

# THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XVI.  
HER SOUL SHINES THROUGH HER EYES  
(Continued.)

"PAY Gerald a visit," he said, "if his head will stand it. And, by the way, Sir Talbot was kind enough to ask me to walk up to the Hall. I think I will go."

"Pray do!" said the duchess, pleasantly. "And bear our anxious inquiries after Miss Lilian's health. Poor girl! She will be tired out, I know."

Dawson Slade passed his white hand over his mouth, to hide the faint, flickering smile.

"I will make most particular inquiries," he said.

"Give her my love," said the duchess, "and say please that I shall drive over this afternoon to thank her."

Dawson Slade bowed, and held open the door for her grace.

Then he came back, and stood by the window, looking out on the lawn.

Yes, it was quite plain. Hilda Fane the actress, was Lilian Woodleigh, the heiress. Her identity was proved by her likeness to Sir Talbot. There could be no doubt on the point. But why—but why had she been so much startled by his, Dawson Slade's, appearance?

As he mused, recalling the moment of their meeting in the greenroom, the strange look of astonishment, dread and defiance, all mingled together, rose before him.

What could it mean but that she had concealed the fact of her being an actress from all?

So rap was he that when the duke crossed over to him and put a hand on his shoulder he was guilty of a slight start.

"Did you bring a gun with you, Slade?" asked his grace. "Three more days, and we have the first of September. I hope you brought your gun; if not—"

"I think there was a gun case among the luggage," was the reply. "But whether it reached its destination or not—"

"No matter," said the duke. "You can take your pick from my room. I'm going round the farm—have you seen my new pigs? No, of course not. Well, come round with me when you come back!" and his grace trotted out.

Dawson Slade stood a minute longer, then turned and ascended the great staircase to Gerald's room. The door was ajar, and he went in.

The young marquis was lying, head upon arm, his delicate face flushed and feverish.

"Who is that? Oh, Slade! I've been waiting for you. How kind of you to come; I knew I might expect you. Are you very tired? What a night it was!"

"What a morning it is," said Slade, leaning over the bed and passing his cool, white hand over the hot brow. "This comes of amateur theatricals, Gerald; beware of them in future."

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"No!" cried Gerald. "I would suffer ten times as much for the delight of such a night as we had last night. Wasn't she glorious, Slade? Glorious!"

"Who?" he asked, vacantly.

"Who?" cried Gerald, indignantly.

"Why, Lilian Woodleigh! How can you ask? Slade, I haven't been able to sleep all night for the vision of her. Oh, how could you look at her, and listen to her, and play at all?"

"Made of different clay to you, Gerald," he said, smoothing the pillow with a hand as gentle as a woman's.

"Stiffer clay. You are wax, and very excitable wax, too. But she played well."

"Well? Divinely!" groaned Gerald. "Well! Did you ever see anything like it?"

Dawson Slade smile gently.

"Once or twice," he said. "But what's the matter, Gerald—the old

arrangement. And Miss Woodleigh—how is she disposed toward it? Your friend Harold is a fine fellow—"

"Is he not?" assented Gerald, quickly. "A splendid fellow! Half Hercules, half Apollo, and so frank, and what, if he were a woman, would be called 'sweet-natured'! Yes, he is a fine fellow. Is there a girl who could resist him?"

Dawson Slade sat with lowered lids, smoothing the satin counterpane with his white, satiny hands, his face as impassive as a statue's.

"And to reverse it," he said, raising his eyes, with a faint smile, "who could resist her?"

Gerald drew a long breath, and his pale face flushed.

"No one," he said; then he smiled, twisted round to get better view of the statuesque face; "excepting, perhaps, yourself, Slade; you are different to most of the sons of men. But if she smiled kindly on you, even you, would be lost."

"Lost, indeed!" he retorted. "I am going up to the Hall; let us hope that she will not smile sweetly on me."

"Go," said Gerald, with an envious sigh. "Ah, how I wish I could go with you! Tell her—no; tell her nothing; I must wait until I see her."

Dawson Slade put his hand on the boy's suddenly flushed face, with a gesture of half-amused pity.

"Poor Gerald!" he murmured.

"No, don't pity me," said Gerald, raising himself on his elbow, and looking, with large, eager eyes, beyond Slade—beyond the whole world. "You pity me because I love her! You are wrong, Slade. Yes, I love her, but with a love you cannot understand—a love that sweetens this narrow life of mine, and gives me something to live for. Her face is like a poem, and it moves me as never a poem could do. It is not only its beauty—what it is I can tell—but one seems to see the soul through the deep, clear eyes, and in a smile that plays about the curved lips. It is a face one ponders over, trying to read and understand. It is always changing, too; one moment soft and gentle as a girl's; the next full of a mysterious something which perplexes, almost troubles, me. Are you laughing at me, Slade?"

Dawson Slade raised his eyes; there was not the shadow of a smile in them.

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"Nothing," came the low, softly toned voice. "They are to marry, are they? Your friend, Harold, is a lucky fellow! I see! Keep the money and the estate in the family. Yes—if that is so, I can understand the

"Gerald, you are a poet," he said, quietly, "and unlike most poets, you have hit the mark. I was never further from laughing at my life. You have described her best to a nicety. Your friend, Harold, is a lucky man. He quietly till I come back. Let me put that blind down; the sun comes in your eyes. The soul shines through her eyes." Yes, Gerald, you are a poet. Good-by."

"Good-by," murmured Gerald. "Come to me when you return."

Dawson Slade nodded and left the room.

It was past noon; he could call at the Hall without a breach of etiquette, and he caught up his hat and went slowly across the parklike lawn of the Grange, through the narrow lanes, all sweet with honeysuckle and wild flowers, to the Woodleigh grounds, seeing nothing and lost in thought.

Once arrived at the beginning of the great avenue leading to the Hall, he paused, as if half minded to go back; but his resolution lasted only for a minute, and, with a faint tightening of the well-cut lips, he walked on.

Before him rose the majestic, old mansions its red bricks and time-marked stone half hidden by the rich growth of ivy. He ascended the broad stone steps, up which kings and princes had trodden in the days of old, and entered the hall by the wide open doors.

A servant in the Woodleigh livery, came forward, with that air of respect which long training gives his class, and waited to be accosted.

Dawson Slade took out his card case.

"Is Sir Talbot at home?" he asked.

The man took the card and opened the door of a drawing room.

"I will go and see; will you take a seat, sir, if you please?"

Dawson Slade walked to the window, and looked out upon the sweet gardens, all ablaze with flower beds lying like jewels on the velvet lawn, stretched down to the plantations, and waited.

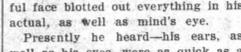
No one looking at his handsome face so calm and still, and impassive, would have guessed that his heart was beating with suppressed excitement, or have credited that he saw nothing of flowers or lawn, but that a beautiful face blotted out everything in his actual, as well as mind's eye.

Presently he heard—his ears, as well as his eyes, were as quick as a North American Indian's—a door open, and, turning, saw a figure coming, with swimming, graceful step, toward him. It was Lilian Woodleigh. A golden thrill of surprise ran through him.

To be continued.

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