THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

"Hallo, Wedderburn!" said Sir Joseph, holding out his hand. "Glad you've looked in; pretty crowded, isn't it? My missus always will ask twice as many people as our little place will hold. Great mistake. I tell 'er; but you see we 'ave such a deuce of a lot of triends."

"So I see," said Wedderburn. "By the way, I brought a friend with me—you were kind enough to say I might do

"Certainly, certainly," responded Sir Joseph, "any friend of yours, etc. The more the merriar." Wedderburn looked round, and saw Eliot behind one or two persons; he beckened him, and Eliot came for-

vard. "My friend, Mr. Graham," said Wedderburn.
Sir Joseph had turned away to speak
to some one at his side; but he swung

round with an exclamation.
"Eh? What?" he said sharply.
His eye fell on Graham, he turned white, and his lips opened widely.

Florence was watching him keenly,
and she saw the start and the and she saw the start and the expres-sion of something like terror on his

instant; his face was contorted by a smile, and he held out his hand, ex-

"Ah, Eliot! You here! This is quite a surprise—a pleasant one, of course!"
As he spoke to Eliot, Sir Joseph looked under his lids from him to Wedlooked under his lids from him to Wedderburn, and he appeared to be relieved by the absolutely frank and open countenance of the latter gentleman. After a pause, he asked Eliot what he was doing in London. Eliot replied that he was up on business of Mr. Trunion's; and Sir Joseph mentally consigned Mr. Trunion to a warm climate.

vitation after another survey of Eliot's extremely presentable appearance; and inwardly he wondered why Selwyn, who had had all the "advantages," did not look half as good a genservice, almost as a kind of superior

Eliot thanked him and turned away

suppose things have turned round again, and that he's all right."

Sir Joseph had listened with a face like a mask, but his thick lips twitch
or delighbly.

white im sitting there and instending, simply suffocating with hate, and the longing to pitch the water-bottle at his greasy face. But I can't do it!"

They got into a cab, and as they drove along Nora recovered somewhat. From what Eliot Graham tells me, I

"Oh, yes, yes," he said; "at any rate,

that Sir Joseph was premoting a company, in which he had generously offered Wedderburn some shares; and he wedderburn, somewhat dazzled by the splendour of the house which they had just left, was inclined to take them up. Once or twice he had been on the point of congratulating Eliot-on the way in which Sir Joseph had pulled the Wally Hollow property out of the fire; but he remembered his promise to Sir Joseph, and checked himself.

Eliot went round to Jermyn Street the following day. Sir Terence had gone to his Board meeting; but before he had started he had had a few words with his beautiful and accomplished daughter. He was always a little afraid of her, and he came into the tiny draw-

of her, and he came into the tiny draw-ing-room—where Florence was wait-ing Eliot's arrival—and fidgeted about, picking up small articles on the tables, and looking about aimlessly with his

"Is he any use?" asked the baronet, rather more peevishly. "I never heard of him before, Man looks a gentleman, which is doosid strange, seeing that he is related, as you say, to old Joe. I wouldn't have believed that there was a gentleman within a hundred miles of his family. Is he rich?"

The strange of the baronet, for a drive with her on the following for a drive with

"I don't quite know yet," said Flor-

ence, with an irritating drawl.

Sir Terence looked at her, blinking like some one who is trying to peer through a mist. "I hope to heaven you are not going to make a fool of your-self over the fellow," he said. "He's doosid good-looking and all that; but you can't afford—"

countenance of the latter gentleman.

After a pause, he asked Eliot what he was doing in London. Eliot replied that he was up on business of Mr. Trunion's; and Sir Joseph mentally consigned Mr. Trunion to a warm climate, "You must let us see a great deal of "You must let us see a great deal of you," he said. "Drop in whenever you like; you'll always find a knife and fork." He bestowed this general invitation after another survey of Eliot's extremely presentable appearance; and invardly he wondered why Sel. you ever ask yourself what such a life as mine must mean to a woman, a girl, who still feels that she has a right to choose for herself, to live a straight was that was sitting beside him in the

