

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE)

"I was going to suggest that you could have both at certain fixed periods—whenever—I am out."

"I am glad you did not suggest it." "Why?" she asked sharply.

"Because I should have had to go into explanations. I did not say all."

Mrs. Bamborough was looking into the fire, only half listening to him. There was something in the nature of a duel between these two.

"Do you ever say all, M. de Chauville?" she asked.

The baron laughed. Perhaps he was vain of the reputation that was his, for this man was held to be a finished diplomatist.

"Perhaps, now that I reflect upon it," continued the clever woman, disliking the clever man's silence.

"There are some things which go without it," said De Chauville. He was cautious, for he was fighting on a field which women may rightly claim for their own.

He did not finish, for the door was thrown open by the butler, who announced: "Mr. Alexis."

It probably transpire later. I appreciate the honor, but I beg to decline it. All is said."

He spread out apologetic hands. "All is not said," he corrected, with a dangerous suavity.

De Chauville was vain, but he was clever enough to conceal his vanity. He was hurt, but he was man enough to hide it.

"It is not only that I love you," he said; "that I have a certain position to offer you. These I beg you to take at your poor value."

"Nothing will do that," she replied; "not any circumstance."

"I should like to know since when you have discovered that you never could under any circumstances marry me," pursued M. de Chauville.

"I am not going to allow you to draw back now. You have gone too far. All this winter you have allowed me to pay you conspicuous and marked attentions."

"I doubt," said Etta, "whether the world at large is so deeply interested in the matter as you appear to imagine."

"Of course," he said coldly, his voice shaking with suppressed rage. "There is some reason for this."

He did not finish, for the door was thrown open by the butler, who announced: "Mr. Alexis."

"The weakest thing I ever did," she said cheerfully, "was to join Lady Crewel's working guild."

"Perhaps not. What have you been doing—something weaker?"

"Yes. I have been quarreling with M. de Chauville."

Maggie held up a petticoat and looked at her cousin through the orifice intended for the waist of the young.

"If one could manage it without lowering one's dignity," she said, "I think that is the best thing one could possibly do with M. de Chauville."

"Yes; but he knows too much—about everybody," she said.

CHAPTER VI. THE Talleyrand, as its name implies, is a diplomatic club, but ambassadors and ministers enter not its portals.

Some are plain messieurs, seniores or herren, bluff foreigners with upright hair and melancholy eyes.

resignation, smoking the largest cigar the waiter could supply, when Claude de Chauville happened to have nothing better or nothing worse to do.

De Chauville looked through the glass door for some seconds, then he twisted his waxed mustache and lounged in. Steinmetz was alone in the room, and De Chauville was evidently almost obviously unaware of his presence.

"You in London?" Steinmetz nodded gravely. "Yes," he repeated.

"One never knows where one has you," Claude de Chauville went on, seating himself in a deep armchair, newspaper in hand.

"A little heavy on the wing now," said Steinmetz. He laid his newspaper down on his stout knees and looked at De Chauville over his gold eyeglasses.

"Yes," he said, "the years seem to fly in coveys. Do you ever see any of our friends of that time—you who are in Russia?"

"Who were our friends of that time?" parried Steinmetz, polishing his glasses with a silk handkerchief.

"The princess?" "I never see. She keeps a gambling house in Paris."

"The Count Lanovitch," pursued De Chauville—"where is he?" "Banished for his connection with the Charity league."

"And is?" "And—er—the Sydney Bamboroughs," said the Frenchman, as if the name had almost left his memory.

Karl Steinmetz lazily stretched out his arm and took up the Morning Post. He unfolded the sheet slowly, and, having found what he sought, he read aloud:

"His excellency the Roumanian ambassador gave a select dinner party at 4 Craven Gardens yesterday. Among the guests were the Baron de Chauville and others."

Steinmetz threw the paper down and leaned back in his chair. "So, my dear friend," he said, "it is probable that you know more about the Sydney Bamboroughs than I do."

If Claude de Chauville was disconcerted he certainly did not show it. His was a face eminently calculated to conceal whatever thought or feeling might be passing through his mind.

"Not necessarily," Mrs. Sydney Bamborough does not habitually take into her confidence all who happen to dine at the same table as herself.

"My very dear De Chauville," he said, without looking up, "your epigrams are lost on me. I know most of them. I have heard them before."

He was there one evening after an All good grocers.



Paul came into the room.

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Kansas City, Sept. 27, 1905. Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 59,500; last week 33,300; last year 56,100.

Table of livestock market prices including cornfed steers, choice stock heifers, and various types of hogs and sheep.

Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 25,200; last week, 11,200; last year, 19,100.

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