turned into Piccadilly.

chambers.

pausing a moment to look abstractedly at the gushing fountains in Trafalgar Square, and then, making his way by the Balaclava memorial,

walked slowly by Regent Street and

Street, and opening a door on the left

It was more than comfortable,

ly, elaborate style of the day. The

way, a rarity and curiosity. Here a

the vacant fireplace, formed by Flem-

cosly exotics, which filled the room

With the same listless manner, the

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(Continued.) IKE most impromptu pleasures, it was a success. It was not every day that the gentlemen could dance in cool flannels and the ladies without the long trains and elaborate toilets.

'This is the most sensible and enjoyable ball I have ever known,' said the duke, as he sat down after the opening quadrille, which he had danced with Lady Warner, and she was satisfied.

An hour before midnight Lilian stood beside the chair in which the marquis half lay, half sat. The ball was at its height, faces were glitter ing, faces were flushed, but she stood, with but the faintest color on her cheeks, her eyes contemplative

'Are you tired?' said Gerald; 'or is it out of pure kindness that you come to me, Lilian?'

'I am not tired,' she said, looking down at him. He drew his legs up a little, and

patted the seat, and she sat down beside him. 'And are you enjoying yourself?'

he said. 'Let me look at your programme-it is full, of course! I have been watching you all the even ing. Why do you not look triumph

'Triumphant?' she said, slowly turning her dark eves upon him.

'Yes,' he said, nodding his head and pushing the hair from his forehead. 'It is a triumph, if ever there was 'one. And you are as calm as astatue. Haven't you any vanity at all. Lilian?"

She laughed, and then suddenly the laugh died away in a little sigh.

"Not all," he said; "but you have cause to be. I see here are some more of them!" and as two or three men came up to try for a dance, he took the programme out of her hand let eves. and held it up. "Full-all full," he said; then, as they turned away murmuring their disappointment, he

The next is your cousin," he said "and here he comes," he added, as Harold's stalwart form made its way slowly toward him.

With the blood mounting in his tar cheeks, his eyes flashing with that light which belongs only to perfect health, he stood before her.

"The next is mine, Lilian," he said Instead of rising, she took up the ball card and glanced down it, then looking up calmly, "Do you mind my sitting out?" she

A shade of disappointment crosse his handsome face.

"It is the only dance I have been able to get with you," he said, in a low, almost pleading voice. After a moment's hesitation, she rose, and was going in a moment

'Why did you send him away?' Instantly, as if unconsciously, sh

Gerald, looked up, said in a lov

answered: 'For his own good.' Then, a moment or two afterwards, she nodded. with a strange smile: 'See, he has consoled himself,' and inclined her head to the center of the room, where Harold was dancing with his arms

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'Going over the treevening, ch?' said Sir laugh. 'You have question to the laugh.' You have question to the laugh. 'You have question to the laugh.' You have question to the laugh. 'You have question to the laugh.' You have

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lar for past months among grown ups that it seems only fair to give little folks a chance to show how pleasing and becoming the style is for them also. The model here shown has an open neck with sailor collar cut with shawl revers over the fronts Plaited extensions at the seams at skirt depth lend a graceful fulness. The sleeve is a coat-shaped one-piece model. Wash or woollen fabrics may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes-6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years, and requires 3% yards of 44 inch material for the 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration

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"Why do you say that?" she said. around Laura Warner, her fair, elflike reverential tenderness, removed her "Don't you know that all women are face almost resting on his shoulder, her eyes turned up to his. «

> Gerald looked from the two to the lovely face besic'e him, and a puzzled, troubled expression came into his vio-

· Poor Harold!' he murmured; but, as if she had never heard him, her think so?' calm eyes looked steadfastly before

Five minutes afterward she herself was whirling round the room, and Harold stood apart, gloomily leaning near one of the openings in the marquee watching her, his huge arms olded across his broad chest, his handsome face cast down and des-

