

TERS.

The tale opens with the meeting in Hyde Park of Jasper Warne and his wife Carline, whom he had deserted. Warne promises to meet the woman again, and bring what money he can spare. The scene then changes to the bachelor chambers of Philip Gilchrist, Jasper's cousin, and the reader learns that Philip had ence been in love with a girl named Carline, but that she had deceived him, and that he is now passionately attached to Leslie Bell, a charming young orphan, who has just, by a decision of the courts, become mistress of a great fortune. The deferred meeting between Jasper Warne and his wife takes place, and the woman is not so easily bought off as Jasper imagined she would be. To avoid a quarrel in the street he takes her to a house in which both Philip and himself have chambers. Finding that he had accidentally taken Philip's key, he brings his wife to his cousin's rooms instead of his own.

CHAPTER IV.

Carline did not answer her husband at once. She glanced down at the card he had torn. The pieces lay uppermost on the hearth. She could read the printing on them:

Mrs. Strangeways. At Home 8 to 3. Doncaster House, Grosvenor Gar-October 28th.

"You can't tempt me," she said. "So long as I live, you shall be husband to no other woman. I would not give up my rights—my poor rights—for thousands of pounds. Your love is dead, mine-I admit it's strange it should be so—is still a living thing. While I live you shall not marry this other woman; there is another woman, of course?"

He laughed savagely. "Of course," he repeated. "There always is another woman. Have not 27 years of life taught you even that much? Another woman-young, rich. lovely; and you-you, the shadow, the ghost, of a once beautiful woman, are to keep us apart? Well, try to-try to! You say you're my wife. Prove it! I certificate of our marriage. No soul who knew us saw us married.

sion. The brute in the man was getting better of the gentleman. As he made a step towards her, nine women out of ter would have shrunk back. eyes glittered as brightly as his own. Then, with an abrupt movement, she

spend the evening," she said. husband. You are going out. torn lies nvitation card there; but my sight is good—I have read the address. No lady, knowing a man to be married, invites him with-Strangeways, will doubtless lighted to see me. I am not dressed for the evening, I admit; but, for all fully and frankly. that, I shall accompany you to Grosvenor Gardens, or if not that, I shall go alone; but be sure, I shall be an-

nounced as your wife." He turned pale; he barred her way; he caught her arm roughly. "You'll do no such thing." he said. "I'd"-he set his teeth-I'd kill you

first! Do you hear? I'd kill you first!" She laughed, and pressed forward. I'm not afraid," she answered. "Killing is not such an easy matter. Well, shall we go together, or apart? Come, I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind."

She turned from him, and glanced at herself in the glass. She heard him cross the room to the lobby. Did he think of locking her in? She smiled herself-no, he wouldn't do that. She heard him pause at the door. Then he came back again. As the same moment her eyes fell upon her own photograph: she took it up, and looked at

'After all he must love me a little." she thought. "to have this here, where everyone can see it. Perhans I've been a little undiplomatic. Neither rat nor man likes being driven into a corner. Both turn. How pretty I was when this was taken! He loved me well enough then: perhaps-perhapshe loves me now!'

not look up. She did not tee his face reflected in the glass as have thought it possible that he loved her then. There was hatred written large upon it-hatred and murder!

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Strangeways occupied a very handsome house in Grosvenor iens, entertained largely, and had acsuired a reputation for wit. Folk stened to all she said attentively, and aughed when they could see laughter now. was expected of them the givers of good dinners can generally count on so much from those who glace their

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Strange: nature had gifted her with a cheery manner and a keen perception of in others. These blessings, coupled with a good memory for the, oons mots of her friends, enabled her tell many excellent stories, and fire off numberless smart jokes which were not the offspring of her own orain, but simply adopted children. However, having a good memory, she never related to others their own and so avoided creating of the deepest hatreds of which the

numan heart is capable. 'What is the good." she would say, "of troubling to make things ourselves if we can get others to make ther for us? I don't make my own bonnets or dresses; why should I make my own jokes? To be sare, you may say. I pay for my bonnets woman who entertains as much as I to does not get her ready-made jokes for nothing-far from it."

