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SYNOPSIS.

Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story, in England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outling miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff," whose hand is much sought after, because of her wealth. Five other Agatha Wyckhoffs are introduced. The deceased stepfather, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wyckhoffs are introduced. The deceased stepfather, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wyckhoffs are introduced. The deceased stepfather, in an eccentric moment, made his will so that the real Agatha, heiress to his fortune and the castle at Wyckhoffs. Armistead, chaperon, was in duty bound to keep the real Agatha's identity unknown. An attempt by Terhune to gather a clew from the chaperon falls. Terhune finds old books containing picture of a former Baroness Wyckhoff, which is exactly like Agatha Sixth, whom he is courting. Agatha Fifth confesses her love for Vincent and also that she is the real heiress. He spurns her proposal. Many clews to identity of the real Agatha prove fruitless. Agatha Fifth later confesses she is not the heiress. More apparently unfailing clews materialize. Vincent confesses love for Mrs. Armistead's secretary, Miss Marsh, who told Terhune she is married. Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

The inevitable happened, for Vincent, with a half-articulate cry like a wild animal, raised his clenched fist and struck at me. Fortunately for us both, he struck wildly in his anger and I caught the blow on my arm.

"You liar!" he shouted, "oh, you liar!" and in a rage that shook him from head to foot he rushed from the room and slammed the door.

I was sick at heart as I stood staring after him to think that matters had come to such a pass between Vincent and myself. Although no man can hear himself called a liar, even by his best friend, without resenting it. still, when the first flash of my wrath had passed, I forgave him for it, for I knew that the heat of his passion would permit no satisfaction but violence, and, of course, if he really cared for the woman, the words I had used were about the most insulting possible. However, I had done what seemed to my duty, and I only reproached myself bitterly for not having told him of the secretary's marriage before his unhappy infatuation had gained such headway. But he had disarmed my first suspicions and I had never dreamed that anything so serious was on foot. That was a restless night for me and it was dawn before I fell into a light sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

When we met at breakfast the next morning there were no signs of the breach between Vincent and myself except his unusual pallor, which suggested to me that he, too, had spent a sleepless night.

The girls were inclined to joke our solemn faces, but so long as the meal passed off without disclosing that something was amiss between us I did not care. All day we saw nothing of each other, but this was not unusual. as we always pursued different courses. I spent most of my time with Agatha Fourth, the only honorable, whom I found to be a really delightful girl and certainly the possessor of remarkable musical talent.

Fourth alone with me. She sat at the piano and played everything she could think of, while I lay on a broad divan where I could watch, her and listen to the soft music.

I suppose that my bad night had something to do with the fact that I was boor enough to fall asleep while the beautiful Agatha Fourth was playing for me. Certainly I know that I was guilty of that appalling rudeness, for I was suddenly brought to a state of consciousness by the sound of a clock striking. I counted the strokes mechanically-there were 12. I must have slept for hours, and, sure enough, the room was dark except for the firelight, and my slighted hostess was gone from the piano stool. As I was about to rise I heard voices, and, turning, I saw on the other side of the piano a man and a girl. The man was Vincent, of course, and I thought, as I looked at him sitting full in the bright firelight, that he had never looked so handsome. His evening dress showed off his superb athletic form to the best advantage, and his face was fresh and strong, with the bronze of his tan extending to the roots of his hair, which was cut close to conceal a wave in the gold of it. It occurred to me at once that his face had lost much of its boyishness and he looked every inch a man. But it took me some time to realize that the girl who sat with him was none other than the

secretary. was her shimmering white evening but I've got to know; it's so hard to skin as soap and water."

gown, or the gleaming bracelets, until believe that you would do it delibert at last it came to me in a flash that it ately. Is it true?" was nothing more nor less than the glory of her hair that had wrought the straightening up, "you must speak transformation. I had never seen the secretary with her hair done any way stand what you have been saying." but plainly and unbecomingly, but now it was dressed as I knew it should have been dressed long ago. She wore it low on her long, slender neck, rolled at the sides and rippling loosely back from her forehead, in shining waves and little willful rings held in place

with big shell combs. And when at last it dawned upon me that it was really the secretary who was Vincent's companion, so breathless was I with amaze that at first I hardly realized that I could hear perfectly what they were saying. And when I did realize it, I wanted to hands and put his face within an inch rise and let them know that I was of her-I could see by the firelight its there, but on second thought I saw that I must have been there for so long lief. The secretary gave a little cry that they would never believe that I had not heard the whole of their conversation. Furthermore, it occurred to me that it might be well if I stayed to hear what Miss Marsh had to say for herself.

