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The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XXV.

Outside in the road Micky suddenly started up the engine of his car. The dull throb, throb, came faintly to Esther as she sat there as motionless as if she had been carved in stone.

The little vibrant noise sounded like the beating of some one's heart, she thought dully; she found herself listening to it subconsciously.

The two men behind her had moved out to the doorway; she could still hear their talking and laughing together. Something within her urged her to get up and follow them to tell them that she had heard what they said, to tell them that it was all a lie—a shameful lie. But she could not move.

She told herself that if she kept quite still for a few moments she would wake and find that she had just dreamed it all. She stared hard into the glowing fire, trying to believe that it was all part of her dream, that it was not real warmth which she felt on her face at all, that those leaping flames were only pictures of her imagination, that even if she thrust her hand into them they would not burn her, but would just melt away into the silence around like phantoms.

The phantom lover! June's half-mocking words beat dully against her brain. June had always hated Raymond; she would be glad if this were true.

She suddenly realized that she was shivering in every limb. With an effort she dragged her chair closer to the



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truel! It was some other man of whom they had been speaking, some other Raymond!

She heard Micky laughing with the landlady as he paid for the coffee and bun, and she felt that she hated him for not guessing how she suffered. She walked down to where the little car stood waiting. If only he would be quick and take her back; she could do nothing till she got back to Emmore, and each moment was so precious.

It seemed an eternity until Micky was joined her. He avoided looking at her, though he bent and wrapped the rug carefully over her knees before he took his seat.

The other car with its two occupants had vanished down the road some minutes since; only a small cloud of grey dust on the horizon showed which way they had gone.

Micky drove back faster than he had come. Once or twice he looked down at Esther with an anxious pucker between his eyes.

What had happened in those few minutes to make this sudden change? he wondered.

She had been happy and smiling enough this morning; now all that he could see of her face, half hidden in the big upstaid collar of the coat he had given her, were two piteous blue eyes staring steadily ahead of her down the road.

They had gone some miles almost silently when he felt that he could bear it no longer. He stopped the car almost savagely and turned in his seat.

"What's the matter? What have I done now?" he asked roughly. "You weren't like this when we came out. If I've done anything to annoy you it was only when he bent and caught her hand back from the flames that she realized what she had been going to do. She looked up at him with a sick smile.

"How absurd!" she said in a high-pitched voice. "Nothing is the matter. I'm tired, that's all; I shall be glad to get home."

He was not satisfied.

"You're not telling me the truth," he said. His mind searched anxiously back to the short time they had stayed in the inn. What could have happened? They had seen nobody there except the two men with the racing car.

"Those two fellows who came in—they didn't annoy you, or anything like that, when I was out of the room?"

She shook her head.

"Of course not; they never spoke to me."

"If you won't tell me what I've done, how can I hope to put things right?" he said.

It was always like this, he told himself savagely; one little step onward and a dozen back. He did not speak again till they got home.

Either got out of the car without waiting for him, and went on into the house.

After a moment Micky followed.

Esther was in the hall; she turned to him impatiently.

"Every one is out," she said. "Miss Dearing and June are both out."

There was a sort of strain in her voice which Micky could not understand. She looked as if she had had some bad shock, and yet what could have happened? He had not left her for more than a few minutes.

"Very well, I won't wait," he said formally. He spoke curtly; he felt sore enough; he raised his hat stiffly and turned away.

He looked back once at the little house. He thought perhaps Esther might be standing at the door in case he should turn, but the door was shut, and it was impossible for him to guess that upstairs in the room over the porch Esther had shut and locked the door, and was pacing up and down the room, her hands pressed hard against her eyes, sobbing—great fearless sobs that seemed to rend her very heart.

"It's not true—it's not true," she said over and over again under her breath. "It's not true—it's not true."

The striking of a church clock in the village seemed to rouse her. June would be back soon, and Miss Dearing.

She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchiefs; they felt hot and burning. She looked at herself anxiously in the little mirror—such a white face; she turned away impatiently.

Twelve o'clock; there was a train up to town at half-past, she knew. The confusion in her brain seemed to have passed all at once; she felt quite calm and clear.