Mrs. Strangeways was "At Home" to her numerous frie quarter of an hour, it wanting much time to 8 o'clock already scated in her splendid drawroom a Mrs. Woburn and Leslie Bell being with her. Mrs. Strange-veys was looking at the girl at the simple wet becutiful, white silk gown, at the single string of pearls round her

I'm not at all sure you ought not to wear diamonds tonight, Leslie." she

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAP- said. "You might be a girl with a couple of hund ed pounds a year, so far as your toilet goes. As for your pearls, though we know they are real, they might be Parlsian. What was suitable for you yesterday is hardly suitable for you today."

The girl laughed and colored slightly. "Why not?" she as ed, "I don't want to be labeled 'heiress."

Mrs. Woburn looked up. 'You can't help it, my dear," she said. "Whether you weer diamonds or not, you're labeled 'heiress.' Your success is in all the evening papers. I heard the newspaper boys yelling it 'Verdict in the great will case. You are one of the richest girls in town. Personally, I think it rather a pity. With your face, you don't want Mrs. Strangeways frowned a little.

"Nonsense!" she answered. "Every girl, everyone, is the better for having Leslie would have done very well without I've no doubt. She'll do better still now-marry a duke, I dare There are one or two who haven't more money than they can count, and who'll be glad to be saved the initial expenses of a trip to America.' 'Oh. do the American girl justice." Mrs. Woburn returned, smiling lazily. "She generally saves him that monetary outlay. She insists, as a rule, on his going over to the land of the Stars and Stripes to clinch the bargain: but she brings her goods to market here. I declare it's quite refreching to think of an English heiress. British fathers always consider a few thousands enough for a daughter. Yes"-looking at Leslie in a contem-

would become you." "Not if it had an unhappy face beneath it," the girl answered. "I shall never marry for position, Mrs. Wo-

"Then for what, pray?" Mrs.

Strangeways said sharply. "For love I hope." "Fiddlesticks! You're too old to talk such nonsense. Who marries for love in the present day? Only girls and hovs in their teens. Marriage is part of the husiness of life; and just as it is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself-dress her hair in the way which becomes her most wear He was lashing himself into a pas- the colors in which she looks most fascinating-so it is her duty to do the best she can in matters matrimonial. If she has money, she must marry rank: if she has rank, morey: if she She leant forward; she laughed. Her has both, she must wed, if posible, the most fashionable man available. Oh, yes, my dear, there is a voque in men as well as in women. Sometimes "People in reputable society are not it's a V. C. hero sometimes a writer, asked to bring their marriage certi- a painter, sometimes a modern ficates with them when they go out to Adonis or a systematically disagreelightly; able woman-hater, whom all the wobut I'll tell you what I will do, my men are dying to convert into a bene-The dict, just for the honor and glory of We needs must choosething. I'm not quite sure whether the word 'choose' or not-but, as Mercutio 'T'will serve the highest when out his wife. Your friend, Mrs. we see it.' The accent's on the when -it is so seldom we do see it." met Mrs. Strangeways's eyes

quite agree with you," she answered, "and the highest is love. ever I marry, I shall marry for no other reason. I fancy I hear the first

carriage. Strangeways shrugged her Mrs shoulders.

"You're your own mistress, of course, my dear," she said, "and if you choose to keep some penniless young man, no one can prevent you. But everything, including an heiress, has its market value, and if we don't get that we generally regret our bargain. To give and receive next door to nothing is always bad policy'

"Mr. De Vere, Mrs. De Vere and the Misses De Vere," a footman announced, and the conversation, so far as Mrs. Strangeways was concerned, came to an end. Mrs. Woburn, however, put her hand on the girl's arm.

"I married for love," she said, "and I've always been glad of it, though I left a widow at 30 with a miserable thousand a year-not sufficient to tempt any man to make love to me. and with all my beauty drained away by my husband's illness. But take care, Leslie dear, that you are loved. Many men will pretend to love and it's not always easy to tell the false from the true. I don't mean to say that a man might not marry you simply for money and make you a very good husband, for all that. When a man has only to march into a woman's house and hang his hat up in her hall, it's a queer thing if he can't treat her decently. But we most of us, want something more than that, and you're so pretty—I almost wish you had been engaged before

came into this fortune." The girl drew a long breath, and looked towards the door Mrs. Strangeways' guests were arriving quickly

