Symopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Lady Adelaids, of Blent, Baroness in her own right and wife of Sir Robert Edge, Baronet, eloped with Captain Fitshubert, formerly of the Scots' Guards. Sir Robert died in Russis. the Scotz Guards. Sir Robert died in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Adelaide and Fitzhubert to marry and make their son, Harry, the legitimate heir to his mother's estates, they descending to heirs general. The couple learn later, however, that the date of Sir Robert's death has been given incorrectly, and that Harry is not the rightful heir. They keep the matter secret, and eventually Harry, after the death of his father, comes to reside with his mother at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady Adelaide, a Madams Zabriska and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret. Subsequently Madams Zabriska, with her uncle, Major Duplay, comes to reside at Merrion Lodge, near Blent Hall. Harry learns from his mother that he is not the rightful from his mother that he is not the rightful heir to Blent, but they determine to hold the title for him at any cost. To further his heir to Blent, but they determine to hold the title for him at any cost. To further his cause, he decides any cost. To further his cause, he decides to marry Janie Ivers, heiress of Fairholme, but he finds two rivals in Bob Broadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of Harry's unfortunate birth from Madams Zabriska. He informs Harry that he intends to inform Mr. Iver, the father of Janie, of the facts, and they have a quarrel and tuesle, in which Harry comes off victor. Neeld becomes the guest of Iver at Fairholme. Mina meets Neeld, and they form a compact to protect the guest of Iver at Fairholms. Mina meets Neeld, and they form a compact to protect Harry's interests and maintain secrecy. Cecily and her father come to Blent, and Harry fails to receive them. Later he comes suddenly upon Cecily, in the garden, and realizes that she is a Tristram, the image of his mother. The engagement of Harry Tristram and Janie Ivers is announced, and Duplay declares his intention to expose the faise position of Harry to Janie's father. Harry fails in love with Cecily, and, without acknowledging it to her, Cecily, and, without acknowledging it to her, informs her of the true situation, and that she is Lady Tristram of Bient. Then he stals away from Bient at daylight, stopping on his way to the station to inform Bob Broadley of the situation, and to advise him to woo and win Janie Iver, who loves him. He goes to London, where political friends of his mother win Janie Iver, who loves him. He goes to London, where political friends of his mother interest themselves in his case. Cecily, unhappy in her new possessions, follows him to be him to take back Bient. Harry joins Sloyd in a real estate deal, and becomes a competitor of Iver. Cecily asks Harry to marry her so that he may return to Bient. He refuses, and then suddenly realizes that he loves her. Harry outmaneuvers Iver in a business deal. Meanwhile political friends plan to have him give

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Harry Tristram returned from Blinkhampton in a state of intellectual satisfaction, marred by a sense of emotional emptiness. He had been very active, very energetic, very successful. He had new and cogent evidence of his power not merely to start, but to go ahead on his own account. This was the good side. But he discovered and tried to rebuke in himself a feeling that he had so far wasted the time in that he had seen nobody and nothing beautiful. He traced it back to Blent. Yet the old life at Blent would not have served by itself now. Was he to turn out so exacting that he must have both lives before he, or what was in him, could cry "Content"? A man will sometimes be alarmed when he realizes what he wants-a woman, often.

So, he came in obedience to Lady Evenswood's summons, very confident but rather somber. When he arrived a woman was there whom he did not know. He was introduced to the Lady Flora Disney and found himself regarded with unmistakable interest and lurking amusement. It was no effort to remember that Mr. Disney had married a daughter of Lord Bewdley's. That was enough; just as he knew all about her, she would know all about him. This again was in patent incongruity with Blinkhampton, and smelt worfully strong of Blent. Lady Evenswood encouraged Harry to converse with the

'We're a little quieter." she was saying. "The crisis is dormant, and the bishop's made, and Lord Hove has gone to consult the Duke of Dexminster—which means a fortnight's delay anyhow, and probably being told to do nothing in the end. So I sometimes see Robert at dinner."

'And he tells you things, and you're indiscreet about them?" said Lady Evenswood, rebukingly.

