ing for weeks for the murderer of Rose

Effington, but that he never dreamed that O'Hara and Costello were one and

the same, and he could not help rejoic-ing that the man was to be dealt with

have led to a public scandal. Rush regretted that Bessie should have had such

was committed to await trial, and Rush

brimming over with the excitement of the day, hurried to the office of The

young women of wealth and fashion waiting to sit to him for their portraits.

Rush was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and his pen flew across the

paper. He threw in just the right amount of light and shade, and made a

story that was copied far and wide. Bessie Archer's connection with the af-

fair he, of course, never mentioned, nor did he even hint that there was a lady in

the murderer's company when he wa

arrested. As it was, the article made a profound sensation. If it had been known that Tillinghast Archer's daugh-

ter was with Costello in Mme. Fanny's den, society would have had a still

When a copy of the paper containing this story reached the proprietor of The Dawn, in London, the Duke of Bellefort

After breakfast Plummett cabled to the

earnes thing to Rush Hurlstone

the line of his profession he did with en

post to reach, and the whole bent of

choicer morsel to discuss.

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NONT

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

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CHAPTER XVI. N the meantime earthing the Effington was becoming more in-teresting. The nan Johnson had come in from the west, and was sharing the vigils of Rush and Martin. The journal-ist and the de-

tective anticipated an early denouement. They were assured of one thing, which was that the apartment of Mme. Fanny, Countess de Paris, was the place where they would be most likely to capture Costello. Mar-tin had worked up a number of clews, and he was thoroughly satisfied that Costello would be caught under Mme. Fanny's roof. He learned that he had been a lover of Mme. Fanny, and that, although he had lost his taste for her. she was still enamored of him, and for the sake of seeing him occasionally and willing to help him in his affairs with

What most surprised Rush about this establishment of Mme. Fanny's was that apparently respectable women vis-ited it. They usually came closely veiled, and there was one whom he had seen as she passed his door whose figure haunted him. He certainly had met that woman somewhere, but where he could not tell. He thought of putting himself in her way some day, to see if she recognized him, but then he rememhered that he did not want to be recognized, so he avoided meeting her, though his curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch. This mysterious lady was aressed in mourning and wore a long thick crepe veil, and he noticed that she came in a hired coupe which waited for

her a few doors away.
While awaiting developments in the
Costello case Rush had plenty of time to
think. He would have had time to read, too, if he had wanted to, but he couldn't bring his mind to it. As a usual thing he could find diversion in "Henry Esmond," but somehow or other he could not keep his mind on the page. He could read no name but that of Helen Knowlton in the lines before him, so he set the ook aside and thought. He thought of the woman's wonderful fascinatio her beauty of face and figure, the set of her head upon her neck, the round whiteness of her arms and their exquisite texture, for once by an accident his hand had touched her arm, and he had never forgotten the sensation he experien vas as though he had touched a damask rose just picked from some cool gar

He thought of all her little ways; of her true womanliness, with its strange combination of childlikeness; of her posi-tion in the world; of the men who, if there was anything in gossip, were mad-ly in love with her; of West Hastings in particular and his probable relations to her. Could it be possible that she really loved this cold, selfish man of the world, whose only attractions were his wealth and a certain polish that long contact with society had given him? She was by of a better man. And then he

ut it seemed to make his chances better. and he thought of it every time one of his despondent moods came on. Still, his chances did seem to be pretty poor compared with those of West Hast and when he thought of Helen's approaching trip to Europe with Hastings as a passenger on the same ship, his heart

sank within him.

Archie Tillinghast, too, was in despair over the affairs of his heart. Bessie Archer seemed to get farther away from him every day. Her interests were not Archer seemed to get farther away from him every day. Her interests were not his interests, and she was becoming more and more intimate with O'Hara and Mra. Pryor—a pair for whom Archie had the most violent contempt. What could possess a clever, refined girl like Bessie, that she should associate so intimately with sess a clever, refined girl like Bessie, that she should associate so intimately with these two? He put it down to disease a disease of the brain, induced by misdirected mental activity. She craved in rected mental activity. She craved in as there was though to take her with him.

