*What is John Arthur or his money to you?" she questioned, eyeing him with much disfavor.

"Nothing whatever," he indifferently replied. "I merely inquire on behalf of a friend."

"I'll throw him off the seent if he does mean Madeline," thought the old woman.

"Well, Mr. whatever your name is, if it will satisfy your friend to know that Mr. John Arthur is master of Oakley and everybody knows there is no finer property in the state, and that he has a prearly income of tan thousand or more, why, tell him or her so. And you may as yell say, at the same time, that he is too stingy and mean to keep the one in regard or spend decently the other. And when he dies "here ahe suddenly cheeked herself." "well when he dies his heirs, whoever they may be, will inherit all the more because of his meanness."

"Ew should I know who the stingy old reprobate will choose to inherit after limit I think he has a sister somewhere, but I don't know."

"E'm thank you—for my friend. Goodnicht."

"And who, pray, may be his heirs; "Really, now, don't step-papa; you are actually purple in the face! You might die, you know; think of your heart, do, was already beyond his depth. He gasped you know there he had fied. The miser was not at home in a tempest, and this impellies and what was passing in his mind.

"He'll de "he mustered; "and she'll de him. It will be a good thing for her, just me, and very convenient for me into the hargain. Cora's a marvellously the was a heart in this little Madeline is fresh."

For the time being, John Arthur was a little Madeline is fresh.

"And who, pray, may be his heirs, whoever they may be his heirs. I'vell the a side of the cher. And who, pray, may be his heirs, whoever they may be, will inherit all the more because of his meannes."

"E'm thank you—for my friend. Goodnicht."

"And who, pray may be his heirs, who will be proved the will be a good thing for her, included the proved the proved the proved the proved

of his coming defeat.

The meal was partaken of in comparative silence, all apparently well satisfied with their own thoughts—ah, 'how

match."

Tabiling that same Mephistophelian smale, Lucian Davin sauntered away, apparently estimated with himself and what was plaining in his mind.

"He'll de," he mustered; "and she'll de him. It will be a good thing for her, just new, and very convenient for me into the hargain. Cora's a marvelleusly the worder, and a few mouths of the city will make her sharp enough. Only let me heep them apart; that's all" Satisfaction beamed in his eye and smiled on his ig. "Fresty Madeline will be the envy of half the boulevard."

Thew he has neared the trysting tree. "I think I'll just smoke here, and wait for may presty bird; this is the place and almost the time."

The smoked and he waited; the time came, and passed; his cigar expired; the shadows deepened—but still he waited.

"Ston." "Ston."

shmost the time."

He smoked and he waited; the time came, and passed; his cigar expired; the shadows deepened—but still he waited.

And he waited in wain. No light form advanced through the gathering night; no sweet voice greeted him.

The time was far past now, and, muttering an oath, the disappointed lover strode away, and was lost in the night.

Madeline was sanding in her own recent, the threshold of which John Arthus had never crossed since the day made a silent form was borne from it, was allent form was borne from it, was allent form was borne from it.

"Parden me, str, you are too fast. Mr.
Adams has not offered himself."

('Nonsense,'' Mr. Arthur suddenly forgot his politeness—"haven't I just stated his offer?"

Madeline leaned back in her chair, and carnlessly.

About them, the passengers nodded, About them, the passengers nodded, yawned or slopt. Outside, swiftly passing darkness. And every moment was hurrying her farther and farther away from all familiar scenes and objects, out to a life all untried, a world all new and strange. But she never thought of this. She was not elated, neither was else cost.

light, in the long days to come.
On, on; nearer and yet nearer the long journey's end. Both thinking of her, but how differently! One triumpantly, as of a fair prize gained; a new tribute to his power and strength; another smile from Chance; one more proof that he was a favored one of the result, and the life ever gave him good things from out the very best.

They are very near their journey's end now, and Lucian Davlin whispers briefly to Madeline, and lounges out to give some necessary directions to the neglected companion of his wanderings.

Hastily the young man opposite rises, and crossing to Madeline, bends over her, speaking hurriedly.

"Pardon me, madame, but are you a stranger to the city?"

"Pardon me, madame, but are you a stranger to the city?"

"Yes." After giving her answer she wonders why she did it, romembering that it is from a stranger the question comes, and that it is, therefere, an imposite that it is from a stranger the question comes, and that it is, therefere, an imposite parameter was months. And the bell. A most immaculate to colored gentleman answered her summons, and, bowing low, stood waiting her will.

"Henry, is it not time that your hours every less that the would arrive on the one o'clock express, madame; and he never falls."

"The would arrive on the one or appear soon, Henry, you must go and inquire if the train has been delayed, and, if so, telegraph. My business is imperative."

The well trained servant bowed again, and, at a signal from her, withdrew. Left alone, she continued her silent march, listening ever, until at length a great easy chair, she assumed an air of listless indifference, and so greeted the new comes.