"I wish it also" she answered. wish it with all my heart!"
"Because—" Mrs. Woburn began, "Pecause some men are very proud"

ways was not in the least witty; but Leslie arswered, and she colored again, but she thought to herealf, love, sureis stronger than pride. Either Mrs. Wohurn heard the whisper or suessed what the girl said. Under certain circumstances, it is not

difficult to guess what an

man or woman will say. It is not great minds only that run in grooves. eves narrowed a little as she looked at the girl. "It depends upon the quality of the pride." she answered. "If it's the pride that stands between the love of a prince and the peasant maid it generally conquers, so far as an offer of marriage is concened. It it's the pride that nuts up a barrier between the

laughing a little—"a struggle, courge ! "You sneak bitterly" Leslie said. "I speak the world's truth, and it bitter" Mrs. Wohurn returned. "Should you not be with your aunt to-The heiress as well as the hosters, is expected to receive the

poor man and an heiress, pride is

more than generally vanquished after

CHAPTER VI.

the tackals of one or two political Moses Cohen had a handsome house Russell Square, much frequented so far as what seemed to be calls by the Jeunesse Dore of the day, and company promoting "lions," and the general tag-rag and bobtail of so-

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ciety, who, when they got themselves in a tight corner, had relatives who would generally, for their own sakes, see them, through their difficulties. The brilliant brother of one rich man, for instance, a bounder of the first wa- wall in some aristocratic young idiot's Moses Cohen, and whenever he saw the broad-rimmed hat of the lion, or the hawklike face of the jackal, he rubbed his hands and whispered to himself the magic words, "shent per shent"-words like music to the ears of Moses Cohen.

Moses Cohen had done well. Beginning life in a Ratcliff Highway he had by dint of many years of hard work, raised himself to his present proud position. A natural inclination when he arrived at the mature age of 10 years had prompted him to lend a sixpence, which he had picked up, to a friend one Monday, on condition that eight-pence was returned to him on the folplative manner—"you ought to make a great match, my dear; and a coronet lowing Saturday, when the said friend, who was already in part earning his own living, should receive his wages. The eightpence was faithfully repaid, lent again on the following Monday, on the same terms, and so laid the foundation of Moses' fortune.

'A bee don't make all his honeycomb, nor yet his honey, at one sit-ting," he was fond of saying. "Rome wasn't built in a day, was it, nor yet destroyed in one? From small beginnings all great things, including Creawere made, and from small beginnings came the man you now see before you, Moses Cohen by name. And let me tell you, if Moses liked to make himself unpleasant half society would tremble. The tales I could tell would make your hair stand on and if I chose to draw up some blinds you'd say glass houses was the rule, and not the exception, though most folk to the naked eye do seem to live in residences built of brick and

But however great Moses' success had been, he had, like the rest of the tomers' side talking to the barmaid. world, his moments of anxiety, when She turned as Joel entered. certain loans with their interest were

not promptly repaid. evening of Oct. 28. "Calls himself a Christian and keeps his promise like this. If it wasn't that his uncle's life hangs in the balance, so to speak, if it wasn't that the spark may go out at any time, I'd make things unpleasant for him. But I was always softhearted. I never could bear to disturb the last moments of anyone on earth, though, to be sure, the old gentleman's last moments have stretched themselves out quite indecently.

table, then rang a bell. A short, dark, stout, man with a hooked nose an-Moses Cohen put his finger on the You have no communication about

this?" he asked. The man looked at it and laughed. "No. sir." he answered. "He'll do something when we've put the screw

"D' yo mean he'll pay?" The man shook his head.

"Oh, no, sir, he won't pay; he can't pay till the old gentleman snuffs out. You'll have to renew it.' "I wish I'd never lent the money. I've no security, absolutely none The old man looked down at the paper and shook his head.

thought it risky at the time, sir,' "Still, you will do these kindhe said. hearted things, and-well, we did have most of the little fortune his mother left him. We sha'n't be out of pocket." A hot flush rose to Mr. Cohen's face. His dark eyes glared at his confidential secretary.

nocket!" he repeated. "I should think not indeed, but to save one's bacon-what unpleasant one picks up in this Christian land-is usiness. (Mr. Cohen pronounced it pisness). Not to be out of pocket isn't business. Twenty, forty, fifty per cent, cent per cent, that's what wheels should grind out of our clients as they go around, to compensate us a little for the risks we take, the anxiety we feel, the sleepless nights we ex-Not out of pocket, indeed! wouldn't have believed you would have made such a foolish remark, Constant.

