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Under False Colors
 OR
Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXXV.
 The portrait of Miss Cleveland was pronounced by an art critic to be a chef d'œuvre—with the strength of a Rembrandt, the accuracy of a Reynolds. It was exhibited under the pseudonym of Collis Ernscliffe—for the artist's real name was Noel Campbell. It was exhibited at Burlington House, and the young barrister woke up one morning to find himself famous. He was sought for by the leaders of fashion, and even received commissions from royalty itself.

But during these years of success—fascinating to one of his years—he had overlooked the claims of Lazarus Cohen, and the wily Jew hid his time. He had bargained for the artist's work imperpetually, and Ernscliffe had no right to paint for any one else. If he insisted upon doing so, then the Jew would attach all the proceeds. Not only that, but he would put upon the market many worthless pictures that Collis had painted in his early days.

In the end the Jew had to be bought up. He asked for twenty thousand pounds, and could not be induced to accept one penny less than fifteen thousand.

"You have sold your soul to the devil," Lazarus Grant said, "and there is only one way out of the difficulty unless you mortgage your life. It is simple, and has been offered by Miss Cleveland, who admires you sincerely. She will lend you the money—say, give it to you, for she loves you, my boy."

What could Collis do but accept? He had no doubt that he could repay Miss Cleveland in a short time, and to be rid of this awful incubus—this terrible Old Man of the Sea—was like being released from a rampart that was drawing from him his very life. He gave nothing derogatory to himself in taking this loan.

Miss Cleveland was a friend of the family; her step-father was their legal adviser, and had really great difficulty

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In placing Miss Cleveland's wealth out at a good rate of interest. The artist agreed to pay one per cent. more than could be obtained elsewhere.

So the claim of Mr. Lazarus Cohen was liquidated—was bought up, and Collis Ernscliffe—or Noel Campbell, as he will in future be known to the reader—was indebted to Miss Adeline Cleveland in the sum of fifteen thousand pounds.

Then it soon became apparent that she was deeply in love with the handsome painter. He admired her beauty, her statuesque figure, her general charm of manner, but not with the eyes of a lover. She was several years his senior, and Miss Cleveland was a worthy young woman. She loved Noel Campbell as much for his talents—for his future prospects, and Mr. Grant had given her many hints concerning future possibilities—she loved him as much for these things as for himself. He would make a husband to be proud of, and his genius would be an open sesame to the portals of the beau monde.

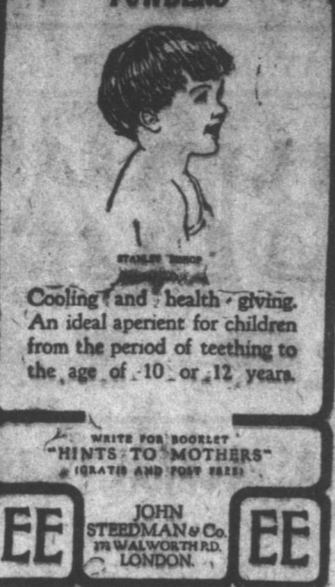
Campbell, on his part, was grateful to Miss Cleveland; she confessed that she owed her a big debt—a debt easily contracted, but difficult to repay. Mr. Grant placed this before him in a strong light, and Noel consented to make Miss Cleveland happy, because it would please his mother more than himself. He had dreamed of love in a fashion that imaginative young men are wont to dream, and he told himself that this marriage need not interfere with the ideal enshrined within his soul.

Thus did he review a little of his past as he left Blairwood behind, and walked miles out of his way because he feared detection and was too great a coward to face it.

"I have been a tool in the hands of Grant," he thought, bitterly. "While I have been wrapped up in my art, he has been doing cruel things in my name. And to what end? Merely to gratify his own greed for wealth, for place and power, at my ultimate expense, even had his infamous intrigues been crowned with success. Oh, Heaven! what a worthless wretch I must yet appear to be in my darling's eyes! I listened to his insinuations, and believed my uncle to be the basest among men—to have appropriated even my mother's fortune; the slayer of my injured father, and a libertine! I listened, and gave my tacit consent for money to be spent to secure such evidence as would restore what was mine and my mother's by right. But, thank God, my eyes were opened in time, even if Mr. Grant has increased my indebtedness to upward of twenty thousand pounds. He little dreams that I have undermined his precious schemes—that I shall be too much for him and my Lord Somerton!"

He returned to London, and from the station went to his club to dine. A letter was handed to him by the clerk in the hallway, and he saw at a glance that it was from Mr. Grant.

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More concerning the progress of this precious business! he muttered, scornfully, crushing the letter into his pocket unopened.

He ate his dinner in silence, then read the letter, his face flushing hotly. It had been lying at the club two days.

"If I am a man of honor!" he said, wrathfully. "How dare that man taunt me about honor? I will see him in the morning and have it out with him. There is a volcano at his feet and mine!"

He spent an hour at the billiard-table with a literary friend, and then ordered a cab.