'No,' he muttered, 'She does not like me. It is hoping against hope. To think that a few short weeks ago she clung to my arm so helpless and confiding, and now---'

And, with a bitter sigh, he turned

At midnight the ball broke up, and,

like snow, the guests melted away. In a corner of the Woodleigh carriage Lilian nestled, half hidden by the multitudous wraps which Sir Talbot had piled round her. Oppos ite, in his corner, sat Harold, his arms folded, his head bent upon his

'Are you both asleep?' said Sir Talbot, erect and all aglow with pride and love, 'Lilian! Harold, Are

ou quite exhausted?' With a start, Harold looked up.

'I thought you were both asleep!' Sir Talbot chuckled.

'At twelve o'clock! Why it is early yet! But, then, I haven't been playing lawn tennis all the afternoon, al the evening. Are you tired, ny the and roar; Regent Street was like darling?' and he laid his hand on the warm arm beside him.

'No,' said the low, musical voice; I was thinking. 'Going over the triumphs of the

evening, eh?' said Sir Talbot, with a laugh. 'You have quite enough to And yet, on the twentieth of Aug-

ready to help I ilian to alight. With the weight of a feather, the his perambulation, but with a slow. girl touched his arm and ran up the self-possessed step and confident mansteps. He followed her, and, with ner.

wraps; then, as Sir Talbot disappeared at the end of the hall, Harold, with her shawl in his hand, bent over her and looked at her. 'Have I offended you, Lilian?' he

'Offended me!' she echoed, but with downcast eyes. 'No; why should you

'Why did you not dance with me? 'I was tired,' she said, her

still veiled by the white lids. He looked at her for a moment with wistful longing, then, with a sigh, he dropped the shawl on a hall chair and left her.

Then, suddenly, she looked up and stretched out her hand, but as suddenly it dropped to her side, and without a word, she went slowly up the broad stairs.

> CHAPTER X. Out of the Past.

Barring a million or two, London was deserted. Down the shady side away, and stepped out in the starlight of Pall Mall, in whose praise poets have sung and philosophers even have deigned to write, the elegantly shod feet of the sons of fashion no longer echoed. Some had gone to the moors, some had gone aboard their yachts, and others, like the Duke of Magnum, had sought, at their coun-

The great city, save by its faith ul band of workers, those millions of toilers who never leave it, was nearly deserted. At the clubs the whitewasher and decorator reigned supreme; all round the fashionable squares the drawn shutters proclaimed the fact that the season was over In undisturbed repose the policeman lounged at the corners and cracked

the tasteful walnut. The cabman slumbered on his bo -the parks, a little while ago so brilliant with horsemen and chariots were left to the perambulators an nursemaids

Piccadilly had lost its hoarse rat-Sahara, desolate and deserted. The season was over. So much, and decidedly so, tha

when a fashionably dressed man passed-let us say the National Gallery-the doorkeeper of that vener something approaching indignation. ust, a fashionably dressed man, one The carriage drew up at the Hall; of that mysterious upper ten thous Sir Talbot got out, and Harold stood and, did pass the National Gallery Passed it, not with the shameface struggle which ought to have marked

owner of it all dropped into a chair tilted his hat back upon his white forehead and yawned. A pile of letters lay upon the table near him, and after a few minutes he reached out his hand, and, sweeping them together, took them up, one Some he threw aside unopened

others he dropped after perusing few lines, as if they were uninteresting from similarity; in truth, they were invitations, some formal, many pressing and cordial. Invitations to some of the best country houses, in vitations to Scotland, to join the writer's fishing party, to come down to this and that shooting, all clearly proving that it was from choice, and not necessity, that the receiver o them wandered about the hot street of town, solitary and bored.

