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CHAPTER III.

LADY NORAH.

Then there was silence, as if the speaker were rapt in contemplation. Norah, filled with wonder as to who the speaker and the man he thought he was addressing could be, moved on tip-toe toward the room, but she had not taken two steps when she heard something more, at the head of the steps and within a few feet of her.

Conscious that however quietly she walked, the unknown must hear her and become aware of her presence, she stopped still and shrank back against the wall.

"Well, we'd better go, Jack, and wind up this mad escapade," as you very rightly called it," said the same voice. "It was very good of you to humor my insane whim, and now I have seen the old place, we'll go. I wish," he sighed, "I wish I had seen her, though! For you were right, and it was on the chance of getting a glimpse of that perfect face that I ventured on this exploit. Come along. Where on earth are you?"

The silence that ensued upon his question seemed to puzzle him, for in a low and more cautious voice he said: "Jack don't be too reckless; we don't want to be caught prowling here. I saw a light in one of the windows just now. Come along."

He paused, standing quite close to Norah, so close that she could hear him breathing and hear the next words spoken in a fervent whisper. "Good-night, angel with the golden hair, wherever you are and wherever you hide in this old house. Good-night."

Norah held her breath. "Angel with the golden hair? Whom could he mean? Then the hot blood rushed in her face. Could he mean herself? Surely, surely not! And yet at the mere suspicion, a strange thrill ran through her, and her breath came in tremulous little pants, filling her with terror lest he should hear her.

"Yes, good-night and good-by," he murmured. "We may never meet, beautiful unknown, and yet through all my life I shall remember your sweet face! Good-night!"

Then she heard his step moving away from her, another "Jack!" sounded softly on the midnight air, and then all was silent again.

She waited no longer, but, freeing herself from the spell that had fallen upon her, fled to her room and stood behind the window, panting and trembling, the musical voice ringing in her ears and drowning even that of the nightingale.

CHAPTER IV.

In Love With A Face.

The owner of the voice which Norah had heard, under such peculiar and mysterious circumstances, felt his way down the steps to the lower terrace, and from thence to the lawn, and there almost stumbled over a young man who was sitting on a bank with his knees clasped in his hands.

"Hallo, what the duce—" ejaculated in a low voice the one who had stumbled; then, as he spoke, the moon cleared and he stopped and stared at his companion. "Why, it's you, Jack!" he exclaimed, in amazement. "Where on earth did you come from?"

His companion, a fair young fellow, with a face of a somewhat dreamy and absent expression, heightened by spectacles, looked up and retorted, slowly:

"Where on earth did you think I'd come from?"

His friend stared at him, then laughed shortly. It was a pleasant laugh, that matched the voice and the face, which was strikingly handsome and manly.

"Why, you were up there just now!" he said, pointing to the upper terrace.

"Was I?" said Jack. "Then I was quite unaware of it. My dear Cyril, I have never left this bank. I know a bank," he murmured.

"Do you mean to say that you were not up there?" interrupted Cyril, incredulously. "Why man, I heard you!"

"Did you? Extraordinary! I give you my word I haven't opened my lips."

"What!" exclaimed Cyril. "Oh, come now, Jack, you are playing it a little too low down. I tell you I heard you quoting that line about the moon from Romeo and Juliet!"

The other turned his spectacles up to the handsome face with slow and profound surprise.

"Upon my word, Cyril, this business, or the moon, has been too much for you. I quoted Shakespeare! My dear fellow, I have sat here since you left me, and I haven't opened my lips! In fact, I've sat here long enough to grow a crop of the very finest kind of rheumatism. This midsummer madness of yours is growing serious. For Heaven's sake, let us get away while we've a chance. Spout Shakespeare! why, my dear fellow, I've been in too much of a funk all the time, for every moment I've fancied I heard an 'honest watchdog,' or a keeper or gardener, or some thing of the kind. Come along!" and he rose and stretched himself.

"But—but if it wasn't you who were up there and spoke who was it?" demanded Cyril.