'I believe Robert considers me as sort of anteroom to publicity. And its so much easier to disown a wife than a journalist, isn't it. Mr. Tristram?" "Naturally. The press have to pre-tend to believe one another," he said,

emiling. "Though how they do it, my dear," marveled Lady Evenswood, "Is what I

don't understand." "I know nothing about them," Lady Flora declared, "and they know nothing about me. They stop at my gowns, you know, and even then they always confuse me with Gertrude Melrose."

"I hope that stops at the gown, too?" "The hair does it, I think. She buys her's at the same shop as L Now what do I do, Mr. Tristram?"
"You, Lady Flora? You know the shop. Is that enough?"
"Yes, or—well, no. I supplement there.

I declare I won't wait any longer for Robert,"

"He won't come now," said Lady Evenswood. "Is the bishop nice, my dear?"
"O, yes; quite plump and gaitery. Good-by, dear Cousin Sylvia. I wish you'd come and see me, Mr. Tristram." Harry, making his little bow, declared that he be delighted.

"I like to see young men sometimen" bserved the lady, retreating.
"The new style," Lady Evenswood summed up, as the door closed. "And-well, I suppose Robert likes it." "Dissimilia dissimilibus," shrugged

Southend, fixing his glasses, "It's the only concession to appearances he ever made," sighed Lady Evsnswood.

She's a lady, though." "O, yes. That's what makes it so inny. If she weren't-"
"Yes, it would all be natural enough." "But we've ben wasteing your time,

"Never less wasted since I was born," protested Harry, who had both enjoyed "No, really I think not," she agreed,

ng. "Flora has her power." remark grated on him; he wanted nothing of Flora and her power; it was indeer rather an unfortunate introduction to the business of the afternoon; it pointed Harry's quille a little. Lady Evenswood, with a quick perception, tried to retrieve the observation.

"But she likes people who are inde-pendent best," she went on. "So does Robert, if it comes to that. Indeed, he never does a job for any one." "Carries that too far, in my opinion,"

But when it came to the point, Lady Evenswood suavely took the task out of his hands. Her instinct told her that she could do it best; he soon came to softly and noiselessly opened to the exagree. She had that delicacy which he desired but lacked; she could claim silence when he must have suffered interruption; she could excuse her interference on the ground of old friendship. Above all, she could be elusively lucid and make herself understood without any bluntness of statement. 'If it could be so managed that the whole miserable in the doorway came a little farther in, accident should be blotted out and forshe exclaimed, as though she gotten!" ored a personal favor.

"How can that be?" asked Harry. "I was in, and I am out, Lady Evenswood."
"You're out, and your cousin's in, yes," Harry's eves noted the words and dwelt on her face. "She can't be happy in said he, that state of affairs, either."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "Facts re facts, though."

I came to look for my wife, and my "There are ways—ways of preventing name is Disney. I intend to keep mine,

that," Southend interposed, murmuring vaguely. "I don't know how you'll feel about it, but we all think you ought to consider other things besides your personal preferences. Might I tell Mr. Disney-No, one moment, please. Our idea, I mean, was that there might be a family arrangement. A moment, please, Mr. Trietram! I don't mean by which she would lose what she has. But if anything were to happen—"
"Nothing could," Harry restrained him.
self no longer. "There can be no question of it."

tion of it."

"I knew you'd feel like that. Just because you feel like that I want to make the other suggestion to you. I'm not speaking idly. I have my warrant, Mr. Tristram. If—" She was at a less for a moment. "If you ever went back to Bient," she continued, not satisfied, but driven to some form of words, 'it isn't inevitable that you should go as Mr. Trist. inevitable that you should go as Mr. Tristram. There are means of righting such injustices as ours." "I don't understand at all."

She cast a despairing glance at South-end. Southend grew weary of the diplo-macy which he had advocated. He took up the task with a brisk directness.
"It's like this, Harry, You remember that under a new and, as we hope, a superior title. We believe Mr. Disney would, un-der the circumstances I have suggested, be prepared to recommend a viscounty, and that there would prove to be no dif-ficulties in the way."

ficulties in the way."

They watched him as he digested the proposal, at last made to him in a tolerably plain form. "You must give me a moment to follow that out." he said, with a smile. But he had it all clear enough before he would allow them to perceive that he understood. For although his brain made easy work of it, his feelings demanded a pause. He was greatly surprised. He had thought of no such a thing. What difference would it make?

