

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Ah. lost his life as well as his

tain, with a sneer so cold and care-

"We played whist together," said

"T have nothing to tell," said the

captain, quietly. "You remember tell-

ing me some gossip about Dale--Miss

"That's candid!" laughed the other

"It is true." he returned, uncon-

The captain raised his eyebrows.

round the hush or tell falsehoods if

it is not necessary. I intended marry-

ing the girl. My cousin, you will re-

room for her. I don't generally fail

"As I suppose the gossip of the

yourself."

DAYS OF ANGUISH.

"You are deuced fortunate then," dare? No? A fact. Everybody could retorted Sir Charles, with his light see it but the old lord, and he was laugh-your buoyant, light-hearted quite blind. He wouldn't believe it Sir Charles Andersons would laugh when they told him. However, he calleven at the undertaker's bill for their ed Wildare out, and they met at own funerals, "I am almost bored to Calais." death. Dartmouth; and with to Heaven I had been in your place vegetating in tain, with indifferent coolness. "Wildare shot the poor old boy the country and quietly waiting for a cool quarter of a million."

A slight frown contracted the brow of the captain. He did not care to wife!-that is rhyme, but there's very hear the last few months and his own little reason in it," retorted the cap-

"You would have found it almost as less that his companion half shudderunendurable," he said; "there is not ed. much to choose between town and "'Pon my soul, Dartmouth," he country, or town and anything else said, "you take things uncommonly that I know of. Very few things are cool! Old Markham was a chum of worth living for; very few games yours, was he not?"

them if there are. But you want to idiot enough to get shot by the man hear some news and not to listen to who had been mad enough to relieve my grumbling. Well, look here; here's him of his worthless wife." a text for my discourse. That young "Well, you are a cool hand!" lady there, behind those high-paced mented Sir Charles. "'Pon my soul, cobs, is little Lorretta; she is the nothing astonishes you! Perhaps you'll last center of attraction. We've had tell me some news. I'll warrant me her here since you went away. Good- I'll show a little more interest." looking, don't you think?" he whis- "I question it," said the captain pered, as he lifted his hat with a deep with his low, unfeeling, well-breil laugh. "I have no news-that is, with

"Passably so," said the captain, the exception of egotistical tidings." glancing indifferently at the fair de moiselle. "Whose heads has she been replied Sir Charles. "Tell me about

"Heaps-not only heads, but pockets, too," said Sir Charles, and he ment. "Her last is young Willie Rebecca Goodman, you know? Well, Taunton-Lord Taunton now-the old I took your advice, as you well know, peer died a month ago. She will soon intending to marry the girl." clear him out, for there isn't much more than the encumbrances of the estate left to him. Poor Willie; he is not a bad sort!"

tain, with a quiet sneer,

"'He laughs at scars that never felt a wound," quoted Sir Charles, quick- member, had been turned out to make ly. "You are made of flint, old fellow, or some other composition equally in small matters I take in hand, and hard, and are un-get-at-able, or you'd I don't think I should have come to have been plucked before now. Well, ground to this matter had not the inthere she is, and there is poor Willie, tended bride-run away." and, for the matter of that, there are a good many more in the same boat." "Sir Charles Anderson for one."

"Myself for one," sighed the young baronet. "But we will not pursue town. I did not think that the vulture turer says. You know my Lady Mark- matter. She ran away and left me ham has run away with young Wil- checkmaed-nonplused. I looked af-

ter her for three days, and then rewer. In a few hours he died."

"Yes?" said Sir Charles, eagerly. "He died, and left me by will the Dale and twenty thousand a year," said Captain Dartmouth, as quietly

"What extraordinary luck!" exclaimed the young baronet.

beckoned with her hands he turned and rode up to it, followed by Cap-

Sir Chales, with a flush of pleasure on his face, bent down and exchanged a few words with the lady and then turned to Reginald Dartmouth.

"Countess, this is my greatest friend Captain Reginald Dartmouth. Captain Dartmouth. Countess Vitzarelli."

