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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

"I never heard of her!"
"Let us go in," she said; and Harold, suppressing a sigh, followed her.
Sir Talbot rose and led her to a seat beside him, and caressing her hand, looked into her face with the combined loving eagerness and anxiety which had marked his manner since their meeting, and with a well-defined pride added thereto.
"Are you tired, my dear?" he asked.
"You have come a long way, and the excitement and strangeness! and yet you do not seem strange; that is what delights me so, next to your resemblance to me, if such a beautiful face as that can be likened to the old, wrinkled one of mine! You feel that you are at home, Lillian; is it not so?"
She smiled faintly.
"Yes, Sir Talbot."
The old man winced.
"Sir Talbot!" he said, reproachfully. "Ah! and he sighed, 'it is too soon for you to realize that you have a father! But—but try to remember it, dear Lillian!'"
"I will," she said, in a low voice—"I will, father."
Sir Talbot bent forward and kissed her, then put his white hand upon her thick, silky hair.
"What beautiful hair you have, Lillian and eyes!"
She smiled, and colored faintly as she glanced sideways at Harold, who stood looking down at them from a distance.
"You will make me vain, father," she said in a low voice.
"I almost wish I could," responded

the old man. "You seem to be too perfect to be a daughter of mine, Lillian."
And a vague cloud crossed his forehead for a moment.
She leaned back with a lowered face.
"You will discover my imperfections and shortcomings all too soon," she said; and a sigh seemed to hover about her lips.
"God grant I may be spared to learn your whole heart, my child!" said the old man; and he turned away his head to hide the tears which filled his eyes.
"But come," he said, rallying. "I must not make the lesson too long this first night. It is hard to part with you even till the morning, but I know you must be tired. Now, Lillian, it is too long—he paused—a long time since Woodleigh has had a mistress to preside over it, and though we have taken some pains, some little thing or other may not please you. You will not forget that you are mistress here, and that every wish of yours is to be respected and gratified. If there is anything, however great or small, that you would like altered, altered it shall be. Remember that, Lillian."
She stood and looked down at him speechless for a moment; then, as Harold touched the bell, the old man took her in his arms.
"Good-night, good-night, my darling. May your first night at home be filled with happy dreams of happier days to come! and, with something like reverence mingling and refining his love, he took her lovely face in his hands and kissed her.
A quiver passed over the mobile lips as the old man touched them lightly, and as she kissed him in return, the color seemed to fade slowly from her cheek.
Then she turned to Harold and held out her hand.
"Good-night," she said, with a smile; "I shall miss the ship's bells to-morrow morning, and so glided from their sight.
There was a good minute's silence, then Sir Talbot crossed the room and laid his hand on Harold's broad shoulder.
"Harold!" he said, and his voice trembled; "how shall I thank you for the treasure you have restored to me! No wonder you broke down when you tried to describe her beauty by your words; and her grace and exquisite breeding, surely you noticed it, Harold! A princess of the blood could not look, and speak, and move more imperially! Harold, I long and yet I dread to hear the story of her past!"
Harold raised his head.
"It is not a welcome subject with her, sir," he said.
"And I shall not broach it," said Sir Talbot, quickly. "It is enough for me that she is here. As one accepts a beautiful vision unquestioningly, so I accept her. I feel to-night as if it were a dream which some harsh, uncongenial word would dispel." Harold, Harold, we must make her happy!"
At the word "we" Harold tugged at his mustache with a certain wistful uncertainty.
"I do not think it will be difficult, sir," he said; "she seems easily pleased. Such affection as yours will go a long way to rendering her happy."

"And atoning for the past; do you think so, do you really think so?" eagerly queried Sir Talbot. "But, Harold," he went on, scanning the handsome, downcast face; "you are sure that she and you get on all right, that there is no—no misunderstanding; but that's too distinct a word."
"There is no misunderstanding," said Harold, thoughtfully. "No, but—and he paused.
"But what?" asked Sir Talbot, anxiously.
"But—oh, nothing, sir; well, there seems to be a vague something, an indefinable barrier between us. I cannot put it into words; he went on musingly, and almost to himself. "Not a coldness, certainly not that, for she is too grateful for any little, trifling service I am fortunate to render to her. As it is not coldness, it is a strange, indescribable reserve. It has been so all along; from the first night I discovered her until now." He stopped, suddenly, as if recalled to the fact of the old man's anxious face. "But there, sir, I am not discouraged."
"No, no," said Sir Talbot. "Remember our covenant, Harold," and he held up one white, thin finger.
"Our covenant, sir," said Harold with a faint, almost anxious smile. "Yes, it is not likely I would forget it. But when we made it, we two, we forgot, I think, that there was a third person to the bargain; and that—beautiful girl. We have to get her signature to the bond, sir, and throwing himself into a chair, he thrust his hands into his pockets and lowered his face.
"We shall get it, we shall get it," said the old man. "Let me enjoy my happiness without a shadow to-night; my heart is shared between you, Harold."
With the same graceful composure, Lillian Woodleigh crossed the hall and ascended the broad staircase. Every inch of the way was elegant, not only of the wealth of her new home, but of the welcome prepared for her. Indeed, the old Hall had been transformed, decorations of the most elaborate and artistic, and therefore of the most costly, kind met her gaze at every point. Her journey to her rooms was marked, as it were, on all

sides by wealth and the beauty which wealth alone can purchase. Choice exotics lined the stairs and filled the corridors with subtle perfume; rare statues and priceless pictures gleamed softly in the shaded lights. Once or twice a servant in the Woodleigh livery crossed her view noiselessly, or stood with bowed head to allow her to pass. The very maid who had been hired to wait upon her, and who was in appearance and manner all that a lady should be, seemed to regard her as if she were a superior being.
And yet she moved on with the most perfect composure, seeing everything to its details yet appearing to notice nothing.
With noiseless ease the maid escorted her to her rooms, a dainty suite of apartments furnished with an anxious care, made evident and eloquent in every particular, from the very costly inlaid furniture and rare lace hangings, to the antique bowl of roses that stood upon a table to greet her waking moments.
Nothing had been forgotten. Silently she allowed the maid to envelop her in a dressing gown, and silently she sat for some minute or two after the door had closed and she was left alone.
She had earned those moments of supreme rest; she had played her difficult, dangerous part well. She had not undertaken the character she had assumed, and more fatal still, she had not for one moment overacted.
Here she sat the acknowledged daughter of Sir Talbot Woodleigh, and the mistress of Woodleigh Hall. Suddenly a thought flashed through her mind.
What if that other girl whom she had left in the prairie hut had been in her place, would she have gone through the ordeal so easily and passed it so well?
A smile of satisfaction, almost of pride, crossed her pale face, as she felt instinctively that the other girl would have failed. Only an actress by nature and harmony could have played the difficult role she had successfully performed.
For a moment or two, incredible as it may seem, professional pride absorbed her mind; to the exclusion of all other emotions. She had acted her part well; so well, at times, to deceive even herself.
(To be continued.)

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