Southend was well satisfied.

make?
Southend was well satisfied with the way in which his overture was received. Lady Evenswood was watching intently, "The idea is," said Harry elowly, "I mean—I don't quite gather what it is. You talk of my cousin, and then of a viscounty. The two go together, do they?"

"It was rather an awkward question put as bluntly as that." put as bluntly as that."

put as bluntly as that."

"Well, that did seem to be Mr. Disney's view," said Southend.

"He was thinking of the family—of the family as a whole. I'm sure you think of that, too," urged Lady Evenswood. There would never be a Tristram who did not, she was thinking. Well, except Addie, perhaps, who really thought of nothing. "Of course, as a thing purely personal to you, it might be just a little difficult." She meant and intended Harry to understand that without the marriage

to understand that without the marriage the thing could not be done at all. There was ground for hope; Harry hestated-truth will out; even where it impairs the grandeur of men. The suggestion had its attractions; it touched the spring of picturesque in him which Blick. spring of picturesque in him which Blinkhampton had left rusting in idleness. It suggested something in regard to Cecily, too, where it was he did not reason out very clearly at the moment. Anyhow, what was purposed would create a new situation and put him in a different po-

sition toward her. In brief, he would have something more on his side.

"Once he were sure the proposal was agreeable to you—" murmured Lady Evenswood gently. She was still very tentative about the matter, and still watchful of Harry.

But Southerd was not cautious on did the Major equably. He was in a better humor with the world than he had been But Southend was not cautious, or did

not read his man so well. To him the battle seemed to be won. He was assured in his manner and decidedly tri-umphant as he said: "It's a great thing to have screwed

Disney up to the Viscounty. It does away with all difficulty about the name, you Harry looked up sharply. Had Mr. Disney been "screwed up?" Who had screwed him up-by what warrant-on whose commission? That was enough to make him glower and to bring back some-

thing of the old-time look of suspicion to his face. But the greater part of his attention was engrossed by the latter half of Southend's ill-advised bit of jubila-"The name. The difficulty about the Mina could sympathize with her, name?" he asked

"If it had been a barony. Well, hers would take precedence, of course, With him. On this point they drew together the higher degree yours will come first, and her barony be merged-Viscount Blentmouth, eh, Harry?" He chuckled with glee.

ount Blentmouth be hanged!" cried Harry. He mastered himself with an effort. "I beg your pardon, Lady Evenswood; and I'm much obliged to you, and to you, too, Lord Southend, forfor screwing Mr. Disney up. It's not a thing I could or should have done, or tried to do, for myself." In spite of attempted calmness, his voice grew a little louder. "I want nothing but what's my louder. "I want nothing but what's my own, If nothing's my own, well and good. I can wait till I make it somethin my dear Harry!" began the dismfited Southend. Harry cut him short, breaking again

to impetuous speech,
"There's nothing between my cough and me. There's no question of marriage, and never can be. And if there were-" He seemed to gather himself up for a flight of scorn, "If there were, do you think I'm going to save my own pride ly saddling the family with a beastly new viscounty?

His tones rose in indignation on the last sentence, as he looked from one to the other. "Viscount Blentmouth. Indeed!" he growled. Southend's hands were out before him in Southend's hands were out signal of bewildered distress. I signal of booked at Harry, then, a quick forward inclination of her body, past him; and she began to laugh.
"Thank you very much; but I've been
Tristram of Blent," ended Harry, now in

a very fine fume, and feeling he had been much insulted. Still looking past him, Lady Evenscommented Southend. The moment for wood sat laughing quietly. Even or diplomacy approached. as he, too, looked toward the door. After rugged brows. Who was he and how did he come there? Harry heard Lady Evenswood's laughter; he heard her murmur to herself, with an accent of pleasure, "A beastly new viscounty!" then the man

> "That's exactly what I think about it Mr. Tristram, I've heard what you said, and I agree with you, There's an end, then, of the beastly new viscounty! He looked meckingly at Southend, "I've been screwed up all for nothing, it seems,"

"Why, you're-" "Let me introduce myself, Mr. Tristram,



yours,"
"I thought it would end like this!" cried Lady Evenswood.

"Shan't we say that it begins like this?"
asked Mr. Disney, His look at Harry
Was a compliment.

