



LADY AURA'S RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER VI.

Angela's quick eyes at once noticed that he wore the pink moss-rose bud which her mother had given him. How carefully he must have cherished it! Why did her mother's face flush crimson when her eyes fell upon it? Why did people smile when they saw the handsome captain lingering by her mother's side? Why did other men make way for him with a smile and a bow? Why did he dance with her so often? There was some understanding between the captain and her mother which she had never suspected before, and she had not the faintest idea what it was. Once, when she was standing near Lady Bellamy, she overheard some one say to her ladyship, "It will be the most sensible and most brilliant match of the season;" but she had not the faintest idea to whom the remark referred. She overheard too the reply that was given, and it was, "Yes, now that he has sown his wild oats, he will settle down into a good husband." She wondered for a moment who it was the speaker had alluded to, and then forgot all about the incident.

It was a delightful ball, and mother and daughter frequently met during its progress. Angela had no lack of partners; but she noticed, and thought it strange, that whenever she saw her mother Captain Wynyard was by her side.

When the ball was ended, it was Captain Wynyard who drew the soft, sleeky wrap round Lady Rooden's shoulders; it was Captain Wynyard who placed mother and daughter in the carriage, and spoke in a low tender voice of the beauty of the stars in June; and then, bending his handsome head, with a look of unutterable love in his eyes, he kissed her ladyship's hand.

Angela did not hear his "Good-night" to herself—the shock she had just received had been too great. Her mother's hands were sacred in her eyes; her father had kissed and caressed them. He, too, had held them sacred; and now this man, whom she disliked and mistrusted by instinct, had dared to kiss them!

Her face burned with indignation and her eyes flashed with anger. That he should dare to treat her own mother so, her dear father's wife, to her mind all the more sacred because he was dead! That any man should dare to approach this beautiful

mother of hers—who was enshrined in her heart with her father, never to be separated from him—with whispered words and kisses, seemed horrible to her.

"My mother—my mother!" she cried to herself. "How dare he!" But she spoke no word of what filled her heart until they reached home; then she went into her mother's room. Her ladyship had taken off her superb dress of amber velvet, and she sat, the very picture of comfort and luxury, with her golden hair falling like a shimmering veil over her white shoulders. Angela hastened to her. She flung herself upon her knees at her mother's feet, and raised her lovely face to hers.

"Oh, mamma," she cried. "I saw him, and it has almost broken my heart!"

"Saw what, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden, looking up in wonder, and with a little laugh.

"I saw him—Captain Wynyard—kiss your hand, mamma! I saw him! Never let him do that again. How dare he! It was my father's privilege. No man but he had the right to kiss them. Now that he can kiss them no more, do not permit any one else. Oh, mamma, when I saw him—saw what he was doing—I felt so jealous for my dead father's sake! I felt that in some way his memory was outraged. Oh, mamma, mamma, promise me that you will never let him do that again!" She caught her mother's shapely white hands and kissed them passionately. "It is right for me," she cried; "I am my father's child. But they are not for him, mamma, these sweet white hands that I love."

Then Lady Rooden seemed to recover from the shock of the passionate words.

"My dear Angel," she said, "you cannot possibly know what you are saying."

"I do—I do indeed, mamma! But promise me—say that Captain Wynyard shall never kiss your hands again!"

"I could not make such an absurd promise," laughed Lady Rooden. "Why, Angel, what a jealous child you are!"

As Angela Rooden left her mother's room that night, the terrible shadow that was to make her life so wretched began to fall over her.

CHAPTER VII.

The garden-party at Lady Avon's lovely villa at Richmond, the grounds of which sloped down to the river Thames, was one of the most successful of the season. The guests were the creme de la creme of London society, and the weather was most propitious.

Lady Rooden and Angela were admittedly the belles of the fete. Her ladyship looked more beautiful than ever in a dress of palest blue velvet, elegantly trimmed with white lilac; a bonnet of blue velvet and a plume of white lilac crowned her golden hair. Her gloves matched her dress, so did the pretty Parisian shoes.