'It's true, anyway," he said a little resentfully. "And pity 'tis, this true," Mr. Cohen returned. He was a patron of the drama and the ballet, principally of the ballet and its votaries, and, like most folk, he had picked up a quotation or two. "You'd better go down and see him tonight. I should like to know, at rate, that he's hale and hearty. tell him this sort of thing won't do. If he can't pay the principal, his honor should at least induce him to pay the interest. Say we don't want to go to his uncle."

Joel Constant looked resentful still. "He's not such a fool but that he knows that," he said. "We cut our throats if we go to his uncle." "And his."

'Yes, but we don't cut off our nose to spite our face. That wouldn't be business etither. It's not much good he's sure to be out." "Not sure, nothing sure. It will be a nice walk for you anyway."
"Walk-from here to Park View?
Not me. You'll have to stand a cab. And it's a fool's errand, anyway

"Because you go on it?" Mr. Cohen asked, and roared at his own wit. There, there, Joel, you mustn't mind my litle pleasantries. Mind Aaron as you go out. He don't seem to take 'He don't take to anyone," the confidential clerk said. "He has a bit out of someone's leg on an average

ful or two of trousers. If it wasn't that folk ain't proud of their visits and don't like to make them public, you'd have been prosecuted over over again. He's had the one bite the law allows a dog ages ago. Why you keep the brute I can't think."

Cehen laughed softly "It amuses me," he said, laughing.

ment? Besides, he discriminates, Aaron discriminates. I never knew him bite a client who hadn't come to renew. Fair play's a jewel, Joel, my boy, and if Aaron has a fancy for a Christian calf now and then I don't see why he

"But mine's not a Christian calf, and so far as my experience goes he don't Mr. Cohen laughed again.

"Anyway he means well," he an-wered. "It's only his fun. You musn't be hard on a dog who means as well as Aaron does. Intention is everything." "Is it? Our client"-looking down at

the paper they had discussed before-"may have every intention of paying. don't think you'll think that enough.' Mr. Cohen frowned. He didn't like his words caught up and turned

"We'll hope for his sake he won't find an execution is everything," the Jew returned. "Get along, Joel. Time's money; I don't like to see it wasted.' "Oh, don't worry," Joel returned. "Time may be money, but, strictly speaking, my time after 6 o'clock is my own, or ought to be.'

"Ought stands for nothing," Mr. Cohen said. "Does it? Not always; it depends what stands before it. If it wasn't

that you've promised me a partnership in five years I wouldn't go. As it is-"So long," Mr. Cohen repeated, and the confidential clerk went from the room, down a handsome staircase, passed numerous works of art, which were always changing, generally to be tucked away with their faces to the

was as good as an annuity to chambers, to the handsome hall. On a Turkey rug in the center of it lay a mongrel dog. His head suggested the bull, his tail the pug, his body every known breed under heaven. He lay his head resting on his outstretched paws, his wicked eyes half-open his ears bent forward. As Joel Constant came down the stairs the dog smiled

at him, showing his white teeth, his red and black gums
"If you touch me, you brute, the young man said, "I'll kill you. You needn't think I'm afraid of you, I'm not. I'd have killed you long ago, only -good dog, good old Aaron, fine fellow, laugh at me, Aaron, laugh at me. You know who's your friend, don't you, brave dog. I only want to pass you, Aaron, I- Then take that, you brute, and curse you for a spiteful, deceitful cur!"

The dog had flown at him as he tried to pass, and a savage kick had sent it howling to the other end of the hall. Before he had recovered himself Constant had opened the door and shut it quickly after him.

"The first luxury I'll allow myself when the firm's Cohen & Constant shall be to kill Aaron," he said to himself. "And when I do kill him, there shall be no mistake about it." A white mist lay over Russell Square, through which the lights of the houses and the huge new hotel

gleamed with a ghostly light. Omnibuses rattled along; a string of cabs went westward. Joel turned off towards Oxford street, but called in at a public house on the way, pushing as though he knew the place well A handsome girl sat on the cus-

"It's too bad, upon my soul it is," kept me waiting long enough. If it's were untenanted.