"And so I calmly took the dress and put it on, just to amuse myself," I heard the secretary saying, "and did my hair the way the others do theirs, you know. And it was so late I thought no one would find me here."

"And if I hadn't left my pipe on the table no one would have found you, and I-think what I should have missed!" Vincent's voice was eloquent.

'Of course, it was very vain of me, very vain," she went on; "but you know when a girl has to earn her own living she gets a little tired of all work and no play, and sometimes the impulse to pretend she's fortunate and happy and-and pretty"-the secretary flushed under Vincent's gaze as she faltered the last word, and hurried on talk it over." He sat down. In mo--"and like the others-is so strong ments like this he forgets his indethat it tempts her to deck herself out in borrowed plumes and sit in an empty drawing room at 12 o'clock at night enjoying the illusion for a brief | my duty better. "Vincent." I said, aphour."

"No," said Vincent, softly, "I don't think it was vain; I think it was the most natural thing in the world, and--and I'm glad you did it," he ended, rather lamely.

The secretary laughed, and I wondered what there was about the sound



"I'm Not Married," She Said, Simply

that made Vincent rave over it. Then, as his eyes wandered to her hair, he sighed. "Why sighest thou, oh, furnace?

she smiled at him. "I was just thinking about some

thing." "About what?"

"You don't want to hear?" "Ah! But I do!"

"All right, then." He turned on her swiftly. "I was just looking," he said, 'at your hair. I'll bet the angels have

halos like that." The secretary blushed. "It's horrid little pull that only brought it to a more charming disarray. "I hate the color of it. Why, when I was a child I never could bear to have the heroines In the evening the others went out of the fairy tales have a shining head to row on the lake and left Agatha of golden hair, and I used to think mine was gold, and one day when I said so and was told, 'No, your hair is red, not gold,' I cried for days afterward."

"You poor little thing!" he said, his face as full of sympathy as if those tears had just been shed. And for the life of her the secretary couldn't help her lip trembling, though she knew it was absurd and was very much something as an excuse for the transashamed of herself. Vincent broke the silence first. "We might do a little on the 'Dead Barons of Wyckhoff,' he suggested. It was evident that our affair of last night was uppermost in In the matter of economy alone it is his mind, for his air was very abstracted.

"No, thank you, my lord. This is my evening off. I am no longer Miss Marsh, the secretary, but Miss Marsh, the lady of leisure.'

"I didn't think of it as work, and I thought perhaps you didn't, either,

when we did it together." "Little boys shouldn't think; it's a bad habit," she said, severely; "besides, you talk like 'I' in the 'Dolly Dialogues."

At this Vincent's face grew desperate, and I saw that she had goaded him into asking her the question that braces me right up. My head when it had been on his mind all day, and I nearly fell off the sofa in my efforts to hear without being seen.

"Do I?" he said. "Well, that's because I've something I've been want- these days of dusty asphalt streets ing to ask you all day long. It's something very personal, and, of course, much better off with their pores kept At first I could not tell what it was I've no right-that is, you won't think open and clear of all dust and dirt, that had so changed her, whether it so," the boy was stumbling pitifully, and there is nothing so good for the

"Lord Wilfred," said the girl, more clearly if you want me to under-

"It's this," said Lord Wilfred, facing her abrupty and terribly in earnest; "Someone told me last night that you were a married woman. Is it true?"

I could not see the face of the secretary, but I could not help perceiving the ring of truth in her voice. "I'm not married," she said, simply,

"I told Mr. Terhune so because I wanted to disabuse him of a false impression he was laboring under. But what is it to you?"

"This," said Wilfred, and he leaned toward her suddenly and grasped her look of determination and ineffable reand drew back. I conjectured that Wilfred was on the point of making an irretrievable ass of himself, so I interrupted proceedings by knocking a book off the sofa and rising to my feet. At the first sound of the book falling the two had jumped to their feet and stood, the girl shrinking close to Wilfred and Wilfred with his arm thrown around her.

"Who goes there?" he said, sternly, as he discovered my figure in the gloom, and "Ah!-it's you, Terhune," as I came into the circle of light, in a tone I hope I may never hear from him again.

As the secretary saw who it was she sprang away and was gone from the room in a second.

