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F. Chaplin PHONE 240.

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

who you were; and so I used-I used

"Well, dearest," said Sir Norman, getting from the positive to the sup-

erlative with a jump, and diminishing the distance between them, "you

"To watch for you!" said Leo-

line, in a sly whisper, "And so I

have got to know you very well!"
"My own darling! And, O Leol-

line! may I hope—dare I hope—that you do not altogether hate

Leoline looked reflective; though her black eyes were sparkling under

"Why, no," she said, demurely, "I don't know as I do. It's very sin-

ful and improper to hate one's fel-low-creatures, you know, Sir Nor-

man, and therefore I don't indulge

"Ah! you are given to piety, I see.

In that case, perhaps you are aware

of a precept commanding us to love

our neighbors. Now, I'm your near

est neighbor at present; so, to keep

be good enough to say that you love

Again Leoline laughed; and this

time the bright, dancing eyes beam-

ed in their sparkling darkness fuli

"I am afraid your theory is not

very sound, my friend, and I have a

dislike to extremes. There is a mid-

dle course between hating and lov-

"I will have no middle courses-

either hating or loving it must be!

her! and imprisoning both hands

"I am a captive in your hands, and must, I suppose. Yes, Sir Nor-

Every man hearing that for the

first time from a pair of loved lips is

privileged to go mad for a brief sea-

son, and to go through certain man-

euvers much more delectable to the

enjoyers than to society at large.

For fully ten minutes after Leo-

line's last speech, there was profound silence. But actions some-

times speak louder than words; and

Leoline was perfectly convinced that her declaration had not fallen on in-

sensible ears. At the end of that

period the space between them on the

couch had so greatly diminished that the ghost of a zephyr would be

crushed to death trying to get be-

tween them; and Sir Norman's face

was fairly radiant. Leoline herself

looked rather beaming; and she sud-denly, and without provocation, burst into a merry little peal of

an hour ago, I think we have got on remarkably well. What will Mr.

Ormiston and Prudence say when

"They will say what is the truth-

that I am the luckiest man in Eng-

land. O Leoline! I never thought it

was in me to love any one as I do

knew it was in me long before I ever

dreamed of knowing you. Are you not

anxious to know something about

the future Lady Kingsley's past his-

tory?"
"It will all come in good time; it

is not well to have a surfeit of joy

"I do not know that this will add

to your joy; but it had better be told

and be done with it, at once and for-

never had any other name but Leo-

"My first recollection is that of

years; and then we moved here. And all this time Sir Norman—you will

think it strange - I never made any

friends or acquaintances, and knew no one but Prudence and an old Ital-

ian professor who came to our lodg-ings in Cheapside every week to give

me lessons. It was not because I disliked society, you must know; but Prutence, with all her kindness and

goodness-and I believe she truly

loves me - has been nothing more or

less all my life than my jailer."
She paused to clasp a bit of silver

brocade, fastened by a pearl buckle, close around her little waist, and Sir

Norman fixed his eyes upon her beautiful face with a powerful glance.

"Knew no one-that is strange,

"Ah! you know him?" she cried

Not even the Count L'E-

lifting her eyes with a ook; "do-do tell me who

"So Ormiston told me."

"I am very glad to hear it; but I

perfect strangers to each other

for two people who were

aughter.

hey hear of this?'

in one night

this time) do say you love me!"

(bending over

Suppose I take that?"

Leoline! Leoline!"

man, I do love you!"

up a consistent Christian spirit, just

used to-what?"

their sweeping lashes.

•*•*•*•*•*•*•*•*•*•** "Very pretty indeed!" remarked Prmiston to himself, with a little "I have seen you go past so often, you know; and Prudence told me

approving nod; "but I'm afraid they von't be able to keep it up, and go on talking on stilts like that till they have finished. Perhaps they may get on all the better if I take myself off, there being always one too many in a case like this." Then aloud: "Madame, I regret that I am obliged to depart, having a most particular appointment; but, doubtless, my friend will be able to express himself without my assistance, I have the nonor to wish you both good-night."

With which neat and appropriate speech, Ormiston bowed himself out, and was gone before Leoline could detain him, even if she wished to do so. Probably, however, she thought the care of one gentleman sufficient responsibility at once; and she did not look very seriously tressed by his departure; and, the moment he disappeared, Sir Norman brightened up wonderfully.