"You infernal scoundrel," said Rush. tellectual excitement, and, as there was little to be got in the ordinary course or flinging him across the room with one

not only something else to think about, but her mind was too well balanced to have any leaning towards these follies of idle brains. She tried to take an interest in them for Bessie's sake, but the more in them for Bessie's sake, but the more she saw the less she cared for them. "Didn't it ever occur to you, Bessie," she said to her friend, "that if there was as much in these 'isms' as you think there is, a different class of people would be interested in them? that scientists rather than scatterbrains would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the most intellectual people she believes in the latter of the most intellectual people she would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the most intellectual people she would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the most intellectual people she would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the most intellectual people she would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the didn't mind playing with him go, but he didn't mind playing with him got at the same is Dionysius O'Hara, and I never before heard the name of the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the proposition of the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the proposition of the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the proposition of the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished in the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will be an an artist, and I have a distinguished in the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will be an an artist, and I have a distinguis some of the most intellectual people she had ever met were believers in the unseen. Helen saw that argument would be useless; all she could do was to wait antil Ressie's mind should take a new

Owing to his love for Bessie, Archie could not possess his soul in patience. He wanted to strangle O'Hars, throw Mrs. Pryor out of the window, and fight a duel with Rush. On this last point he had some doubts, for he couldn't exactly make out a case against his friend. He had an idea that Bessie was more than partial to him, yet he had to so take my leave." As he advanced towards the door Rush made a movement as the door, the knob of which Costello hastily turned. As the door opened the giant form of Johnson appeared in the hall.

"At last!" exclaimed Johnson, whose face was almost black with rage, "At

knowledge that he had never seen Rush playing the role of lover. With these thoughts rankling in his breast he rang his uncle Archer's bell one morning, determined to "have it out with Bessie," as he expressed it, and learn whether it was because she cared for some one else that she didn't care for him. James, the Archer factotum, answered the bell, and told him that Miss Bessie was out; but, seeing an expression of disappointment pass over Archie's face, he added, "I don't know, though, "on tyou might find her, sir; I heard her order William to told him that Miss Bessie was out; but, seeing an expression of disappointment pass over Archie's face, he added, "I don't know, though, but you might find her, sir; I heard her order William to said he, turning to Martin. "I thank said he, turning to Martin. "I thank drive to No. - East Fourth street."
"No. - East Fourth street! Are you

"Yes, sir, perfectly and if you'll excuse me sayin' so, Fir. I remember it live. I have traced this story to its end, sure you heard aright. James?"
"Yes, sir, perfectly: and if you'll ex-Miss Ressie should be goin' to such a Rose Effington." And Johnson looked

neighborhood."
"It's all right, no doubt, James; she must be going to visit some poor people; you know Miss Archer is very charita-

young lady I never know'd." James shut the door.
"This is some of Mrs. Pryor's work," said Archie to himself "She has dragged

said Archie to himself "She has drugged Ressie off to some of her mediums. A nice business, by Jore!—the daughter of Tillinghast Archer visiting a den in East Fourth street! I's outrageous! I'll stand out in front of the damned place and be ready in case of trouble." And he turned his aristocratic feet towards that unaristocratic oparter of the town. Rush, Martin the detective, and the man Johnson were in a state of great excitement this morning. They had heard Mme. Fanny, Countess de, Paris, telling one of her confederates that she telling one of her confederates that she expected Costello there that very morn ing; that he was going to bring a young lady with him, "a great swell," whom he wanted to marry: that her father was a man of wealth, but that both he and the mother were prejudiced against

Costello, although they knew nothing to his discredit. Costello on the other hand, was determined to marry her. She had given him sufficient encouragement to make him believe that he could get her; and she was too great a prize to let slip through his fingers. "I am to give her the benefit of a trance, in which I am to tell her that it is written in the stars that she is to marry a certain man, and then I'll describe Cos. She will be overcome by the coincidence, while I will take no notice of it, but go on and tell of the great things that will come of this union foreordained by heaven." And Mme Fanny broke into a harsh, vulgar hugh. And where do you come in? What you get for this job?" asked her con-

Oh, just you leave me alone for that. promised me a good slice out of e dot.

"Cos' promises are not selling above ar nowadays, and don't you forget it."
"You needn't abuse Cos to me. He ays up when he can, but living with the wells is an expensive luxury and takes lmost all he can earn."

Innost all he can earn.

