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New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER VII.
A RARE DIAMOND.

"Do you want me to take that as a compliment?" she said. "Am I the big nugget—the rare diamond which you discovered?"

He finished more deeply, and looked at her pleadingly.

"I am such an idiot that I can't express myself," he said, apologetically. "I meant that the whole thing—your kindness and goodness to me was so precious that I didn't want a lot of people talking about it. I wanted to keep it to myself, as something especially belonging to me, something too precious to discuss with others. I'm afraid I can't make you understand."

"You do yourself an injustice," she said. "You express yourself very well!"

"Now you are laughing at me," he said.

"As you would laugh at me, Lord Neville, if I looked what you said!" she retorted, not sharply, but with a sweet gravity that was indescribable.

"I said I would tell you the truth, and I've told nothing but the truth," he said, earnestly. "I daresay it seems strange to you that I should have this feeling about our meeting yesterday. I daresay you forgot all about it half an hour afterwards."

Why should you remember it, you have so much to think of?"

Doris turned her face away, lest her eyes should betray her, and tell him how much, how constantly she had thought of him.

"You," he went on, "who are so clever and gifted, a great actress, with no end of people round you—"

She looked at him with a passive smile.

"But you are wrong," she said. "I am not a great actress. Last night was my first success, if success it was—"

"There is no 'if' about it!" he said, with fervent enthusiasm. "It was a tremendous success. Why, I heard people declare that there had been nothing like it since Kate Terry's Juliet. And I—though I'm not of much account—I was never so much carried out of myself. Why, to tell you how great and grand you were, I actually forgot that you were the young lady who was so good to me yesterday, and only thought of you as Shakespeare's Juliet; and I felt quite ashamed that I had ever given so much trouble to so great a personage."

His warm, ardent praise touched her, and her lips quivered.

"Juliet was only a simple girl, after all," she said. "If she had chanced to have been placed in my position yesterday, she would have done the same."

"I don't know about that," he said. "I'm not clever, like you," and he pushed his hair off his brows with a deprecatory gesture. "But I know you must have something else to think of than the fellow who was such an idiot as to jump a hedge before he saw what was on the other side; and, of course, you must have no end of people round you."

"But I have not. You are quite

wrong," she said, with her sweet, thoughtful smile. "I live with an old friend, who has been a father to me. I haven't any father or mother, and I see no one except at the theatre, and then only in the way of business," and she laughed.

He listened as if every word she dropped from her sweetly-curved lips were a pearl.

"How strange it sounds! You so clever and beau— So great an actress."

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "I suppose it does sound strange. Everybody thinks that an actress must be the gayest of the gay; surrounded by light-hearted people, turning night into day, and living on champagne and roast chicken." She smiled. "Jeffrey and I know scarcely any one, and I do not think I have tasted champagne, excepting once, when one of the managers had a benefit; and we go straight to bed directly we get home from the theatre; and oh! it is quite different to what people imagine."

He drew forward a little, so that the hand upon which he leant touched the edge of her cotton dress.

"And—and you didn't quite forget our strange meeting?"

"I am not in the habit of seeing gentlemen flung from their horses at my feet, Lord Neville," she said; and I tried not to because—"

"Because?" she said. "Pray go on," and she smiled.

"Well," he said, modestly, "because it seemed like presumption. And then I went to the theatre, and—" He stopped. "For a moment or two I couldn't believe that it was really you on the stage there. And when the people in the theatre began to shout out your name it woke me from a kind of dream."

She smiled in silence; then she made a movement threatening her departure.

"Ah, wait a little while!" he pleaded. "It is delightful here in the sunshine. Don't go for a minute or two. I wish—"

He stopped.

"What is it you wish?" she asked, regarding him with smiling eyes that drooped under his ardent ones.

"Well," he said, "I wish that you would let me go home with you and see Mr. Jeffrey—"

"Jeffrey Flint!" she said. She shook her head. "He sees no one, makes no acquaintances. He—he is very reserved."

Speaking of him reminded her of the fact that he would strongly disapprove of her interview with this strange young gentleman. She rose.

