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CHAPTER XVI.
(To be Continued.)

"They are all gone, Nora," he said; and added, mentally, "Thank God!"
She opened her eyes gravely.
"I am afraid you sent them away because I came," she said. "I am sorry. Will they be angry? Were they great friends of yours? Some of them looked nice."
"Not all," he said with a smile. She thought a moment.
"I liked the young one—the one with the soft voice, like a girl's."
"The Baby," he said; "and which of them didn't you like?" he added, talking for the sake of talking, and to get himself accustomed to her presence.
"After a second or two she said: 'I don't know any of them, to take a dislike. Who was the one that

looked at me so—so"—she hunted for a word—"as if he were angry?"
Vane pondered a moment.
"Oh, you mean Senley Tyers," he said. "He was not angry. He is a great friend of mine, and I hope you will like him."
"I will, if he is a friend of yours," she said, as a matter of course.
Then he plunged head-first at the question that had to be put, though he postponed it for a moment.
"And now tell me, Nora,—how—how you happened to come here."
Her color rose for a moment and her eyes drooped, but only for a moment; the next she raised them to his with a frank, sweet sadness.
"My aunt was going to leave the Caldron," she said. "She was going to take me away from England forever. We were to go to Australia." She paused as if she considered she had fully answered his question; but seeing by the expression of his face that he was still waiting, she went on in a low voice: "I did not want to go. She would not have let me stay there alone; and so—so—so—I left her and came away."
Vane nodded encouragingly.
"You came away? Yes, go on."
In her musical voice she recounted the manner in which she had reached Trelorne and counterfeited a wreck; and Vane found it impossible to repress an exclamation of amazement.
"Why, you must have the pluck of a man, Nora!"
She smiled as if he had accorded her high praise, and leaning back went on with her story.
"I walked all that night, and in the morning went to sleep in a linen."

"What's that?"

"A kind of stable in a field where they keep hay for the horses to eat in the winter. And in the afternoon I went on again, and walked till I reached Yideford."
"Why, how many miles was that?" Vane inquired.
She shook her head.
"I don't know. At Yideford I went into a shop where they sell clothes, and asked them to sell me a suit—this I've got on;" and she looked down at her serge suit with innocent satisfaction. "I said that it was for my brother, who was about my size. Then I bought a pair of scissors and cut off my hair." She laughed slightly, and put her hands through the short curls. "It was rather hard to do, because, you see, I only had a small pocket glass."
"Good heavens!" gasped Vane. "How could you do it—all that lovely hair?"
She looked at him with grave surprise.
"Are you sorry? What does it matter? Besides, I was obliged to."

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Boys don't wear hair below their waists, you know."
"I know," he answered. "But it was an awful pity—awful!"
"I'm sorry you're sorry," she said, reflectively; "but it couldn't be helped; and I don't see that it matters."
He looked at her with wondering surprise. It was evident that she was quite unconscious of her great beauty, that there was not even the proverbial ounce of vanity in her composition.
"Well?"
"Well," she went on, with a little sigh, "at Yideford I meant to take the train for London; but when I got into the station I saw two women standing in front of a bill posted on the wall, and talking about it. I went and looked at it; but I couldn't read, you know, and I was turning away when I heard one of the women say: 'Poor girl! So young, oo, I wonder whether they've found her?' And I asked her what the bill was about."

She paused a moment, then raised her eyes to his.
"It was about me. It was a bill offering five pounds reward to any one who'd find me in the sea—lead, of course!"
Vane shuddered, and touched her hand, as if to convince himself that he really was alive.
"When I heard that, I was somehow afraid to go and ask for a ticket. I thought, perhaps, that the bill described me, and the man who sold the tickets would know me. And so I went out of the station, and made up my mind to walk all the way—at any rate, nearly all the way."
"My poor Nora!" Vane murmured. His sympathy was exquisitely sweet to her. She smiled up at him.
"It was nothing," she said. "I can walk all day—without feeling tired, but I rested nearly all the day and walked at night. Not that I need have been afraid, because when I left the Cornish towns the bills stopped; but somehow I felt strange in my new things."
She laughed softly.
"It was quite a week before I felt quite a boy."

"And you were walking all that time?"
She nodded.
"Yes. Why do you pity me? It was not bad; and all the time I told myself that I was free, and that very mile brought me nearer to—he was going to say "you," but said, instead, "London."
"And where did you take the train?" he asked.
She thought a moment.
"I forget. But it was still a long way off; and I got into the wrong train, because I didn't like to ask too many questions. But a lady was very kind to me."
She stopped and looked thoughtfully at him.
"All the women were kind to me," she said. "They never used to be. Why was that?"
Vane laughed.
"You forget that they took you for a boy," he said. "Any woman would be kind to such a handsome—I mean such a lonely boy as you were."
"I see," she said. "The lady asked me where I had come from and where I was going, and I told her that I had come from my ship at Plymouth, and that I was going to my brother at London."
Vane groaned softly.
"I wish to heaven you were, my dear child," he murmured, insensibly.
"What did you say?" she inquired.
"Nothing—nothing," he said. "At least, I said 'so you were;' for you regard me as a brother, Nora."

A smile glorified her lovely face, and her eyes beamed upon him gratefully.
"I thought that you would say that," she murmured, almost sung. Indeed, "I kept saying that to myself all the way, whenever I felt lonely and low-spirited. I knew you meant what you said when you told me how glad you would be if you could take me to London, and how you would take me if only I were a boy instead of a girl."
Vane nodded. His brain was whirling. That such light words, so lightly spoken, should have borne such fruit!

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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Cable News

Editor Evening Telegram.
LONDON, Sept. 23.—The feature of the British news in the Midland counties is the destruction of an airship by a flock of aeroplanes, which, about in a manner which would enable them to do unlimited throwing in real warfare. A pilot was the mutiny of a regiment of volunteer cavalry, whose men were disgruntled because they received only three crackers' chunk of cheese for breakfast. Men refused to march, but were wards placed by a double King George will participate manoeuvres to-day. An Airplane returning from Camp Rugby, fell from a height of 10,000 feet. The pilot had his collar button, while a passenger received injuries about his head.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Prospects of a compromise Home Rule, are improved, according to the Unionist Daily Mail, which to-day, says that it is stated that important communications have passed informally between Irish cabinet ministers and leaders of the opposition. Carson, in his campaign, and the liberal asks whether he should not be content for sedition or deprived Privy Councillorship. The part of the Ulster campaign is based upon to-day when Unionist M.P.'s were informed of Carson's civil and military plans. Hour leaders are warning that they are finding it hard to control those of their followers favor physical violence, in the face of the threats of forcible resistance being made by Carson and his followers.

EDGEMOUNT, Mass., Sept. 23.—The five-masted schooner L. Urann, with coal from New Point, for Boston, ran on the rocks shoal in the Muskat Channel to-day. For several hours, Thomas and his crew of eight together with the wives of the captain and steward, were forced to stay in their vessel during a sea gale, until the dense fog of a storm disclosed their presence. Those ashore, Captain Jackson, of the Carnegie Medal for saving exploits, dashed out to harbor in his auxiliary fishing Priscilla, purchased by money the Carnegie Hero Fund. Unable to bring his little boat ashore, the big comber, James a story he was the first one ashore Urann. Handling the oars.

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