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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XI WINNING TRUE HEARTS.

(Continued.)

"How beautiful you look, dear Lillian! One would think you had played Juliet all your life!"

Was it a random shaft, or an arrow selected from the quiver and meant to strike? Be it one or the other, none could have told if it hit the mark. A faint smile flashed on Lillian's face.

"They will not care for my Juliet after they have seen your Julia," she said, and moved away.

Quickly the vast saloon filled; servants, thoroughly coached in the duties of the evening, took the numerous tickets from each party and conducted them to their seats, and every seat was filled without a hint of confusion or muddle.

Then, one by one, the orchestra filed into their places, and after the inevitable tuning up, the overture began.

"Now," said the duke, with a smile that was not altogether devoid of good-natured anxiety, "we shall see if Master Gerald and his company are going to make a failure or score a success."

All the actors were gathered in the greenroom except those wanted for their places at the wings when Gerald, who had been taking a last managerial walk across the stage, entered the greenroom, and, with a swift glance from face to face, exclaimed, in a hushed and awful voice:

"Where is Lord Rayburn—the Romeo?"

There was a sudden silence, while each person looked round the room. Then Lillian's clear voice was heard.

"He has not come yet, Lord Vavasour. Do not be anxious; Lord Rayburn knows that he plays in the second piece, and has not hurried."

"He's always late," said Harold, who had slipped out of his dress coat and was busy with the scenery. "He'll turn up just in time, never fear."

"Then ring up!" said Gerald, and the curtain slowly ascended, and a burst of applause greeted the beautiful scene, and repaid poor Gerald for all the toil and trouble.

But he himself seemed scarcely to hear it. Coming up to Lillian, he

leaned on her arm, and looked up at her anxiously.

"If Rayburn should be late?" he murmured, apprehensively.

"But he will not be," she said, gently. "Hark! There is the sound of a carriage; we can hear them quite plainly."

That is he, no doubt. I am so glad, for your sake—and mine!" and she laughed.

But it was not Lord Rayburn; and, if she could have known whom that carriage contained, she would not have been glad for anyone's sake, least of all for her own.

CHAPTER XII A "ROMEO" ARRIVES.

The carriage which Gerald so fervently hoped might be Lord Rayburn's drew up to the door.

It was a station fly, and out of it stepped Dawson Slade.

With a languid glance at the gleaming windows, he walked up the broad steps and into the brilliantly lighted hall.

A footman, who knew not Dawson Slade, came forward, looking with surprise at the light, travelling suit and dust coat—all the rest of the party had come in evening dress—and held out his hand respectfully for the ticket. Dawson Slade turned, with that rare air of indolent interrogation.

"What is it, Louis?"

The discreet Louis stepped up beside his master, and with a glance round, said:

"Dinner party, I think, sir."

"Dinner party—ah, yes," sighed his master; "and I've lost the soup and the fish, no doubt."

Here the footman cut in:

"It's not a dinner party, sir, if you please."

"A dance?" queried Dawson Slade, discontentedly.

"No, sir—amateur theatricals."

Dawson Slade stepped back, with a groan, and looked at Louis with an expression that would have drawn tears from a stone.

"Amateur theatricals! Is it possible?" he murmured, piteously.

Willingly and cheerfully would he have traveled a hundred miles at any time to avoid them, and now he had traveled a hundred weary miles, to find them awaiting him at his journey's end! It was hard, certainly.

Tired and bored, he looked round into the night, as if he half thought

of taking refuge in flight; but Louis had paid the fare, and the fly was on its way back to the station.

Dawson Slade sank on to a chair, and looked round the deserted hall. A dim thunder of applause roused him.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed; "is there no one here to whom one can speak? Where is the butler? Go, Louis, and find him, or some one. Let me get out of sight and sound!"

Louis hurried off past the astonished footman, who stood and stared at the new arrival, and presently returned with Mr. Flitters, who did know Dawson Slade.

"Mr. Slade, sir," he said, with unctiousness. "Didn't expect you, sir, hope you are quite well, James—sharply, to the starting footman—take Mr. Slade's luggage upstairs. Quick! I'll call the housekeeper, sir, Hem! that's no use, though; she's in the saloon. You see, sir, we've got some theatricals on, and all the servants are looking on."

