

Happiness Secured A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXXII. A TURN OF FORTUNE. Heavily enough the long, dull winter has dragged itself away with Adelaide and me, deserted by every one, and left to our own devices in the dreary little Devonshire lodgings; and for Addie at least I know that the time has been very hard to live. But happily it is over, at last, and once again it is that sweetest time in all the year—Hicc-tide.

Leonard and his friend, Charley Denton—my Charley, as in my heart of hearts I have come to call him now—came back from Italy in March, and to Adelaide and me their return was like a burst of sunshine.

Life seemed hardly worth living without them, and now that we have got him back once more, so much improved in health and spirits, it seems as if we can never make enough of him. It was his first long absence from home; and for some time after his return it certainly did seem, as Charley rather anxiously declared—as if the dear old fellow did stand in some danger of being petted to death or devoured by loving eyes. And with their return we all came back to London; but not to our old quarters. As Leonard rather exultantly declares, we have done with Mrs. Battles and shabby-genteel lodgings, we hope forever.

During the past few months our fortune has improved greatly, and with the change our surroundings have improved likewise. One by one our long-cherished dreams of fame and fortune—the dreams so often talked over and discussed in the dear old painting "den" in London, are being realized—Len, dear, clever old Len, is famous at last!

The great picture, over which we have spent so many hopes, so many sorrows, and disappointments, was finished in time for the year's exhibition of the Royal Academy; and from the hour in which it first made its appearance on the walls of Burlington House it has been creating a furore.

Of the many splendid works displayed this season, Len's picture is unmistakably the picture of the year. Artists have raved over it, papers have praised and criticized, and all fashionable London has admired and talked of it, until Mr. Leonard Kendrick, R.A., is the lion of the hour.

The doors of some of the best houses in London are open to the rising young artist, of whose future people are prophesying such pleasant things; and there is just now such a rush for anything Mr. Kendrick may choose to paint, that offers almost princely in their liberality are pouring in from millionaires on both sides of the Atlantic, who are anxious to possess a picture from the brush of the most promising young artist of the day. In short, poor Len is the rage, and all the world seems bent upon petting and fettering him to an extent that almost turns my head, if it doesn't Len's.

Nor is this all. Who has not pro-

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When the weather is fine I seek for out of doors as much as possible, and into the park, where the trees are just now looking their loveliest. In their sweet spring garb, and the grass is

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so refreshingly green to the tired eyes of jaded Londoners.

It is one of the proudest seasons that has been known for years. London is said to be very full, and the display of wealth and fashion in Hyde Park is correspondingly unprecedented.

Several times—once just after their return from Mentone in April—we have caught a distant glimpse of the beautiful Mrs. Erroll, whose movements are so carefully chronicled in the fashionable journals, and whose fair face smiling down at us at every turn, from photographers and booksellers' windows, as one of the reigning queens of beauty.

The first time we saw her she was driving in the park with the miserable, shriveled old man whose name she bears, snuffed to the chin in other skies, and looking tired, jaded, and a little dissatisfied, I thought, in the midst of her grandeur.

Since that we have seen her often, and always looking radiantly lovely, no matter whether her delicate tints are heightened by some exquisite carriage costume of blue velvet and chinchilla, or her superb figure is displayed in the most perfect of habits in the Row, and always with a long string of admirers in her train, flushed, smiling, and evidently reveling in the sensation her liveliness creates.

"Driving her car of triumph over many an aching heart!" I bitterly remarked to Addie one day, as the fashionable beauty sweeps past in her well-appointed equipage, with her splendid horses and stylish servants. "Behold the reward of falsehood and perfidy! After that, who shall say that virtue is not its own and only reward?"

"Wait a while, Lesley," is the quiet reply; "remember we do not know the end. And even now she cannot be a very happy woman. I think every one knows that she cares nothing for the man whose name she bears—that she lives for no higher aim than to give her name to the shape of a shoe—the color of a dress to be the fashion. Let us thank Heaven that, whatever hearts she may drive her victorious chariot wheels over, Len's is not among them! Dear boy! He is getting over his disappointment, I think."

"Of course he is getting over it," I reply. "Why shouldn't he, indeed? I should deplore him if he could break his heart for a worthless woman such as that! But, thank Heaven, however blind and passion-enraged he may have been for the time, Len has enough of true unsualness in his composition to meet low falsehood and trickery with honest contempt. He has come to his senses already. Evidently he has no fancy for the role of a blighted being. He may not know it himself, but depend upon it his indignation for Gwendolen Clitheroe fell dead—killed by her own hand—in the very hour that he heard of her meanness and treachery!"

