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IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XII

A NEW STAR.

"Give it to me," says Mr. Gossip. "I'll take it myself. I must see her." He snatches the tray from the bay and hurries to the dressing rooms behind the scenes and knocks at one of the small doors. It is opened immediately, and Katrine Haldine, dressed as Madame Deschappelles, looks out with a calm, composed smile.

"I've brought you a cup of coffee," says Mr. Gossip.

"Only half a cup!" smiles Katrine. "Thanks."

"Oh, yes—I say, Miss Haldine, how is she getting on? Is she nervous?" "Who—my sister?" says Katrine. "Not at all. Don't be alarmed, Mr. Gossip. Only a quarter of an hour. Yes, I know. We shall be ready when the scene is fixed."

Mr. Gossip hands in the coffee, and Katrine closing the door, turns with a smile to the only other occupant of the room, a tall, beautiful girl, exquisitely dressed in a costly robe of some neutral gray, that sets off her peculiar beauty in an indescribably subtle manner, and who looks up with a smile of interrogation.

Can this be Olive Etcourt? It seems scarcely possible, so changed

is the face, so matured is the grace of the shy, dreamy country girl whom we remember sitting at the lattice window of the cottage in Hawthorne! It is Olive—but Olive no longer. The Olive of the past has vanished forever. There need be no fear that she will be recognized as Adrienne Haldine, the sister of the great actress.

"Coffee, dear," explains Katrine, setting the cup down upon a small table. "Poor Mr. Gossip! you will be the death of him. If you were only half as nervous as he is, where should we be?"

"I am nervous," says Olive, with a little smile.

"No, you are not, dear," contradicts Katrine. "Anxious, not nervous. There is a vast difference between the two sensations. Stand up."

Olive—or Adrienne, as we must now call her—stands up, with a little blush and questioning smile.

"Let us look at you. Yes—you are perfection. You have the first qualification, child—you look Pauline. And if," she asks, directing attention to herself, purposely to distract her companion from her own self-consciousness.

"I should not know you," says Olive. "You look thirty years older. What a shame—a crying shame—that you should play the part of my mother!"

"Tut!" retorts Katrine, tending forward before the glass, and putting the finishing touches to her face, which is now the face of a middle-aged woman. "I always say that, up to a point, it is the best part in the play. I mean to create a success tonight—that will be two successes for them!"

"If I should fail!" says Olive, with a little sigh and a sudden lowering of the dark eyebrows.

"I know you will not," says Katrine. "No, dear, you will not, for my sake. Remember," she adds seriously, eyeing the thoughtful, dreamy face that is like a poet's dream for loveliness and fullness of soul, "remember how much I have at stake tonight—nothing less than my artistic reputation. It is I who have answered for you—it is I who have pledged your success. You will not fail me, dear!"

Olive looks up, with a sudden flush on her face.

"I will not fail you," she says; "I will do my best."

Katrine lays her hand lovingly on the soft, smooth arm.

"I know it," she says, "and therefore I do not tremble. One word more," she adds, as the callboy pipes

more, she adds, as the callboy pipes

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out shrilly, "Pauline and Madame Deschappelles!" "They are calling us! Do not look at the house until you feel quite self-possessed. Look at me, and any one else to whom you may be talking on the stage; but mind, not a glance at the house until you feel safe."

"There is nothing else?" asks Olive hurriedly.

"Nothing," replies the other. "You know every word; you can play the part as, in my opinion, it has never been played before; you have rehearsed it with me a hundred times, till you are more Pauline than Adrienne—you cannot fail. Keep yourself within yourself for the second scene in Act Three. Now, give me a kiss, dear. Nervous! Your hand is as still and calm as mine—calmer."

"No," said Olive, "I am not nervous. Why is it? It is because I know that to fail would be to disappoint you."

"To break my heart, say rather," said Katrine, taking her by the arm. "Come, they are finishing the overture!"

At last Mr. Gossip caught a glimpse of the new actress; he started and blinked.

"At any rate," he thought, "she will have all the odds in her favor. What a lovely face she has!"

"This way, Miss Haldine. Miss Adrienne, you are discovered reclining on the sofa, you know—"

"We know, dear Mr. Gossip," laughed Katrine, as Olive took up her position on the sofa. "There is not a word or a piece of stage business that we have not mastered. Now they can ring up the curtain as soon as they please. The new Pauline is ready!"

The house was full to overflowing. An aristocratic crush in the stalls and boxes, a hearty crowd in the pit and gallery.

In the stage box, the box in which Olive, now the Pauline of the evening, had seen her first play, were the party of whom the marquis had spoken. Lord Heatherdene, whom we all know; the Honorable Harry Fitzgerald, a good-humored, handsome, and not too clever captain of the guards; and Lord Hamilton, the proprietor of the Boudoir.

"Full house; congratulate you, Hamilton," said the Honorable Harry. "Wish I had a theater. Don't you, Charlie?"

"If I could be certain that it would be as successful as the Boudoir," said Charlie. "The house is full," he added, nodding to persons in the stalls.

"Every one who is in town seems to be here. There's the Duchess of Claverthorpe; I thought she didn't believe in the present drama."

"Not as a general thing; but she has come to see the new Pauline," said Lord Hamilton.

"Upon my word it is to be hoped she won't be disappointed," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald. "You seem to have laid all the odds on this new actress of yours, Hamilton."

Lord Hamilton smiled quietly.

"I think we are right, Harry; I got the tip from one who ought to know—Katrine Haldine."

Charlie nodded approvingly.

"She is confident that her sister will succeed."