It is very discomposing to make love in the presence of a third party; and Sir Normao had no intention of wasting his time on anything, and went at it immediately. Taking her hand, with a grace that would have peaten Sir Charles Grandison or Lord hesterfield all to nothing, he led her to a couch, took a sent as near to her sidering the brief nature of their acquaintance. The curtains were drawn; the lamp shed a faint light; the house was still, and there was no intrusive papa to pounce, down upon them, the lady was looking down, and seemed in no way haughty or discouraging, and Sir Norman's spirits went up with a jump to boiling point. Yet the lady, with all her pretty bashfulness, was the first to speak.

'I'm-afraid, Sir Norman, you must, think this a singular time to come here; but, in these dreadful times, we cannot tell if we may live from one moment to another; and I should not like to die, or have you die, without my telling, and your hearing, all my gratitude. For I do assure you, Sir Norman," said the lady, lifting her dark eyes with the prettiest and most bewitching earnestness, "that I am grateful, though I cannot find words to express it."

Madame, I would not listen to you if you would; for I have doe nothing to deserve thanks. I wish I could tell you what I felt when Ormiston told me you were alive and safe."

"You are very kind, but pray do not call me madame. Say Leoline."
"A thousand thanks, dear Leoline!" exclaimed Sir Norman, raising her hand to his lips, and quite beside himself with ecstasy. "Ah, I did not tell you

that!" she cried, with a gay laugh and vivid blush. "I never said you were to call me dear."

"It arose from my heart to my lips," said Sir Norman, with thrilling earnestness and fervid glance; for you are dear to me-dearer than a'l the world beside!"

The flush grew a deeper glow on the lady's face; but, singular to refate, she did not look the least surprised or displeased; and he hand he had feloniously purloined lay passive and contented in his.

"Sir Norman Kingsley is pleased to jest," said the lady, in a subdued tone, and with her eyes fixed pertinaciously on her shining dress; 'for he has never spoken to me before in his life!"

"That has nothing to do with it, Leoline, I love you as devotedly as if I had known you from your birthday; and, strange to say, I feel as if we had been friends for years instead of minutes. I cannot realize at all that you are a stranger to

"Nor I; though, for that matter,

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out why were you going to marry him, Leoline?" Leoline half pouted, and shrugged

Leoline half pouted, and shrugged her pretty pink satin shoulders.

"Because I couldn't help it—that's why. He coaxed, and coaxed; and I said no, and no, and no, until I got tired of it. Prudence too, was as bad as he was, until between them I got about distracted and at last consented to marry him to get rid. sented to marry him to get rid of

"My poor, persecuted little darlin! h," cried Sir Norman, with a burst of enthusiasm, "how I should admire to have Count L'Estrange here for about ten minutes just now. I would spoil his next wooing for him, or I am mistaken!'

"No, no!" said Leoline, looking rather alarmed; "you must not fight, you know. I shouldn't at all like either of you to get killed. Besides he has not married me; and so there's no harm done."
Sir Norman seemed rather struck

by that view of the case, and after a few minutes' reflection on it, came to the conclusion that she knew best settled down peaceably again. Why do you suppose his name is

not Count L'Estrange?" he asked. "For many reasons. First — he is disguised; wears false whiskers, mustache, and wig, and even the voice he uses appears assumed. Then Prudence seemed in the greatest awe of him, and she is not one to be easily awed. I never knew her to be in the slightest degree intimidated by any human being but himself and that mysterious woman, La Mas-

'Ah! you know La Masque, then?' "Not personally; but I have seen her as I did you, you remember," with an arch glance; "and like you, being once seen, is not to be forgot-

Sir Norman promptly paid her for the compliment in Cupid's own coin: "Little flatterer! I can almost forgive Count L'Estrange for wanting to marry you; for I presume he is only a man, and not quite equal to impossibilities. How long is it since you knew him first?"

"Not two months. My courtships, said Leoline, with a gay laugh, "seem destined to be of the shortest. He saw me one evening in the win-dow, and immediately insisted on be-ing admitted; and after that he continued coming until I had to promise, as I have told you, to be Countess L'Estrange."

