THE APPLE OF HIS FYE.

BY EDGAR FAWOETT.

when Oswald Selwyn returned from austrains after a tenyears' residence there all London society pricked on the control of the

only a delicate fills to your common sense."

While thus sneaking he turned upon Selvyn the full gravity and kindliness of his rather world-worn face—a face by no means handsome, and yet fraught with peculiarly vitile charm. It had often been said of Royce Blok-erteth that he had "lived" too much in his early youth. Sometimes the comment ran that he had been made to suffer too much as well. "Now everybody said, either thinking of some woman who had caused this suffering or not aware either who sho was of it she had ever existed. "How so if we would be she that the high till you have so if she had ever existed. "How so if we would be she will b

grief's and permass their despates.

To Selwyn he had already become an oracle of wisset counsel, Acting on his advice, the count of Lndy Reedborough and Mrs. Alderley granted these kinsfols a figures of his baby, in her nurses capacious arms, and they thought her quite a hideous little belief the country of the country

"You don't that it up." and house one day.

And Selwyn answered with surly gloom, understanding perfectly well, "No, I don't, and I shen't. I loved my wife devotedly, and their repensance strikes me as tendt to the point of exapperation. Besides I've determined to go to America." He tossed off in explanation certain railroad projects in which he had financially concerned himself. "Come along with me, Royce," he added. "Or are you too wedded to your life here-half a dozen women who love to give you a cup of tea, and tell you how they hate their husbands: whiter house parties at castles and manors and halls; a drawing room or two in the season; your clubs, your dinhingsout your Acot, and Goodwood and Derby race concept for it will, and don't want more!"

courses? On, it all, and commonly for it all, and commone?

The figure and a rear and a triffe over, said Royce, and I make this do me fairly well. No, thanks; I'll stay.

"Twe 11200 to year of the this do me fairl, well. No, thanks; I'll stay ore." and Royce. "and I make this do me fairl, well. No, thanks; I'll stay ore." "Twe shows the year of which I can't touch." said Selwyn, and in the large blue eyes gave an old the shows a unentity in London without a peop of money. I missed the arridon, you know, 'he went on: "for that feeble cousin of mine, whom many physicians doomed at the age of 20, is now the father of three hale young boys. Well, and so I am going to try to bury my sorrow for dear, dead, darling filled in a sorld search after gold."
"And how about little Hilda?" Royce Blekersteth naked. "Oh. I'll leave her with Watson is a wonderfully worthy woman."
"Yes."
"And now about little Hilda?" Royce Blekersteth asked. "Oh. I'll leave her with Watson is a wonderfully worthy woman."
"Yes."
"And now alout little Hilda?" pursued Swin, as II bathed by the lustre of a now idea. "you (and Watson) shall take care of her Yu'll really promile

me that you'll see everything goes right?" he demanded Royce gave him two or three slow

me that you'll see averything goes right?" he demanded Royce gave him two or three slow node.

"I'll really promise. Every few days or so i'll drop in upon her. Don't blume me, though, if you come back and find that she's a hundredfold fonder of her new father than her natural one." I shart. However, I don't expect to be gone over two years." He was gone hip and roturned rich man. The dauchter, who greeted him somewhat shyly, was her mother's limage in miniature.

She's adorable! Selvyn said to hoyce. "Her face is a flower, her gracefulness is a forn's in a breeze. And so clever for her ago! Who's made her thus uniquely sweet? Not poor old Mrs. Westen, saroly! Not the German governess, or left her. No, it must be you. Rowce, for she tells me, the garrulous rosched, that she's seen ever so may you for an immense time past. That means dating from hefore the young divinity could talk. Well, I'm your grateful slave, I can't put il more dovotionally—there!"

Royce made with his lean, strong shadlers a genial shrug. "I wish. O' your thanks. But only the gods themselves have alven your little girl her winsomeness I've merely looked on and seen it britchen and prosper. Honor, my friend to whom honor is due."

"Your telline you," Selvyn bill thely protested. Then, in a thoughtful strala, "Royce I mean to take the dear child with me to Austraia. I couldn't go without her."

"To make more hundreds of thous ands? Haven't you enough?"

"For mysell—yes." Here Selvyn's eye caught a gallter, our lous and translent. "But not for her. I've been assalled by a most ravaging ambition. It's little Hilds, I've fallen so exorbitantly in love with my own daughter that I want her to become he maringeable helress in England!"

"Rally?" said Royce, with his quaint dryness.

