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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER VI.
SUBTLE PLAYING.
(Continued.)

SIR Talbot's face lightened, and his hands clasped nervously. "Like me, Harold?" he said, in a low voice.

Harold nodded.

"No one who saw you could fail to detect the resemblance, sir. If there had been any doubt in my mind as to her identity—which from the first moment there was not—the resemblance would have set it at rest. It is not in any particular feature, but in the expression of the whole face."

Sir Talbot was silent a moment, then he looked up hesitatingly.

"And—yourself, Harold; do you like her—are you good friends?" She owes you a great debt. It was you, of all who had been seeking the three years past, who found her."

Harold turned aside, and fingered the hronzes on the mantel.

"We are good friends, sir," he said. "And a faint color showed through the tan on his cheek."

Sir Talbot looked at him wistfully.

"I—I am longing to hear your story, Harold," he said, presently, with evident agitation. "Tell—"

"Not to-night, at any rate, sir," said Harold, firmly. "You have quite enough to hear at the meeting to-morrow, or later." Then he said, suddenly: "One word I ought to speak of warning, sir."

"Of warning?" repeated Sir Talbot.

Harold added:

"This has been a trying time for

Lilian; indeed, the strain upon her has been great enough to bear down even so strong a woman as she is. The past, her past, has been a hard—forgive me, sir," he broke off, seeing a spasm of pain cross the old man's white face. "What I would say is that she shows a great and natural sensitiveness on the subject of her past life. I think that, had her restoration to you depended upon her giving an account of her past life, she would have refused to return to us. It was with the greatest reluctance that she told me enough to set the proof of her identity above refutation. I am convinced that she is Lilian Woodleigh—your daughter—rather by her resemblance and the circumstances of our meeting than by the details she has given me of her early life; though in all cases those details correspond with those sent over by your agents. In a word, sir, she knows that which only the daughter of Lady Woodleigh could know."

"Harold," said Sir Talbot, almost inaudibly, "doubt would kill me!"

"There is no room for doubt," responded Harold, emphatically; "or a glance will convince you of that, sir." Sir Talbot trembled.

"What is that I hear?" he said rising, but holding his chair by both hands.

A strange light came into Harold's eyes, as he, lowering them, said:

"It is her voice. She has come down. Go to her, sir. Give me your arm. Be calm and brave, for Heaven's sake! Remember her ordeal."

The old patrician straightened himself, and stood, for a moment, struggling for the self-command and imperturbable composure which had been "Wild Woodleigh's" boast; then, first laying his hand on Harold's strong arm he motioned him to lead the way.

Meanwhile, in the softly lighted drawing room Lilian Woodleigh awaited that ordeal. One month had passed since that awful night on the prairie road, and the fear which had worked this change. Her face had lost its haggardness, and had gained more than his wonted beauty. The trace that had charmed a crowded theatre with enthusiasm, shone to a new and marked advantage in the luxurious and artistic room in which she stood, framed, as it were, by the dignified surroundings. She was pale, but with the creamlike pallor which was characteristic of her style of beauty, and served to set off the dark eyes and hair. With true art she had chosen a black dress of some soft material, and, for her only ornament, one pale yellow rose in the thick folds of her soft, dark hair. Her little figure, gracefully bent as she leaned her white arm on the back of one of the richly carved chairs, she looked round the room, taking in the elaborate and costly decorations, the rare and priceless antique furniture, the innumerable objects of vertu and art scattered with lavish profusion about the magnificent apartment, and lastly, at the pictures and portraits that stood from the Persian hangings which draped the walls. As her dark eyes rested on one of these—a portrait of the master of all his wealth, when he was "Wild Woodleigh," a dark shadow seemed to fall upon her lovely face.

That was how he looked when he designed to stoop to the ruin of an innocent girl—her mother! and as she looked, the room, with all its costly splendor, faded from her sight, giving place to a vision of that one mean, little room across the sea, in which her wronged mother had told, with her dying breath, the story of

his crime and cruelty. With clinched hands and flashing eyes she looked at the portrait of the handsome face, and the wild, savage charge of the dying woman rang in her ears, and the oath which she, the wronged daughter, had pronounced:

"I swear that nothing, neither love, nor riches, nor life itself shall stand in the path to my revenge!"

The path she had already entered upon. While memory lasted she would follow relentlessly that path to its end—be it what it might.

Already, in a few short weeks since she had taken that oath, she had begun the work of vengeance, for was she not here the acknowledged daughter of the house while the true one lay dead? What purer, more exquisite retribution could mortal man have planned!

Before her stood a tall white-haired old man, looking at her with a yearning tenderness on his face. As if a hand had smitten her and changed the current of her blood, she staggered and grasped the back of the chair. It was so sudden a transformation from the handsome, careless face of the young man in the portrait to the weird face, with its white hair and wistful eyes.

In an instant she realized it was her father! With an inarticulate cry Sir Talbot came toward her and held out his arms.

"Lilian, my child!"

In an instant she glided forward and was wrapped in his embrace, as from her parted lips came the cry of her heart: "My father!"

It was only for an instant; the next as if the pallid face of her dying mother had come between them, she drew back her head, and with a gesture full of wild, almost savage grace released herself.

The room swam before her; she saw nothing, until the mist clearing she looked down upon him. As he bent on one knee before her, he murmured, brokenly:

"Lilian, Lilian, my child—forgive me! I am your father!"

Fixedly she looked down upon him; then, stooping, raised him, and touching his forehead with her lips, said in a low, measured voice:

"Yes, you are my father!"

Ten minutes afterward Harold opened the door and entered softly.

Father and daughter were seated side by side, she leaning back with her hand in his, he bending over her with his eyes fixed on her face with feverish eagerness, as if he were engraving every feature on his heart.

"Lilian, Harold heard him say, 'let the past be buried—buried! From to-night your life commences; from to-night what remains to me of life shall be spent in one great effort of atonement. Child, I live only for your happiness; no wish of yours shall go unsatisfied, if it be in my power to gratify it. I cannot atone in fact; but Heaven sparing me, I will make you happy; and all I ask in return is your love. Oh, my child, restored at this the evening of my days, you will not withhold your love!"

Lilian looked up, and warned by her eye, Sir Talbot turned, and saw Harold standing with folded arms and bent head.

"Harold," he cried, "come here and be witness to my joy—who have been the chief instrument in producing it."

Harold came forward, and took the outstretched hand.

"Lilian," said Sir Talbot, turning to her with almost feverish eagerness. "He has been more than a son; I have hidden my love for him all these years, because I tried to believe myself incapable of loving any one human creature. He has been more than a son to me, and has now laid me under a debt which I cannot, and would not repay—it was Harold who restored you to me, Lilian!"

Silent and cold, Lilian's eyes downcast, she sat motionless.

"Have you no word for him?" asked Sir Talbot, with agitation.

Harold stood erect and stalwart in his evening dress, looking at her lovely face with a curious agitation in his own.

"Not one word?" pleaded the old man.

Then she raised her eyes, and held out her hand.

"I am very grateful," she said, in a low voice.

With a sudden twitch of the lip Harold took the hand, held it for a moment, then turned away.

"Dinner is served, sir," he said, quietly.

Sir Talbot rose and drew the white, shapely arm within his, and stood erect, with a proud smile on his face.

"Come," he said, with hidden significance; "come, my children!"

To be continued.

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