"Her sister—ah, yes, I meant to ask you, Mr. Fitzgerald. 'I didn't know she had a sister. Where did she come from?'"

"I can't tell you," replied Lord Hamilton, "for the simple reason that I didn't ask."

"Hem!" mused Fitzgerald, pulling his long mustache and peering through his eyeglass. "Pity Billings isn't here—what did he run off for, Charlie?"

"Ustown House," replied Charlie, with his opera glass to his eyes.

"He'll miss this. I say, what is this 'Lady of Lyons?'" continued the hopelessly ignorant captain, with a plaintive meekness. "If either of you fellows know anything about it, I wish you'd tell me; I hate to sit through a thing, trying to guess at it like a conundrum. You ought to know, Hamilton!"

Lord Hamilton laughed.

"They are just finishing the overture," he said. "Listen—but fancy you're not knowing the 'Lady of Lyons!'"—Pauline Deschappelles is the beauty of Lyons. Beaumont, a rich, powerful man, falls in love with her, so does Claude Melnotte, her father's gardener. Beaumont proposes, and is refused because—it being revolutionary times—he has lost his title. He goes to Claude Melnotte, and persuades him to pretend that he, Claude Melnotte, is a prince, lends him money, clothes, jewels, et cetera, and introduces him to the proud Deschappelles as the Prince of Como! Claude plays the part well; Pauline falls in love with him; she consents to marry him; her proud mother is delighted. Claude has sworn to carry out Beaumont's plots, and after the marriage he takes her to his mother's humble cottage; there he tells Pauline that he is not a prince, but simply her father's gardener. Pauline loves him, but is naturally indignant. He behaves nobly; tells her that he gives up all right to her—that he has kept his oath to Beaumont, but loves her too much to force her to keep her marriage part, and then, after patiently listening to her reproaches, is about to go, when Beaumont enters to taunt and tempt her. Claude protects her, drives off Beaumont, gives her into his mother's care, then goes; Pauline finds that she loves Claude though he is not the Prince of Como. Too late! Claude is gone. Soon after old Deschappelles gets into difficulties, and to save himself wants to marry her—the old marriage is annulled, you know—to Beaumont. Pauline miserably consents, when Claude who has been to the wars, returns in general, and saves her and old Deschappelles into the bargain. There's a plot in a nutshell!"

"A difficult part for a young, untutored girl to play," said Charlie.

"You are right," said Lord Hamilton, "and I should have my doubts but for Katrine Haldine. Hush! The curtain is going up."

Slowly the curtain traveled up; a hush, deep and profound, fell like a cloud upon the crowded house; then, as Katrine, in the character of Madame Deschappelles, spoke, a thunder of applause rose. Katrine took no notice, finished her speech, and Pauline made reply. The house listened eagerly; then, as the voice of the young actress rose clear and musical, and she bent forward, revealing the exquisite beauty of her face, a welcome rang through the house that seemed to shake it.

Olive quivered from head to foot, but she had been well schooled, and she merely bowed her head in quiet, graceful recognition. Lord Hamilton drew a long breath.

"Jove! they have taken to her; but she is not safe yet. Why, what's the matter, Charlie?"

For Lord Heatherdene was staring at the stage with a look of admiration and bewilderment.

"Nothing," he said. "Is that Katrine Haldine's sister?"

"Yes," nodded Lord Hamilton. Charlie leaned back, with nothing but admiration in his face.

"Strange!" he said. "I fancied I had seen her before."

"So you may have done," laughed Lord Hamilton, in a whisper.

Charlie nodded, perfectly satisfied. (To be continued.)

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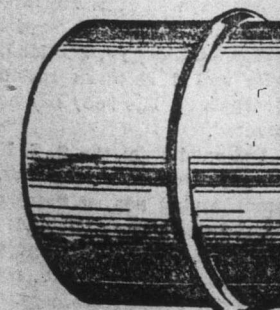
LONDON, Feb. 27.

Eighteen British merchantmen were sunk by mine or submarine in the past week, according to the British Admiralty report to-night. Of these, 14 were ships of 1,600 tons or over, and four under that tonnage. Seven fishing ships also were sunk.

RELATIONS STRAINED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.

Relations between Germany and Austria are said to be greatly strained. On February 22nd, Emperor Charles I. of Austria, paid a visit to William II. of Germany; General Ludendorff was present. If we are to judge from the tone of the interview, it must have been lacking in cordiality. There seems little doubt but that a serious conflict has broken out during the week between the courts of Vienna and Berlin, which Germany is determined to settle up, if need be, by violent measures. The international situation of the Dual Monarchy is such that the Vienna government, in order to avoid a catastrophe, has been obliged to distinguish its own policy from that of Germany. The report that at the conference of Feb. 14th, Hertling and Ludendorff had decided to pay no attention to the Russian demobilisation and to prepare to begin again the conflict on the east front, caused a great stir throughout Austria. It wasn't simply the dissension nationalities, the Czechs, the Slovaks or the Poles, who don't desire to fight any more, but the mass of the population of German origin who refuse to sacrifice themselves any longer to assure the triumph of Prussian imperialism. An official note of the 15th said, for her part she would consider the war as terminated with Russia, and would abstain from taking part in the operations planned by the German command. A second note of the 19th repeated the same statement. When asked to give further particulars at a sitting of the Chamber on the 22nd the Austrian Premier formally stated the words uttered by the different deputies have proved that an explanation which has been furnished up to the present by me, haven't been sufficiently explicit. I repeat, therefore, that Austria-Hungary will participate in no way in military action, which is now being carried out by



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