

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

Great Acting and Dangerous. (Continued.)

SLADE turned the cool, composed, absent gaze for which he was notorious, upon the frank, handsome face.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Woodleigh before to-night," he said. "Why do you ask?" Harold hesitated a moment.

"I fancied—only fancied, of course—that you seemed to recognize her." Slade was silent while a watch might give one tick; then he said, slowly:

"One does not meet such beauty as Miss Woodleigh's every day, and, to confess the truth, I was startled." Harold coloured, and looked at him curiously. Slade did not seem to be the man to start at anything, least of all at a lovely woman.

But there was no time for further parley between them, for suddenly there arose from the front a perfect thunderclap of applause.

Harold jumped to his feet. "She is on!" he said. "Listen to them!"

Slade leaned over a chair, and stroked his mustache.

"It is an ovation," he said, in a low voice. "It is what I expected."

It was an ovation—divided into two parties, those who had seen her and those who had not; the audience, as a whole, seemed equally astonished and delighted.

The costumer's art will render even a plain person fair to look upon; there is a wonderful magic in pearl powder, rouge and Indian ink; imagine, then, Lillian's loveliness, heightened by their aid, her exquisite form set off by the close-fitting costume of satin and pearls, the whole set in a beautiful picture and moving subtly to soft music. They were astounded, and looked from one to the other in amazement. Was this young creature, with the girlish, almost childish face, with the happy, innocent smile on her half-parted lips and deep, translucent eyes, the reserved, silent Lillian Woodleigh, who had come among them like a vision, from whence none knew?

Sir Talbot, pale and agitated, as much by her beauty as by the noise, half rose from his seat, then sank back and looked at her, with his trembling hand shading the eyes which were moist with tears of loving pride.

"Hush! Hush!" said some one, and suddenly there fell a silence; she was about to speak.

In a voice low, and musical, and clear—not Lillian Woodleigh; not the half-cold, half-reserved voice they knew—the words seemed to flow like the artless ripple of a child-woman from the red, half-parted lips. It was Juliet herself—Juliet, the child-woman, before Romeo's face had crossed her sight and ensnared itself in her heart.

But there was a still further surprise in the store for them. Presently, in due course, came the meeting between Romeo and Juliet; they noticed then that Lillian grew suddenly colder, and her acting less natural and spontaneous; but, as if Dawson Slade's spirit

had been a wonderful performance! From the balcony scene and onward, to the end, she had thrown herself into it. She forgot, in the abandon of a true artist, that handsome face, the deep, musical voice, upturned and pleading so passionately, belonged to the one who could ruin her at a word, the man whom she had sent from her with outstretched hand, and eyes from which blazed that most terrible of things for a man to brave—a pure woman's anger.

She forgot it all! She was no longer Lillian Woodleigh, one of a long and honorable line, heiress of Sir Talbot Woodleigh, but Hilda Fane, the actress, bent upon moving and conquering the brilliant aristocrats who sat in glittering array before her!

And such a conquest as it was! She took them up as if they were massed into one huge harp, from whose strings she could draw fear, admiration, love and tears.

The moment it was all over she realized what she had done, reminded of it by a look on the face of the man who still held her hand, as he had conducted her before the curtain. If he had had any doubts, she had dispelled them all by her own hand. He knew that she was the Hilda Fane whom he had followed home four months ago, and on the other side of the world.

They met Gerald at the wings. Almost speechless, white as herself, Gerald was the first to speak. He had stood leaning against the scene, watching her, the tears running down his pale, thin face, his lips quivering, his hands clasped, all his artistic nature moved to its greatest depths. Even now he could say nothing; but, taking her hand, he bent and kissed it, with that reverence which

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had caught fire from hers, his acting was quite different to that in the first act, when he had been alone, all intense, earnest and passionate. So it went on until his fire ignited at her altar, ignited her smoldering embers, until they both blazed in the amicable rivalry of genius. It was a wonderful sight! In that brilliant audience were men of high culture and artistic faculties, critics who had come to be bored and wearied, but who grew enthusiastic, and almost wild with delight.

And at the front, almost deafened by the roar of applause, by the flare of pocket handkerchiefs, bouquets and fans, waved aloft by uplifted, jeweled hands, on the front sat the tall, bent figure of Sir Talbot, tears running down his white cheeks and

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falling on his clasped hands, so that he could scarcely see the lovely face, as his daughter—his daughter!—was led on to receive the expressions of delight which those whom she had moved to tears were eagerly offering her.

