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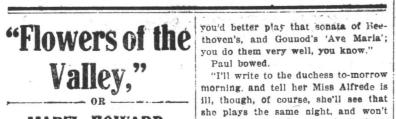
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to the Lyrić, Miss Howard?"

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MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE NEW SINGER.

Paul shrugged his shoulders. Mr. Stapleson laughed, and his box." shoulders shook good-humoredly.

"No great things? What does it matter? You and I, my dear Paul, are shrewd, comprehensive glance. musicians, and know good from bad, "By the way," he said, "I interrupt- ed a five-pound note. but the public-bah!" and he made a ed you in your song. Very sorry. Pergesture of supreme contempt. "The haps you'll sing it again. I'm fond of Never sung in public, I think you public know nothing. If a thing pleases music, and don't get too much of it, said?" them they are content. They come and though I'm at it all day, eh, Paul? take our stalls and fill our treasury, Come, Miss Howard, knidly oblige me." and the street organs put our airs on Iris hesitated. She was not a nerwheir barrels and all goes well. But yous singer; but to sing before this give me double that sum for the permusic! Oh well, the least said about self-assertive stranger was not alto- mission to appear at Ormonde House; that the better, eh, Paul?" "Yes. Mr. Stapleson," assented Paul.

Mr. Stapleson. Paul coughed dubiously.

The manager laughed. "But that wasn't what I heard you and Miss-"

and sang the song. their approval very readily, and are

"I'll write to the duchess to-morrow morning, and tell her Miss Alfrede is | what shall I sing?" ill, though, of course, she'll see that

believe me! But I can't help it. Been | Iris, at once. Iris replied in the negative.

in, we shall be happy to see you. We're and pondered for a moment, turning doing very well just now, eh. Paul? the largest diamond ring on his finger. Bring Miss Howard some night, and "By the way, Paul, put that song down I'll tell the boxkeeper to give her a to me, will you? I'll give you the mar-

Iris thanked him, and the manager stood looking round the room with his he stammered his thanks, the manager

gether pleasant to her; but Paul whis- but we won't say any more about pered, "Do, Mabel!" so earnestly that, that!" as Iris colored and almost laid "And you like this new opera?" said without a word, she went to the piano the five-pound note on the table again.

"Supposing now," he said, as he drew Mr. Stapleson said, "Hem!" when on his gloves, "supposing you should she had finished, and "Thank you." think of going on the stage-" Operatic managers do not express Iris shook her head.

"I should never think of it,"

