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By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Traitors," "The Survivor," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"That," she remarked, "is what Mr. Lavallette says, isn't it?"

He looked at her with twinkling eyes.

"Oh, you needn't think I'm being scared into it," he answered. "All the same, Lavvy's right enough. No one man has a right to accept large subscriptions and not let the public into his confidence."

"Lavilette doesn't believe in our anonymous subscriptions, does he?" she asked.

"No! He's rather impudent about that, isn't he? I suppose I ought to set him right. I should have done so before, but he went about it in such an offensive manner. Well, to go on with what I was saying, you will come on the council, Mary?"

"I? Oh, surely not!"

"You will! And what is more, I am going to split up the branches into divisions and appoint superintendents and manageresses, at a reasonable salary. And you," he concluded, "are going to be one of the latter."

She shook her head firmly.

"No! I must remain my own mistress."

"Why not? I want to allot to you the work where you can do most good. There is no one half so suitable. I want you to throw up your other work—come into this altogether, be my right hand and let me feel that I have one person on the council whom I can rely upon."

She was silent for a moment. She leaned back in her chair, but even in the semi-obscurity the extreme pallor of her face troubled him.

"You must remember too," he said, "that the work will not be so hard as now. Lately you have given us too much of your time. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not you who need a holiday more than I."

She raised her eyes.

"That is—what you have come to say to me?"

"Yes. I was anxious to get your promise."

There was another short silence. Then she spoke in dull even tones.

"I must think it over. You want my whole time and you want to pay me for it."

"Yes. It is only reasonable and we can afford it. I should draw a salary myself if I had not a little of my own."

She raised her eyes once more to his mercilessly, and drew a quick little breath. Yes, it was there—written in his face—the blank utter indifference of good fellowship. It was all that he had come to ask her, it was all that he would ever ask her. Suddenly she felt her heart throbbing in quick short beats—her cheeks burned. They were alone—even her little maid had gone out. Why was he so miserably indifferent? Why was he so miserably indifferent? ? She stumbled to her feet, and suddenly stooping down laid her burning cheeks against his.

"Kingston," she said, "you are so cruel—and I am so lonely. Can't you see that I am miserable. Kiss me!"—at once!"

Brooks sat petrified, utterly amazed at this self-yielding on the part of the last woman in the world whom he would ever have thought capable of anything of the sort.

"Kiss me—at once."

He touched her lips timorously. Then she sprang away from him, her hair strangely ruffled. She pointed to the door.

"Please go—quickly."

He picked up his hat.

"But, Mary! I——"

"Please!"

She stamped her foot.

"But—"

"I will write. You shall hear from me tomorrow. But if you have any pity for me you will go now—this moment."

He rose and went. She heard him turn the handle of the door, heard his footsteps upon the stone stairs outside.

She counted them idly. One, two, three, four,—now he was on the next landing. She heard them again, less distinctly, always less distinctly. Then silence. She ran to the window. There he was upon the pavement, now he was crossing the road on his way to the underground station. She tore at her hankerchief, waived it wildly for a moment—and then stopped. He was gone—and she. The hot color came rushing painfully into her cheeks. She threw herself face downwards upon the sofa.

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CHAPTER IV

Lord Arranmore in a New Role

"The epoch-making nights of one's life," Mr. Hennibul remarked, "are few. Let us sit down and consider what has happened."

"A seat," Lady Caroom sighed. "What luxury! But where?"

"My knowledge of the geography of this house," Mr. Hennibul answered, "has more than once been of the utmost service to me, but I have never appreciated it more than at this moment. Accept my arm, Lady Caroom."

They made a slow circuit of the room, passed through an ante-chamber and came out in a sort of winter-garden looking over the Park. Lady Caroom exclaimed with delight.

"You dear man," she exclaimed. "Of course I knew of this place—isn't it charming?—but I had no idea we could reach it from the reception rooms. Let us move our chairs over there. We can sit and watch the hansoms turn into Piccadilly."

"It shall be as you say," he answered. "I wonder if all London is as excited as the crowd we have just left."