"I don't know what you mean," he said, with an injured air. "I can't help wave of bitter jealousy and hatred wave or beyond three toned to over the conditions to the said." Wedderburn looked after him admiringly, and remarked to Sir Joseph—
"Splendid young fellow that, isn't be you think I haven't feelings of my he? I was quite startled when I ran against him the other day; you see, I remember him a bit of a gossoon running about the ranche. One of my stations was near their place, Wally Hollow. Fine man his father!" He sighed.
"One of the most perfect gentlemen I've ever seen. That trouble killed him. I've ever seen. That trouble killed him what Ellot Graham talls ma. I while I'm sitting there and listening, simply suffocating with hate, and the

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Corsets and they do wear so well! Moreover they are the most economical of any, the best value you can get. had an air of centeel shabbiness. The tee was brought in by a pert muld-servent, whe plared openly at the visitor, Indeed, if he had noticed these little matters, the increasion they wenter after the officed by the sharm of Plarence's manner. The talked fluently, and scarcely somed to not a guestion; and it did not afterwards accus to blish past life, even of that serveythe part with which his father's death was concerned.

Once or twice she had laughingly Once or twice she had tanguingly and lightly but sympathetically put her hand on his arm; in fact, she treated him with complete friendliness and intimacy. He stayed some time, and as he held her hand—or she held his—he promised to meet her at a dance the following night, for which she would

following night, for which she would send him a card.

As he walked back to the hotel, Eliot, who was not cursed by the usual conceit and self-satisfaction of young men of the present day, asked himself, why Miss Florence Bartley should have been so exceedingly kind to him; but he ascribed her treatment of him to her good nature and amiability, and her good nature and amiability, and

sentiment; and, with a loy and reflet beyond description, read Nora's letter It raised the heavy burden from his heart; but instantly he began to won-der where the lad was, and, of course, pictured him alone and helpless in London, If he could only find him, get hold of him, he resolved that the boy London, If he could only find him, get hold of him, he resolved that the bey should not escape him again. But where to look for him? The proverbial search for the needle in the bottle of hay would be quite an easy quest compared with the tracking of a boy in this vast wilderness.

He put the letter in his breast pocket, and thought of Cyril all day. In the evening he went to the dance, which was almost as crowded as Sir.

prominent eyes. At last he said—
"Who's this young fellow you've picked up, Florence?" she said twice with Florence Bartley, and they sat out several; indeed, they spent the greater portion of the time together, and he found himself engaged to go a drive with her on the following.

for a drive with her on the following

"Meaning Sir Joseph?" asked Florence suavely.
"You know I mean this young fellow," retorted her parent irritably.
"No, I should say not," said Florence, leaning back and taking up piece of fancy work.
"Then what on earth are you troubling about him for?" demanded Sir Terence.
"You can have it—if the man will let you. We owe him a pretty long bill as it is, and I'm dashed if I know when it is to be paid."
She hummed, "Some day, some day!" and at the appointed time she was waiting, beautiful dressed, for Eliot.
They went into the park, and did the usual round. She led Eliot on to talking of himself: he found it as a strength. ly pleasant drive, and was genuinely sorry when the victoria turned out of the park into one of the big thoroughfares.
The road was crowded, and the car-

riage had to pull up. And as it did so an old lady and a boy came out of a shop immediately opposite. Nora look ed up and saw Eliot. She started and almost clutched Miss Deborah's arm. For a second she had no eyes for any one but Eliot; then she saw the per-fectly dressed lady at his side. Her face grew crimson, she caught her breath, and quickly stepped back amongst the crowd, so that she was hidden from Eliot's sight.

> CHAPTER XXIX. IN SILK ATTIRE.

At sight of Eliot the blood had rushed to Nora's face, but she grew as sudlife, to be respectable and respect carriage; for jealousy smote her as ed?"

with a dagger. Nora's passions were

the boy! Are you ill, Cyril? You're as white as a ghost!"

greasy face. But I can't do it!"

"Perhaps you may be able to do so drove along Nora recovered somewhat.

The colour came back to her cheeks, ly.
"What do you mean?" he ejaculated and her eyes smouldered darkly, as if rney are on the mend. Eliot's all right;
I'm looking after him. By the way, I
don't think I'd mention the matter to
him; he's rather sensitive about it; no
use raking up old sores."

"Certainly not," assented Wedderburn. "I shan't speak to him about it."

Sir Joseph, with a little look of relief, changed the subject.

As they moved about the crowded
rooms, Florence laid herself out, as
only a clever girl can, to amuse and
interest Eliot. She pointed out the persons who were more or less notorious
in the City or amongst the smart set,
and Eliot could not help smiling now
and again at her little bits of graphic,
description; so that when he was sering good-night he promised quite
readily to go round to Jermyn Street
to tea.

