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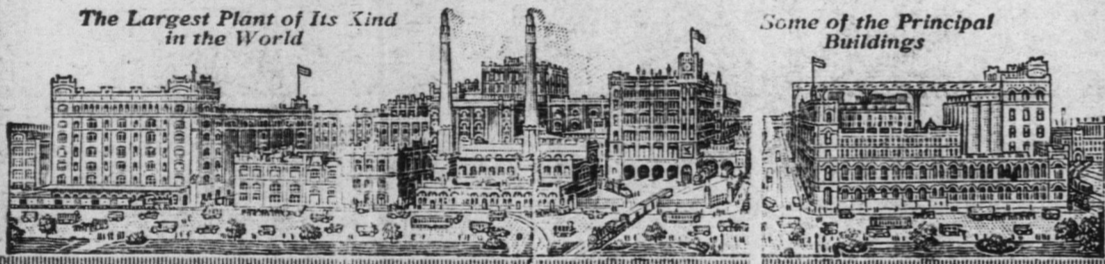
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A Millionaire; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER XXI.

She sighed and laughed softly as she meditatively thrust her small brown hand through her hair. "Do you think so? I am very glad. I see now that to work and earn money in this great London one must know things; and I know nothing."

She pondered for a moment, then she said:

"Would you rather I did not go to the theatre to-morrow? I can stay at home and get on with these."

"No, no!" he said, promptly, for to tell you the truth, he had been looking forward to the pleasure of watching her wonder and delight at a stage-play.

"No, you must certainly go; but you will be careful, won't you Nora—Ernest?"

She looked at him with a merry gleam in her eyes.

"Why, I am more careful than you are," she said. "Oh, you will see how careful I shall be!"

They dined at home that night, and drove to the theatre in the morning, in which this strange child sat so composedly as if she had been used to one of Morgan's luxurious carriages all her life; but the interior of the Lyceum almost took her breath away, and Vane saw her turn pale and felt her hand steal into his, as they hurried through the vestibule and into the box which, strange to say, was the best one in the house.

Lady Florence was already there, and welcomed them with her usual languid smile, for a good many opera-glasses were upon her; but she murmured to Vane:

"How good of you to come! I didn't expect that 'Hamlet' would tempt you. Well, Mr. Mortimer, are you not going to say 'good-evening' to me?" she said to Nora, who had shrunk back slightly into the shadow at the back of the box, and stood pale and absorbed, gazing round the brilliant and crowded house. Nora started and recovered herself, and took the hand which Lady Florence had graciously extended.

"Come and sit beside me in the front," she said; and, in an undertone, behind the programme, she added to Vane: "How astonished the boy looks! What will he be when the curtain draws up and the play begins?"

Every one knows Mr. Irving's Hamlet, and Miss Ellen Terry's Ophelia, and every one can imagine the effect these great actors in these great characters produced upon the impressionable nature of Nora Trevanion.

She sat motionless, her eyes fixed on the stage, her lip half apart. Sometimes the beautiful eyes filled with tears; at others her heart beat fiercely with sympathetic rage and indignation. Once or twice she glanced swiftly at Lady Florence and was amazed that she could lean back in her chair with listless manner and indifferent eyes.

Vane watched her, and for him the beautiful face upon which were mirrored all her varied emotions was far more interesting than the play. When the act-draw fell, Nora fell back with something between a sigh and a sob; and surely if the great actors had heard it they would have felt fully rewarded for their efforts.

"Well, Ernest?" he said, bending forward, and speaking in a voice that had a tone of warning in it.

She started and looked up at him.

"I can't believe that it isn't real!" was all she said—all she seemed able to say; and she sat and waited for the drop to rise as if she were in a dream.

In the middle of the third act Lord

Warlock entered. He nodded to Vane, growled "Halloo, youngster!" to Nora, who was quite unconscious of his presence, said "Back in a moment," to Lady Florence, and disappeared for the remainder of the evening.

Five minutes after he had gone, with a sigh of relief, to his club, The Fossils, the box door opened again and Senley Tyers entered.

Lady Florence looked round quickly, as if she had been expecting him, but she inclined her head with marked coldness in response to his profoundly respectful bow, and turned at once to the stage again.

He stood behind her chair patiently and silently till the act closed. Then he bent forward.