The other gave a grunt of contempt which showed that she did not share time. Fanny's good opinion of Costello. tush's indignation waxed high at this onversation, and he said to Martin that I he could get hold of that poor girl he would warn her in time.

"You would get no thanks," replied the detective. "Women have to find those things out for themselves.".

They talked awhile on general sub-jects and smoked a cigar apiece. When they find finished they heard footsteps in the stairs and a peculiar rap on Mine Fanny's door which was quickwondered at his own conceit. Wherein was he more worthy than West Hastings? He might not be quite as selfish, certainly he was not as cold, but he had neither the polish nor the wealth of his

"Don't touch me! Help! help!" Rush recognized the voice in a second.

nd his blood ran cold in his veins. Vithout waiting for Martin's signal he out the edge of his jimmy in the crack of the door and gave it a fierce wrench. t rolled quickly back on its hinges, and the occupants of the darkened room tood before him. Rush forgot all about he man he was looking for and sprang

o the woman's side.
"In God's name, Miss Archer, what are

little to be got in the ordinary course of her life, she sought it in unnatural channels. Bessie Archer was a girl of strong character, but her strength had never been properly developed. As Archie said, "she had a morbid hankering after "the, great Why?" and the leaser "Why Not?" and between the two she red to the floor."

Helen was too much absorbed in her profession to give any time to occult philosophies, so she and Bessie had not only something cles to think about, and the lease to think about, and the red to the floor."

voice to speak.

"You have mistaken your man, my

moment.
"Your name is not Dennis Costello.

you say?"
"No. sir, my name is not Dennis Cos-Owing to his love for Bessie, Archie tello; and with your permission I will take my leave." As he advanced towards

you for your assistance."
"Don't you talk about brutes, Dennis

very much as though he was going to fly at Costello's throat again. "Of the two of us," said Costello. quietly, "I think that our violent friend here looks the most like a murderer. His "Indeed she be, sir: a more charitabler oung lady I never know'd."

So Archie ran down the steps, and Effington, but I deny that I had any

Effington, but I deny that I had any hand in her untimely taking off. It was a clear case of suicide, poor girl."

"You will have a chance to prove this in the courts if you can; in the mean time

mission," And, taking a Honrades from a little case in his pocket, he rerolled and lighted it. "Now, sir, if you are ready, I am. Before I go, however, I should like to have one word alone with this lady," motioning with his cigarette to wards Bessie, who only clung the tighter to Rush's arm.

"You scoundrel," said Rush, "don't you dare even to turn your eyes in this direction."

"As you will," said Costello. "I am sorry to lave offended you, Miss Archer. I think I could have explained away this mystery if you had allowed me; but I never force my society upon a lady. Good morning and good-by." And he made a courtly bow as he reached the door. Then, turning suddenly, he said, door. Then, turning suddenly, he said, practice; others, that she had taken her practice; others, that she had taken her

made a courtly bow as he reached the door. Then, turning suddenly, he said, "How rude of me! I had forgotten Fanny, Fanny, my dear, where are your are you going to let your Cos go without saying good by?"

This was too much for Mme. Fanny, who had hid behind a curtain when the trouble began. She loved Costello in her way, and she knew enough about the Effington affair to know that she would never see him again. With the tears never see him again. With the tears streaming down her painted cheeks and her hair awry, she came out from behind the curtain and was in the act of throwing herself upon his bosom when he held

her gently back.
"Don't be so demonstrative, Fanny: "Don't be so demonstrative, Fanny; it's vulgar, my dear." Taking her hand, "Good-by; you have been a fathful friend." And putting his arm through Martin's he left the room, followed by Johnson, who did not intend that Costallo should account him this time. Fanny threw herself upon the rickety sofa and Rush hurried Bessie out of the room, saying: "This is no place for you you must get home as soon as possible. I

will take you, of course."

"The carriage is waiting for me a few doors below," said Bessie in a trembling voice, speaking for the first time.

They soon found it, and Bessie and Rush got in and drove off.

But not unseen.

Besides the ragged urchins who stood along the curb gazing at the unusual sight of a fine carriage and a lady and gentleman in East Fourth street. was he more worthy than west fains was followed by one voice spearings? He might not be quite as selfish, certainly he was not as cold, but he had neither the polish nor the wealth of his rival. "The polish be hanged?" he said to himself, "but the wealth Pil have or perish in the winning. Perhaps not so much, but if I can't earn enough money to keep my wife in the manner she has been accustomed to and take her off the stage. Pil try some other business."

