

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson
Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty
Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XV. Links in a Chain.

I sent my mind back to collect each trifling detail that had formed a link in the chain of fate since the day when I had received my astonishing invitation from Lady Sophie de Gretton in the park. And then, when I had them all before me, I tried to join them together in something like proper sequence. But I was very young, and I had had no previous experience as an amateur detective.

If I had not been mistaken, if Mr. Wynnstay had really attempted to drug me at Holland ark Mansions that memorable night, it seemed certain either that he had wished to do me some serious harm or else that he had intended to search my pockets for papers which he was desperately anxious to discover. These were the only reasons for such a course that occurred to me.

Then I found, in trying to recall them one by one, that I could not accurately remember the words exchanged by Lady Dunbar and her companion behind the curtain. I had not charged my mind with them as I might have believed at the time that their purport could intimately concern me, and I had not only the impression left that Lady Dunbar had resented the power which the owner of a certain escriptoire might exert over her. She had consulted Mr. Wynnstay confidentially, and he had been of the opinion that much depended on papers in the aforesaid person's possession, that person being mentioned by him as "the girl," by Lady Dunbar as "the creature."

Now, I assuredly was a girl, but to my idea of myself the description "creature" was far from applicable. I had never harmed Lady Dunbar, and

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could not see how I should be able to do so even if I would. Her daughter disliked me, I felt instinctively, though she had sought my society with some assiduity during the few weeks of our acquaintance. But that was different. Lady Sophie's scarcely veiled hints had set me blushing for the motive which might inspire antagonism in Miss Dunbar's heart.

Why, I knew not, but Mr. Wynnstay and Lady Dunbar apparently had some common interest in my affairs. Both had given evidence of wishing to fight against me rather than for me, if I could trust to my poor deductions; yet Mr. Wynnstay, supposing it were he, had gone to Haptholme Villa, announcing that he had information which "might be to my advantage."

The more I thought the more tangled grew the coil in my brain; yet I did begin to wonder if I were going to prove rather an important young person, after all. At any rate, it seemed clear that Mr. Wynnstay and Lady Dunbar believed themselves possessors of a knowledge of my past. It might be that I was not the girl they supposed me to be, for, as Jimmy had said, perhaps I didn't belong to the "right branch of the family."

But they were taking something for granted, I thought, and I would do the same. Possibly, if I proved to be of significance in their lives, I might come into money which Lady Dunbar considered that she and her daughter ought to inherit. Such things had always been reserved, even with me, so that I knew next to nothing of my antecedents.

Lady Dunbar had admitted that I resembled some one she had formerly known, and though I could not prove that her story about her charitable visit to Peckham was a fabrication to cure her rest motive, I was sure that ever now that she had deliberately followed me home.

The telegram which I had seen her writing, it suddenly struck me, had probably been sent to Mr. Wynnstay. Perhaps he had not been at home when it arrived; for much later, when I had first seen him on the point of leaving Holland Park Mansions, I now remembered that he had been crushing something which looked like a telegram in his hand.

If this had been a message concerning me, how extraordinary a coincidence it must have seemed to him at that moment that I should walk almost into his arms! The resemblance which had impressed Lady Dunbar at first sight must have been evident to Mr. Wynnstay as well, or he would not have immediately taken measures for detaining me—measures which, at the beginning of the scene between us, I had attributed to a stranger's kindness of heart.

I now fancied that in obedience to the telegram the man had gone to Haptholme Villa at the earliest practicable hour on the following morning. He had already seen me, and been aware of my absence, the night before, though he had not necessarily known that it would be permanent.

He had doubtless obtained at the house in Peckham a good deal of information regarding me which Jimmy, with the best intentions in the world, had neglected to dilate upon in his narrative. He had been willing to pay the sum of five pounds merely to obtain a glimpse of the escriptoire, and nearly two hundred to possess it.

Question myself as I might, I could not find a reason substantial enough to explain such extravagant eagerness. I had never supposed that the poor little piece of furniture, which I treasured in memory of my mother, was of much intrinsic value. It was antique, I knew, but I was meagerly instructed in such matters. I thought I had heard mother say that the escriptoire, which had been hers since I could remember, was Chippendale; but Chippendale meant little more to my ignorance than bamboo; and, besides, the desk showed the wear and tear of life at Haptholme.