Dawson Slade looked up, and shook his head.

"I couldn't have come at a more unfortunate time, Flitters—I had no idea of it."

"No, no; certainly not," said Flitters, sympathizingly; he knew Mr. Dawson Slade well, and admired that gentleman's exquisite languor and impassibility. "Of course, sir; and we didn't know you were coming. But don't

be upset, sir; I'll make you very comfortable. We've dinè—"

Dawson Slade bent his head, as if he expected the blow.

"But I'll send you up as comfortable a dinner as I can, sir. Here, William, send in to Mrs. Jones, and tell her to come here at once!"

In three minutes Mrs. Jones appeared. She, also, knew Mr. Dawson Slade, and dropped a welcoming courtesy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones?" he said. "I didn't know—"

"Lor, sir, it don't make any difference, not a bit. You can have your old rooms, if Mr. Louis will kindly follow me. And won't you go into the library, and rest—"

"No," said Dawson Slade, firmly, but languidly. "I'll go to bed at once, Mrs. Jones. My rooms are in the south wing? Yes; I remember. And I can't hear anything of this, eh? Ah, yes, thanks. And—amateur theatricals, don't, for Heaven's sake, let anybody learn I'm here. I'll put in appearance at breakfast; come by the early train; you understand?"

"Yes, sir, quite," said the intelligent Flitters. "You shan't be disturbed. But don't go to bed, sir, till I send up a bit of dinner."

Dawson Slade nodded a languid assent, and went up the stairs, not, but almost supported by Louis, who had run down to help his overwhelmed master, and by Flitters, who felt it his duty to see an honored guest to his rooms in safety.

The suit was in the south wing, as Flitters said, and some of the best rooms in the house. Mrs. Jones had arranged them as well as she could, in so short a time; and Louis was already unpacking the trunks.

"Don't wait, Flitters," said Dawson Slade; "Mrs. Jones will tell me all about it. And now, Mrs. Jones, what is it all about?"

Mrs. Jones smiled.

"A whim of the young marquis, sir," she said, bustling noiselessly to and fro, helping Louis spread a cloth, and giving a general "home" look to

things, as she spoke. "Just one of his whims, sir; quite turped the house out of window. Not but what we'd have had a room for you, Mr. Slade, if we had known—"

"My fault," he said, quietly. "I didn't make up my mind to come till two or three o'clock this morning, and it was too late to write. I should have been here three hours earlier, but there was an accident, or something of the kind, on the line; it's a wonder I am here now."

There was only one fly at the station, and Louis risked his life in snatching it out of the hands of half a dozen other people. And this is amateur theatricals, is it? Has Lord Vavasour got it very badly?"

"Mrs. Jones looked puzzled for a moment, then smiled.

"Oh, yes, sir; he's quite heart and soul in it. It's a pleasure and a fright to see him, so anxious and excited; and he has worked so hard! Painted all the scenery—Dawson Slade groaned—and undertook the management of everything, and it's much to his credit. For, if you'll believe me, nobody would know it from a real theater."

To be continued.

NEW RACE BOAT.—The new M.G. race boat will be taken to Quidi Vidi Lake next week. All who have seen her believe that she is going to give a good account of herself on Regatta Day.

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Premier Botha Well Received.

Johannesburg, July 14.—Last night Premier Botha, speaking in English, outlined his political programme in Waverley Hall, in the presence of a vast audience, mainly British.

His utterance created the most favorable impression. It was a triumph of personality and met with a reception at the same time enthusiastic and sincere. Premier Botha was cheered in a manner that proves that racialism is almost dead among the mass of the people and would not survive for a week if not employed for political ends.

With respect to education, the Premier was backed somewhat on Heriotism, but reasonable people are satisfied with his statement, and the general view is that the Free State on this matter will fall in line when the provincial council is elected.

A Durban despatch says Botha's speech is regarded in Natal as a magnificent Imperial deliverance. Botha's promises are trusted and the Union Government is looked to to redeem them.

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