Ioses said to himself about 6 o'clock like this now, goodness knows what it "Forgotten to lock the door," h like this now, goodness knows what it will be later on!"

He took her hand, and nodded to the "Perhaps I shall be more my own master then." he said. "It's not my fault I'm late. Rachel, you know that well enough. If I pleased myself I should keep every appointment three or four hours too soon. And now I'm not really free. I've got to go and see a chap in Park View. Don't for a moment suppose he'll be in, but I must

go. The question is, what am I to do with you while I go up to his rooms? I'll wait outside." she answered. Park-view? He's well, I suppose? Joel, if there is one place I should like to live in more than another, it's Park-

He smiled at her and ordered port for three. "Well, one never knows I shouldn't be the first of my race to set up in Park-view, or build a house there either, not by a long chalk," he said he said. "Let's drink to it. Miss Minnie" looking at the barmaid-" you'll join

"Oh, certainly," she answered, and slopped the wine over on to the marble table by way of giving good meas-"When's it to be?"

When we grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch, " Rachel quoted. "And we're sure to do that, ain't we, Joel?" "Certain sure," he answered. along. We'll take a cab. Good-night, Miss Minnie.

"Good-night, Mr. Constant." The two left the wine bar and stood looking up and down the street. driver of a crawling cab raised his

A PICTURE

Of health, we say of a perfectly healthful woman, and it is a picture everyone loves to look upon. All the pictures of all the artists who have ever painted the glory and beauty of womanhood, are only copies and imitations of this picture.



Never artist mixed a color on his palette that can vie with the hues which tint a healthful woman's cheek. Why should

this charm be sacrificed to sickness? It need not be save in rare cases. The general health of woman is so linked with the local womanly health that wasted cheek and sunken eve

are in general but evidences of womanly diseases. Cure the diseases and the physical health is restored.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate mach, liver and bowels.

"Bless me, am I to have no amuse- whip. Joel nodded his head and the self at the calm way in which he had one look at the girl's face would have ment? Besides, he discriminates, Aaron hansom came fingling towards them. hansom came jingling towards them.
"No. 24 Park Row," Joel said, and a
thrill of pride went through the girl. The cabman would think she lived there, or, at all events, that they had such small triumphs are the joys of

life made up.
"What's the bother?" Rachel asked, what's the bother?" Rachel asked, when they were well off and Joel had imprisoned one of her hands. "Some little bird that can pay and won't pay got to be made to pay?"

"Something of the sort," he answered, "only I'm not so sure that he can

And your boss has lent him money!" she said incredulously. "On, I can't quite take that in. However, we don't want to spoil our drive with business, Joel. What a misty night! Let's have the glass down, it's getting on my lungs. Put the handle of your umbrella between the glass and the apron so that we can get a little air—there, that's more comfortable."
"Much," Joel returned, and slipping

his arm around his sweetheart's waist he stooped and kissed her. The glass of the cab grew as misty as the night, but the lovers did not complain. By the bickering light that burned in the cab they could see each other's faces, the smiles that curved their lips, the light in their big, dark

wish I was five years older," Joel said, looking all the admiration he "Why?" Rachel asked. "I'm sure I don't wish to be older than I am. It

must be horrid to grow old and wrinkled." "But we couldn't do that in five years," he answered. "I wish I were five years older, because that would

mean partnership with old Cohen, and with you, Rachel.' Rachel said "Oh!" and looked as though she had not known perfectly well what her lover meant. "Five years is an awful long time to wait," he went on. "But I don't see how it's to be done before. He works me like a slave and pays me worse. If I didn't get a few presents from chents for advising further accom-

modation. I shouldn't be able to live. It's very hard an old brute like that should keep two loving hearts apart."
"Oh, life's hard," Rachel said .What's he stopping for? This isn't Parkview. "This narrow street? Why, I always thought it faced the park." 'So it does, further on. You stop in the cab, Rachel. I sha'n't be long.'

The driver had pulled up the win-

their own accord, and Joel got out. A

dow The doors opened, seemingly,

woman was just coming out from the doorway of No. 24. She held the door "Going in, sir?" she asked. 'Yes," he answered. Joel didn't say whom he wanted. Likely as not, the woman belonged to the house lived in the basement, and would have instructions that their client was out.