"To aske more hundreds while I was in America," Selvyn now pursued. "You

"Really?" said Royce, with his qualit dryness.
"Tid almost given up the great capitalistic offer received while I was in America," Selwyn now pursued. "You know-everybody knows-how a pound will roil up hill to get at another pound, after one has secured a lot of them. I had to fight hard for my first finantial successes. Now another off there in Antartic regions, has dropped straight into my lap."
"You mean the promise of it," said Royce.

"Yat mean the promise of it," sans Royce.
"Oh, the certainty of it! I shall risk something of course. But in these railroad matters I've so learned the ropes—x - whall I say the rails Thorres that mining interest of which I told you, closely connected with I tou must come out to Melbourne in a year or two to see Hilda."
"Thanks."

Xon must come out to Melbourne in a year or two to see Hilda."

"Thinaits"

"Thinaits"

"Thinaits"

"Thinaits"

"Thinaits"

It on the surrounded by tutors, and the formale. There isn't an accomplishment she shant to taught, and in delighted to hear you say that sie has an aptitude for music. Yes, Royee, old boy, you must come. The voyage will make you live years younger. And Melbourne, I hear from the best sources a an immonsely civilized place."

But Royce stayed in England, and his friend, while ten fresh years had clapsed, could never porsuade thim to "come down and see how glorlously he and Hilds were get ling on." And at hist Selwyn "came up," gray and a hist Selwyn "came up," gray and at hist Selwyn "came up," gray and at hist Selwyn "came up," gray and a trifle stout, and worth £4,000,000 if a yenny, with his daughter, so to speak, in his wake.

Royce, not stouter, but rather a trifle thinner, and gray almost to whiteness, had only to give Hilds one good glance before he gave her one of the warmest handshakes to perceive that she had been getting on very gloriously indeed. Her loveliness suraprised him. Sue was much more beautiful than her mother had been at the same age, though that other Hilds had been exceptionally fair.

As before chronicled, Selwyn's home coming had startled the whole town. In this wealth-worshipping age he found hipself almost socially grovelled to, and rend at theles in certain London Journals which poured culogy on his "genius as a great colonial financer." So vital, one of these sheets affirmed, had been in certain London Journals which poured culogy on his "genius as a great colonial financer." So vital, one of these sheets affirmed, had been in earlied to, and rend at theles in certain London Journals which poured culogy on his "genius as a great colonial financer." So vital, one of these sheets affirmed, had been in earlied to, and rend at theles in certain London Journals which poured culogy on his "genius as a great colonial financer." So vital, one of these sheets affirmed

ten me only exactly and your out of the control of

narge was divided in schation to her. One part of it declared be beautiful but dult, another part elablach that nie was beautiful but indifferent. A few closer men and women formed, nowever, a kind of third party, with a thory of their own These heished that Hilda was a girl of signal inteller, bored to the marrow of her young bones by the manities and previous bones by the manities and previous bones of the smart sets.

A rum-act fine reacher her fother, and he wart with it to floye Blekerstoth, who had already given bits certain precious bits of advice respecting the modern West end influx of things, from Cholesca and Konshigton sheet from Cholesca and Konshigton sheet, estuction, to the big swells. In this, estuction, to the big swells. In wonder if she's ever triked about it two you?"

"Oh, a bit yesterday at that stund

doesn't want to kurt my teening a wondor if she's ever triked about it to you?"

"Oh, a lit yesterday at that stupid garden party. The young enaps had fropped away for a minu'te, and I strolled up."

"How niee of you to keep guard that way! You, who never liked the infantile, as long, as I've known you, and whom twenty femmes do trente ans, at such places, are altways charmed to welcome. Well, what the work of the wore of the work of

he began to roam about the handsome smoking room of his new home, with its bronze gilumers of old oaken wains roting and its multiplieity of rare prints and its multiplieity of rare prints to do?" Royce vaguely ventured. "Oh, has it come to that?" "Yee, it has, Summerville has spokent ome. He's the eighteenth has spokent ome. He's the eighteenth haron of his line, you know." "Yee, it has, Summerville has spokent ome. He's the eighteenth haron of his line, you know." "Yee, it has, Summerville has spokent ome and haron. Anybody clas?" "Yee, it has, Summerville haron of his line, you know." "Yee, it has, I have hard hard hard haron of his line, you know." "Yee, it has time a duke! And but 25 at that. Pray how did you answer his grace of Meadowmere?" Selwyn, with both hands pocketed, dropped into an arm chair. "Demur, demur, to the whole lot of oml Which those wise little eyes of yours—o.. dis me ior calling them little— have already volunteered." "I do calling them little— have already volunteered." "I have alleady with the little, I grank. Old age is beguing to contract them. But how, or friend, did you manage to frame pour demur, as you turn it? In gilt malogny or rougher material?" "Confound it" growled Selwyn, "the girl will have £1,000,000 sterling on her wedding day, if she marries the man I want for her. I'd rather"—he looked at the coiling, then at the floor, then at the walls—"I'd rather give her to you, old boy, than let either of these men—" He paused here, flushed, distinctly embarrassed. "Oh, my dear Royce, forgive mel" "Willingly, I treasure the compil of his short, sharp, infrequent laughs. ment." And Mr. Bickersetch saved the believe und. "And Mr. Bickersetch gave the solate like myself, even on their dying beds. Well, go on, please."
"Summerville!" I tumed the sire of Hilda, with a gestare of inflaite contempt. "That notorlous heires hunter! And Clamishrocke—" wildower with six children."