"To me," she murmured, "London seems always imperturbable, stonily indifferent to good or evil. I believe that on the eve of a revolution we should dine and go to the theatre, choose our houses at which to spend the evening, and avoid sweet champagne with the same care. You and I know that tonight England has thrown overboard a national policy. Yet I doubt whether either of us will sleep the less soundly."

"Not only that," he said, "but the Government have today shown themselves possessed of a penetration and appreciation of mind for which I for one scarcely gave them credit. They have made me a peer."

She looked at him with an amused smile.

"They make judges and peers for two reasons," she remarked.

"That, Lady Caroom, is unkind," he said. "I can assure you that throughout my career I have never made a nuisance of myself to any one. In the House I have always been a model member and I have always obeyed my whip in fear and trembling. At the Bar I have been mildness itself. The St. James' Gazette speaks of my urbanity, and the courtesy with which I have always conducted the most arduous cross-examination. You should read the St. James' Gazette, Lady Caroom. I do not know the biographical editor, but it is easy to predict a future for him. He has common-sense and insight. The paragraph about myself touched me. I have cut it out and I mean to keep it always with me."

"The Press," she said, "have all those things cut and dried. No doubt if you made friends with that young man he would let you read your obituary notice. I have a friend who has corrected the proof of his already."

Hennibul smiled.

"My cousin Avenill, the police magistrate," he said, "actually read his in the Times. He was bathing at Jersey and was carried away by currents and picked up by a Sark fishing-smack. They took him to Sark, and he was so charmed with the surroundings and the hospitality of the people that he quite forgot to let anybody know where he was. When he read his obituary notice he almost decided to remain dead. He declared that it was quite impossible to live up to it."

"Our charity now-a-days," she remarked, "always begins with the dead."

"Let me try and awaken yours towards the living!" he said.

She laughed.

"Are you smitten with the Brooks fever?" she asked.

"Mine is a fever," he answered, "but it has nothing to do with Brooks. I would try and awaken your charity on behalf of a perfectly worthy object myself—vide the St. James' Gazette."

'And what do you need from me more than you have?" she asked. "Haven't you the sole possession of my society, the right to bore me or make me happy, perhaps, presently, the right to feed me?"

"For a few minutes," he answered.

"Don't be so sure. It may be an hour."

"I want it," he said, "for longer."

Something in his tone suddenly broke through the easy lightness of their conversation. She stole a swift side glance at him, and understood.

"Come," she said, "you and I are setting every one here a bad example. This is not an occasion for tete-a-tetes. We should be doing our duty and talking a little to every one. Let us go back and make up for lost time."

She rose to her feet, but found him standing in the way. For once the long humorous mouth was set fast, his eyes were no longer full of the shadow of laughter, his tone had a new note in it, the tone which a woman never fails to understand.

"Dear Lady Caroom," he said, "I was not altogether jesting."

She looked him in the eyes.

"Dear friend," she answered, "I know that you were not, and so I think that we had better go back"

He detained her very gently.

"It is the dearest hope I have in life," he said, softly. "Do not let me run the risk of being misunderstood. Will you be my wife?"

She shook her head. There were tears in her eyes, but her gesture was significant enough.

"It is impossible," she said. "I have loved another man all my life."

He offered her his arm at once.

"Then I believe," he said, in a low tone, "in the old saying—that a glimpse of paradise is sufficient to blind the strongest man . . ."

They passed into the reception oom and came face to face with Brooks. She held out her hand.

"Come you have no right here," she declared, "you are not a member of parliament."

He laughed.

"What about you?"

"Oh, I am an inspiration!"

"I don't believe," he said, "that you realize in the least what is going to happen."

"I do!" she answered. "I am going to make you relieve Lord Hennibul and take me to have an ice."

They moved off together. Hennibul stood looking after them for a moment. Then he sighed and turned slowly away.

"If it's Arranmore," he said to himself, "why on earth doesn't he marry her?"

Lady Caroom was more silent than usual. She complained of a headache and Brooks persuaded her to take champagne instead of the ice.

"What is the matter with you tonight?" she asked looking at him, thoughtfully. "You look like a boy——with a dash of the bridegroom."

He laughed joyously.