Then he would weigh his chances in case the field was clear, and in the mornings, when he felt bright and the world looked easy to conquer, he would feel so blue and despondent that if he had not been young and healthy he would have ended his doubts and misery by jumping off the dock. But for some reason or other these dark days were few, and as a rule he looked upon his success with Helen Knowton as merely a matter of time. He had heard Aunt Rebecca say that Helen was in no hurry to marry, and that she would not entertain the subject seriously until after she had "made her career." Just what Aunt Rebecca meant by this phrase he did not know, but it seemed to make his chances better, and he thought of its every time not of the search of the search of the would not entertain the subcould not the subcould not entertain t

ack. When Bessie found herself alone in the seem dhe tt to carriage with Rush, she put her hands over her eyes and sobbed passionately, He said nothing, because he did not know what to say. He thought of fifty different things, but they did not seem quite adequate to the occasion and he left them unsaid. Bessie was the first to speak.
"I don't know what to say, Mr. Hurl-

stone, how to explain my presence at that place, nor how to thank you for rescuing me."
"Neither explanation nor thanks are necessary, Miss Archer; it is enough for necessary, Miss Archer; it is enough for me to know that I have been of service in that direction. Whatever he did in

"But I feel that I owe you both, and I "But I feel that I owe you both, and I will not be satisfied until I have at least made an effort to pay the debt."

The eyes she turned upon Rush were filled with tears, and their usual "I-cantake-care-of-myself" expression was gone.

filled with tears, and their usual "I-cantake-care-of-myself" expression was gone.

"I believed Mr. O'Hara, or whatever his name may be, to be a clever man, whom men disliked because women liked him. That he seemed to be so thoroughly posted in occult sciences interested me. I am an idle girl, Mr. Huristone; I have no outside interests to occupy my time I am an idle girl, Mr. Hurlstone; I have no outside interests to occupy my time or mind; and when he talked to me of things I knew nothing about I was fascinated and wanted to know more. He told me of a wonderful Mme. Fanny who could tell strange truths while in a trance, and he got my curiosity so aroused that I promised I would go with him to see her. He didn't urge me, but he played upon my curiosity and finally a day was named. Mrs. Pryor was to chaperon us, but just before we reached the medium's house she remembered something that she had to attend to, and said that if we would go on she would rejoin us before see her. He didn't turpe me, but he played upon my curiosity and named. Mrs. Pryor was to chapteron us, but just before we reached the neclimits had only the coviets of the was to sharp the coviets of the was to sharp the weight that the only had to tell his love to fallen to have her corrected when the would go on also stend to, and said that it was a pretty freshold I began to feel usons for table. I had never been in such place before, and it frightened me. Mrs. Pryor reassuring, however. He said it was a pretty hard looking place, but that we should only be there a short time, and he thought I would only be there a short time, and he thought I was a pretty hard looking place, but that we should will be short to be serviced on the was or was the reason of Mrs. Pryor was to chapteron us, the was to short the was to short the was to short the was to short the would go on also would a roll the train that the could go on also would a roll the train that the could go on also would religious the place before, and it frightened me. Mrs. Pryor reassuring, however. He said it was a pretty hard looking place, but that we should only be there a short time, and he thought I would be repeated for my venture. The very looks of Mrs. Pryor my and he had always seemed to dequate the place before, and it frightened me. Mrs. Of the pretty of the province of the pretty first the start turn to fort with the was delighted to from the was delighted to from the was delighted to from the place before, and it frightened me. Mrs. Of the pretty first his was a pretty fresh to be serious obtained the province of the pretty first his was a pretty fresh the was delighted to from the place before, and it frightened me. Mrs. Of the province of the pretty first his was a pretty fresh to the pretty first his was a pretty fresh the pretty fresh the pretty first his was pretty fresh the pretty fresh the pretty fresh the pretty

there was a man waiting to marry me; that we were much alike and very sympathetic—Bahl I cannot think of it without a shudder! Finally O'Hara came without a shudder! Finally O'Hara came across the room and took hold of my hand and asked me if I could any longer doubt that he was the man whom fate had selected for my husband. The room was almost dark, but I could see his cat-like eyes shining close to my face. I screamed for help; you came, and I was saved." She sank shuddering among the sushions. "I make no excuse for myself. facted the part of a fool and I was pun-ished for my folly, but I tremble to think what might have been the consequences if you had not been there."