We have known many changes during the feverish whirl of the past few months. Looking back, it does not seem possible that so many things can have happened in so short a space of time; but the end of the story has yet to come.

That Len has not broken his heart for Gwendolen Clitheroe is becoming every day more apparent. There is a pretty little Rita Chaytor among our greatly increased number of acquaintances now, of whom I shrewdly suspect he is beginning to think a great deal. Such a sweet, true, noble-minded girl, into whose tender eyes and honest face I never look without a feeling of pleasure.

She is the daughter of an artist—a friend of Len's, whom Charley and his first met, traveling with his daughter in Italy.

From the first hour of meeting, a strong mutual liking seems to have sprung up between Len and the Chaytors.

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Since the return of the Chaytors to England, who came back soon after Len, we have seen a good deal of Rita, who seems to have taken as great a fancy to Addie and me as we have to her, for the artist and his daughters are among the most frequent visitors in the pretty little South Kensington drawing-room, which is fast becoming the favorite resort of some of the most delightful people in London, many of whose names are known to fame in the world of art and literature.

Len is once more busy at a great picture that is to be even more successful, every one prophesies, than the last.

The subject is a classical one—Galatea and Pygmalion. And it is Rita Chaytor who sits to him for the pure sweet statue maiden, who stands out fair as marble in her clinging Grecian draperies from the canvas, beautiful as a poet's dream, as a sculptor's inspiration, with an enraptured Pygmalion kneeling, chisel in hand, at her feet, adoring the lovely creation of his genius, and invoking the divine fire to give it life.

It is a new version of the beautiful, fanciful, old story, I think, as I look on with a smile at the pretty little romance that is being played out in Len's studio between the artist and his model—a new Pygmalion who has fallen in love with a new Galatea, whose heart will presently wake into the warmth and life of love.

CHAPTER XXXIII. A RAY OF HOPE.

"I met that stoical friend of yours, Doctor Fuller, in Fleet Street this morning, Adelaide," Charley Denton announces one afternoon, strolling in his usual unceremonious fashion into the room where Addie and I are looking over some newly arrived photographs.

"Yes!" she returns, glancing up from a "Scene in the Rocky Mountains," with more interest than Addie often displays in anything nowadays. "And how was he looking?"

"As stern and grim as ever," Charley replies, with a grimace; "marching along with that military strut of his, like a man who is about to lead his troop into immediate action, and believes the eyes of the world are on him, and that the fate of the nation depends upon his success! By the way, what have you done to offend the doctor, young ladies? He never comes here now, does he?"

"Not often; and we miss him, sadly," Addie replies, passing over Mr. Denton's not too flattering comments on our friend's appearance without notice. "I wonder why Doctor Fuller has deserted us so much of late, Lesley?"

"Too much devoted to his profession to find time for such frivolities as mere friendly calls, I guess," Charley returns, cropping into one of the small Americanisms in which he is apt to indulge occasionally. "He looked me over this morning with as professional an eye as if he were anticipating the pleasure of taking my head off and putting it on better."

"But Addie is his patient, I remark." "Why should he desert her?" (To be continued.)

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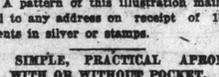
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HENRY B. An Eloquent Tribute to the Fighting British. (Philadelphia Public Ledger.) We must not let our delight in the amazing achievements of our boys, bearing themselves like veterans on the bloodiest battlefields in history, against the most intently organized troops ever sent into action, lead us to the other "big things" that have been and are being done in the tremendous tournament of the nations. Even in our appraisal of the great deeds of our Allies, we have naturally dwelt chiefly upon the unexpected and the gloriously bizarre—the slaying of the Goliaths by the daring Davids. We have not stopped to comment on the solidity of Mont Blanc. But it is after all on the solidity of the Mont Blanc that we build, and we all know the stuff of which Old England was made. What she has done in this war—quietly, unobtrusively, as if her work—has surprised even those who know English character, English stamina and English history. Imaginative writers have mentioned various moments at which the blundering bully of Berlin lost the war and his chance to conquer and enslave the world; but those who take long views of things and recognize the destiny of nations since the destruction of the Roman Empire will agree that the doom of Germany's Napoleonic ambition was sealed on the day that Britain's councillors wheeled that nation into line with the forces of freedom. If the Kaiser had possessed pre-eminence or had read his history, he would have shivered—as tradition says we do if some one steps on our toes—when we know for certain that his spies had lied and that the Germans, stick-to-it, bulldog British decided to live or die with the British. The British have a bad record. They bought Philip of Spain to his death. They curbed the power of the Great of France—they grasped the mighty Napoleon and from the day he entered upon the task of crushing down—to paraphrase Kipling—Best that walked like a giant, they were under obligations to some eighty thousand sol-