"Ask me another," responded his friend with a stifled yawn. "Cyril, you have been star gazing or moon raking until you have lost your senses. Who could be up there? Do you think if any one had been, he would have stopped to talk poetry with you? Not he! He'd have rung the alarm bell, sprung a rattle, or riddled you with a revolver; and that's what will happen to both of us if we don't clear out," and he almost yawned his spectacles off.

Cyril laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Stop chaffing for a moment, Jack," he said, and at the gravity of his voice the other turned to him with serious surprise. "I tell you that I saw—no, heard some one up on the terrace! I went up there in the dark and was sitting on the top step waiting for the moon to clear, when a voice—yours as I thought, imitating a woman's—said: 'Swear not by the moon!'—you know the lines. And I answered. I went on talking to you, as I thought, and though I got no reply, I fancied you were too frightened to carry on a conversation in such dangerous nearness to the house—and—and—" he put his hand to his brow—"Great Heaven," a blush rose to his tanned face, "I—I, thinking you had gone down uttered some nonsense. No, it was not nonsense; but, Jack, I was not alone! Some one was there! Who was it?"

Quite serious now, his companion shook his head.

"Who's to tell? A woman's voice, you say. Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, now!"

"A housemaid, probably."

Cyril's hand fell from his shoulder, and he uttered an ejaculation of impatience.

"Well, my dear Cyril, it's the only suggestion I can make. Why shouldn't a housemaid quote Shakespeare? I tell you so as is likely nowadays to know him as her mistress is!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Cyril, and he gazed at the terrace, his face reflecting his surprise and bewilderment. "It was the voice of a lady."

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BASEBALL



Bobbie is bat-boy for the local team, but he also has his favorite among the players in the big leagues. What two players in the Philadelphia American team has he pictured on the fence?
Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Acaula (a's Ale Ha). Ceranium (G's knee G.M.). Petunia.



Healthy Mother Merry Children Happy Home

TO maintain a happy home the housewife must keep in good health. Her duties are many and various, and it seems as if every other member of the family depended very much on her.

"Where is my hat?" cries the boy.

"What did you do with my coat?" asks the daughter.

"I can't find any handkerchiefs," yells the husband.

The housewife is usually the advisor and general manager of the family.

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"Thanks; you said just now you thought it was mine." "I said—" retorted Cyril, then with a stifled sigh he allowed his companion to draw him away.

Keeping in the shadow of the shrubbery, they made their way through the ornamental grounds, crossed the park and reached the village, and stopped at The Chequers, as the inn was called. Inn is rather a dignified name for the little place, which was a rambling cottage owned by a widow of a former Court servant, who let two or three of the rooms as lodgings, and sold beer, candles, tobacco, and peg-tops, and other articles too numerous to mention in one end of the tiny place.

The two young men entered the sittingroom, and Jack turned up the paraffin lamp, while Cyril dropped in to a chair and stared thoughtfully into the vacancy.

Jack got a pipe from the mantelshelf and lit it; then, adjusting his spectacles, gazed reflectively at his musing companion.

Now that they were in the light one could see the contrast between the two men. The one, Cyril Burne, was tall and straight, strong limbed, with the peculiar bearing of a man

who has gone in for athletics, and thing of a cynical expression, with a face that was not only handsome, but possessed of that winsome quality of grace which one is accustomed to associate with "good birth" and high training. His hands were small, yet strong-looking; his clothes sat upon him after the fashion which bringeth delight to the heart of the tailor, and there was an air of command about the dark eyes and clean-cut mouth, noticeable even when, as now he was in repose.

The other, Jack Wesley, was of a more commonplace type. He was rather awkward in appearance, with bent shoulders, and there was that look about him which belongs to the brain-worker. It was a good-natured, shrewd face, though the eyes behind the spectacles had acquired some-

thing of a cynical expression. These two young men were fast friends, Jack thought Cyril the peerless and graceful, and admired him for all the qualities which he (Jack) and Cyril regarded his friend as a genius unrecognized as yet by the world, but as one whose light would shine out brightly some day.

And yet as Jack regarded his silent companion there was a certain curious questioning expression in his eyes.

"I am reluctant to disturb your meditations, on which no doubt the fate of nations depends," he said in a slow, good-naturedly cynical tone, "but my material nature is craving for a whiskey and soda, and the suppers is immediately behind you."

(To be continued)

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