! though the doctor declares she's not. Some of us knowed she was a Papist until she begged somebody to get the cure. The young doctor went after him himself, in his own model. Down had the side gate open, and brought the priest right up. They're there now. Oh, then, the mistress will let the girl be the old. "She doesn't live," I'll have to tell her.'

But it was Peggy who found and told Mrs. de Ville, perceiving that early, who had a number of unpleasant scenes to remain with her guests, and allow her, Peggy, to look after the sick woman. It took much longer than she expected and, though she hurried back, the priest had gone when she entered the room. The woman lay in a state of unconsciousness on her careworn bed. Peggy tiptoed across the room, and was stooping to touch the wrinkled hand lying, like a withered leaf, on the coverlet, when a young man bending over a medicine case upon a small stand in a corner of the room, whom she had not noticed, looked up. He took a step forward.

'You!' he exclaimed in a low tone.

Peggy started, the soft color deepening in her cheeks. Turning slowly, she found herself looking into the eyes of the dark young man with the authoritative voice.

'Oh, is it you?' she said impulsively. 'How is she?' glancing toward the bed.

'Much better. She is sleeping quietly just now. It was a severe attack of vertigo. She will be all right in a day or so.'

'But you went for the priest?'

'Yes,' the young man returned gravely. 'She has not practised her religion for years. It seems no one in the house was aware that she had ever been a Catholic.'

'Ah!'

Peggy's face told him that she approved his action. Slipping his hand into his pocket, he drew out a small but exceedingly beautiful pearl rosary, with a jewelled cross, on the back of which was engraved the letter 'M.'

'Ah, my rosary! It was my mother's.' Peggy breathed softly, a glad, eager light in her eyes. 'It was in the purse I—I—'

'The woman gave it to me hoping that I might be

able to restore it to you,' he said, as she broke off in some confusion. 'But you slipped away so quietly no one seemed to have seen or recognised you.'

'Thank you!' she said gratefully.

They were standing in the narrow hall. The servants, their panic over, had returned to their duties. The sound of the piano came faintly through the intervening rooms. It reminded Peggy of her promise to report to her aunt any change in the old housekeeper's condition. Murmuring some excuse, she ran lightly down the stairs, leaving the young doctor gazing after her in some perplexity.

'I do not even know her name!' he thought. But evidently she is a guest, and I shall manage somehow to get an introduction.'

Mrs. de Ville, who had already sent her own maid, Jenkins, to sit with the sick woman and attend to her wants, was the centre of a brilliant group when Peggy made her way back into the crowded rooms. The latter waited until she caught her aunt's eye; then bent her head, almost imperceptibly, with a reassuring smile. The older woman returned the smile, with a quick look of relief.

'How pretty she is, and how easily she adapts herself!' Mrs. de Ville reflected, with a thrill of pride, as she watched Peggy join the crowd of young people at the farther end of the room. And it pleased her to note the eagerness with which they received her. 'That stupid boy!' she thought irritably. 'Why doesn't he come?'

A half-hour later, Peggy was again standing beside the low, open window; but with her this time was young Condon, the multi-millionaire. His inane compliments had begun to pall, and she was meditating a second flight into the beautiful grounds, when a low, masculine voice, raised slightly in laughing protest, caught her ear. She did not move or turn her head, yet she seemed to know the instant his eyes caught sight of her; and she was not surprised when she heard the same voice say, in a quick, low tone:

'There she is—there by the window!'

A moment later Mrs. de Ville laid a gentle hand upon Peggy's arm.

'Margaret, my dear,' she said, a wonderful gladness in her voice at which Peggy for an instant marvelled. 'Margaret, allow me to introduce my nephew, Dr. Robert Chalmers. Robert, this is Miss Linville, the daughter of my nephew, Richard Linville.'

In a flash, the brown and gray eyes met for an instant; and the astonishment written on both faces was so apparent that Mrs. de Ville laughed softly, though there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes, as, murmuring something about some one waiting for her, she turned hastily away, taking Mr. Condon with her.

The two young people were left comparatively alone. It was Peggy who spoke first.

'I had not the faintest idea that you were Dr. Chalmers,' she said slowly. 'I was not anxious to meet that young man,' she added, with a whimsical smile.

'And I was keeping out of the way of Miss Margaret Linville,' he answered, with an odd, boyish laugh; then gravely: 'I humbly beg her pardon!'

Peggy laughed.

Mrs. de Ville, who was still within hearing, said suddenly to young Condon:

'Help me to find my nephew, Mr. Linville. I have an important message for him.'—*Ave Maria.*

BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER

is a cough mixture prepared from the most soothing, healing, and strengthening medicines known.

Against it a cough or cold has no chance. It goes straight to the seat of the trouble and fights the cold out of the system.

Sold everywhere—in large and small bottles.

Large size, 1/10.

WANTED KNOWN—That Bill heads, Circulars, Memoriam Cards, Concert Tickets and Programmes, and General Printing of every description are executed at the *Tablet* Office. Moderate rates.