

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

TRUE TILDA.	"Q."
RUPERT OF HENTZAU.	<i>Anthony Hope.</i>
THE LAST HOPE.	<i>H. S. Merriman.</i>
A MAN OF MARK.	<i>Anthony Hope.</i>
EXTON MANOR.	<i>Archibald Marshall.</i>
MR. HORROCKS, PURSER.	<i>Cutcliffe Hyne.</i>
THE ROAD.	<i>Frank Savile.</i>
JOHN BOLSOVER.	<i>Una L. Silberrad.</i>
TOM SAWYER.	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
POISON OF TONGUES.	<i>M. E. Carr.</i>
ROSE OF THE WORLD.	<i>A. and E. Castle.</i>
THE RIGHT OF WAY.	<i>Sir Gilbert Parker.</i>
HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.	<i>Mrs. Humphry Ward.</i>
THE REFUGEES.	<i>A. Conan Doyle.</i>
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.	<i>Anthony Hope.</i>
INTERPLAY.	<i>Beatrice Harraden.</i>
THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.	<i>C. N. & A. M. Williamson.</i>
THE GIFT.	<i>S. Macnaughtan.</i>
THE GOOD COMRADE.	<i>Una L. Silberrad.</i>
THE WATERS OF JORDAN.	<i>H. A. Vachell.</i>
HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES.	<i>M. Nicholson.</i>
VIXEN.	<i>Miss Braddon.</i>
GOTTY AND THE GUV'NOR.	<i>A. Copping.</i>
THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.	<i>Anthony Hope.</i>
BEAUJEU.	<i>H. C. Bailey.</i>
GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.	<i>Booth Tarkington.</i>
THE ONE BEFORE.	<i>Barry Pain.</i>
THE LADY IN THE CASE.	<i>Jacques Futrelle.</i>
COUNT ANTONIO.	<i>Anthony Hope.</i>
SHANGHAIED.	<i>Frank Norris.</i>
CAPTAIN MARGARET.	<i>John Masefield.</i>
THE GREY KNIGHT.	<i>Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.</i>
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.	<i>H. G. Wells.</i>
FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA M'NAB.	<i>S. Macnaughtan.</i>

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Standing with her back to the town, she made other snowballs and tried to dislodge the fixed ones. Ä

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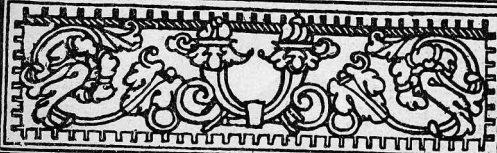
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CYNTHIA'S
WAY

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MRS. ALFRED
SIDGWICK

Thomas Nelson and
Sons, London, Edin-
burgh, and New York





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CYNTHIA'S WAY.

I.

"THAT makes seven since Midsummer-day," said Cynthia Blount, tearing up a letter.

Her friend Mary Wilmot looked up from her own letters.

"The seventh proposal of marriage," added Cynthia.

"Well!" said Mary, and from her corner of the window-seat her eyes travelled across an open expanse of the park that surrounded Godleigh Court.

"I defy you to say I'm not pretty," cried Cynthia.

"If you were ugly you'd know it was the money men came after. Now you can never make up your mind whether it's you or your millions."

"Why can't it be both?"

"Sometimes it is," said Mary severely. "Sir James Middleton was very fond of you."

"He would have wanted his own way."

"They often do, the nice ones."

"But I always want mine."

"You'll end by marrying a fool who lets you have it, and then you'll be sorry."