One by one he threw them aside and then closed his eyes, as if weary of them, as of everything else. Bu he could not sleeb; some restless de non seemed to be sitting on the chair, and prodding him to be up and

ose, lit a cigarette, and went down stairs again, and into the street. The heat seemed to have grown more intense; all Piccadilly literally simmered in the fierce glare of that August sun; the sandwich men crawled pantingly, along the pavement; the met in his hand; the very cabmen who rarely show any signs of distress had got inside their cabs, and were mingling their dreams with the tired

With slow and purposeless steps this solitary son of fashion made his way to the park gates, and, turning in, dropped on a seat under some trees, apparently at rest at last. (To be continued.)





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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to JULY 6th, 1919.

Andrews, Miss Maud, card Anderson, Miss Sophia, Flower Hill St With the same listless gait and moody face, he turned up Grafton Ashburn, F. F. hand side, went up the stairs, with Barrett. H. O.

Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill his white hand resting on the ban-Barnes, D., Hayward's Avenue Gillette James ister, and entered a comfortable apartment, which formed one of a set of Blake, S. A.
Beasley, Miss Alice,
c Mrs. Horwood Parsons
Gosse, Master Wm.,
Cabot
Gosse, Mrs. T., retd. Blake, S. A. Bell, Mrs. R., card Bellows, Mrs., card, was luxurious; and that in the cost-

Queen Street H eye could not turn to any part of the Benson, Gideon, care General Delivery Harvey, Miss Janett cozy room without meeting some ar-Byrne, T., care Reid Mfd. Co. Hampton, Rebecca, retd. Bowen, Miss B., Victoria St. Harvey, L., retd. ticle of beauty and cost. The hangings were genuine products of the Boggan, J. J., slip Persian looms; the carpets of choicest Bouzan, C. D. Bowen, aPtrick, card, Turkey pile, formed a square, incloslate Sound Island Herbert, S. E. ed by a parquet of sandal and ebony; Bonavisky, Jos. the furniture was, each article in its Bussey, Henry, retd.

Butler, Samuel, retd., Butler, Richard, Gower St. Chippendale table, there a carved Butt, Mrs. George, Gower Street chair that might have come from the hands of Grinling Gibbons. Upon the Budden, Mrs. Stephen, New Gower St. Hodder, Angus, card Butler, Mr., Water St. West Howelt, Irestis walls hung masterpieces of the new and ancient school. Bronzes which would have made the mouth of a collector water stood on Florentine tables and mediaeval cabinets. In Campbell, John

Carter, Mrs. E.

Carter, J., Belvidere St. ish tiles and brass-work, bloomed Cashin, Richard, with dainty perfume; all that a cul-Cooper, Nemiah, retd. tivated taste could desire was here Hagerty's Lane in lavish, and yet not vulgar, profus Crocker, W. S. Connors, P. J. Crotty, Miss May, card, Cochrane St

Clouter Allan, care G.P.O. looper, R. F. Coombs, Henry, Cuddihy, Miss Kate Curnew, John

Chytman, Cilley, Campton, Joseph, Dalton, J. J.

Dandson, Mrs. Jennie, Circular Road Dawe, Miss Mary,

Crosbie Hotel

Lane, Mrs. Sarah, Deer, Mrs. James.

C General Post Office Leonard, Mrs. S.
Lee, Thomas,
Douglas, G. C.,
Prescott St. Lucas, Mrs. John, card,
Donovan, James, McKay St. Lucas, Mrs. John, card,
George's St.
Ryan, Mrs. Mary,
Ryan, Mrs. Robert
Ryan, Michael, card,
late Cape Donovan, James, Martin, Miss F.,

Hoylestown Martin, Miss F.,

Forest Road

Miss Butt Ducey, Miss Lille.

Edgar, Charles, Brazil Sq. Eaton, D. M., card. Ezekiel. Nellie, retd. Escott, Mark. Fahey, John, card,

Foley, William, c G.P.O. Fitzpatrick, Minnie, card Foster, Robert Foote, R. J., Gower St.

A Goldsmith, Charlie

Vall Emanuel,

Carter, Capt.,

G. P. O., July 6, 1910.

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