Wackenzie's Medical Hall, if the does not appear soon, Henry, you must go and inquire if the train has been delayed, and, if so, telegraph. My business is imperative."

The well trained servant bowed again. And at a signal from her, withdrew. Left alone, she continued her silent march, listening ever, until at length a great easy chair, she assumed an air of listless indifference, and so greeted the new comes.

"Graclous heaves."

"Graclous heaves."

"Graclous heaves."

"Graclous heave One pityingly, sadly, fearing for her

down my childhood with unkind works, when a silans form was borne from it, and laid in that peaceful home, the shureshyazed. She had pus received the gaussess of the summens, for which, only, she lingered—she command or Mr. Archur to stand pour, for Mr. Archur to for Mr. Archur to

one?"
"Not afraid, Lucian, no: but I can't explain or describe my feelings. I suppose I need rest; that is all."
"That is all, depend upon it; and here we are. One kiss Madeline, the last till to-morrow."
He folded her tenderly in his arms, and

most his politeness—thaven't I just stated his offer?"

Madeline leaned back in her chair, and looked from one to the other with a tranquil smile.

"Perhaps; but unfortunately there is a law in existence which prohibits a man from marrying his grandmother, and likewise objects, I believe, to a young woman's epocially here is a law in existence which prohibits a man from marrying his grandmother, and likewise objects, I believe, to a young woman's epocial fine the state of the draw her farther into the shadow. He draw her farther into the shadow and there was life one objects, I believe, to a young woman's epocial fine the state of the shadow and the state of the draw her farther into the shadow and the state of the state of

call to-morrow noon; pleasant dreams."
"To-morrow noon," she echoed.
As she watched his retreating figure, another passed her; a man who, meeting her eye, litted his hat and passed out.
"He again!" whispered the girl to herself; "how very strange."
Alone in her room, the face of this man looked at her again, and sitting down, she said wearily: "Who is he? what does he mean? His name—I'll look at the card."

ters in the snug little village of Bellair.

what does he mean? His name—I'll look at the card."
Taking it from her pocket, she read aloud: Clarence Vaughan, M.D., No. 430
B—street.
"Clarence Vaughan, M.D.," she repeated. "What did he mean? I must to weary to think. Search for me, John Arthur; find me if you can! To-morrow—what will it bring. I wonder?"
Weary one, rest, for never again will you sleep so innocently, so free from care as now. Sleep well, nor dream!
She slept. Of the three who had been brought into con act thus strangely. Madeline slept most soundly, and dream:
It was the last ray of her sunlight; when the day dawned, her night began.

It was the last ray of her sunlight; when the day dawned, her night began.

CHAPTER V.—A SHREWD SCHEME.

CHAPTER V.-A SHREWD SCHEME.

The sure of control was received with space and half-length when the washings are not control was received with space and half-length wings, and half-length win An elegant apartment, one of a suite in a magnificent block such as are the pride of our great cities.

Softest carpets of most exquisite pattern; curtains of richest lace; lambrequins of costly texture; richly-embroidered and velvet-covered sleepy hollows and lounging chairs; nothing stiff nothing that did not betoken abandonment to ease and pleasure; downy cushions; rarest pictures; loveliest statuettes, finest bronzes; delicate vases; magnificent, full-length mirrors, a bookcase, itself a rare work of aut, containing the best works of the best authors, all in the richest of bindings—nothing here that the most refined and cultivated taste could disapprove, and yet everything bespoke the sybarite, the voluptuary. A place wherein to forget that the world held aught save beauty; a place for luxurious revelry and repose filled with lotus dreams.

Such was the bachelor abode of Lucian and too much stupicity in which case even me into submission and banishment. If could only find an occupation, now, for my—"""Peculiar talents," he suggested; "that's just the point. And now, I wonder if you wouldn't make a remarkably charming young widow?"

"So you have an idea, then, Lucian! Just toss me a bunch of those cigarettes, please—thank you. Now a light; and in the character of a fair widow, to besiege? What he is like; and why?"

"Admirable Cora! what other woman could smoke a cigarette with such a perfect air of doing the proper thing; so much of Spanish grace."

"And so much genuine enjoyment," she added comfortably. "Smoke is my poetry, Lucian. When far from my gaze, and I desire to call up your most superb

wandering gaze fell first upon Madeline, seated opposite and very near.

She sees him just as she sees the rest, vaguely. She remembers, later, that be had a good face and that she had thought it then. But confused and wearied in mind and body, she feels no inclination to observe or think. So they were hurried on, and no whisper of her heart, no quickening of the pulses, or sensation of digory or fear, warned her that she was sitting under the gaze and in the presence of the good and the evil forces that were to compass and shape her life.

Open your eyes, oh, Madeline, before it is too late. See the snare that is spreading the hard woman ever saw guile in the eyes of the man she loved?

