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THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER II.

CONTINUED.

"Yesterday I put a piece of heliotrope at my throat, and he made me remove it. He said the scent of the thing made him have a faintness. I pointed out several pieces in the vases, and he answered if I would wear a vase full of other flowers with heliotrope, he might perhaps endure it. He makes the same exception to any other flower I choose. He takes dislikes to all the green. I look well in, and I really can only dress my doll in a gray whisky or a Gala-laird's tartan with any comfort. All my friends are in some way objectionable. The Heriots are flighty, the Netherby girls are extravagant, the Hislops are vulgar, the Fenwicks are beyond bearing for their pride and so on and so on. If it was not for the minister, he would cross you off my visiting list also."

"Why does he do such things?"

"Only because he is a natural tyrant. He loves to show his power, and I am a complete victim. Until lately I did not mind him very much. I had a woman and my own way, and everything gave me joy. I wore my pretty dresses when I came here, and played and sang when he wanted of the latest, and I carried my books and poetry to my own room, and as long as I could visit Jessy Tellair, I cared nothing for the Heriots or any every else."

"You have Jamie Wintoun, also on your side. Jamie is a nonpareil."

"Jamie is well enough."

"Well enough! And Jamie is to be your husband!"

"No, he is not. I know I will never marry him. Jamie knows how I feel. I made him understand the other night. I did not mean to hurt him, but I feel I did, for he has not been to Leven since the stage, and the laird was fretting and fuming about his 'nephew's wrongs' all the time I ate my breakfast this morning."

"Poor dapper Wintoun! He is such a good-hearted, honorable soul."

"He may have all the good qualities that exist, Jessy, and yet he has never made me in all these years care for him as some one made me care with a glance and a smile and a touch of his hand. And this same one has all Jamie's good qualities added to his own special ones."

"Besides all those other excellences which you are constantly inventing for him."

"Very likely I do invent some. Every woman has to invent to the man she loves her ideal visible. No one in the ocean but—Jessy, I really can only dress my doll in a gray whisky or a Gala-laird's tartan with any comfort. All my friends are in some way objectionable. The Heriots are flighty, the Netherby girls are extravagant, the Hislops are vulgar, the Fenwicks are beyond bearing for their pride,