Rush told her how he had been search-

make out fairly well with the Italian exchanges.

"Why don't you study German?" said Helen, when Rush told her of his new position and his plans. "You will find it a great help in your profession."

Rush, delighted to think that she took enough interest in his affairs to make a practical suggestion, secured a German teacher the very next day and went to work with a will. Some of the older men on The Dawn smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Why, my dear fellow, you may be put according to his deserts. For taking a young lady into a vile den, however, he could not be punished. Rush might have horsewhipped him, but that would only an experience, but he felt that it had not been lost, as it would end her longing for the "occult." When they arrived at Gramercy park Rush left her at her door. To her father and mother she

made a full confession of what had hap-pened, but, except Rush, no one else knew of the adventure in East Fourth street until some years later, when she made a clean breast of it to Archie.

After leaving Bessie Rush went down to the Tombs, where he found Johnson and Martin with Costello. The latter

men on The Dawn smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Why, my dear fellow, you may be put at police reporting to-morrow—you can't tell from one day to the next what your position will be on this paper—and then what good will your languages do you?

"Quite as much good as at the foreign desk," replied Rush, with a smile; "for you know the mixed nationalities of our criminal classes. But, seriously, I do not consider that the study of languages is ever thrown away; and, again, as long as I hold a position on The Dawn I want to learn all that appertains to it."

So he went on with his German and Italian, which, if not absolutely necessary to his position, were of very great assistance. Helen highly approved of his thoroughness, and was genuinely pleased at his promotion. Aunt Rebecca, for her part, said that she was "prouder of him than of any of her boys." Rush would have been in a very happy frame of mind if it had not been for Helen's impending departure. The evening before she sailed he spent at her house, and, while it was always an ecstatic delight to him to be in the same room with her, he would have enjoyed it more if there had not been so large a party—Bessie Aroher, Archie Tillinghast, Uncle Lightfoot Myers, Mary Dick Griswold, West Hastings, and half a dozen more whom Rush did not know as well.

He saw very little of Helen; she was monopolized first by one and then by

Dawn, in London, the Duke of Bellefort was breakfasting with him in his gorgeous house in Park lane. "What do you think of that?" said Plummett, handing him the paper. The duke had known Rose Effington well, and he glanced carefully over the article.

"It's a damned good story, and damned well told."

After breakfast Plummett cabled to the

"Thank you very much," said Helen, dead leaves I will think of you, and I pretending not to notice the meaning of his words. "I thought you could not refuse me." And she began playing the accompaniment again. She played it beautifully. Her accompaniments were an inspiration to a singer. Rush stood by the side of the plane where he could write."

"The voice such as it is," said Rush "The voice, such as it is," said Rush, alightly embarrassed, "I suppose I came by naturally, but my knowledge of music I owe to the best of teachers, for Miss Knowlton has been kind enough to give me most valuable instructions."

"Nonsensel" said Helen. "I heard him sing a little song one night, and I saw that he had a musical ear and a very sweet quality of voice; so I made him bring his music around here, and gave him a few hints, which fell upon good soil, for they have borne fruit a hundred

soil, for they have borne fruit a hur fold." Rush's singing had certainly made a sensation, and they would not let him off until he had sung another song, into which he threw even more passion than he did into the first, for it was "Bid Me

the end of their days they were a loving couple. At 75 she appeared quite as young as he did at 65, and, although she died first, he did not survive her many months. Rush intended to use this listration with fine effect when the time came, but just now he was busy preparing himself for his new department. He entered upon his duties as foreign editor with zeal, and, as the foreign department of the paper was the one in which its proprietor felt the greatest interest, his work was brought conspicuously to that great man's attention. Rush knew enough French to read the French papers, and he could make out fairly well with the Italian exchanges.

ings, and half a dozen more whom Rush did not know as well.