"You know your way, sir?" "Yes, thank you." He went on up the stairs. The woman paused a moment, looked at the cap, then slammed the door after her and hurried down the street. Joel paused on a landing, and knocked at a door. There was no response to his knocking; he tried again, then put his

hand on the door-handle.

To his surprise the door opened and Joel made a step forward. "He's in after all." he said, and halfclosed the door after him, but the "Oh, here you are," she said, hold- rooms were in darkness, and a moing out her hand. 'Well, I hope you've ment's listening convinced him they happy, there shall be no happier wo- myself and the blow I have suffered.

> to himseif. "Well, I may as well have a look around, and-He had his hand on the electric buthim. Perhaps the owner of the rooms had remembered his neglect and returning. What should he say to him

-what should he do? But a moment more convinced him he was safe. Still, the fright he had had taught him that discretion was the better part of valor. He came out of the room, closed the door behind him and went back to Rachel.

'Where shall we go, now. Rachel" he asked, standing on the pavement."Like a bite of supper or to one of the halls? 'Oh, supper," she answered. doesn't seem such a waste of money.

Things will be half over at the halls.' Trocadero," he said, and took his place in the cab once more, putting his behind Rachel again.

'Well," she said, "did you see him?" He shook his head. "Knew I 'No." he answered. shouldn't. Those young blades are out every night, either dining with friends or on their own. I said it would be a fool's errand.'

"He wasn't the man I saw come out. she said. "I half thought it might be. He looked so pale. I suppose he lives in another set of chambers. suppose so," Joel returned. heard someone about. As for looking pale, they burn the candle at both ends, and seldom go to bed till cockcrow. It's enough to make them

"So it is. He looked just awful. He couldn't have looked worse if he'd been committing a murder. I just caught sight of the side of his face. It was as white as chalk."

CHAPTER VII.

Competition for Leslie's dances had always been keen; it was more so than ever tonight. Added to this the women as well as the men crowded round her. Everyone wanted to congratulate the successful litigant. Most people envied her. Life is indeed worth living when one is rich, lovely, healthy and young. Leslie enjoyed dancing with anyone, so long as he danced well. But she did not disguise from herself that there was one for whom she had dances., one with whom she would rather dance than with anyone else in world

She was a little nervous about her good fortune, nervous lest someone should be afraid of her now she was so rich. She hoped he would not be so silly She must show him by being extra nice to him that it made no difference, and then perhaps-She saw him enter the ballroom, look round, then come towards her. was alone for one moment, and she went to meet him She thought he looked a little pale. Perhaps her fortune frightened him.

"You are late," she said. "I wanted you to be the first to congratulate He had taken her hand and held it for a moment; then he drew it through his arm and turned towards the con-

servatory. She smiled a little to her-

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circumstances under which a woman does not object to being taken posses-sion of, and Leslie certainly did not. "It would be selfish to say I wished you had not come into all this money,"

Philip said, "and yet I can't help half wishing it." He had led her to a seat and was close beside her, bending forward a

little, his handsome face rather grave, his eyes full of love.
"Why?" she asked, and looked up
with a smile. "It has not made any difference in me. I hope it won't make

any difference in my-friends."
He took her fan from her. It gave him the opportunity of leaning a little nearer to her. "I was not thinking of friends," he answered. "If-if you had lost your case, Leslie, I had made up my mind

to ask you a question tonight, but

He paused. She colored a little, but she looked straight into his eyes 'Won't you ask it still?" she said softly "Money is a good thing, but there are better things worth having. I don't want, perhaps, to miss something more precious because I have

come into a fortune."

He laid the fan upon the seat by her side and took one of her little hands in his "I don't know whether I ought to ask it now," he said. "You are a great heiress, Leslie, as well as the most beautiful girl in London. You—you might marry anybody, anybody, and

"Don't you want me to marry any-"I want you to marry me," he said, passionately. "You know that, do you not? You must have known it for months. I'm not worthy of you. A duke, a prince wouldn't be worthy of you, but no man could love you, woiship you, reverence you any more. i

feel I cannot live without you. And yet, dearest, how dare I ask you to be my wife?" laughed at him softly, shyly. "Don't you think you have asked me?" she said. "It seems to me you have, and why should you not? I'm the same woman I was yesterday, am I not, neither better nor worse. If you would not have hesitated vesterday. why should you hesitate today? Dearest, if you want me to be your wife don't you know that I will, oh, so

He slipped his arm around her, he caught her to him, he kissed her on

her red, smiling lips.
"You are sure," he said. "Think a moment, darling. I'm only plain Philip wife. Gilchrist. I've nothing much to offer you. I can't give you a fine house; I can't give you the position of a leader of fashion; I can't set you up as you should be set, among the highest in the land. I can only-oh, my darling-love "What other man?"

you.

