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**A Millionaire;**

Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER XV.  
(To be Continued.)

"Not a bit; no, that I didn't," said Vane. He was still holding her hands, and he patted them and smiled faintly at her. What should he do? Was there any one to whom he could take her? Who? No; there was no one. No lady friend could be got to understand that the girl had taken his jesting words seriously, and had followed him in simple, child like innocence. Besides, even if he could think of some woman who would befriend her, would Nora go? He knew enough of her nature and temper to answer in the negative and emphatically.

Then what should he do? He got up and poured out some more wine.

"You must drink it this time," he said, with a smile. "You look pale and tired. I'm dying to hear of your adventures; why don't you tell me how you got here, and—"

Lord Wally's voice—a boyish treble, almost as sweet as a woman's—floated to them, singing, "I arise from dreams of thee."

It almost drove Vane mad. Nora listened, with parted lips.

"How beautiful!" she murmured. "Is she a friend of yours?"

"She! It's a boy," said Vane. "They have been spending the evening with me. But it is time they went now. I'll get rid of them and come back to you."

**LOOK**

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She looked at him in perfect trust and confidence.

"Do not, unless you want to," she said. "I can rest here. I can wait. I do not care for anything now I am here at last—at last!" and she drew a long breath, and let her lovely eyes dwell on him with an expression of perfect restfulness and security.

Vane passed his hand through his hair, and poured out a glass of wine for himself. He must get rid of this noisy crew, and then—and then think out some plan of saving her. Yes, he must save her.

"Lean back there in that chair," he said, drawing it up for her. "I won't be long. Take some more wine."

She lay back in the chair, a smile on her face, in her eyes. He went to the door and unlocked it, and looked back at her with a reassuring smile. Even in that moment he could scarcely realize that the slim, boyish figure, the close-cut black hair were those of Nora Trevanion.

As he paused, fighting hard to compose and presence of mind footsteps sounded outside, approach nearer, and the handle of the door was turned.

What should he do? Keep the door locked? If he did so, it was highly probable that the excited youngsters would push it open, or at any rate clamor outside until he let them in.

Even now they were calling him—"Vane—I say, Vane!" rose the baby's voice, a little thick now with wine. "We want you to come and sing."

"Where on earth have you got to?" came the deeper voice of the Junior Juggins. "Gone to bed?"

In despair Vane motioned to Nora, on whose face the color was coming and going.

"Don't speak! Mind—not a word! Don't open your lips!"

Then he opened the door, Lord Wally and the Junior Juggins nearly fell in face forward; the rest followed behind, laughing.

The laughter died away, and all stared at the figure in the chair.

"The baby was the first to speak."

"Oh! I say, I beg your pardon, Vane!" he stammered, in his girlish voice; "I thought you were alone."

Vane smiled with a ghastly attempt at perfect ease; and as he did so his eyes wandered over the group, and found and met the cold, cynical ones of Senley Tyers.

"It's all right," he said. "A young friend of mine has just turned up."

He lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Young Ernest Mortimer got into a row on board his ship—deserted, the young idiot—awfully tired and knocked up."

Lord Wally looked sympathetically at the pale face.

"Poor young beggar!" he said. "I say, Vane, we'd better clear out. It's jolly late, and he'll be glad to be quiet. If there is anything I can do, you know," he went on in a whisper, "my uncle's in the Admiralty—"

"Thanks! thanks!" murmured Vane.

He motioned to Nora to sit down again—for she had risen and stood with an exquisite blush on her cheeks—and then he hustled the staring group outside, and with a sigh of relief closed the door on her.

CHAPTER XVI.

Vane got rid of his guests at last. The "boys" had trooped down the stairs in the best of spirits, and laughing and talking loudly, to the disgust of the eminent member of Parliament who lodged on the ground floor. In the hall Lord Wally had turned and called to Vane, leaning over the balustrade:

"Don't forget, Vane! If there is anything I can do for your young friend at the Admiralty—"

And Vane had nodded, and smiled and murmured:

"Thanks, baby, thanks!"

Then he went into the drawing room and stood in the midst of the card-tables, and looked vacantly at the candles and the decanters, the wine-glasses, the cards on the floor, the cigar ashes in the trays, as a man does who is too bewildered to think.

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see anything; and the momentous question, What should he do with her? rang in his ears and beat about his brain.

Vane was not a drinker, but he had had his full share of champagne. The evening had been a sufficiently exciting one; and in consequence his mind was not over-clear nor as active as it ordinarily was.

And the hour was such an awful one!

If it had been midday instead of four o'clock, he could have gone to Mrs. Porter and taken her into his

confidence and confided Nora to her motherly care. But to go in search of Mrs. Porter—he had not the least idea where she reposed—to wake her up from her beauty sleep and tell her what must seem to her, even in broad daylight, a most improbable and far-fetched story, seemed to him impossible. That was the word—impossible!

And suppose if, after succeeding in finding, waking, and informing her, she declined to accept the charge of Nora? Women of Mrs. Porter's class are notoriously strait-laced and exacting in the matter of the proprieties. It was very likely that she would decline to afford Nora shelter and protection.

All this whirled through his mind as he stood and gazed round the disordered room; and at last he remembered that Nora was waiting for him, and in utter despair he drove the look of anxiety from his face, and forcing a smile, went back to the room in which he had left her.

She was still in the arm-chair. She had been leaning back with closed eyes, perfectly peaceful and serene and trustful. Why should she not be? She was here at last, under his roof, in his charge, and so protected, as free from any danger as if she had been surrounded by a corps of the Queen's Guards.

The room, with its tasteful decorations, its costly hangings and luxurious furniture, had amused her and filled her with pleasant surprise. She had never before seen such an apartment. But its beauty and luxury did not distress her with any sense of inferiority. She was perfectly at ease.

She opened her eyes, and greeted his re-entrance with a faint smile. He smiled back in response, and went and seated himself beside her.

(To be Continued.)

**Served the Beggar Right.**

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:—"Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answer his mother. Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:—"I say ma!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

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This model is cut on long waisted lines, with Russian back, lengthened by poplin portions. The fronts are shaped in cut away style, and the closing is high at the neck edge below a broad rolling collar. The Pattern is suitable for tweed, cheviot, broad cloth, plush, velvet, silk or satin. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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