His tastes were, perhaps, extravagant for a young artist, but the use of a cab was an essential to him as perfect-fitting garments. He eschewed showy jewelry, being content with one ring containing a magnificent diamond which had cost him several hundred pounds. He rented a handsome residence in St. John's Wood, in the rear of which he had erected a spacious studio embowered in trees.

The expensive household he maintained for his mother's sake. She was a pale-faced, fretful woman, who had once been handsome, but had permitted the caterer-worm of envy and ill-nature to prematurely age her. She had never forgiven her father the sin of dying intestate, and hated her brother for enjoying so much wealth—hated him because her husband had hated him, and would have gladly hunted him to his death for his injustice, his inhumanity, and other sins, of all which she professed to believe him guilty. And yet Sir John allowed her a thousand pounds per annum.

But this was a paltry item when Mrs. Campbell's style of living was considered. Her son humored her in every way, and she never paused to consider the cost of the luxuries with which he surrounded her. His talents she appreciated, but only to the extent that it made of him a valuable acquisition among the wealthy, marriageable ladies who cast longing glances upon him from every quarter. But his engagement to Miss Cleveland pleased her more than anything else. Miss Cleveland was rich, and in the natural course of events, Noel would inherit Blairwood Park, where, as dowager lady bountiful, Mrs. Campbell hoped to reign supreme—at the expense of her brother's honor, his life, and the ruin of his only daughter.

When Noel had borrowed Miss Cleveland's money it had been his intention to speedily reduce the liability, but a year had passed, and not one shilling had been paid.

His brush had not worked so easily, and his inspiration had been weak. The knowledge of the debt, and the heavy expenses that were daily being incurred, added as a deterrent rather than an incentive.

He jumped out of the cab as it pulled up before his home, and tossed the man a couple of half-crowns, saying: "I must go to the city to-morrow morning. Biddell. Call for me at ten sharp."

The cabman saluted with his whip, and drove away. Noel Campbell was one of his best customers.

The young artist saw that several rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and rightly judged that his mother had company. He sighed wearily as he passed through the hallway, and walked into the library.

"Tell Mrs. Campbell," he said to a servant who followed in close attendance, "that I am here."

In one minute his mother entered the room, glancing at him reproachfully.

Divers Grope for Bullion
 100 FEET DOWN IN OCEAN.

One hundred and twenty feet beneath the waves that swirl off the Donegal coast among rocks covered with the slime of the ocean depths, and surrounded by little-known forms of marine plant life, a squad of divers has been busily engaged for four years recovering the £7,000,000 worth of bullion that went down with the great liner *Laurentic*.

The story of their achievements, when fully told, will read like an "Arabian Nights" romance. The divers, highly skilled members of the British navy, have in the aggregate spent months under the waves, blasting away many obstructions, and sending to the surface box after box of gold. No treasure hunt has ever been more successful.

Some little-known facts about divers and their methods were given by the head of the firm of Siebe, Gorman & Co., the best-known submarine engineers in the world.

Before a man can become a diver, he must be chosen as a medically fit in every way, while frequent examinations by a doctor are carried out during training. To begin with, the novice, in complete diving kit, is submerged in from 10 to 20 feet of water. His first job consists of locating lost articles and signaling them in the approved fashion, so that they can be sent to the surface. Clearing propellers of fouling material, recovering cables and removing rust from ship's bottoms are other jobs that fall to the lot of the beginner, who cannot qualify as a fully-fledged diver until he has worked at a depth of 120 feet.

A diver first removes his own clothing and puts on an assortment of underclothing, including woolen vests, pants, stockings and a thick jersey with a woolen cap. The shoulder pad is then put on, after which the diver has literally to be forced into his deep-sea armor. The weight of the complete outfit, including boots that weigh 15 pounds each, and 80 pounds of lead to shield the shoulders, is 175 pounds.

The art of diving, apart from that associated with swimming feet, has been known well over 2000 years. Divers were employed during the defence of Syracuse (415-413 B.C.) to remove barriers which had been sunk in the harbor. It is recorded that Alexander the Great was lowered into the sea in a machine specially designed to keep out the water and to admit light. Diving by means of air tubes was also practised at this period.

One of the forerunners of the modern diving dress was that invented by a German marine engineer, whose device, a cylindrical arrangement with air pipes attached, was in use up to a hundred years ago, when Augustus Siebe produced a form of diving dress not unlike that worn now, although it possesses many crudities that were not eliminated until many years later.

The greatest depth at which a diver has worked with success is 123 feet, the hero of this exploit being a Spanish diver, who recovered £1200 in silver from a wreck off Finisterre. It has been proved, however, that it is possible for a diver in certain circumstances, to work at the great depth of 210 feet.

A remarkable fact in the history of modern diving is that although divers all over the world wear suits of British design and make, no accident has yet occurred as a result of faulty workmanship or defects in the materials used.

In the case of the *Laurentic*, attacks by giant dogfish have had to be guarded against, while on one occasion a large octopus appeared on the scene threatening the diver with its unpleasant embraces.

Paris considers the godet a charming brooch in the monotony of so many straight lines, but she retains the sleekness of the straight silhouette.

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