Angela wore a dress that suited her slender, girlish beauty well—white with a profusion of rich carnations—a most effective costume. Wherever between the trees the blue velvet and white lilac gleamed, there was to be seen also a small gathering of ardent worshippers; but Angela's happiness was unclouded until she saw Captain Wynyard, with a smile on his handsome face, take his place by her mother's side, when a feeling of uneasiness possessed her which she could not shake off.

Angela had no many admirers as her mother, but at present they did not interest her. She liked dancing for dancing's sake; the sweet strains of the music and the gliding movements were a delight to her. Consequently, if one of her partners danced better than another, she preferred him. Such matters as birth and fortune did not interest her. She admired any one who sang well, spoke well, danced well, rode well; but, so far as admiration for herself was concerned, it did not interest her or make the slightest impression upon her.

She was essentially one of those who are born, and destined to love once, and once only, with a love worth a thousand smaller affections. She could not have wasted her love in meaningless flirtations. Hence her partners gave her no concern so long as they danced well. She hardly remembered their names, so little interest did she otherwise take in them. She knew the same faces crowded round her nightly, but she was not sufficiently interested in them to welcome one more than another.

She was perfectly indifferent to the fact that the young Duke of Horton needed but a smile to encourage him, and he was ready to lay his little and fortune at her feet. She knew and cared less that Lord Farbury, the great match of the season, was bent upon winning her. They were all shadows to her—these handsome, gallant young noblemen who gathered round. At present she was far more interested in her mother's admirers than her own.

As Lady Avon and her young guest were strolling through the grounds, Angela's eyes were riveted on the face—darkly beautiful, yet with a shadow on it—of a young girl coming toward them.

"Who is that?" she asked, in a quick, low voice, of Lady Avon.

"That is Gladys Rane," was the reply.

Was it her fancy? She could not tell, but it seemed to Angela that a curious expression passed over Lady Avon's face. It must have been fancy, for when she looked again, the strange expression was gone.

In a few well-chosen words Lady Avon introduced the two who were to cross each other's lives so strangely. When the dark eyes of Gladys Rane rested on Angela, something flashed into their depths, something that was like hate and despair. Miss Rooden asked herself if this was fancy also. It must have been fancy, for the next time she looked Gladys Rane was regarding her with smiling eyes and lips.

(To be continued.)

Professor—"What do you use a fuse for?"

Student—"To burn out."



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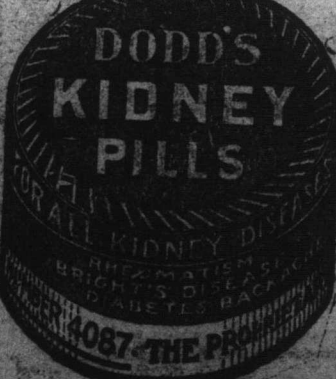
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Czech Budget Shows Real Economies.

The budget of the republic of Czechoslovakia for 1923 shows a deficit of about 560,000,000 Czech crowns, which is 370,000,000 crowns less than the deficit for 1922 and 170,000,000 crowns less than that for 1921.

There are two interesting features in the document. One is the setting forth of the salaries of public officials separate from all other items, so that the total can readily be seen, and the other is that next year the budget is to be submitted to Parliament in the form of a commercial balance sheet. This latter feature will make it possible for Parliament to determine if the socialization of industries is more productive and profitable than the use of private capital.

Public expenditure in Czechoslovakia reached its maximum last year. The cost of running the government has increased steadily since the founding of the republic four years ago. But 1923 promises a considerable reduction which ultimately may be far greater than is hoped for now. The 1923 figures show expenses of 19,370,000,000 Czech crowns, and revenue of 18,810,000,000.



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49 Vic. Cap. 15
51 Vic. Cap. 5
56 Vic. Cap. 1
(Rebuilding Act, 1922)
56 Vic. Cap. 4
59 Vic. Cap. 15
59 Vic. Cap. 25
(Carbonate Rebuilding Act)
61 Vic. Cap. 10
61,53 Vic. Cap. 33

NOTE:— These Debentures will cease to carry interest after 31st March, 1923.

H. J. BROWNRIFF,
Minister of Finance & Customs.
St. John's Newfoundland,
February 1st, 1923. feb.1mo

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