"In the language of a famous character, Lady Florence, 'I hope I don't intrude.' The fact is, I found my dinner-party so intolerably slow that I escaped as soon as I could; and it occurred to me that I ought perhaps to drop in here and see that you had got the right box and were comfortable. I will remove myself now I have achieved my purpose."

She bit her lip softly.

"You had better stay and see the finish," she said, coldly.

"Thank you," he said, with a gratitude that just stopped short of burlesque. "I heard as I came in that our great star was in capital form to-night. All artists have their good and bad moods, you know. Well, Mr. Mortimer, what do you think of Shakespeare's masterpiece?" and as he addressed her he laid his hand on her shoulder.

Nora started and looked round, and Vane saw her brow contract nicely and her dark eyes flash, and he made haste to say:

"It is all real to Ernest; for goodness sake, leave him alone in his glory Sen!"

Senley Tyers laughed and nodded as if he quite understood.

"Happy youth!" he murmured. "What would one not give for his capacity of enjoyment!"

This little interchange of courtesies made Vane watch Nora rather anxiously, and his anxiety increased as, at Ophelia's most affecting scene, he saw Nora's lips quiver and the tears trying to force themselves through her lids. He touched her hand warningly, and the moment the drop fell rose and said: "Come and get some coffee or something, Ernest," and hurried her out of the box.

"What is the matter?" she inquired; for she understood that he had some reason for taking her out.

"My dear fellow," said Vane, "you nearly upset the whole kettle of fish. Men don't cry at the theatre—at least not openly—even when Ellen Terry is acting. If Lady Florence or Senley Tyers had seen you—"

He pursed up his lips and shook his head.

"I am very sorry," she said, humbly. "But I did not know; I could not help it. Oh! it was dreadful, dreadful! How can they bear it themselves, even in pretense? But don't be upset," she added, "I will not do it again. You will see."

"All right. Have some coffee. And, I say, why did you turn upon Senley Tyers as if you meant to rend him or kill him with those eyes of yours?"

Those eyes of hers flashed at the mention of the name.

"Why did he touch me?" she said, with a catch in her breath. "I—I hate him to speak to me suddenly or touch me!"

Vane laughed, but looked grave.

"You must try and get over that," he said. "Sen is an awfully good fellow; and, besides, he's very sharp, you know, and will guess that something is wrong if you turn upon him with that split-fire glance of yours."

"I will be careful," she murmured, penitently.

Meanwhile, Senley Tyers had slipped into Nora's seat.

"Are you quite sure you are not angry with me for coming in to-night?" he said in a low voice, and not looking at her, but round the house, as he spoke.

Lady Florence colored slightly.

"I am quite sure," she said, coldly. "Why should I be. The box is large enough."

(To be Continued.)

Morris Must Go!

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oct 15, 1913

POINTER

Another one of Sir E. B. Gossett's death-bed repentances. The very latest developments in political circles to-day are that the Tory leader has at last selected a second man for Harbor Master. The selected candidate, understood, is Mr. L. E. Higgins, son of Judge Higgins. What a cute pal he will make for the traitor Woodford.

Just imagine, electors, going to represent a district in Harbor Main, a "green" who is barely old enough to be a member of the family of the people of Harbor Main. The idea of choosing a school to represent such an important district as Harbor Main is causing much amusement here.

What will Councillor Mullins have been interesting himself in Harbor Main late, say when he was appointed?

The crowd say there will be in the camp, as it is brewing in other quarters.

"Pullet" Howley stated last night that he hoped his opponent would get fair play during the campaign. This announcement is identical with the "Pullet" who has been making a name for himself in the adjacent settlements.

Higgins has expressed public opinion that he doesn't care so long as he gets ahead of Howley when the lots are counted.

What a trio of traitors! Higgins and Bartlett. Who was it that during the pign of the fall election, he would not allow a supporter of the Liberal Party led by Sir E. B. Gossett, to work on the premises who was stevedore? Bartlett, I remember last night to denounce the Liberal Party led by Sir E. B. Gossett, the greatest statesman country ever produced.

It is curiously reported that "Grips" on land properties, is being to accept the colleague of Morris has offered him to take election in the District of Harbor Main because he wants two with good principles from a standpoint and with good testimonials, not from the law-court course.

Harbor Grace is now solid.

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