"I must go now," she said. "I have not asked whether you were hurt by your fall, Lord Neville; but I hope you were not."

"Must you go?" he said, ignoring the rest of her sentence as of no account. "We seem to have been talking only a few minutes. And there was such a lot that I wanted to say. I wanted to tell you all that I thought when I saw you last night; but I couldn't if I had the chance, because I am a perfect idiot when it comes to expressing myself. But I do think it was wonderful. Are you to play to-night? But of course you are."

"Yes," she said, absently. "I play to-night. I play every night."

"I shall be there," he said, as if it were a matter of course.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Of course I shall," he said. "Why, last night I seemed to have a kind of interest in it which the other people

in the theatre hadn't. Yes. As if—as if—I knew you intimately, you know. Of course I shall, be there. And I shall bring a big bouquet. What flowers do you like best?"

She almost started, as if she had been listening to him. As a matter of fact, she had been listening to the deep, measured voice rather than the words.

"Flowers? Oh—violets," she said, unthinkingly.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "that is what I threw you last night! Of course you didn't know. You can't see beyond the footlights, can you? I've heard you can't. Violets, I'll get some. I shall take a seat in the stall to-night. I shall see and hear you better there."

"I should have thought you had seen and heard me enough already," she said, with a smile.

"No, but I haven't," he responded, eagerly. "I couldn't see you or hear you too much if I looked at you and listened to you all day."

Her face grew crimson, but she turned her head towards him with a smile on her face.

"For flattery, pure and simple, I don't think you could surpass that Lord Neville."

"Flattery!" he exclaimed, as if hurt. "It is no flattery, it is the honest truth. And, Miss Marlowe, I do not ask you to believe—"

He saw her start and lift her head as if listening, and looking up to ascertain the cause, saw that her eyes were fixed upon some spot behind him, and he heard the sound of footsteps.

"I must go," she said, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the situation.

"Ah, no," he breathed. Then he leant towards her with half-timid eagerness. "Will you come to-morrow?"

The footsteps came nearer.

"I promise—nothing," said Doris, her brows coming together, and with a half-glance at his earnest face she glided away from him.

Lord Neville rose and looked after her with the expression which encompassed the desire to follow her; but in that moment a hand fell lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice exclaimed:

"What, Classy!"

Lord Neville swung round.

"Hallo, Spencer!" he said. "Why, what on earth brought you here?"

CHAPTER VIII.
SPENCER CHURCHILL.

The new-comer was a man apparently of middle age. I say apparently, because opinions on that subject were extremely conflicting. Some persons regarded Spencer Churchill as quite a young man, others declared that he had reached the meridian of life, and there were some who were inclined to think that he was, if anything, on the verge of an old age. His appearance was singular. He was of medium height, with a figure that was either naturally youthful or admirably preserved. He was frail almost to effeminacy, and he wore his hair long and brushed back from his face; and he was close shaven. But it was not the length of the hair that lent him his singularity, but the expression of his face and his manner.

If he was not the most amiable of men, his countenance belied him. There was always a smile, soft and bland and good-tempered in his eyes, on his lips, and, as the Irishman said, "all over him." The smile, in conjunction with the fair face and long hair, gave him so confiding and benevolent an expression that the world had long come to the conclusion that Spencer Churchill was the epitome of all the virtues.

Most women were fond of confiding in him; most men—not all—trusted him; he was regarded by crossing-sweepers, waiters, and beggars generally as their natural prey, and so effective was his smile, that even when he did not bestow his alms, he always received a blessing from the disappointed ones.

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(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.



This model will make a cool and comfortable dress. It is composed of a separate gümpe that may be buttoned to the skirt, which is finished with a suspender waist. Lawn, crepe and batiste are nice for the gümpe, and the same materials may be used for the dress, which is good also for serge, gabardine, gingham, seersucker, chambray and linen.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 3/4 yards for the gümpe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A NEW FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



For this pretty style, batiste, voile, repp, silk or gabardine could be used. It is also nice for gingham and other wash fabrics. The straight skirt is joined to an underwaist which may be of lining. One could have serge for blouse and sleeves, with skirt and trimming of plaid or check suiting.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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