The dog's teeth, the baby's drumsticks, Emmy's pencils, and Jimmy's penknife had all left their traces upon it from time to time, to say nothing of an ink blot which an unexpected tap on my elbow had once caused me to upset. Notwithstanding these things, a presumably disinterested "private gent" had considered the thing worth twenty pounds and a four-wheeled cab, while Mr. Wynnstay had turned pale over its loss.

No doubt the latter had supposed that I kept important papers locked away in it, refusing to credit Mrs. East's perfectly true statement that every drawer was empty, save for Arne's letters. His explanation that

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the desk itself was to be taken as proof of my identity seemed too far fetched, and I did not credit it. I blushed a little as I told myself that Mr. Wynnstay had in all probability retained what he had heard of me to Lady Dunbar and "Diana," as the younger woman had invited me to call her. Whatever else they might or might not know of me, they were probably aware that, instead of being the high-born young orphan heiress from the country, whom Lady Sophie de Gretton had taken under her wing for the reason because of an old friendship, I was only a little insignificant blunderer, plucked by the hand of eccentric charity from nursery governessing in the wilds of Peckham.

My evasions of Lady Dunbar's rather pointed questions regarding the frequency of my visits to that neighborhood had availed nothing. Doubtless, when Lady Dunbar asked them she was already acquainted with the truth from that mysterious person, Mr. Wynnstay. How she and Diana, the only enemies I had made in the new world (which was not to be all sunshine for me), must laugh when they heard the stories Lady Sophie had carefully set afloat concerning my past!

They might tell what they knew (and this reflection brought another blush), but I was not to share among my smart acquaintances. But, on the whole, I hardly fancied that they would proceed to this extreme without sharp provocation. If it were Lady Dunbar's matter to deny having followed me to Peckham, to disavow all personal interest in me and my antecedents (lest I should be put on the track of rights now unknown to me, and strive to claim them), she would not wish to admit a knowledge of what my life had been before I burst upon society as "one of Lady Sophie's debutantes."

I ought not to have cared who knew the story of my perfectly respectable, blankly monotonous years at Peckham. I had earned my living honestly and by hard work, which was more than could be said of many among my new friends. But, though I had not to resent having circulated false reports concerning myself, my growing vanity had led me to accent without protest Lady Sophie's version of my history; and now I owned to my conscience that I would be mortified if she were contradicted, and the bald truth ruthlessly brushed aside.

The only real decision which I had arrived at by the time I reached Peckham Lane was to tell my protegee Jimmy's story, and let her sharp wit supplement my inexperienced efforts at deduction.

I had started out at twelve o'clock and it was two when I returned. Lady Sophie was ready for luncheon, and pronounced herself half starved; but my part as narrator, and hers as listener, after all, prevented our doing justice to the dishes and ends with which her cook had studied our feminine appetites.

Eventually, however, though her opinions largely coincided with mine, they proved disappointing to my expectations, for she had no brilliant light to throw on the matter.

The principal question appeared to be: Had I evidence to show who I was, or who my father's name had been, as the other side, judging from the Easts, did not seem particularly promising. If I had proofs, it might be worth while to spend a little money in having the affair sifted, and find out whether I could lay claim to the advantages of which the Dunbars or others would fain deprive me. Lady Sophie had read papers requesting missing heirs to come forward, and who could tell but I might come into some nice little legacy?

I had no such proofs, no family papers whatever? Then, beyond consulting her solicitor, Lady Sophie did not see what steps we could possibly take.

"It was nothing like this that made you first think of asking me to come to you?" I asked at last. "The color rose to her handsome face. "No, it was nothing like that," she echoed with reserve.

Next day Lady Sophie did repeat my tale to her solicitor, a delightful old person in a Gladstonian collar, who had transacted legal business for her late husband and her late husband's father. I was not present at the interview, but my benefactress assured me that she had been most clear, concise, and had not forgotten a single point.

Yet the upshot of the matter was that Mr. Wallace had smiled, as he might smile indulgence at a precocious child. He knew Mr. Wynnstay by reputation, and had every reason for believing him to be, professionally or privately, above reproach. He was unable to see that thing which in the case (the excellent man would persist in regarding me as a "case"), and advised Lady Sophie not to take measures which she was sure to regret.

Mr. Wynnstay was an honorable and clever solicitor, who might be trusted to tell Miss Brand know, in good time, if there were any chance of her inheriting property, whether or not clients of his had endeavored to prejudice his mind, in supposition which Mr. Wallace considered extremely wild, excessively improbable.

