

time he met her, and he was very much afraid that he would betray himself. Such a thing as that, he knew, would be fatal. So he waited as patiently as he could.

had mistaken for Delmonico the first time he visited the place. "Why, there is Bessie Archer," said Helen, bowing and smiling, and bowing and smiling again as she recognized Bessie and the others.

They had the slightest encouragement to believe in those soothsayers they would patronize them to an extent that would make theirs the most profitable profession in the world rather than the most ill paid.

Instead, he wrote "Helen Knowlton" over three or four sheets of foolscap, in every variety of penmanship, and then tore the paper into fine bits. But, still fearful that the name might be discovered, he made a little pile of the scraps and burned them, watching their destruction with an expression of countenance not at all in keeping with the spirit of a masked ball.

ly has some mischief in her mind. I tried to find the man, to slap his face, but they couldn't point him out. "How did you know them, Archie?" asked Rush. He was dying to meet Helen in her disguise, for he thought he would get a mask and say some things to her from its concealment that he wouldn't like to say in open court.

toned; "quick, take me to my aunt." Rush thought her advice good, and at once acted upon it. He was only sorry that he had not taken her to her aunt in the first place, and then come back alone and knocked the insolent fellow into a cocked hat.

CHAPTER IX.

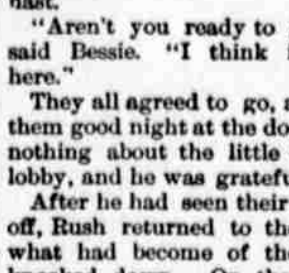


USH was working very hard at the office of The Dawn during his first acquaintance with Helen Knowlton. He had written special articles, for which he was paid so much a column, but now he was taken regularly upon the staff of the paper, on a salary of \$30 a week.

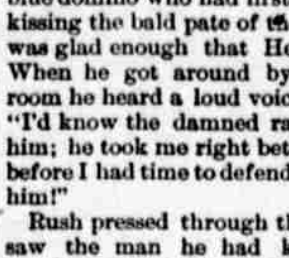
He worked in the city department, edited telegraph "copy," and wrote occasional editorials, so that his nights were pretty well occupied, and he could not have renewed his evenings at Helen's had he been so inclined. He was trying to drive her out of his mind; but he found that simply impossible.

He refrained from calling at her house was much easier; yet he did not accomplish even that sacrifice very successfully. When he left the office of The Dawn at half past 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, he walked up to Twentieth street and passed with lingering footsteps under her window; but he had not called upon her since the night his pride had been so wounded by what he took to be her desire to rid herself of his company.

He felt a sinking feeling; he wanted the floor to open and let him through; but it didn't. The resemblance between Aunt Rebecca and Helen was very strong, and, except that the former was a trifle heavier, their figures were much alike. Rush had often remarked the likeness, but he never expected to be caught in this way.



CHAPTER X.



USH'S first meeting with his brother in New York was not his last.

John gave him his address. He had a gorgeous suite of rooms uptown, where he lodged and took his breakfast. He and the colonel dined at "The Club," but it was not the sort of club men boast of belonging to. They called it the "Club" because they did not want to call it by its right name.