Reginald Dartmouth lifted his hat and bent low, the Countess Vitzarelli bowed slightly, and a soft smile lighted up a dazzlingly beautiful face as she said, in a voice slightly toned with a foreign accent and exquisitedly musical:

of yours, Sir Charles, Captain Dart-"No. of the Twenty-eighth." said Reginald, in the voice he knew so well

"Ah, yes! The other is Captain Darton, I had mistaken. Your English

Once more the smile lighted up her face, and Reginald Dartmouth woned a chord within his own heart and vibrated through his whole being.

Sir Charles had gone round to the other side, and was talking to the old the name of Madame Campani.

The captain, with his hand firmly grasping the bridle of the pulling chestnut said:

"London is very full. I do not think

replied the countess, with a smile. "It is my first visit to the Vanity Fair

on your Paris," said the captain, guessing that the beautiful woman was French, yet uncertain enough to put the reply as a trap for her.

"Paris is not my city." she said. "I am not a French-woman," and again she smiled, this time, the captain thought, at having outgeneraled him But you are wrong: Paris is not realy half as gay as your London. It is more on the surface in La Belle France. Here you make a trade of your pleasure and drive deep and soar high for it. Am I not right, Sir

"Always, my lady," replied Sir Charles. "You are the only infallible person in the universe." "The deuce!" exclaimed Sir Charles

and she touched his arm with her daintily-gloved morsel of a finger.

"For shame, Lucille!" the staid, middle-aged chaperon.

"Well, whether it takes two hour for your toilet or one, we must be gong. Sir Charles, I count on you for o-morrow: and Captain Dartmouthvitation; but perhaps Captain Dartnouth will pardon both, and hone

She turned her large, brown eyes on Reginald Dartmouth's face, and h lowed low, as he said:

"The honor is on my side, madam shall only be too happy to do so." "Will you tell my man to drive on ir Charles? Thanks. Good-by."

With a slight nod she was gone and Sir Charles turned his horse's Reginald Dartmouth remained me

less, his eyes bent on the depart ing carriage, his face stern a

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"Hello Dartmouth!" he said, hanteringly. "Moon-struck, star-struck, or Lucille-struck? The last, I expect. Is she not beautiful?" he exclaimed, fervently, as the captain, with deliberate calmness, turned his horse's nead and joined him, .

"Yes," he said. "Who is she?" "The Countess Vitzarelli."

"Yes. I heard the name: but who is the Countess Vitzarelli?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know, and, was nearly adding. I don't care. She's of the right sort, though. They know her at the embassy and at the court. She moves in the best circles, self. They say that she is the daugh-Lord Fitz's. There is a regular army of retainers, and everything is carried out with princely magnificence."

Reginald Dartmouth listened eagerthough his face showed little or no "It is a noble name," he said, quiet

"Yes, Lucille, Countess Vitzarelli. eautiful name. I think-almost a done so as it is. You'll be a victim. I think, Dartmouth, 'Pon my word, I never knew you so tongue-tied. You

ly. "I do not remember meeting with

any living representative of it, though

are in love a lready." And he laughed merrily.

"No," said Reginald Dartmouth; "not in love, but troubled. I can not help thinking I have seen her face before. And yet—no, it can not be. It must be a resemblance to some one.

"If you mean she is like some one you know, or, rather, knew," said Sir Charles, slowly, and glancing at his companion's face with a marked hesit ation, "I can help you."

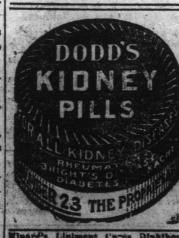
"Who is she like" asked Reginald Dartmouth, marking the tone and hesitation and looking at his com-

"Bella," replied Sir Charles. Captain Dartmouth shrank back and turned white at mention of the

Sir Charles was about to apologize, but the cold smile, half scornful, half threatening, that rose to the other's

"Not a word, my dear fellow! The name took me by surprise, that is all. shall not show the white feather gain if you bawl the names of all the ballet girls in London or Paris through the street. Yes, she is like Bella. It is strange!"

(To be Continued.)





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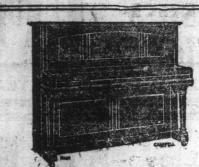
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