Wedderburn and he walked back to

"What do you mean?" he ejaculated
sullenly.

"Never mind," she said, "there is no
time to explain; and if there were a fire behind them. Miss
Deborah was much concerned, and
when they got to the hotel she fused
about the girl in a nervous fashion;
but Nora assured her that the fainting
fit had passed and that she would be
all right after she had rested a little
while Never mind." she said, "there is no
time to explain; and if there were I
shouldn't. We're in the same boat, father, as you remind me, the same galley. You pull at your oar and take the
whip with a grin, as you have done,
and I'll pull at mine. Some day per
haps—But go now, I don't want you
to be here when Mr. Graham comes,
She was as serene and bright as usual when Eliot entered the room.
"I am so sorry," she said, as she
gave hilm her hand, "my father was
obliged to go out; he is awfully disappointed, and he waited till the very
last moment. Come and sit down here.
She patted a chair close to hers, and
took up her fancy work.

Eliot looked round the room; it apthought her is no
time to explain; and if there were I
then to explain; and if there were I
then to same boat, fathen, as you nawe and
about the girl ha her elist the when they sot to the hote of the hote she was much c

The sight of Eliot had wakened her love for him, if it can be said to have ever slept; but it was jealousy more than love that racked her. She had been jealous of Margery, but that emotion paled its ineffectual fires before those which burnt within her at the fact that Eliot was driving about London with Morane Bartley To iescription; so that when he was saying good-night he promised quite took up her fancy work.

She patted a chair close took up her fancy work.

Eliot looked round the room; it appeared to him very tasteful and cosy. Being a man, he did not notice that the chair covers were soiled, that the speared more beautiful woman of the furniture was of the Tottenham Court knowledge of business. It appeared Road type, and that the whole room knowledge of business. It appeared Road type, and that the whole room knowledge of business, and his furniture was of the Tottenham Court world seemed more beautiful than ever. The contrast between herself and Florence Bartley smote her with full force; the thought that while Florence, exquisitely dressed, a woman of fashion, was going about with Eliot by her ion, was going about with Eliot by her side, she, Nora; was attired as a boy and dependent on charity drover her

lmost mad. almost mad.

It was quite true that she had, so to speak, surrendered Eliot, that she had decided that she would die of shame if he came to know that she was a girl; but in this tempestuous moment Nora forgot that. Every fibre of her being was clamouring for him as if he belonged to her. And did he not belong to her? Had she not saved his life? Did she not love him? And had he not loved her until he had been led to believe ed her until he had been led to believe that she had gone away to be married As she looked down at her boy's clothes she tingled and burnt with shame. She would wear the hateful things no longar; the claims of her womanhood, which she had been able to thing a burnt with the claims of her and insisted upon a hearing. She began to her and insisted upon a hearing. She began to tax of her lacket; then she paused and groaned and wrung her hands. She had ac virtuar's clothes to put on, and it she had ac virtuar's clothes to put on, and it she had them, how could she account to hiss Petersh for the change? It would be impossible to explain to the allower he able to grasp the facts, and who would probably send her shout her lusiness at once.

(To be continued)

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noids his head in air
And passes by in cold disdain the
garbs of toil and care,
For though he may be rich and great
'tis lonely he must live, He misses all the slorious loys his fel-

Oh, walk with them and talk with them and hear the tales they tell, The passers-by would be your friends of but you knew them well, The children of the Lord are they, and as they come and go, There is not one among them all the

is not good to know.

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HERBERT L. CASSEN, 18 Meni Court, Providence, R. I.

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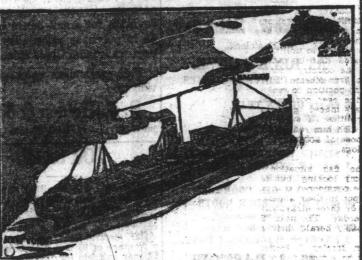
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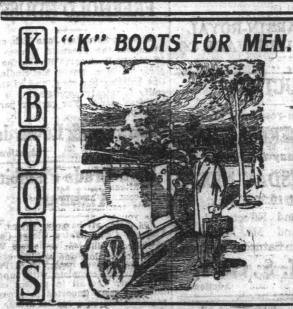


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