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Lord Stranleigh on the High Seas

"Give me your ticket," he said. Hazel took it from his pocket and handed it over.

"Have you any luggage?"
"Only a portmanteau, which I placed in my bunk."

"Walt here, and I will find out what cabins are available."

Stranleigh went down to the purser; this official threw him a friendly glance, which nevertheless indicated that his time was valuable. "My name is Trevelyan," said the

young man.
"Oh, yes; Mr. Trevelyan. You have our premier suite? Do you like your accommodation?"

"I have n't seen it yet. I have just discovered a friend, an eccentric sort of man who had made up his mind to cross in the steerage. One of those foolish bets, you know, which foolish oung men make in London clubs, and

young men make in London clubs, and I have persuaded him o't of it."
"Our steerage is thought to be quite luxurious," laughed the purser.
"So my friend says, but I want his company. Have you anything along my avenue?"

The purser consulted his list.
"Nabody with him?"

"Nobody with him?"
"He's quite alone."
"The larger cabins are all taken, but I can give him a small one."

"Like your steerage, I suppose it is comfortable?" said Stranleigh. "Well, it's not a private hotel, like

your quarters."
"Oh, he'll not grumble. Can you on, he if not grumble. Can you send a steward to remove his luggage from the number indicated on this steerage ticket, to his new quarters?"

The purser rapidly wrote out a new ticket, and took the difference in five-

pound notes.

Later, Stranleigh said to Ponderby: "The Honourable John Hazel is oard. He had to leave London in a great burry, and without the neces-

sary luggage."

Ponderby's eyes lit up with an ex-

pression which said:
"I knew that would happen, sooner or later," but he uttered no word, and cast down his eyes when he saw his master had noticed the glance. Stran-leigh spoke coldly and clearly.

"How many new suits have you pro-vided for me?"

Thirty-seven, my lord."

"Very well. Costume the Honour-able John Hazel just as you would costume me. Call a steward, and order the box taken to his room."

HIS lordship proceeded leisurely to H is fordship proceeded leisurely to the upper deck once more, and found Hazel where he had left him, except that he was now gazing at the fleeting shore, green and village-gemmed, of the Isle of Wight. "Here you are," said Stranleigh, breezily, handing the Honourable John the cabin ticket.

the cabin ticket.

the cabin ticket.

There was a weak strain in Hazel's character, and he now exhibited the stubbornness which has in it the infallible signs of giving way.

"I really cannot accept it," he said, his lower lip trembling perceptibly.

"Tut-tut, man! It's settled and done with. You will find your bag in your new cabin also a low from my habita.

new cabin, also a box from my habita-tion. Come! I'll be your valet. Luncheon will be on directly, and I

want your company."
Stranleigh turned away; Hazel followed him. Ponderby was on hand. lowed him. Fonderby was on hand, and saved his master the fag of valet-ing, and when finally the Honourable John emerged, he looked a well-dressed man who would not have done discredit even to the Camperdown

Club.
"I flatter myself on having made this transfer with more tact than I usually display," said Stranleigh, "for I am somewhat stupid in the main, trusting others to carry out my ideas, rather than endeavouring to shine as a diplomatist myself. The purser, the only official aware of the change, thinks you made a bet to travel steer-age, and will probably forget all about the matter. The question is, under what name shall I introduce you to the Doctor, at whose table we shall sit?

"What would you advise?" asked Hazel. "The name on my steerage ticket is William Jones."

ticket is William Jones."

"Oh, no good at all as a nom de guerre; too palpably chosen by an unimaginative man. I should sail under my own colours if I were you."

"Good! Then John Hazel I am, and so will remain. And as a guarantee of good faith, I promise not to touch a card all the way over."

"An excellent resolution; see that you keen it!" rejoined Stranleich, and

you keep it!" rejoined Stranleigh, and thus they enjoyed lunch together, and were regaled with the Doctor's best

They got away from Cherbourg be They got away from Cherbourg be-fore the dinner hour, and after that meal Stranleigh and Hazel walked to-gether on the main deck, until the latter, admitting he was somewhat fagged after the exciting events of the day, went off to his cabin, and Stranleigh was left alone to smoke a final cigar. He leaned on the rail, and gazed meditatively at the smooth seq.

I' was an ideal evening, and Stranleigh felt at peace with all the world. There exists a popular belief that the rich are overburdened with care. This may be true while they are in the money-making struggle, but is not a usual state when the cash is in the bank, or safely invested. Stranleigh occasionally lost money, but an immense amount had been bequeathed him, and he made many millions more than he had parted with, although he claimed this was merely because of a series of flukes, maintaining that whenever he set to work that part of him known as his brain, he invariably came a cropper.

"You are Mr. Trevelyan, are you

"You are Mr. Trevelyan, are you not?" said a very musical feminine voice at his elbow. Stranleigh turned in surprise, and saw before him a most charming young woman. He ilung his partially consumed cigar into the sea. "Yes," he replied, easily, "my name is Trevelyan. How did you know?"

That rare smile came to his lips; a smile, people said, which made you feel instinctively you could trust him; and many ladies who were quite willing to bestow their trust, called it fascinating. cinating.

I am afraid," said the girl, whose beautiful face was very serious, and whose large, dark eyes seemed trou-bled, "I am afraid that I enacted the part of unintentional eavesdropper. I had some business with the purser; business that I rather shrank from executing. You came to him just before I did, for I was hesitating.

"I'm very sorry," said Stranleigh, "if I obtruded myself between you and the purser. Being rather limited in intelligence, my mind can attend to one thing only at a time, and I must confess I did not see you."

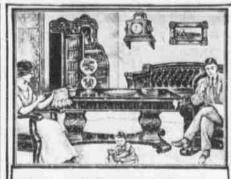
"I know you did not," returned the girl. "There was no obtrusion. You were first comer, and therefore should have been first served, as was the

"I would willingly have given up whatever rights I possessed in the matter, had I known a lady was wait-

I am sure of it. However, your conversation with the purser gave me a welcome respite, and thinking over the crisis, I determined to consult you before I spoke to him."

"In what way can I assist you, Madam?" asked Stranleigh, a return of his usual caution showing itself in the instant stiffening of manner and coldness of words.

"I learned you were exchanging, on behalf of a friend, a third-class ticket for a place in the cabin. I judged from this that you are very good-hearted, and my attention was at-tracted when you introduced yourself



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