CHAPTER XXIII. The Imp cried-absolutely cried for yexation—when a curt and sour note from Southend told her the issue. The blow struck down her excitement and her exultation. Away went all joy in her en-counter with Mr. Disney, all pride in the skill with which she had negotiated with the Prime Minister. The ending was pitt-ful-disgusting and pitiful. She poured out her heart's bitterness to Major Du-play who had come to viet has play, who had come to visit her. "I'm tired of the whole thing, and I hate the Tristrams," she declared.

"It always comes to that in time, Mina when you mix yourself up in people's affairs, "Wasn't it through you that I began

The Major declined to argue the question, one of some perpicalty, perhaps, "Well, I've got plenty to do in London. Let's give up Merrion and take rooms

"Give up Merrion?" She was startled Give up merrion? She was startled. But the reasons she assigned were prudential. "Twe taken it till October, and I can't afford to. Besides, what's the use of being here in August?"

"You won't drop it yet, you see." The reasons did not deceive Duplay. "I don't think I ought to desert Cecily. I suppose she'll go back to Blent, O, what an exasperating man he is."
"I think Harry Tristram as much of a fool as you do," Duplay said. "If he'd taken it he could have made a good match, anyhow, even if he didn't get Lady Tris- Disney. She gasped as she read it; had

tram."
"Cecily's just as had. She's drawn into her shell. You don't know that way of hers-of theirs, I suppose it is, bother them. She's treating everybody and every-

for a long while; his connection with Iver promised well. But Mina sniffed scornfully; she was in no mood for idealists. Ceclly had been told about the scheme and its lamentable end. Her attitude was one of entire unconcern. What was it to her if Harry were made a Viscount, a What was it to Duke, or the Pope? What was anything to her? She was going back to her father at Blent. The only animation she dis-played was in resenting the reminder. and, indeed, denying the fact that she had ever been other than absolutely happy, and contented at Bient. Mina pressed the point and Cecily then declared that now, at any rate, her conscience was at rest She had tried to do what was right-at what sacrifice Mina knew. Now perhaps could understand the sort of way in which Cousin Harry received attempts to help

again. "You must come back to Merrion, dear," urged Cecily.

side only, and had perceived but one aspect of it. She did not understand that it was complex and double-headed. It was neither Harry nor Cecily, but Harry and Cecily.

"And Flora Disney has quite taken him up," Lady Evenswood pursued. "George tells be he's been to lunch there twice. George is a terrible gossip."
"What does Lady Flora Disney want with him?"

"Weil, my dear, are you going to turn round and say you don't understand why he interests women?"

"I don't see why he should interest Lady Flora." Mina had already made up her mind that she hated that sort of woman. It was bad enough to have cap-tured Mr. Disney; must the insatiate creature draw into her net Harry Tristram also?"

"And of course he's flattered. Any oung man would be." don't think he's improved since he left Blent.'

"Country folks always say that about their young men when they come to town," smiled Lady Evenswood, "He's learning his world, my dear. And he seems very sensible. He hasn't inherited poor Addle's wildness."

'Yes, he has. But it only comes out now and then. When it does-"
"It won't come out with Flora," Lady Evenswood interrupted reassuringly. But another thing was to happen before Mina went back to the valley of the

Blent; a fearful, delightful thing. An astonishing missive came-a card inviting her to dine with Mr. and Lady Flora Lady Flora ever indulged in the same expression of feeling, it would have been when she was asked to send it. Gasping still, Mina telegraphed for her best frock and all the jeweled tokens of affection which survived to testify to Adolf Zabris-ka's love. It was in itself an infinitely destined always to lo large in memory; but it proved to have "If it's going begging, call on me," said a bearing on the Tristram problem, too.

For Harry was there. He sat on the hostess' left; on her other side was handsome Lord Hove, very resplendent in full dress, starred and ribboned. Several of the men were like that—there was some function later on, Mina learned from an easy-mannered youth who sat by her and seemed bored with the party. Disney came in late, in his usual indifferently fitting morning clothes, snatching an hour from the house, in the strongest contrast to the fair sumptuousness of his wife. He took a vacant chair two places from Mina and nodded at her in a friendly way. They were at a round table, and there were only a dozen there. The easymannered youth told her all about them, including several things which it is to be hoped were not true; he seemed to view them from an altitude of good-humored contempt. Mina discovered afterward that he was a cousin of Lady Flora's, and occupied a position in Messrs, Couts' bank. He chuckled once, remarking:

"Flora's talking to Tristram all the time instead of being pleasant to Tommy Hove. Fact is, she hates Tommy, and Mina, who never meant to do anything she'd be glad if the chief would give him the boot. But the chief doesn't want to, else, embraced her friend and affection- because Tommy's well in at court, and ately consented. It is always pleasant the chief isn't."