Nover one, until those eyes have ceased to smile upon her, and her fate is sealed. What one ever yet recognized the false ring of the voice that had never, as yet, addressed her save in honeyed tones, that seemed earth's sweetest music to her ears? None, until the voice had changed and forgotten its love words; none, until it was too late.

What Madeline saw, was a man who was to her the embodiment of all manly grace, her all of joy and love, of truth and trust. And, sitting opposite, just a young man; but not like her hero.

Not like her hero? No, thank heaven for that, Madeline, else your way would have been far more dreary, else your life might have known never a ray of sullight, in the long days to come.

On, on; nearer and yet nearer the long journey's end. Bosh thinking of her. but forces the rest, addressed her save in honeyed tones, that and with beauty enough, and brains and with beauty enough, and brains elong the presence of the pressone of the presone of the pulses, or sensation of the pulses, or sensation of the day of the voice had changed and the pressone of the pulse of

She paused before a mirror, carefully adjusting her feecy hair, for even in pressing emergencies such women never forget their personal appearance. This done, she pondered a moment, and then pulled the bell. A most immaculate colored gentleman answered her summons, and, bowing low, stood waiting her will.

"Henry is it, not time that your

"Gracious heavens, Cora! what brings you here like this? I thought you had sailed, and was regretting it by this He hurried to her side and she half ros

He hurried to her side and she half rose to return his caress. Then sinking back, she surveyed him with a lazy half smile. "I wonder if you are glad to see me, Lucian, my angel; you are such a hypocrite."

He laughed lightly, and threw himself into a seat near her. "Candid, Cora, you are not a hypocrite—with me," and he looked admiringly, yet impatiently, at her. "Come," he said, at length, as she continued to tap her slender foot lazily, and to regard him silently through half closed lashes: "what does it all mean? Fairest of women, tell me."

"It means, Mon Brave, that I did not sail in the Golden Rose; I only sent my hat and vell."

"Wonderful woman! Well, thereby "Wonderful woman! Well, thereb

hangs a tale, and I listen."
"I came back to see—".
"Not old Verage" he interruped, maliciously.

"No, hush; he saw me safely on board the Golden Rose—very gallant of him, wasn't it?"

mystery; as it is, I simply wait to be enlightened." "And enlightened you shall be, Mon She threw off her air of listlessness and

arose, crossing over and standing before him, leaning upon a high-backed chair, and speaking rapidly.

Lucian, meantime, produced a cigar case, lit a weed, and assuming the atti-tude and manner she had just abandoned, bade her proceed.

Lucian Davilin paced the platform of the seming allede gas at the picture of the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming of the platform the servant, had been diamined that Mr. Adams has no to freed think, the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming all the seming all the seming all the seming and the seming all the seming al

bound."

"Well, what next? All the world, your world, supposes you now upon the briny deep. Old Verage will be rejoiced to find you here in the city; what then?"

"I think he will," said Cora, dryly, "when he does find me. I did not come here in the dark to advertise my arrival."

"Bravo, Cora," he patted her hands softly; "wise Cora You are a credit to your friends, indeed you are, my blonde beauty."

She laughed softly:—a kittenish, purring laugh.

shifted," interrupted she. "Well, go on."
He laughed softly, "Even so. We children of chance do need to take flying trips sometimes, but I did not set out for

Europe, Cora mine, and I wore my own clothes home."
"Bravo! But old Verage don't want you, and the wind has changed; proceed."
"Well, as usual, I round myself in
luck, and if I had been anice young
widow, might have taken summer quarparilla with Iodide of Potassium is the best.

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much of Spanish grace."

"And so much genuine enjoyment,"
she added comfortably. "Smoke is my
poetry, Lucian. When far from my gaze,
and I desire to call up your most superb image, I can do so much more comfortably and satisfactorily inspired by my ably and satisfactority inspired by my odorous little Perique."

"Blessed Perique! Cora shall have them always. But back to my widow; an ebsence of six months, perhaps, would be a judicious thing just row, you think?"

FA CY TABLE MOLA SES.

"More would be safer," she smiled. "if TRY IT. the Peri can keep aloof from Paradiso

her permanent abode outside the walls o She removed the fragrant gilded cigar in miniature from between two rosy, pursed-up lips, and surveyed him in mute astonishment.

"Provided," he proceeded, coolly, "provided, ne proceeded, coolly, "provided she found a country home, bank account, and equipage to her liking, with everything her own way, and ample opportunities for trips to Paradise, making visits to her brother and her city friends—and a fine prospect of soon becoming sole possessor of said country mansion, bank stock, etc.?" She placed the tiny weed once more be tween her lips, and sending up perfumed ourling little volumes of smoke, settled

herself more comfortably, and said, not chalantly, "that depends; further part To be Continued.

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