

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXVIII.

When he had gone from Rosamond, Mr. Dorane was angry and mortified. Angry with himself because he had not waited for a better opportunity in which to approach the woman, whom, it must be said, in justice to him he truly loved; and mortified, because he, Cyrus Dorane, was rejected by this mere slip of a girl.

What a great target for the arrows of some of his clever friends it would be, should they ever find it out on him. And what a field of amusement it would extend to the principal figure in their exclusive club, the brilliant Bruce Everett. Dorane could better bear the ridicule of any number of the others, but this man's satire he could not.

But still, as he had said to Rosamond, time works many changes, and he was firmly convinced that she would yet turn to him, and if he could keep present conditions from being known to his friends, he was all right. But there was one whom he decided to tell, and that was Mrs. Staunton. For, if any person could help him out, she was that person. He knew well that he was in her good graces, and she would be willing to exercise all her influence on his behalf with her companion. Yes, he would consult the Judge's wife, very soon.

"How independent she is," he had muttered to himself, as once he had looked back after Rosamond, "that she can afford to spurn Cyrus Dorane. I will teach her the difference—Papist though she is—and she will grow to love me. Such a pretty girl would please even my fastidious mother, in the end. Even if she does not, I love her. What's this?" as just outside the door of St. Mary's, he saw lying a white pearl object, which, stooping, he picked up.

"Popery!" he muttered when he found what it was. "Papist talisman and urgh. 'She' belongs to it. Queer object this; worth keeping," and examining the rosary intently for a couple of seconds, he dropped it into his coat pocket, unconscious of whose property

they were. In his present humor, he was not disposed to go to the National, nor home either, so he began to wander aimlessly about the suburban roads until nearly dark, when he returned to the city and went directly to the club.

"Some Burgundy to steady the nerves," he said to Dr. Greeley's spendthrift son Arthur, who with several others was seated at the card table. He had risen up at Dorane's entrance, proffering the newcomer a glass of wine.

"Yes, you need it, old fellow; what in hades is the matter with you? You're as white as the steed of Pollux. I always said bank business was too arduous a work for you," Greeley rejoined, while Dorane drained his glass in silence. "Come and play roulette."

"Not just now, thanks; I'll look on for a while."

At the other end of the richly appointed room, quietly smoking a cigarette, and silently contemplating the many players the different tables had, and of Greeley's group in particular, sat Bruce Everett. "That's all they are fit for," was his mentally voiced opinion, "wine and roulette. Poor fools! they are deserving of pity."

As soon as Dorane had seated himself he felt those gleaming, cynical eyes to be upon him, but hating this knight of the law as he did, he ignored noticing the attorney altogether, and began to talk politics, (of which he knew nothing) with Hilton Carton. When the subject of Democracy and Republicanism was exhausted Cyrus said pleasantly to Arthur Greeley, who seemed to be growing tired of the game, and was centering more attention on what Dorane and Carton were saying. "Oh, yes, Greeley, I have something here that's bound to amuse you. Look at the Popery idol! I picked it up to-day outside the Catholic church on Grantly road. The property of some superstitious fool, I warrant," and drawing the white beads from his pocket, the young man dangled them over the card table.