"Only?" she repeated. "Isn't that everything? Isn't that what a woman blood flushed back to his face in a wants most, the best thing that life can crimson flood. Then he laughed, a give her—love, true, deep, unending love? I don't think you should say 'only.' If you had asked me yesterday to be your wife I should have had only myself and my love to give, and yet I am sure, quite sure, that my love that we makes you no happier tonight than it would have made you yesterday."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I
No wonder he kissed her again! No was mad. If I must give you up to

tirely, and forever, can make you it is to be my friend's. man in the world. Oh, Leslie, dearest, Let me congratulate you, Leslie.' can handly balleys my hannings I can scarcely believe it true that you love me.

She laughed a little. The soft strains a waltz came to them. The scent of flowers was heavy on the air, a slight breeze blew in from an open "It's quite true that I love you," she

said softly, "quite true that I have never loved before, never shall love again. "I wonder," smiling, "if can say the same? Oh!" as he flushed a little. "I won't be angry if you cannot. So long as I have all your present, all your future love, I shall not be be hap jealous of the past. Only I am a wo-Philip." man and inquisitive, and I should like "I should have told you," he an- resist it. The tears came into her

swered. "I wish, Leslie, I wish with all eyes; she was so sorry for him. my heart and soul I could say, there Such love as I have for you, I have love I did love three years ago. She was beautiful, older than I. That I think is always an attraction for a very young man. I thought some day would be my wife."

'Yes." Leslie said softly, "and what happened? He looked at her and laughed hap-

She met another man," he answered. "Oh. thank heaven-thank heaven, she met another man. I never saw him. I don't know quite why, but he kept out of my way. Perhaps now he and Carline are married." "Carline?" "Yes, that was her name. We were

never engaged, Leslie. Before I dare ask her-a boy is timid and bold at one and the same time-she had tired of me, and I went out of her life. have never seen her since. It is three years ago. But tonight, strangely enough, her photograph fell from be hind another with which it was covered. Jasper was handling the frame. He picked it up. I would have given something not to have seen the picture. It hurts me that I cannot say I have

never loved before." She reached up and kissed him "Don't be hurt," she whispered; "so long as you never love again I am content, quite content, and quite happy.

The evening was half over before Jasper had a dance with Leslie. It was the only one she could spare him, but, for all that, he paused when it was

half over. "Tired?" she said with a bright laugh. "That's the worst of the young man of the present day, he's always so dreadfully tired-of doing nothing. I, suppose? He smiled back.

"You're a little hard upon us," he answered. "One kills time, of course, but what else is one to do? Still I don't know that I am particularly tired tonight."

"You look tired and pale."

wondered if they were jealous.

'Do I? Perhaps it's because I'm anxious. "Anxious? What about?" He drew her hand through his arm and took the same direction Philip had taken earlier towards the conserva-

tory. A little tender smile quivered round her lips, a softer light came into her happy, laughing eyes. All these beautiful flowers, if they had ears, had heard what Philip had said to her. She

"Because." Jasper said, answering her question, "I have come to one of the most critical times in a man's life I am going to try my luck, to test my fate, to win or lose all. You know what I mean, do you not, Leslie? She did not notice that he had used her name. She looked at him sympathetically. She knew he liked her, but

told him he had come too late, that Philip had prospered in his wooing, that the girl he would have given anything to win, was already won. But, curiously enough, since he first caught sight of her across the ballroom and

made his way to her he had not looked at her. She nodded her head.
"You mean you have follen in love?" she answered. "You are going to ask someone to be your wire? Oh, I hope

she will say 'Yes.' I wonder if I know "Leslie!" he said, "Leslie!" and he caught her hand-it was such a blow to him that sne evidently did not know whom it was he loved-"Leslie, you do not know who it is I love.

must have known, everyone has seen She shook her head. "Then I must have been very blind. I don't know that I have thought of it at all, but if I had, I should have said

that you were fancy free." She left her hand in his because she sympathized with him, even though she did not think she was the woman. "Fancy free!" he repeated; "and I love you! I love you, Leslie! Do you understand? I love you! Don't take away your hand. Let me keep italways, Leslie. Don't say-don't say. for heaven's sake-don't say you de not love me!"