It had been a wonderful performance! From the balcony scene and onward, to the end, she had thrown herself into it. She forgot, in the abandon of a true artist, that handsome face, the deep, musical voice, upturned and pleading so passionately, belonged to the one who could ruin her at a word, the man whom she had sent from her with outstretched hand, and eyes from which blazed that most terrible of things for a man to brave—a pure woman's anger.

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a devotee pays to his guardian saint. Harold stood a little apart, with folded arms, looking at her gravely and wistfully.

How could it be possible that this divine creature should stoop to love him? How dared he lift his eyes to her? A vast, wide-stretching gulf seemed to yawn between them. He alone said no word of praise, while the rest, in an eager clamor, exclaimed and apostrophized.

Suddenly, in a little pause, as Lillian sat fanning herself and gradually coming back into her usual calm self-possession, came a thin, clear voice—Laura Warner's.

"And only think, this is the first time she has played!"

It was a little thing to disturb the harmony or bring the color to the pale face—but it did. There was a moment's pause in the clamor, a pause as of doubt, and all eyes were fixed on the downcast eyes hidden by the white lids and long lashes.

"The first time! Is it not marvelous?" repeated Laura, returning from one to the other, but keeping her sharp eyes on Lillian.

Slowly she raised her head, but before she could speak, a voice, low and deep, said, slowly:

"Not at all! An actress is born as well as made; now that Miss Woodleigh is an actress by birth and intuition is plain; it is also evident that Lord Vavagour is a born stage manager, and it is to his numerous reversals that Miss Woodleigh owes more than half her successful debut."

He spoke, leaning over a chair in his favorite attitude of listless impassiveness, his graceful figure still in its Italian garb.

"Yes," he continued, as they all looked at him. "It was a wonderful performance; if Miss Woodleigh will permit me humbly to express myself—and he inclined his head—a wonderful, but a dangerous one."

"Dangerous!" echoed one or two. He nodded, and his white hand went up to his mustache, while his eyes fixed themselves on her face.

"Dangerous," he repeated. "Such a character is a strain even upon one who has learned endurance from long professional experience; how much more severe a strain upon a young lady who has undergone no such training. If I might advise Miss Woodleigh—he paused to push back the long hair from his neck—if I might advise Miss Woodleigh, I would say, 'Do not repeat it!'"

There was a low murmur of astonishment and almost of indignation, which he seemed as utterly to disregard as if he had not heard it; his eyes, fixed on hers, seemed to be reading her thoughts and compelling her to answer.

She knew what he meant—"It is dangerous to repeat to-night's performance, in case some other, who may have seen Hilda Fane, should recognize in her Lillian Woodleigh!"

Slowly, almost painfully, she raised her eyes, and met his calm smile.

Then, with a sudden heaving of the bosom, she said, in low, musical tones:

"I think I understand, Mr. Slade. It is very good advice."

He bowed, with a strange ghost of a smile hovering about his lips for a moment; then he said:

"And if I might add to that suggestion that Miss Woodleigh should take a little rest—"

"Yes, I will go," she murmured, and rose, almost as if in obedience to a command.

With another bow of marked respect, verging on humility, he turned and laid his hand on Gerald's shoulder.

"And now, my dear Gerald," he said, with a grim smile, "I'll go and wash off the paint; if you knew how one feels under a head so packed with powder and rouge sticking like treacle on every line of the face, with the perspiration rolling down one's velvet-covered back, you would weep tears of pity for the hapless stranger within your gates! Only a warm bath and a good night's rest will wipe this night's work from my soul. Good night."

"But, Slade—my dear Slade!" pleaded

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ad Gerald. "You'll come down again? You are! You must, indeed! They are all mad about you, as well as Lillian! They want to see you!"

"Clothed and in my right mind," said Slade, indolently. "No, Gerald; friendship will go no further. My task is done—I efface myself. Good night," and gently, but firmly, releasing himself from the thin, white hands that clung to his arm, he sauntered out.

Tortured by the Police

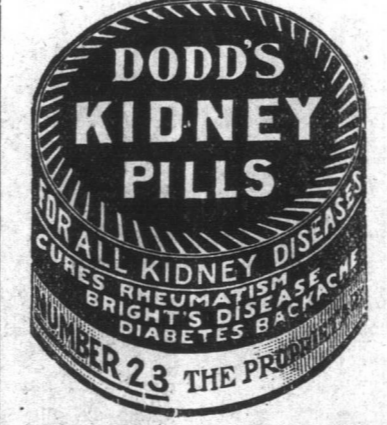
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