She would go to Paris—she would see Raymond, and hear from his own lips what a lie it was. She ought to have gone before. She had been a fool to listen to Micky; of course he would not wish her to go.

She put a few things into a bag. She took the last letter she had had from Raymond, and kissed it before thrusting it back into her dress; she scribbled a pencil note to June and fastened it to the pin cushion.

With the little suit-case in her hand she went downstairs and out into the street.

There was nobody about, and she almost ran to the station. The porter who had witnessed her meeting yesterday with Micky stared at her wonderingly.

The London train was due now, he told her. She'd have to hurry.

She was gone before he finished his slow speech.

She found an empty carriage and got in, sitting as far away from the door as possible in case any one should come along the platform and recognize

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

Color and Clothes.

Are you willing to talk about color again? I know it is just the other day that I sang the song of color—the color of sunsets and sunrises, of forests' windows and of m'lady's gown—and rejoiced that the eye-minded joy that flows from music to the ear-mind.

But to-day I want to talk about color from a single standpoint, the standpoint of clothes.

The Opinions of an Expert.

And the reason I want to talk about this subject is that I have the opinions of an expert to pass on to you—the opinions of a woman who has made a study of clothes and of color.

Here are some of the hints she gives in regard to one's color choices when selecting one's wardrobe:

"Consider the background against which your clothes are to be mostly displayed when selecting them. The home background should be originally planned, when possible, to harmonize with your personality and appearance, and your clothes should then be selected to fit this background."

Look Out for Cold Greys.

"Beware of the 'grey' and 'silver' sprays which the fashion makers have planned for us. Only the very young, the transcendently beautiful, and a few women with silver hair, can wear the colder greys, without disastrous effect."

"Black also should be left for the young and brilliantly beautiful."

"Midnight blue is the ideal color for business wear, but it can be relieved by a touch of some other color or a bit of embroidery."

"Gold and the metallic fabrics are excellent for everyone in combination with most colors and especially with black."

"Red should not be used except as an accent and in infinitesimal quantity."

White is Hard to Wear.

"Only a glowingly rosy young girl should ever be sent into a ballroom in a cold color or white." (This delighted me as I have long held this opinion that white is the hardest

Blake's Last Victory.

On the bed-room of Britain's heroes there are few names more glorious than that of Admiral Blake, who on April 20, 1657, achieved his splendid and last victory at Tenerife. He tracked down the silver ships of Spain lying in the harbour of Santa Cruz, and round the curve of the bay. Forcing his way in the gallant admiral silenced the Spaniards with a cannonade, and burnt their ships until

WELL DRESSED AT SMALL COST.—If you do not intend to get a Suit or Overcoat for the holiday season, you can at least be well dressed by having your clothes Cleaned and Pressed at SPURRELL the Tailor's, 365 Water Street, and it will cost you about \$1.50. Do you need a new Velvet Collar on your Overcoat?—m.w.t.f

Lord Byron's Life Tragedy.

No student of human nature has ever yet solved the mystery of Lord Byron, that strange genius, whose handsome, melancholy face fascinated all the women of his time. As a young man Byron was much envied by his fellows. At Cambridge he was renowned as a dandy and a wit, and later he took London by storm with his "Child Harold" and other poems. Every great house in London was thrown open to him, and although he walked with a limp and was horribly self-conscious of his infirmity, he had the face of a Greek god—which fact doubtless accounts for his power over the fair sex. Hidden secretly in his heart was a romantic attachment for a girl named Mary Chaworth, who was his ideal, but they drifted apart, and she married a man much beneath her in social status. Disappointed, Byron married Anne Milbanke, who adored him; and this was the beginning of the poet's life tragedy. Possessing a self-conscious virtue, and a jealous nature, she unbraided him with infidelity, and with Sunday school texts of morality constantly remonstrated with him, until she drove him to seek consolation elsewhere. Many women were anxious to thrust their love upon him. He flirted with Lady Oxford and a young actress named Jane Clarendon outrageously, but kept on the safe side of the danger line. His wife became so desperate that she concocted a tale of her husband's illicit attachment for his own sister, which was, of course, without any foundation, but public opinion became fired to a fever heat, and Byron was hushed and slandered, and his name became a byword of immorality. Shunned on all sides, he left his country

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