"He cannot be much of a gentleman, or he would not attempt to force a lady against her will. And so, when you were dressed for your bridal, you found you had the plague? 'Yes, Sir Norman; and horrible as that was I do assure you I almost preferred it to marrying him." "Leoline, tell me how long it

ince you've known me?" "Nearly three months," said Leone, blushing again celestial rosy

"And how long have you loved What a question! . I "Nonsense. hall not tell you." "You shall-you must-I insist

upon it. Did you love me before you met the count? Out with it." 'Well, then-yes!" cried Leoline, desperately. Sir Norman raised the hand he held

in rapture to his lips.
"My darling! But I must reserve my raptures, for it is growing late, and I know you want to go to rest. but they must wait for daylight; only I will promise before parting, that this is the last night you must pend here.

"To-morrow morning," went on Sir Norman, impressively, and with dig-nity, "you will be up and dressed by sunrise, and shortly after that radiant period, I will make my appearance with two horses—one of which I shall ride, and the other I shall lead; the one I lead you shall mount, and we shall ride to the nearest church, and be married without any pomp or pageant; and then Sir Nor-man and Lady Kingsley will imme-diately leave London, and in Kingsley Castle, Devonshire, will enjoy the

honeymoon and blissful repose till the plague is over. Do you understand "Perfectly," she answered, with

ever. In the first place, I presume, I am an orphan, for I have never known father or mother, and I have "And agree to it?" "You know I do, Sir , Norman; "Well, my pet, only what?".
"Sir Norman, I should like to

Prudence. I wast Prudence. How "My first recollection is that of Prudence; she was my nurse and governess, both in one; and we lived in a cottage by the sea — I don't know where, but a long way from this. When I was about 10 years old we left it and came to London, and lived in a house in Cheapside for five or six years; and then we proved here. And can I leave her behind?" "My dear child, she othing of leaving you nothing she thought you were ing; so never mind Prudence, say, will you be ready?"
"I will."

"That is my good little Leoline. Now give me a kiss, Lady Kingsley, and good-night." Lady Kingsley dutifully obeyed and Sir Norman went out with a glow at his heart, like a halo round a full moon

CHAPTER X.

The night was intensely dark when Sir Norman got into it once more; and to any one else would have been intensely dismal, but to Sir Norman all was bright as the fair hills of Be ulah. When all is brightness within there is no darkness without; and just at that moment our knight had got into one of those green and golden glimpses of sun-shine that here and there checker life's rather dark pathway, and with Leoline beside him would have thought the dreary shores of the

Dead Sea itself a very paradise.

It was now near midnight, and "Upon my honor, my dear," said ir Norman, considerably taken there was an unusual concourse of people in the streets, waiting for St. Paul's to give the signal to light Sir Norman, considerably taken aback, "it strikes me you are the person to answer that question. If I don't greatly mistake, somebody told me you were going to marry him."

"Oh, so I was," said Leoline, with the utmost simplicity, "But I don't know him for all that; and more than that, Sir Norman, I do not believe his name is Count L'Estrange any more than mine is."

"Precisely my opinion; but why, in the fires. He looked round for Or-miston; but Ormiston was nowhere to be seen—horse and rider had dis-appeared. His own horse stood te-thered where he had left him. Anxious as he was to ride back to the ruin, and see the play played out, he could not resist the temptation of lingering a brief period in the city, to behold the grand spectacle of the To be Continued: "Precisely my opinion; but why, in - no, I'll not swear;

A PHILOPENA

- I took her out to dinner; she
 Was charming, I declare!
 It was, if you will pardon me,
 A very swell affair.

- She found a double almond, so
- Her face with color fraught.
 "It is a go!" said I, "but, say,
 Take care you don't get caught!"
- At last I won, 'twas her mistake,
 This girl with eyes of blue,
 And when she asked, "What will you take?
 I simply answered, "You!"