He saw very little of Helen; she was monopolized first by one and then by the other, so that he had no chance of seeing her alone. West Hastings was very devoted; and Uncle Lightfoot told him it was "deuced selfish" of him when he was going to cross over in the steamer with Helen, while the rest of them were with Helen, while the rest of them were a feather than the game plank; or one feather than the game plank; roughly and be supported to be not neglect that the steamer with Helen, while the rest of them were given no feather than the game plank; roughly and he was good in the morning."

he was going to cross over in the steamer with Helen, while the rest of them were going no farther than the gang plank; so Hastings retired from the field with a smile which said as plainly as words could say it, "You see I could have her all the evening if I would, but I won't be too hard on the rest of you," From Helen he turned with the easy grace of a society man to Bessie Archer, who though she did not care much for that style of man, found this particular specimen rather amusing.

This last evening at Helen's New York home was a very pleasant one, for Helen was a charming hostess. As it drew to a close they had some music, and Helen insisted upon Rush singing a song. He refused so flatly at first as to appear almost rude, but Helen knew this to be embarrassment. She wanted her guests to hear what a fine barytone voice he had; so she sat down at the piano and began playing the accompaniment of one of Rubinstein's songs.

"You will not refuse me the last request I shall make of you for months-possibly the last I shall ever make, for

"You will not refuse me the last request I shall make of you for monthspossibly the last I shall ever make, for the ocean is very wide, end even the largest ships are frail." She said this with a smile, but more seriously than she intended, and Rush turned a shade paler at the thought.

"I never sang to a roomful of people, and I will not do so now; I will sing to you."

"Thank you very much," said Helen, pretending not to notice the meaning of will wonder how you are getting along

he did not turn his back to the guests.

He had learned enough German to be able to sing the words in that language, and he felt freer in singing a sentimental series of the series of and he felt freer in singing a sentimental song in a foreign tongue. On the first two or three notes his voice trembled slightly, but the words and Helen's presence warmed him, and he sang as he had never sung before, giving every word its the same as the last of Helen's friends to say he had not be same as the last of Helen's friends to say he had he had serious thoughts of staying aboard and taking his chances, but the impulse was only momentary. He was the last of Helen's friends to say he had he had serious thoughts of staying aboard and taking his chances, but the impulse was only momentary. full meaning, and looking straight into her eyes as the rich tones poured from his lips. He sang as he felt, and he threw such an intensity into some of the words that Uncle Lightfoot Myers, who have the contrary, they heightened their charm. How he longed to take her in the contrary way! What he words that Uncle Lightfoot Myers, who knew a little German, looked at Aunt Rebecca and winked, as though to say, "Another victim."

When Rush finished singing every one in the room except West Hastings came up and complimented him on his voice.

"You never sang for me, Mr. Hurltone." "and Ressi rather represchfully."

In America. She threw him a rose as stone," said Bessie, rather reproachfully.
"Why, Rush, old man, how you have improved!" exclaimed Archie. "I remember you used to sing college songs, but I never heard you sing them like that "I never heard you sing them like the single stone in turn the last friend she saw in America. She threw him a rose as the passed and it fell in the water. In a moment he had pulled off his coat and sprung into the river, where he picked up the flower and waved it to Helen as that."

"Where did you get this beautiful voice you have been hiding under a bushel, and who is your teacher?" asked Mary Dick, taking his hand and shaking crowd on the dock cheered, and he carried

CHAPTER XVIII.

fall; there was that to look forward to. tried to make himself believe.

fall; there was that to look forward to. In one of her letters Aunt Rebecca mentioned in a casual manner that West Hastings had gone over to Paris with a party of Americans, and that she thought he was quite enamored of a western heiress, one of their number. When Rush read this sentence he wanted to turn a hand spring in the editorial sanctum, for it was proof positive that Hastings was not engaged to Helen, that he should leave her to go to Paris in the train of a western beauty. That was the best news he had heard in many a long day.