"You should read the evening papers—you would understand a little of the practical effect of the new tariff bill. Mills in Yorkshire and Lancashire are being opened that for years have been shut down; in Medchester, Northampton and the boot-centres the unemployed are being all swept into the factories. Manufacturers who have been struggling to keep their places open at all are planning extensions already. The wages bill throughout the country will be the largest next week that has been paid for years. Travellers are off to the Colonies with cases of samples—every manufacturing centre is suddenly alive once more. The terrible struggle for existence is lightened. Next week," Brooks continued, with an almost boyish twinkle in his eyes, "I shall go down to Medchester and walk through the streets where it used to make our hearts ache to see the unemployed waiting like dumb suffering cattle. It will be a holiday—a glorious holiday."

"And yet behind it all," she remarked, watching him closely, "there is something on your mind. What is it?"

He looked at her quickly.

"What an observation."

"Won't you tell me?"

He shook his head.

"It is only one of the smallest cupboards," he said. "The ghost will very soon be stifled."

She sighed.

"Did you see Lord Arranmore this evening?"

"Yes. He was talking to the duke just now. What of him?"

"I have been watching him. Did you ever see a man look so ill?"

"He is bored," Brooks answered rather coldly. "This sort of thing does not amuse him."

She shook her head.

"He is always the same. He has always that weary look. He is living with absolute recklessness. It cannot possibly last long."

"He knows the price," Brooks answered. "He lives as he chooses."

"I wonder," she continued, "whether we do not misjudge him—you and I, Kingston. For you know we have been his judges. You must not shake your head. It is true. You have judged him to be unworthy of a son, and I—I have judged him to be unworthy of a wife. You don't think—that we could possibly have made a mistake—that underneath all there is a little heart left—eaten up with pride and loneliness?"

"I have never seen it," Brooks answered, "the slightest trace of it."

"Nor I," she answered. "Yet I knew him when he was young. He was so different and annihilation is very hard, isn't it? Supposing he were to die and we were to find out afterwards?"

"You," he said slowly, "must be the judge of your own actions. For my part I see in him only the man who abandoned my mother, who spent the money of other people in dissipation and worse than dissipation. Who came to England and accepted my existence after a leisurely interval as a matter of course. I have never seen in any one of his actions, or heard in his tone one single indication of anything save selfishness so incarnate as to have become the only moving impulse of his life. If ever I could believe that he cared for me, would find in me anything save a convenience, I would try to forget the past. If he would even express his sorrow for it, show himself capable of any emotion whatsoever in connection with anything or any person save himself, I would be only too thankful to escape from my ridiculous position."

Then they were silent for a moment, each occupied with their own thoughts, and Lord Arranmore, pale and spare, taller than most men there, notwithstanding a recently acquired stoop, came wearily over to them.

"Dear me," he remarked, "what gloomy faces—and I expected to see Brooks at least radiant. Am I intruding?"

"Don't be absurd, Arranmore," she said kindly. "Why don't you bring up that chair and sit down? You look tired."

He laughed—a little hardly.

"I have been tired so long," he said, "that it has become a habit. Brooks, will you think me guilty of an impertinence, I wonder? I have intruded upon your concerns."

Brooks looked up with his eyes full of questioning.

"That fellow Lavilette," Arranmore continued, "seemed worried about your anonymous subscription. I was in an evil temper yesterday afternoon, and Verity amused me. So I wrote and confounded the fellow by explaining that it was I who sent the money—the thousand pounds you had."

"You?" Lady Caroom exclaimed almost breathlessly.

"You sent me that thousand pounds—you?" Brooks cried.

They exchanged rapid glances. A spot of color burned in Lady Caroom's cheeks. She felt her heart quicken with an unspoken prayer upon her lips.

Brooks too, was agitated.

"Upon my word," Lord Arranmore remarked coldly, "I really don't know why my whim should so astound you. I took care to explain that I sent it without the slightest sympathy in the cause—merely out of compliment to an acquaintance. It was just a whim nothing more, I can assure you. I think that I won it at Sandow, or something."

"It was not because you were interested in this work then?" Lady Caroom asked, fearfully.

Sybil laughed.

"Not in the slightest," he answered. "That is to say, sympathetically interested. I am curious. I will admit that—no more."