solais like myself, even on their dying beds. Well, go on, please."

Summervillet" fumed the sire of Hilda, with a gesture of infinite contempt. "That notorlous heiress hunter and the sire of Hilda, with a gesture of infinite contempt. That notorlous heiress hunter with six childres, and good and as for the sire of t

teel that she's more fillal to you than to me, if such a paradox is permissible."

'It isn't," Royce rather gruffly announced. 'You know quite well how this spa is infested with the most victous foreign fortune hunters. I whiper a word to the gifts now and then. However, it's all quite unnecessary. Your Hilda will marry for love when the marries at all. You couldn't drag ther, I believe firmly, into an alliance with royalty unless she chose to be dragged.

ner, I believe firmly, into an alliance with royalty unless she close to be dragged.

"Oh, I understand," said Selwyn gruffly. He pulled his moustache with rigor, and gave a sharp, ambiguous growl. But I'll be blessed, Rovee, if she takes up with anybody who doesn't sait me. Watch, for heaven's cake; I know you'ra awfully fond of her. You're 53, uy the way-less my own age. Royee, old boy, if she should get a sudden fancy for some fataily ineligible fellow, and confident to you. I'm confident you'd.— Oswald. She'd be sure to let out in one of our friendly talks."

"On, yes, of course, Oswald. She'd be sure to let out in one of our friendly talks."

"One member of the cat in one of our friendly talks."

"Store she'd ever do to me!" But his limit! Somehow rang wrong. In a changed voice he went on. "The truth is, I don't think she likes my idea of a great marriage. I fancy it rather frightens her." Then his brow clouded. "But it's got to not There's nothing else for her. She shan't marry unless she marries tremondously well. I—I wish you'd contrive to make this plain to her. Royce, You can put things, you know. You always could, and, you can do it now, quite importantly, quite notably."

hold. You over-rate my abilities, Oswald, as an entrepreneur, he so dably sind-touch of asperity, "Your girls and a touch of asperity, "Your girls and a right. Leave her to herself, tick the back to that lovely place on the Thamse-Lord Leithfields, isn't 127-which you've rented for the autumn months."

months."

Yes, assented Solwyn, noforously, "but where will you be?
Dancing off to this person's villa and
that person's manne and tother person's grange, Oh. I know you so
well. I won't have you neer to guard
her?"

"How the have you neer to guard
her?"

"How the have you neer to guard
her?"

"Yo Oh. of course. But that's altogether differs in: I've become simply
a boorlah old Soath-Sva Islander.

"I've Decome simply
a boorlah old Soath-Sva Islander.

"I'n Oh. of course. But that's
an Idea, too, that some of the maceuaries' are capable of stealings and it
is not large of the course of the maceuaries' are capable of stealings and it
its terraces and doing alloys and
its and laurels of the maceuaries' are capable of stealings and
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its and laurels of the maceuaries' are capable of stealings and
its and laurels of the maceuaries' are capable of stealings and
its and laurels of the maceumal, speed of the p. Your room and
bounds the house is crammed. One
chings annoys me; I may be called a
good deal away from Cleeve this
autumn, on account of those inhing
matters ith which I've allowed myself to become connected. There'll always he Mrs. Abernethey, 'receivingwith Hilds, of course—that poor, faded,
old farthingless cousin, whose gentle
bosom what she calls my 'princely hibcrality' has pierced with etornal grattude. But then the Honorable Aurelia
is, I fear, as impracticable and old
ashloned as her name.'

The autumn proved especially charmful, and Cleeve for many weeks was
peopled with many guests. Greatly or
with an unexpected frequency. The
proprietor of this adorable-Ireside
home found himsel and with a unexpected
frequency. The
proprietor of the adorable-Ireside
home found himsel and of the fallenment when te came to any question of
perturbing him.

