## HAMILTON EVENING TIMES SATURDAY. MAY 22 1909.



The night of the twentieth arrived.

The night of the twentieth arrived. "Don't be more than two hours, Con-stance. I suppose I must give you that," he said, as she went up to dress. But in less than an hour, as he was sauntering up and down the hall in that state of perfect contentment which sits upon the heart of a man who is going to dine well, and spend the evening with the woman he loves both well and pas-sionately, he heard her step upon the istairs, and looking around, started. He had never seen her in festal attire

tairs, and looking around, started. He had never seen her in festal attirt before; and the vision of beauty in soft, white drapery, with a red flower in her dark hair, took his breath away. She stood for a moment, her eyes downcast, a faint color in her face, feel-ing that his eyes were upon her. Then she looked at him shyly under her long lashes, and with the touch of coquetry which the best of women possess hidden somewhere about them, said: "Well, am I late?"

"Well, am I late?" And for answer, he stood there look-ink up at her, as she stood in the soft light, a radiant, angelic vision. "Great Heaven!" he murmured, al-most inaudibly, "how beautiful you are, Constance?

onstance!" Her face flamed, and she glanced at

Mary, who stood behind her admiringly, and then at him with loving reproach. "May I touch you?" he asked. "You look as if you would melt at a touch!" "I told you how beautiful it looked, Miss!" Mary ventured in the lowest of

whispers. "So you like it?" said Constance, with a shy smile, when they had reached the

"So you like it?" said Constance, with a shy smile, when they had reached the security of the drawingroom. "Like it!" he returned, looking at her wistfully, and seeming to drink in the loveliness of form and face. "My child do you know how beautiful you are? Like it! Why, it is simply perfect. Why didn' you wear it before? Why did you reserve it for this crowd to-night?"

Constance laughed at him, her whole frame shaking with pure, honest plea-sure at his admiration. "Why, it only came home this after-

"That's why you wanted to go to Ber-rington-and by yourself! I see," he said. "Dearest, I don't know which I

rington-and by yourself 1 see, he said. "Dearest, J don't know which I am suffering from most to-night, love or pride. Mother, look at her?" and he caught the arm of the marchioness as she entered; "isn't she lovely"
"I always said so," retorted the old lady, placidly, but looking at Constance with loving admiration. "My dear, it is simply exquisite. Ah, you were right?"
"Why was she right? What do you mean?" he demanded.
"Never mind," said, nodding with a smile. "I suppose you are prouder than ever now-too proud to accept my poor little present," and she held out a velvet case.
Constance took it from her and opened it. A suite of pearls in the plainest

ed it. A suite of pearls in the plainest but most exquisite setting lay on the satin cushion

"Oh, no, no !" she said, holding them from

"rom her. "But I say yes, yes, yes." said the marquis, and he took them out of the case. "Do you think I dare venture to put them on, mother? How well they go with the white dress! How did you know? Ah, you were in the secret , of course." course

" replied the old lady: "but I

"No." replied the old lady: "but I thought she would buy white. Yes, put them on for her, Wolfe." Constance bent her head, and with ev-ery touch a caress, he put the necklace around her neck, fixed the ornament in her hair, and clasped the bracelet around her white wrist. Then he kissed her, and stood back in the speechless delight of admiration and love. "It seems too good to be true, that this fairy-like creature belongs to me," he murmured.

murmured.

"It is a shame to hide her in the cloak," said the marchiones, smiling: "but it has to be done. Come, Wolfe! if you stand star-gazing any longer you will be bewitched."

He wrapped her up as carefully as if a rough touch would spoil her, and they started.

They reached Barminster Towers at They reached Barminster Towers at last, and for a moment or two Constance was rather dazzled by the lights ad the stir and excitement. It was her first ball for many years, and she had never been to one of so grand a kind as this With a slight quiver that was neither all for was reacted by the light of the start of

her eyes still fixed on her scrutinizingly, then she stooped down and quickly pin-ned up the rent. "There," she said. "But don't dance with Mr. Fenton again, for punish-ment." "A punishment too awful for even so great a crime!" he said, slowly, with a mirthless smile, his eyes bent on the ground, yet, as Constance knew, seeing her quite plainly. "When you have quite done quarrel-ing," said the duchess, "I want to intro-duce Mr. Fenton to two friends of mine; Lady Eversleigh"-Rawson Fen-ton bowed to the lady who had so freely criticised him-"and Miss Grahame," said the duchess. Constance, feeling as though a cold hand were clutching her heart, inclined her head, and her breath came in diffi-cult little gasps, and Lady Ruth, stand-ing at her side, looked keenly from one to the other. Lady Angela's partner for the next

"I am here. You cannot escape." "I am here. You cannot escape." Then she felt rather than saw that he was leaving Lady Eversleigh and coming to her. "Have you a dance left, Miss Gra-hame." he said, "or am I too late?" "My card is full," she said, without looking up.

and women of society. She remembered the handsome carriage she had seen him enter at the station. He had not lied to her, then. He was rich, and he must be famous in some fashion or other, or he would not have been here. And he was here, and would see her-might come upon her at any moment. What would he say-what should she? She had never feared Rawson Fenton before; but she felt that to-night she dreaded him. Love makes us strong at times, but at times it makes us wask. The band was starting the music for another dance. Wolfe, erect, with hap-piness in his handsome face, in his very Dearing, came toward her. chance vacancy. If so, will you remem-ber me?" The marquis came up with a lady on his arm, who smiled at Rawson Fenton. The smile seemed to remind him. "This is my dance," he said to her. In making the exchange, the marquis looked at Rawson Fenton-looked at him, as it seemed to Constance, watch-ing them both, her soul in her eyes, with more than his usual attentiveness. Then he bent over her. "Are you rested, dearest?" he mur-mured. She rose with, ah! what a feeling of finding refuge and protection, and put her hand on his arm. "Wolfe, do you know Mr. Fenton?" she said.