"Gettin' in isn't the mystery," remarked the reinforcement

the youth, "It's the gettin" out, Madam -er-Zabriska." He had taken a swift glance at Mina's card.

glance at Mina's card.

Mina looked around. "Is it in this room they have the councils?" she asked.

"Cabinets? Den't know. Downstairs somewhere, I believe, anyhow." He smothered a yawn. "Queer thing, that about Tristram, you know. If everything was known, you know, I shouldn't won.

tion from his other neighbor. Mina was left alone for some minutes, and set to work to observe the scene. She was tolerably at ease now. Harry saw her sitting silent, and smiled across at her while he listened to Lady Flora. The smile seemed to leave it. She came to a stand opposite moment, Mina, Blent is moment, Mina, Mina, Blent is moment, Mina, Mina, Blent is moment, Mina, Mi she sat there the more that impression grew. The sense of difference and distance troubled her. She thought of Cecily alone at home, and grew more troubled still. She felt absurd, too, because she had been trying to help Harry. If that he does not have trying to help Harry. If that he does not have trying to help Harry and he will have trying to help Harry. If that he does not have trying the help Harry and he will have trying the help Harry and he will have trying the help Harry and he will have trying the help Harry and help had been trying to help Harry and help had been trying to help had been trying had to be done, she supposed Lady Flora would do it now. The idea was bitter. She turned her head by chance and found Mr. Disney silent, too, and looking at her. The next moment he spoke to the easy-mannered youth,

'Well, Theo, what's the world saying and doing?"
"Same as last year, cousin Robert," answered Theo, cheerfully. "Government's a year older, of course."

In an instant Mina was pleased; she detected an unexpected but pleasant friend-ship between Mr. Disney and the youth, She credited Disney with more humanityhumor necessary she knew he hadand liked him even better,

"The drawing-rooms have kicked us out already, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, rather. But the bank's not and live there, but that he must never, never come there."

"Good. That's something. Banks against drawing-rooms for me. Madame Zabrisza. He brought her into the conversation almost with tact, he must have had a strong wish to make her comforta-"That's right," announced Theo.

should say you're all right in the country, too. Crops been pretty good, you know, and now the rain's comin' down nicely." "Well, I ordered it," said Mr. Disney. "Takin' all the credit you can get," ob-served Theo. "Like the man who carved his name on the knife before he stabbed

his mother-in-law. What did he do that for?" cried Mina, A guffaw from Disney quite amazed her, Harry looked across with a surprised air; he seemed to wonder that she should enjoying herself. Mina was annoyed and set herself to be merry; a glance from Lady Flora converted vexation into rage. She turned back to Theo; some-how Mr. Disney had taught her how to like him-often a valuable lesson, if people would keep their eyes open for it "Everybody else I've met has been hor-

half whisper. "Oh, you aren't in a funk of a man who's smacked your head?"
That seemed a better paradox than most Mina nodded approvingly. "What does the bank say about Barill-land, Theo?" called Disney. Lord Hove paused in the act of drinking a glass of

ribly atraid of Mr. Disney," she said in a

"Well, they're just wonderin' who's goin' to do the kickin'," said Theo.
"And who's going to take it?" Disney seemed much amused, Lord Hove had turned a little pink. Mina had a vague sense that serious things were being joked about. Harry had turned from his hostess and was listening. "That's what it comes to," concluded

Disney glanced around, smiling grimly, Everybody had become silent; Barilliand had produced the question on which Lord Hove was supposed to be restive. Disney aughed and looked at his wife. She rose from the table. Mr. Disney had either learned what he wanted, or had finished amusing himself. Mina did not know which; no more, oddly enough, did Lord

Disney was by the door, saying good-by to the ladies; he would not be oming to the drawing-room. He stopped Mina, who went out last, just before his wife. "We've done all we could, Madam Zahe said. "We must leave him brisza," alone, eh?