When Rush's two weeks' vacation came he accepted the very cordial invitation of Mr. Archer to spend half of it at his country place on the Sound; the other week he devoted to his mother and sisters at Farmsted. Mr. Archer's place was about two hours from New York by the boat and stood upon a high bluff overlooking the Sound. It was a large, rambling, old fashioned house, with numerous additions that had been made from time to time for convenience and comfort. Archie Tillinghast was there at the time of Rush's visit, much to his annoyance, for he could not get it out of his mind that Rush was in love with Bessie. The thought troubled him, and he could not help showing it. Bessie saw that he was jealous of Rush, but she knew well enough that he had no cause. One night when Rush and Archie were sitting out on the moonlit veranda enjoying their cigars after the rest of the bousehold had gone to bed, Archie visit, much the suship when the point were sitting out on the moonlit veranda enjoying their cigars after the rest of the bousehold had gone to bed, Archie visit, much the suship when Rush and Archie were sitting out on the moonlit veranda enjoying their cigars after the rest of the bousehold had gone to bed, Archie visit, much the suship with health, but are they happy. know they are well, but are they happy, sitting out on the moonlit veranda enjoying their cigars after the rest of the household had gone to bed, Archie put the question plainly to his friend.

"Rush, old man," said he, "I think it better to speak out in meeting than

tion, but I don't ask it out of curiosity, but because I must know the truth. Are you in love with my cousin Bessie?"

"Why blow rows the state of t

tried," he said; "and I think your manner

taking his hand, there is no work is not in the world for whom I have a more pro-over his forehead and said nothing for found regard than I have for Miss some moments. Then he broke out Archer; but I thought you, who used to twit me with it, knew of my love for an-

cousin Bessie. She really isn't my cousin, the right place; but when you examine you know; no more relation to me than you are; and as she gives me no encouragement I supposed it was because there was another man in the field. You and she semed to be so intimate that I have looked seemed to be so intimate that I have looked upon you as a successful rival for some time past, and have only been waiting to call you out; but now I gladly acknowledge my error. If you are not my rival I know I have none, and I'll go in to win now, or know the reason why. I did once think of challenging that blackground O'Hars, or whatever his name did once think of challenging that blackguard O'Hara, or whatever his name
was, but the law took him in hand and
aaved me the job. Imprisonment for
life he got, wasn't it? I thought so—the
life he got, wasn't it? I thought so—the
"Have no fear on that sore, John; we
"Have no fear on that sore, John; we

sou still really and seriously in love with the Knowlton?"

"Really and seriously, Archie. But I wish you would not call her 'the Knowlton'; that sounds as though she was nothing but a public character, when really that is the least part of her. It is as a woman that I admire her, though I consider her the greatest singer of our time."

Rush's experience of prime donne was limited, but he had heard this statement advanced by excellent authority and felt safe in echoling it. "My confession to you to-night," he continued, "is in the most sacred confidence. No one suspects what I have told you, Miss Knowlton least of any one; but I am going to win her or die in the attempt."

"I admire your pluck, old man, for it it is plucky of you, deuced plucky, when you have to fight against so many suit-

to be under the matter with him—he only needed the fresh air out under the trees of the square.

Tadmit you have to fight against so many suitors. I give you my blessing; go in and win. You possibly think, with becoming modesty, that if you win Helen Knowlton you are the one upon whom congratulations are to be heaped: certainly you deserve some; but Miss Knowlton is the one whom I shall congratulate. And now to bed, and to dream of our sweethearts—God bless them! You have made they seated themselves on a park bench. hearts-God bless them! You have made me a happy man, Rush, or perhaps 1 should say a comparatively happy man."

And the friends pressed each other's hands and said good night.

The next and last week of Rush's vacation was spent with the dear ones at Farmsted. It was the middle of August, and all the village was in a flutter of excitement over the arrival of so distinguished a townsman. Old Bennie Miles, citement over the arrival of so distants of a ship moored the last sight of her. It is a rose as the riend she saw the whim a rose as it in the water. In a lied off his coat and ar, where he picked waved it to Helen as but of sight. He saw ression on her face dhe was repaid. A picked him up, the heered, and hecarried umph.

In a lied off his coat and are with the last of seed in him. Just give it a chance, and see how it 'ed grow." And old Aunty Stout, the village charwoman, said she "could hev told any one that that there young feller was born for a marbill palish; and if what she hearn tell was true, his office in New York was nothin less than marbill from its front stoop to its lean-to."

The approaching wedding of John Hurlstone to Amy Bayliss was no less an occasion of local excitement. John hadn't been in Farmsted since he went away "to take keer o' that gold mine," as the villagers expressed it, but Amy had heard, from him regularly, and he had at last fixed the wedding day. It was to be September the 8d, and great the preservations then going on.