"Well," he said, with a sneer, as the curtains closed behind her, "eavesdropper, meddling as usual. What can I do for you?"

I sat down on the stool. "Sit down," said, with quiet authority, "and we'll pendence and remembers that at one time he used to obey me habitually. I wanted to comfort him, but I knew pealingly, "don't you see it won't do? She's no match for you-a girl with no family and no money, and of her station in life. Give it up, I implore you. Think of your father. There has never been a mesalliance in the

family; it would break his heart." Vincent raised his head. "Mrs. Armistead says her family is perfectly respectable," he said. "I asked her."

"Perfectly respectable!" I repeated. contemptuously. "Think of a Vincent marrying a girl who has nothing in her favor but the fact that her family was perfectly respectable!"

Vincent sighed pathetically and delivered one more blow. "Think," I said; "your brother Edmund is over 40, unmarried, and a sufferer from rheumatism of the heart, as you know. Suppose he should die-wouldn't you make a more creditable heir to the title if you hadn't tied yourself up to a wife of obscure origin-a penniless American girl? And if you don't come into the title you're only a younger son, and you know yourself your propensity for getting into debt, and the foreign office for a boy of your age is not a paying business. No, Vincent, you're not cut out for making money, and it's certain you can't depend on your father forever. Can't you see how rash and foolish you are to consider such a thing?"

I leaned over and put my hand on Vincent's shoulder. He turned his head, and when I felt his smooth cheek against my hand I knew that the battle was won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) ADMIRES NERVE OF FAIR SEX.

Masculine Observer Concedes Their Superiority in One Respect.

"The time I most admire a woman." said the gray-headed man, "is when she tries to get a bill changed. I admire her then for her splendid courage. Give a woman a ten-dollar bill that she wants changed and she will walk unconcernedly into any shop in town and request the proprietor to hair," she said, giving it a vindictive give her two fives or ten ones or whatever denomination she happens to need. She never offers to buy anything to compensate him for his trouble. I have known my wife to get change from a grocer, a butcher, a druggist, a stationer, a cigar dealer and a florist without spending one cent in their stores. And all those tradesmen were perfect strangers. She simply wanted change and walked in and asked for it.

"Contrast her calm serenity with the dishrag will of the average man in need of change. He would rather be shot than just ask for it. He will buy action, even if it is something that he couldn't make use of this side of doomsday and that he has to throw away the minute he turns the corner. a pity he can't be as brave as a woman.'

Water as a Headache Cure. "The best cure I know of for a head ache is to wash your face," said a bright looking man. "Yes, I believe suddenly to cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that aches gets hot and throbs, and the water makes it cool and fresh. I have a theory, too, that people don't wash their faces nearly enough, anyhow, in and soft coal smokes. People will be AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

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LEST HE FORGET.

No Roseate Postcard Without Its Thorn of Suggestion.

Harold's mother-we'll call him Harold-went abroad a month ago, leaving Harold under the somewhat unsubstantial control of his elder sisters. In spite of the itemized directions with which even unto the moment of final leave-taking she had not ceased to bombard him, Harold's mother was far from sure that her efforts would have any lasting effect.

Her voyage was more or less disturbed by these doubts, but before she landed on the other side she had determined on a course of action. Like all small boys, Harold is most covetous of picture postcards and had looked forward to a harvest from his mother's trip. He got it.

Every day she sent at least one card. And whatever else it bore in the way of inscription, there was not one which failed of this introduction:

"Just as soon as you get this go and brush your teeth."

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Microscopic Writing.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical society for writing with a diamond seems to have been broken up by its inventor. A specimen of its works is the Lord's prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters or 15 Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12-inch objective, which is the high power lens physicians employ for studying the most minute bacteria.

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"What's the matter over there?" "The sword swallower is being

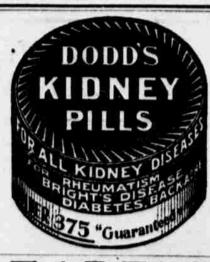
choked by a fishbone."

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To Discover Fish Shoals. Experiments are being made in Europe with a microphone for the discovery of the presence of shoals of fish. The instrument is sunk into the water and the constant tapping of the fish against it as they pass warns the fish-

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Had Something Coming. "That's the parson that married me." "Shall I soak him one for you?" . . Simplicissimus.

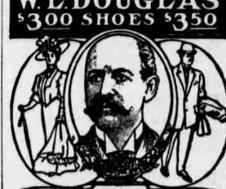


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