

A HEART-SONG OF TO-DAY.

(DISTURBED BY FIRE FROM THE UNRULY MEMBER.)

CHAPTER I.

A PRETTY WOMAN LAYS A PLOT, AND HIRES A GARDENER.

BY Jove! I have missed her; you are a very Circe, Mrs. Tompkins."

The speaker, one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, started to his feet as a beautiful Italian mantel clock rang in silver chimes the hour of midnight.

"Sit down again my dear Captain, I have not told you all, and am a wilful woman and must have my way. I know whom you have missed," she said truly, for Sir Tilton Everly has informed her, out-come her woman wit to prevent the meeting. "Is she anything to you?"

"No, and yes, as all women beautiful or fascinating are, I love you all."

"You have large capacities, Captain Trevalyon, but I must make you love one woman and only one, or I cannot sleep content," and the black amorous eyes rest on his face.

"Ye gods! a confession," thought Trevalyon. "Awkward for me as I want Haughton to have the innings; she is good fun and doesn't bore one, but I've missed Vaura again, fool I was to come."

"You don't seem curious" continued Mrs. Tompkins,