"I'm afraid so. You've been very kind, ir. Disney."
"Better as it is, I fancy. Now, then, Flora!" At this peremptory summons, Lady Flora left Theo, by whom she had halted, and followed Mina through the

Two of the women left directly. The other two went off into a corner. Her hostess sat down and talked to her. Lady Flora was not distant, and did not make Mina feel an outsider. The fault was the other way. She was confidential—and about Harry. She assumed an intimacy with him equal, or more than equal, to Mina's own. She even told Mina things

a great deal of him.

"And I suppose the cousin is quite—"

Mr. Tristram." Mina would have shrunk from stating this upon oath.
"He interests me enormously, and it's so seldom I like Robert's young men."

So he was to be Robert's young man, too. The thing grew worse and worse. Almost she hated her idol, Mr. Disney. Personal jealousy and jealousy for Cecily blinded her to his merits, much more to the gracious cordiality which his wife was "Yes, I'm sure we shall make something

of Harry Tristram."
"He doesn't like things done for him, Mina declared. She meant to show how very well she knew him, and spoke with an air of authority.

"Oh, of course, it won't look like that, Madame Zabriska." Now, the Imp's efforts had looked like that—just like it. She chafed under con-scious inferiority; Lady Flora had smiled at being thought to need such a reminder.

Able to endure no more, the Imp declared that she must go back to Cecily. "Oh, poor girl; I quite forgot her!
You're going back to Blent with her, I
suppose? Do come and see us when
you're in town again." Was there or was there not the slightest sigh as she turned away, a sigh that speaks of duty nobly done? Even toward Robert's caprices, even to the oldest people, Lady Flora prided herself on a becoming bearing. And in the end this little Madame Zabriska had rather amused her; she was funny with her air of ownership about Harry Tristram.

Well, poor Mma understood! All that the enemy thought was legible to her; all the misery that keen perceptions can sometimes bring, was sure to be hers. She had spent the most notable evening of her life, and she got into her cab a

miserable woman. When she reached home there was nothing to change her mood. She found Cecily in a melancholy so sympathetic as to invite an immediate outpouring of the heart. Cecily was beautiful that evening, in her black frock, with her fair hair, her pale face, and her eyes full of tragedy. She had been writing, it appeared; ink and paper were on the table. She was very quiet, but, Mina thought, with the stillness that follows a storm. Unasked, the Imp sketched the dinner party, especially Harry's share in it. Her despair was laced with vitriol, and she avoided a kind word about anybody.
"Those people have got hold of him.
We've lost him. That's the end of it,"

she cried.

Cecily had nothing to say; she leaned back in a slack dreariness while Mina expatiated on this doleful text. Lacking of stream of Mina's lamentation begun to run dry.

"Oh, it's no use talking," she ended. "There it is. "I'm going back to Blent tomorrow,

said Cecily, suddenly.

It was no more than Mina had expected. "Yes, we may as well," she assented, dismally.

Cecily arose and began to walk about der if a lot of other fellows found them- Her air caught Mina's attention again

Mina felt the tragedy; the inevitable was being accepted. "I've written to cousin Harry. I've told him what I mean to do. He must think it right; it's the only thing he's left me to do. But I've told him I can do it only on one condition. He'll have my let-ter tomorrow."
"On one condition? What?"

"I said to him that he gave me Blent because I was there, because he saw me there in the middle of it all. That's true. If I'd stayed here would he ever have told his secret? Never! He wouldn't so much as come to see me; he'd never have

thought of me; he'd have forgotten all about me. It was seein' me there."
"Well, seeing you, anyhow."
"Seeing me where—there at Blent," she insisted, now aimost angrily. "So he'll understand what I mean by the thing I've asked of him. And he must obey." Her voice became imperious. "I've told him that I'm going back, going to stay there,

Mina started her eyes wide open in sur. "Never see him! Blent!" Mina was trying to sort out the state of things which would result. It was pretty plain what had happened; had felt the need of doing something; here it was. Mina's sympathics gulck to move, darted out to

"Think what it'll mean to him never to see Blent!" she cried. "To him? Nothing, nothing. Why. you yourself came home just now, say-ing that we were nothing to him. Blent's nothing to him now. It's for my own sake that I've said he mustn't come.