She drew her hand very gently from his. A half-shocked look crossed her face. It seemed to her almost a wrong to Philip that another man should be saying "I love you! "I must say it, Jasper," she an-

swered: "and you must not say another word about love to me. I am sorry, but I must not listen." His expression changed, hardened For the first time he lifted his eves

and looked at her. "Must not listen!" he repeated, and into his voice there crept almost the tone of a bully. "Why must you not listen? I am fairly well off, I am free to marry, and I love you. Must not listen? You must-you shall!" He caught her hands in his, his eyes blazed into hers.

"Jasper! Jasper!" She spoke very softly, very gently. He dropped her hands at once.
"Forgive me," he said, quite humbly. "You don't know what your refusal means to me. I want your love, I want you. Oh, Leslie, why must you not listen?'

"Because I do not love you, because

I love someone else; because tonight I have promised to be another man's He looked round almost wildly. He turned deadly white, so pale that she thought he would have fainted. Then he sank into a seat.

'Another man's wife?" he repeated.

hard, cruel laugh. "Philip's!" he repeated. "Philip's! Why, you can't know-He pulled himself up, his expression. that was always changing, changed

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I

another man there is no man I would wonder he felt prouder than a king! another man there is no man I would "Heaven bless you, darling," he said so soon resign you to as Philip. Since softly, "for your faith and trust in me. the happiness-the great and glorious If a love that is true, deep, undivided, happiness of having you for wife—is if a worship that shall be yours ennot to be mine, I am glad, yes, glad, self up to his full height, he flung back his shoulders, he looked much more like a conqueror than like one who had given up all he wished to claim, to make his own. "I love you!" he went on; "but"-he paused one moment-"I love you with no selfish love, Leslie.

> but an ecstasy of love; and because you are so dear to me I want you to be happy; so be happy, dearest-wit He stooped suddenly and kissed her upon her white brow, and she did not

> If you do not love me you could not

be happy with me. If you love Philip

he alone can make your life what every

woman's life should be, not a dream

"I wish I were twins," has never been another. But it would quaintly. "With all my heart and soul not be true, and so I will not say it. I wish there were two of me. I so hate to give anyone pain, but you will be never given before, but with a boy's my friend, will you not, and not hate me because of this?"

He took her little hand again, a mad passion of love and longing swept over him. If he had let himself go, he would have taken her in his arms and smothered her with kisses, but he had himself well in hand. Hard battle as it was to fight, he fought it; he conquered himself now, because in the

future he believed he would conquer fate, and her.
"Hate you!" he repeated. "Do I not love you, and do I not love Philip? You cannot understand that, perhaps. Women so seldom love women, but since the days of David and Jonathan men have loved men, and I love the man who has won what I would have given my soul to win; and in time I hope I shall be able to contemplate his happiness calmly. Poor Philip! He, perhaps more than I, should have happiness come to him now, because he

has suffered in the past. He has told you, of course?" A little of the color left her cheeks, but she answered quietly, and the answer made Jasper start. Yes, he has told me. Do you-do

you think he has suffered so very There was a tone of anxiety, though no note of jealousy, in her voice. Jasper, however, could not tell the differ-

"There is no love like man's first love," he answered: "and Carline-that was the girl's name, I believe - was the first woman to whom Philip gave his her! I cannot understand why it was he tired. Some men, I suppose, cannot help tiring when they have won It is their misfortune, not their

fault." She opened her eyes very wide; her lips trembled a little. It was hard to hear that Failip had loved no dearly, but her faith in him, and in his affec-

tion for her now, was absolute. "You are mistaken," she said, a little proudly, "respecting Philip and his love for that other woman. He did not This Carline met another man. and her wayward affection strayed. Philip would have been true always.' Jasper lifted his eyebrows.

"Is that so?" he said, doubtfully. "I had heard differently. Anyway, Miss Bell, believe that I am always your friend and Philip's." (To be continued.)

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she had never dreamt of him as a And, if Jasper had been observant, of streets.

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