 —James Courtney Challis in What to Eat

NOTED WOMEN GAMBLERS.

he Most Famous Were Court Fa

\$900,000 at hoca, and on another night she raised her losses to \$1,000,000, Crossing the channel, the most famous voman gambler of England was Nell Gwynn, the favorite of Charles II. In ne year her losses were \$300,000, which the king paid. His last words as he lay on his dying bed are historie, "Don't let poor Nell starve." But "poor Nell," as long as the game was fierce, could look out for herself pretty well. Such a little oss as that of \$25,000 to her rival, the Duchess of Cleveland, was a mere baga telle to her. Still perhaps Charles II was right in his solicitude for "poor Nell," for the Duchess of Mazarin died in absolute want after she had lost \$5, 000,000 at the game.

One may scour American history and ind scarcely a celebrated woman gam bler. Our women when they gamble at all play like ladies at cards and dabble a little in stocks. To be sure, we've sent some winners to Monte Carlo and others to Sheepshead Bay, but for her who might perhaps be called the queen of American gamblers we are indebted to that choice strain in the Mexican blood which produces what the southwest calls the "greaser." Donna l'aquita was born in Texas. Everything about her excepting her birthplace was Mexican.
About the close of the civil war Donna went into Mexico to rule over outlaws and cowboys. Qualetor, an old time gambler, with whom she fell in at the age of 12, taught her all the tricks of the trade that he knew, and then she turned around, and with her newly acquired knowledge she taught him tricks that he

never dreamed of.

Though she was only a child, the rough gamblers in Paso del Norte found that they were no match for her. She grew up a beautiful girl, and she could so adeptly that no one ever could catch her at it. In 1875 she was the leader of have a thousand things to tell you, a gang of greasers who were captured after a foray. She proposed that be played to see whether she should go free or kill herself. She played for once with a gambler who was too expert for her and lost. Instantly she drew a knife from her belt and plunged it into her heart. At least it may be said for her that none of the gambling favorites of Europe had the nerve to end her life as Donna did.

get on the result of the fight.

A Delicate Creature. Farmer (to medical man)-If you get out my way any time, doctor, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. I think she

ain't feelin well. Doctor-What makes you think so? Farmer-Well, this mornin, after she had milked the cows, an fed the pigs, an got breakfast for the men, an washed the dishes, an built a fire under the copper in the washhouse, an done a few odd jobs about the house, she complained of feelin tired like. I fancy she needs a dose of medicine.—London Answers.

Impressed on Her Memory. "It's been four years now," said the deserted lady, "since he left me and his happy home. I remember it just as well as yesterday—how he stood at the door, belding it oner till six dies got in the holding it open till six flies got in the

A Compromise. Judge—Do you apologize to this gentle man for throwing a brick at him? Culprit—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'

"Are you acquainted with the prison at the bar?" "That's the only place I am acquainted with him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flowers bloom in the Sandwich Islands all the year round. Therefore it is believed that the country is more deserving than Japan of the title "Flowery King

- Famous Active
- Range
- 'Well, let's take 'No,' she answered gay,

Greatest of all the women gamblers in the world have been the court favorites of the vicious sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. France has produced the fin-est specimens of the depraved woman gambler that the world has ever seen. At one time Mme. de Montespan had a great run of luck at basset, and that made Louis XVI feel good, for then he could borrow of her winnings. When her luck turned and she lost as heavily as she had won the draft on Louis got to be so great that he abolished the game One night when things were coming her way she bet a sum equal to \$200,000 on the turn of a single card, and the king got grumpy because no one had the sand to cover the bet. There came a New Year's night when madame lost nearly

Spider Time In Manila.

The Filipine boy does not know much about marbles, but when spider time arives, and that is just after the rainy sea son begins, he knows that he is to have great sport. There are two harmless va-rieties of spiders that are green and yel low in color that mature in June. They are as large as the common black spider, so plentiful in California. The Filipino boy catches these and keeps them secure box. A small rod the size and length of a knitting needle is procured. A spider is then placed on the rod. Another boy comes along, and he bets a cent that his spider will whip. Then the sport begins. The boy who is challenger produces his spider, placing it on the rod with the challenger's. Both spiders make a rush for each other, and a fierce battle ensues. Sometimes the stronger of the two will wind a web around the other, fastening him to the rod and completely "putting him out of business." The spiders sometimes fight for ten minutes. Nearly every boy has from 8 to 20 spiders, and they bet all the Filipino pennies they can

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