hand lovingly. She looked up with a sudden joy iu his presence, then turned pale and shook she said. Constance's heart stood still. The

murmured. The duchess turned from the lady to whom she had been talking. "Leave her alone for a little while, "Can I get you anything? Will you come into the air?" She shook her head, and smiled up at him. Marquis tur "The Mar the duchess. It was ov she felt his and they w tor's felt tor's "The Marquis of the duchess. It was over in a moment. The next she fett his dear arm around her waist, and they were slowly whirling away-away from the spot which Rawson Fen-ton's presence had made hateful. (To be Continued.)









RAILWAYS

FOREST, STREAM and SEASHORE is a book of over 200 pages, illustrat-ed in colors and half tones, giving well-written descriptions of the coun-rry contiguous to the line of railway in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, replete with historic incident, legend and folklore. It has also chap-vers on Prince Edward Island, the Magdalen Islands and Newfoundland and is worthy of a place in any lib-rary. Mary.





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of the ferneries," and she looked around. of the ferneries," and she looked around. "No, no!" responded Constance, quickly; and in her earnestness she laid her hand on the duchess' arm. "No, please do not!" "Yery well, my dear; but your hand is quite trembling," said her grace, and she took it and patted it. "I did feel a little faint," said Con-stance, "but I am all right now," and the color crept slowly back to her face. "You have been dancing too much-not too much for your partners, but for yourself," said the duchess; "and you must take a good long rest." Constance murmured a grateful acqu-iescence, and leaned back a little, but with her eyes stil fixed on the man whose sudden and unexpected appear-ance had overwhelmed her. She could see him now and again as he moved slowly about the part of the room at which he had entered. She saw him shaking hands with men and women she knew, or had been in-troduced to that night-men frank

to the other. Lady Angela's partner for the next dance eame up and took her away, and Rawson Fenton, thus left free, went and stood beside Lady Eversleigh and talk-ed to her; but Constance could feel his glance settling upon herself now and egain.

gaane. Surely something or somebody would come to her aid! Where was Wolfe? Why did he not come and take her away out of reach of these cold, steel-like eyes which, with every glance, seem-

and women she knew, or had been in-troduced to that night-men of rank and women of society. She remembered

"I am sorry," he said, slowly, calmly, "I am sorry," he said, slowly, calmly, "Perhaps an accident may give me a chance vacancy. If so, will you remem-ber me?"

Dearing, came toward her. "Isn't this mine, Constance?" he askbending over her, and touching her

"I-I think I am tired, Wolfe," she "The Marquis of Brakespeare,"

"No, no! just leave her alone, and go and dance with someone else," said the duchess, peremptorily. "Oh, here is a partner for you, or, are you engaged, Ruth? Glad to see you. How late you are!

her head.

Ruth? Glad to see you. How late you are?" Constance turned with a little start to find Lady Ruth standing beside her. She was exquisitely dressed in a cos-tume of Worth's that exactly suited her petite style, and, with her thin face flushed a little, looked at her best. Her sharp eyes ran over Constance's plain white dress, and a quick, jealous light flashed for a moment in them. "Yes, Tm late, drar duchess," she said. "But I'm a nurse, you must re-member, and couldn't get leave earlier. No, I'm not engaged. if Wolfe wants a partner. Are you sure you won't dance, Constance? How well you are looking to-night!" Constance murmured something scarcely audible, and the marquis, still looking at his darling, took Lady Ruth's-arm and led her away. Constance looked after them wistful-ly: this was to have been her dance; her first dance with Wolfe. And she had lost it to Lady Ruth. It was al-most like an omen. Then her eyes wan-dered around the room again in search of the cold, clean-cut face of Ranson Fenton. Was it possible that he would not see her? "If there is anyone you would like so know, tell me," said her grace. 'Ilere I are a great many of our own see [le here—I mean the county people, but there are also a good many from Lon-don. The duke likes to have pleniy of guns at work, and he's fond of socie'y, so that we are always moving an herds and flocks, as he calls it. What a pret-ty dress that is of Ruth's. It's just the color that suits her. Ruth wants scne-thing a little vivid; she couldn't war dead white like some people,'' and she looked and smiled at Constance's *ac*-ss approving!

Constance turned with a little start

With a slight quiver that was neither all fear nor excitement, but a little of both, Constance entered the vast hall, made brilliant by the throngs of beau-tiful women in ball-dresses. A footman took her cloak and that of the marchioness, as well as the marquis' fur coat and they entered the ball-room. A sudden sir, followed by a signi-ficant second or two of silence, announc-d their entrance, and Constance found herself standing before a tall and aris-tocratic-looking lady, who held out her hand to the marchioness and then to Constance with a pleasant smile.

Constance with a pleasant smile. A little dazzled by the ligh A little dazzled by the light, Con-stance was rather pale than red when she entered, but the first words the duchess packe brought the

'That's a good bit of description, my lear. That is

Mr. Rawson Fenton dear. That is Mr. Rawson Fenton." "And who is Mr. Rawson Fenton?" "A friend of the duke, they are fel-low-directors of some cattle company or other; something to do with New Zealand or Australia, I think. But apart from that he is quite a famous man. Not to know Mr. Rawson Fen-ton is to argue one's self unknown, my dear," she added, banteringly. Constance saw the pale, self-possessed fame coming nearce and muking an ef-

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