"I dare say, if we knew the whole truth of the matter (all you overheard, and all that your little cousin told you) the explanation would be so simple that you would laugh at your own suspicions," declared Lady Sophie, fresh from her talk with her old adviser. "If you are determined to be the heroine of a romance, my child, turn your eyes away from this middle to a love story. I assure you it will be far more repaying."

This shut me up within myself again, as a mention of "love" from lips invariably did, through my vague, half-admitted fear that she would plunge into personalities. I resigned my mind to the loss of the escriptoire, and came near to forgetting my many causes of bewilderment in preparations for Henley.

Lady Sophie and I had been asked for the three days of the regatta on board a grand house boat, which belonged to Captain Weyland's married brother, Lord Forth. Lady Dunbar and Diana were invited also; and Sir George Seaforth had told me that he had accepted because we were going. Life on the idle hour was a revelation to me. Lady Sophie had provided

me with some pretty dresses, and I was petted and flattered, till it became a marvel that my head was not completely turned. Perhaps this would have happened if it had not been for Sir George Seaforth.

CHAPTER XVI. Sesame and Lilies.

It was not that Sir George did not conspire with the rest for the overthrow of my common sense, but when he was with me what the others did or said mattered little. And, somehow, no look or word of admiration from this one man ever appealed to my vanity.

I was apt to take it for granted that most men meant what they said. If they assured me that I was the only girl worth talking to, worth gazing at, on earth; and when they neglected other women for the sake of absorbing as much of my society as I would grant, I was willing to believe that they did it solely for the desire to be with me.

But when George Seaforth schemed to get me away from the crowd into quiet corners, I made myself miserable with the fear that he only did so because he wanted to make some one else—Diana, perhaps—jealous. Or I was tormented with the thought that he might merely enjoy a flirtation with a girl who had achieved the reputation of a beauty.

Again, if I had succeeded in persuading myself that so abominable a motive had never entered Sir George Seaforth's head, I flung my spirit once more into the depths of the conviction that his desire was to save me from neglect. I fancied the few sweet compliments which he sometimes paid me, in words as well as deeds, were but the utterances of habit, the things which men of the world, in society, considered due to every tolerably good-looking woman.

Whenever we parted (no matter how happy I had been while we were together), I was invariably despondent, overwhelmed with useless regrets for smart repartees I might have made, and had not; hating myself because I had been so dull, so stupid, so altogether unamusing.

To Be Continued.

RIGO'S NEW WIFE IN SLANDER SUIT

New York Woman Asks \$250,000
From Princess De Chimay's
Successor.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—In a \$250,000 suit for slander that has just been brought by Mrs. Isabella J. Martin, of New York, against Mrs. Catherine Rigo, formerly Mrs. Casper Emerson, of this city, who two years ago supplanted the Princess de Chimay, her own cousin in the affections of Janes Rigo, another sensational chapter in the musician's career has begun.

Mrs. Martin makes the most remarkable assertion that it is not the former Mrs. Emerson who is with the Princess de Chimay, but herself, Incognito.

Mrs. Rigo contends that she is virtually a prisoner in the Princess Hotel, Atlantic City, because of her fear of Mrs. Martin, who, she says, has threatened her with vitriol and has surrounded her with detectives. Rigo is now playing at the Hotel Rudolph at Atlantic City.

"I am the victim of a conspiracy," Mrs. Rigo said yesterday. "A conspiracy, I really believe, which has been fostered by the Princess de Chimay, my cousin, for the purpose of winning my husband back to her by alienating him from me."

Agent of Princess de Chimay. "Mr. Rigo thinks that Mrs. Martin is crazy, but I am positive that she is but the agent of the princess, and the princess' family, who desire to separate us. But that isn't all. Mrs. Martin has threatened to do me bodily harm. I am afraid of her. She has been seen about the place, and I have been afraid to leave my hotel. I remain here, guarded night and day."

"Moreover, I have been given to understand that this woman has been frequently seen at the Rudolph Hotel, where my husband is playing. That she followed us here from New York to persecute us is evident from the scurrilous letter that she has sent to me by messenger. I do not propose to tolerate that woman any longer. I am already preparing to invoke the law to keep her from annoying Mr. Rigo or myself any longer."

Mrs. Rigo was served on Tuesday last with a summons in the suit that Mrs. Martin has instituted against her. The suit is based upon a statement that Mrs. Rigo made in New York last month, in which she declared that Mrs. Martin had thrust herself upon her, declaring that she, Mrs. Rigo, was really the Princess de Chimay, who was trying to conceal her identity, that she was the mother of a 15-year-old boy, whose parentage she refused to acknowledge.