Rush an was to be September the 3d, and great was to be September the 3d, and great were the preparations then going on.

Amy's brother Tom was to be the best man, John's two sisters the bridesmaids, and both Dr. Bayliss and the bishop of chicken were to perform the wedding. keen eye for the ridiculous, and the bishop of the diocese were to perform the wedding the distinguished people she gave him with a stroke of the pen were as characteristic.

*Rush, old man, said he, than better to speak out in meeting than never be made unhappy on my account; but it takes so little to make nothers and but it takes so little to make nothers and but it takes so little to make nothers and but it takes so little to make nothers and but it takes so little to make nothers and the little takes so little takes so little to make nothers and the little takes so little to make nothers and the little takes so little takes s fathers and brothers. Well, Rush, old you in love with my cousin Bessie?"

"Why, bless your heart, Archie, I never dreamed of such a thing!" And Rush, who was thinking of his love for Helen Knowlton when he spoke, laughed at the absurdity of the question.

Archie resented his tone.

"You couldn't love a better girl if you tried," he said; "and I think your manner what do I mean?"

"As we deserve," suggested Rush.

John knit his brows for a second. "More than that, Rush. That might do such that it would never do for more than that the such deserved to the dear ones at home, and may they always love us, Rush, always love us as we—what do I mean?"

"As we deserve," suggested Rush.

John knit his brows for a second. "More than that, Rush. That might do so what it would never do for more than the second of t

tried," he said; "and I think your manner extremely offensive."

He threw his cigar on the grass and what comes — that's it, Rush. 'No matarose to go inside.

"Why, Archie, old friend," said Rush, taking his hand, "there is no woman in Then he sat down and pulled his hair Then he sat down and pulled his hair

twit me with it, knew of my love for another woman, and it seemed to me so absurd to think that I could love any one else, that I could not help laughing as I answered your question."

"I'll forgive you, old boy," said Archie, reseating himself and lighting a fresh cigar; "and since you are so confiding I'll confide in you in turn. I love my cousin Bessie. She really isn't my cousin. my head you won't find my moral quali-ties what they ought to be. Then you'll forgive me for lots of things, won't you'l You'll say, 'Poor fellow! His heart was You'll say, 'Poor fellow! His heart was all right if his will wasn't as strong as ours; we musn't be too hard on him.' You'll say all this, won't you, Rush'' And John leaned across the table and seized his brother's hand with a tight grip, and gazed with an expression of intense longing into his face.

Rush knew, of course, that he was flushed with wine, and he supposed that all this talk was merely the result of his restriction. The humor him, and because

sou still really and seriously in love with | carry about with you to be hard on you

they seated themselves on a park bench.
"I wish, John, that if you have any

business troubles you would confide in me; I might help you."

"Thank you, Rush, for your kind offer; but it's nothing—a mere nothing; just a fluctuation in mining stocks that may hurt us, that's all. To-morrow, for all the can tall they may look better than huctuation in mining stocks that may hurt us, that's all. To-morrow, for all we can tell, they may look better than ever. It's a worrying business. Take my advice, Rush, and keep out of stocks—particularly mining stocks."

John lighted a cigar, puffed it once or twice, and threw it away. Then he sat for several minutes with his hat off, en-gaged in his old trick of pulling his hair

arm.
"Come along, Rush: I've kept you un tate enough: it must be after 1 o'clock. I'll walk down to your lodgings with

over his forehead. Jumping to his feet suddenly, he took his brother by the

you."
They walked the whole distance in si They walked the whole distance in silence, which was broken by John when they reached the door of the house. He took Rush's hand, and holding it tightly said: "Good night, Rush; pleasant dreams." Then, suddenly, "We've always been good friends, haven't we, Rush? We've never quarreled, have we' Philip and I have had little fights once in a while; but you and I, Rush, were always good friends. When I die I'll depend upon you to defend me against my enemies; you'll do that, won't you, Rush? You'll see that I have a sired of character left—just enough to bury me in."

me in."

"I wish you'd stop talking about dying, John; you'll live to put a monument over all our graves—s big, hearty fellow like you." And Rush tried to laugh; but his brother's manner, even more than his words, impressed him unpleasantly, and he couldn't shake off the impression. It hung over him all that night, and all the next day, and long afterwards.

(To be Continued.)