The color faded from Lady Caroom's cheeks. She shivered a little and rose to her feet. Brooks' face had hardened.

"We are very much obliged to you for the money," he said. "As for Lavilette, I had not thought it was worth a reply."

Lord Arranmore shrugged his shoulders.

"Nor should I in your place," he answered. "My position is a little different, of course. I am positively looking forward to next week's Verity. You are leaving now, I see. Good-night!"

"I have kept Mr. Brooks away from his friends," she said, looking at him. "Will you see me to my carriage?"

He offered her his arm with courtly grace. They passed down the staircase together.

"You are looking ill, Philip," she said softly. "You are not taking care of yourself."

"Care of myself," he laughed. "Why for whom? Life is not exactly a playground, is it?"

"You are not making the best of it!"

"The best! Do you want to mock me?"

"It is you," she whispered, "who stand before a looking glass and mock yourself. Philip, be a man. Your life is one long repression. Break through just once, won't you?"

He sighed.

"Would you have me a hypocrite, Catherine?"

She shook her head. Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Philip, will you promise me this? If ever your impulse should come—if you should feel the desire to speak, to act more as a man from your heart—you will not stifle it. Promise me that."

He looked at her with a faint, tired smile.

"Yes, I promise."

CHAPTER V

Lady Sybil Lends a Hand

Brooks glanced at the card which was brought in to him, at first carelessly enough, afterwrads with mingled surprised and pleasure.

"Here is some one," he said to Mary Scott, "whom I should like you to meet. Show the lady in," he directed.

Some instinct seemed to tell her the truth.

"Who is it?" she asked quickly, "I am very busy this morning."

"It is Lady Sybil Caroom," he answered, "Please don't go; I should like you to meet her."

Mary looked longingly at the door of communication which led into the further suite of offices, but it was too late to think of escape. Sybil had already entered, bringing into the room a delicious odor of violets, herself almost bewilderingly beautiful. She was dressed with extreme simplicity, but with a delicate fastidiousness which Mary at any rate was quick to appreciate. Her lips were parted in a natural and perfectly dazzling smile. She came across to Brooks with outstretched hand and laughter in her eyes.

"Confess that you are horrified," she exclaimed. "I don't care a bit. I've waited for you to take me quite long enough. If you won't come now I shall go by myself."

"Why, to one of the branches—I don't care which. I can help for the rest of the day."

He laughed.

"Well, let me introduce you to Miss Scott," he said, turning round. "Mary, this is Lady Sybil Caroom. Miss Scott," he continued ,turning to the younger girl, "has been my right hand since we first started. If ever you do stand behind our counter it will have to be under her asuspices."

Sybil turned courteously but with some indifference towards the girl, who was standing by Brooks' chair. In her plain black dress and white linen collar Mary perhaps looked more than her years, especially by the side of Sybil. As the eyes of the two met, Sybil saw that she was regarded with more than ordinary attention. She saw, too, that Mary was neither so plain nor so insignificant as she had at first imagined.

"I am sure you are very much to be congratulated, Miss Scott," she said. "Mr. Brooks' scheme is a splendid success, isn't it? You must be proud of your share in it."

"My share," Mary said, in quiet, even tones, "has been very small indeed. Mr. Brooks is alone responsible for it. The idea was his, and the organization was his. We others have been no more than machines."

"Very useful machines, Mary," Brooks said, with a kind glance towards her. "Come, we mustn't any of us belittle our share in the work."

Mary took up some papers from the desk.

"I think," she said, "that if you have no more messages for Mr. Flitch I had better start. We are very busy in Stepney just now."

"Please don't hurry," Brooks said. "We must try and manage something for Lady Sybil."

Mary looked up doubtfully.

"Unless you ask Lady Sybil to look on," she said, "I don't quite see how it is possible for her to come."

"Lady Sybil knows the conditions," Brooks answered. "She wants to have a try as a helper."

Mary raised her eyebrows slightly.

"The chief work in the morning is washing children," she remarked. "They come to us in a perfectly filthy condition, and we wash about twenty each, altogether."

Sybil laughed.

"Well, I'm not at all afraid of that," she declared. "I could do my share. I rather like kiddies."