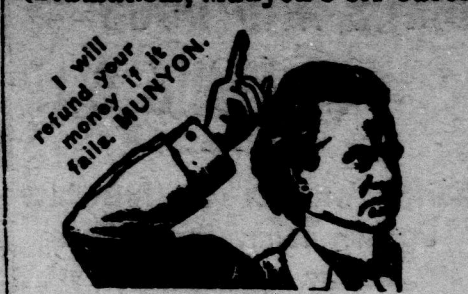
Mrs. Martin's suit is based on remarks made by Mrs. Rigo that she was persecuted by her. In her bill of complaint Mrs. Martin says:

Scents Princess in Disguise.

"Plaintiff has every reason to believe that most strenuous efforts have been made by all concerned, Thomas Lyon, of Chicago; Mrs. John Morrow, mother of ex-Princess de Chimay, and the sisters of Thomas Lyon, aided by Mr. Rigo, and others, to sink in oblivion the hateful name of Princess de Chimay. Plaintiff understands and believes that for five years the defendant known by so many different aliases, has been flitting between America and Europe, changing names constantly in order that she may establish and build up a new name, thereby killing the old name of Princess de Chimay."

"Plaintiff is informed, and so believes, that prior to the meeting of Rigo and Mrs. Casper Emerson at the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria, they were for months before constantly seen in each other's company, and that while driving in the park in a hansom with plaintiff, defendant informed her that Princess de Chimay had changed her entire appearance, had all the skin burned from her face in order to erase the crimson stain that was tattooed there; and also her arm was burned in

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order to erase the coat-of-arms of the Chimay family, and Rigo's name, and she was so fearful of the outcome that she (the Princess de Chimay) paid her maid \$100 to try the first experiment."

FRANCE TRAINS FOR AIRSHIPS

Premier and War Minister Made
Fun of Their Journey
in the Clouds.

Paris, Aug. 10.—Ministers generally do not seem anxious to imitate the example of M. Clemenceau and General Picquart, who were passengers in the sixth aerial voyage of the Patrie on Monday last.

The Premier has had to submit to a good deal of Opposition chaff in consequence of his journey in cloudland. What would have happened to the country if M. Clemenceau had not come back? Did France run the risk of a coup d'etat while the Premier and the head of the army department were in the air? These are some of journalistic pleasantries which have been hurled upon M. Clemenceau.

But badinage of this kind does not affect the Premier. He had been up in a captive balloon, but never before in a dirigible, and both he and M. Picquart are greatly impressed with the possibilities of the aerial fleet, on the lines of Patrie, which, as pointed out in the Daily Chronicle a week ago, contemplates building.

M. Bertheaux, ex-Minister of War and chairman of the Army Budget commission, made several trips in the Lebaduy last year, when she carried out her trials in the neighborhood of the eastern frontier, and he is an ardent supporter of the scheme for increasing France's aerial fleet.

Yesterday M. Julliot, the constructor of the Lebaduy and Patrie, and warmly congratulated him on giving to France what experts agree is the most perfect type of dirigible yet designed.

The Patrie is not to go to her frontier station at Verdun for the moment. She is still at the balloon park at Mendon, where she is employed in the training of the crews of the future airships, and in this connection she will make a series of ascents weekly. M. Clemenceau contemplates making another ascent shortly, this time with M. Thomson, Minister of Marine. Some of M. Fallieres' intimate friends suggested that he should go on a presidential cruise in the Patrie, but M. Fallieres is said to have reported that he will think about it when his term of office had expired.

MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally, because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand, and give them occasionally to her children. The Tablets can be given with equal success to the newborn babe or the well-grown child. They always do good — they cannot possibly do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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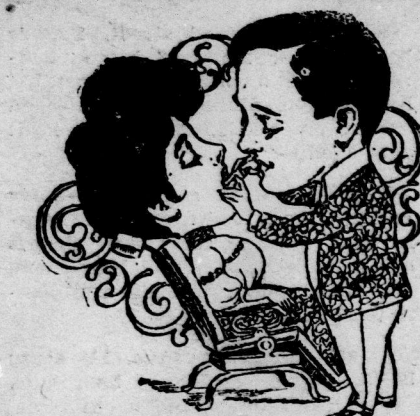
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