"You've begged him not to co "I've told him not to come," said Cecily, haughtly. "If it's his let him take it. If it's mine I can choose who shall come there. Don't you see, don't you see? How can I ever cheat myself into thinking it's mine by right if I see Harry there?" She mine by right if I see Harry there?" She paused a moment. "And if you'd thrown yourself at a man's head and he'd refused you, would you want to have him abo "N-no," said Mina, but rather hesitatingly.

"So I've ended it: I've ended everything. I posted my letter just before you came in, and he'll get it tomorrow. And now, Mina, I'm going back to Blent." She threw herself into an armchair, leaning back in a sudden weariness after the excited emotion with which she had de-clared her resolve. Mina sat on the other side of the table looking at her, and after moment's looking suddenly began to

"It's too miserable," she declared in wrathful woe. "Why couldn't we have wrathful woe. Why couldn't we have said nothing about it and just married you? Oh, I hate it all because I love you both. I know people think I'm in love with him, but I'm not. It's both of you, it's the whole thing; and now it never, never can go straight. If he got back Blent now by a miracle, it would be just as bad. And I believe he's fond of you." A scornful smile was Cecily's only but sufficient answer.
"And you love him." Mina's sorrow

made her forget all fear. She said in this moment what she had never before dared to say. "O, of course you do, or that—and it would make no difference if he did, I suppose! O, you Tristrams!"
"Yes, I love him," said Cecily. "That evening in the long gallery—the evening when he gave me Blent—do you know what I thought?" She spoke low and quickly, lying back quite still, in the attitude 'hat Addie Tristram had once made her own. "I watched him and I saw that he had something to say, and yet wouldn't say it. I saw he was strug. yet wouldn't say it. I saw he was strug. gling. And I watched, how I watched! He was engaged to Janie Iver-he had told me that. But he didn't love her-yes, he told me that, too. But there was something else, I saw it, I had come to love him then already—O. I think as soon as I saw him at Blent. And I waited for it. Did you ever do that. Mina—do you remember?"
Mina was silent; her memories gave
her no such thing as that.

"I waited, waited, I couldn't believe— Ah. yes, but I did believe. I thought he feit bound in honor and I hoped—yes, about him. She said "we" thought him an enormous acquisition and hoped to see a great deal of him.

I hoped—he would break his word and throw away his honor. I saw it coming and my heart seemed to burst as I on—before she could be content. "But spends more on clothes than any woman asked Lady Flora. "Poor thing! One's so corry for her. When her mourning's something. He caught me by the arm. I looked up at him and I suppose I said so sorry for her. When her mourning's something. He caught me by the arm. I looked up at him and I suppose I said so sorry for her. When her mourning's something. He caught me by the arm. I looked up at him and I suppose I said so sorry for her. When her mourning's something. He caught me by the arm. I thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing. It thought he was going to kiss me thing and I suppose I said to the thing and I suppose I said the total thing and I suppose I said the total thing and I suppose I said to the thing and I suppose I said the total thing and I suppose I said the total thing and I suppose I said the total the total thing and I suppose I said the total thing and I suppos

that I was Lady Tristram, and he-Harry Nothing," he said, "Harry Nothing-at-all." "O, if you'd told him that?" cried

Mina "Tell him!" she smiled in superb scorn.
"Id dle before I told him. I could go and
offer myself to him just because he didn't
know. And he'll never know now. Only now, you can understand that Blent is-Ah, that it's all bitterness to me! And you know now why he must never come.

Yes, it all ends now." Mina came and knelt down by her, carcesing her hand. Cecily shivered a little and moved with a vague air of dis-"But I believe he cares for you," Mina

might have cared for me, perhaps. But Blent's between."
(To be continued.

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to do on entreaty what we might be Good-by had to be said to Lady Evenswood. That lady was very cheerful about Harry. She was, hardly with any disguise, an admirer of his conduct, and said that undoubtedly he had made a very favora- hear the chief thinks Tristram'll train ble impression on Robert. She seemed to make little of the desperate condition of

He's very handsome."

"Why does Lady Flora hate Lord Hove?

"Think so? Well, I see so many fellows like that, that I'm beginnin' to hate 'em.

"Do what?" asked Mina absently, look.

just going away now."

That was it, Mina decided. Lady Evens- "She r