"The other departments," Mary went on, "all need some attention. Would you think it worth while for one day? If so, I should be pleased to do what I can for you."

Sybil hesitated. She glanced towards Brooks.

"I don't want to give a lot of unnecessary trouble, of course," she said. "Especially if you are busy. But it might be for more than one day. You have a staff of supernumerary helpers, haven't you, whom you send for when you are busy? I thought that I might be one of those."

"In that case," Mary answered, "I shall be very glad, of course, to put you in the way of it. I am going to my own branch this morning at Stepney. Will you come with me?"

"If you are sure I shan't be a nuisance," Sybil answered, gratefully. "Good-bye, Mr. Brooks. I'm awfully obliged to you, and will talk it all over at the Heneagers' tonight."

The two girls drove off in Sybil's brougham. Mary in her quiet little hat and plain jacket, seemed to her companion, notwithstanding her air of refinement, to be a denizen of some other world. And between the two there was from the first a certain amount of restraint.

"Do you give up your whole time to this sort of work?" Sybil asked, presently.

"I do now," Mary answered. "I had other employment in the morning, but I gave that up last week. I am a salaried official of the Society from last Monday.

Sybil stole a swift side-glance at her.

"Dou you know, I think that it must be a very satisfactory sort of life," she said.

Mary's lips flickered into the faintest of smiles.

"Really!"

"Oh, I mean it," Sybill continued. "Of course, I like going about and enjoying myself, but it is hideously tiring . And then after a year or two of it you begin to realize a sort of sameness. Things lose their flavor. Then you have odd times of serious thought, and you know that you have just been going round and round in a circle, that you have done nothing at all except made some show at enjoying yourself. Now that isn't very satisfactory, is it?"

"No," Mary answered, "I don't suppose it is."

"Now you," Sybil continued, "you may be dull sometimes, but I don't suppose you are, and whenever you leave off and think—well, you must always feel that your time, instead of having been wasted, has been well and wholesomely spent. I wish I could have that feeling sometimes."

Despite herself, Mary felt that she would have to like this girl. She was so pretty, so natural ,and so deeply in earnest.

"There is no reason why you should not, is there?" she said, more kindly than she had as yet spoken. "I can assure you that I very often have the blues, and I don't consider mine by any means the happiest sort of life. But, of course, one feels differently a little if one has tried to do something—and you can if you like, you know."

Sybil's face was perfectly brilliant with smiles.

"You think that I can?" she exclaimed. "How nice of you. I don't mind how hard it is at first. I may be a little awkward, but I don't think I'm stupid."

"You think this sort of work is the sort you would like best?"

"Why, yes. It seems so practical you know," Sybil declared. "You must be doing good, even if some of the people don't deserve it. I don't know about the washing, but I don't mind it a bit. D o yo uthink it will be a busy morning?"

"I am sure it will," Mary answered. "A number of people are getting to work again now, since the Tariff Revisoin Bill passed, and they keep coming to us for clothes and boots and things. I shall give you the skirts and blouses to look after as soon as the washing is over."

"Delightful," Sybil exclaimed. "I am sure I can manage that."

"And on no account must you give any money to any one," Mary said. "That is most important."

"I will remember," Sybil promised.

Two hours later she broke in upon her mother and half-a-dozen callers, her hat obviously put on without a looking-glass, her face flushed, and her hair disordered and smelling strongly of disinfectant.

"Some tea, mother ,please," she exclaimed, nodding to her visitors. "I have had one bun for luncheon, and I am straving. Can you imagine what I have been doing?"

No one could. Every one tried.

"Skating!"

"Ping-pong!"

"Getting theatre-tickets at the theatre!"

She waved them aside with scorn.

"I have washed fourteen children," she declared, impressively, "fitted at least a dozen women with blouses and skirts, and three with boots. Besides a lot of odd things."

Lord Arranmore set down his cup with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"You have joined Brooks' Society?" he remarked.

"Yes! I have been down at the Stepney branch all the morning. And you know, we're disinfected before we leave."

"A most necessary precaution, I should think," Lady Caroom exclaimed, reaching for her vinaigrette, "but do go and change your things as quickly as you can."

(To be Continued.)

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