"Let them laugh, let them even
shows a

tary will as she turned to constant companion.
Royce almost grunted his reply, "Yes yes. I do so sympathiae with you, my little girll But you must always remember that yource." He paud here, then orought it out squared here, then orought it out squared hier the did elderly appeared to was, "that you're not a piece of the dilina, but a piece of young porcelain, tinted with the best modern rosy touches."

tinted with the best modern rosy touches."

Hilda smiled, and the roses deepend on her checks. They were strolling together through the Italianesque pathways of Cleuce. I suppose, she said, "that everybody is watting for tea. Cousin Aurelia will think it foll two don't go and join them. We must, mustart wer."

I think we must, "replied Boyce, as if waking from some sort of odd reverle. "By the way, do you expect your father home to-night? He left yesterday, I think you said?"

"He sent a telegram this afternoon. He won't return from the North till Thursday,"
"Ah, that's two more days yet, isn't

Thursday."

Ah, that's two more days yet, isn't it?"
On Thursday Selvyn got back to Cleeve. It was six o'clock in the evenling. Mrs. Abernethey met him in the

was. Airs. Abernethey met him in the hall.

"What's happened?" he asked with plain alarm, seeing her white, drawn face.
"Oh, Oswald!"

"Why, what do you mean?"
"Nothing," the old lady stammered, that is—I don't know—there are two letters."
"Two letters?, Where are all the people?"

"They went yesterday. Their time had exited."

"We letters, Where are all the people?"

"They went yesterday. Their time had expired, you know."

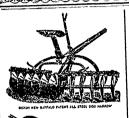
"Oh, I see, But you are trembling, Aurelia."

"Yes-no-yes."
"I-I dou't know cousin."
"I-I dou't know cousin."
"Bon't know?" In another minute Selwyn had given a wild cry. "You can't couceivably nearn—Look nearned tow, Aurelia, what has happened? Can it be possible? No-not Ahl by the you had not be possible? No-not Ahl by the highlin."
"Mr. Blekersteth has gone."

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vere ringing, and the odd sound re-ounded itself into one echo, iterated

were ringing, and the odd sound resounded tisel into one cetho, iterated again and again.

"II I had siked you for her you would have refused her. She is the only womant have ever low d. I know that I can make her happy, though I am old enough, twice over, to be her father. Not a penny do I want with her. Oswald Remember that Even white cursing me and hating me for having married her, remember that "oswald—Oswald!"

He had sunk into a chair, and poor Mrs. Abernetiey, who had reposted over him and touched his forchead with her paile and twitching lips "Yes—yes, Aurolia." "Olive seen".

"I-- ve hurried through both ister's dear Oswald hopes of her! To marry like that! And him, of all folk! Why—why, it's almost, lent it, as if she dioped with her own grand-father; a seed of the seed of the

eloped with—with her own grands father?"
Selwyn rose to his feet, a little unsteadily, "Consult the—the letters again, please, Aurelia, and see if either contains any address."
"Oh, I ild see, Oswald," his grieved kinswoman hastened. "They ro to be neither than the best of the bursting into tears, sie named the hotel at which they were to tarry. "Get me, please," parsued Selwyn, in an unnatural voice, "ink—paper—par like eyes first roamed the ceiling, then, the floor, while his cousin hurried to obey.

obey.
"I wonder—I wonder," he muttered,
ttaring down at the materials placed
before him, "if I can write — really

"Wonder-I would, he absoluted before him, "if I can write - really write?"
"Lot me write," pleaded Aurellathrough her tears. And she seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, through her tears. And she seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, through her tears a seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, through her tears a seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, through the seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, through seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. Then, the seated hersell, polsing pen over paper. The seated hersell, pols

in the possible? No—no! Ant by early where is Royce? Ho could evaluable?

"Mr. Blekersteth has gone."

"Yes—yes; I know. He's always gong and coming. But Hidda! You—you can't meen.—'

"Selwyn, she disappeared yesterday, inst at this hour!" The Honorable Miss Abernethey was papitating; her black satin gown seemed to glitter with lights of agony and despat. They replace the seemed to be a supply of the seemed to be a supply of the seemed to be in the stage of the seemed to be in the aborbed them in the seemed to him, he absorbed them as it seemed to him, he absorbed them as it seemed to him, he absorbed them as it seemed to him, he absorbed them there text flourished itself into his brain like the wriging of a speeding snake, He sank into a chair. His sare

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T Doesn't Look Sensible, but you can pour he coal on the grate to your kitchen range, then i

on a crushed newspaper and some of ELY'S CHARCOAL
on top, light it, and have a quick fire to cook breaklast with, and at the same time kindle the band coal
undermeath, Get a trial bag of ELY'S at your