********** THE NECESSARY RESOURCES.

By ANTHONY HOPE,

The affair had three obvious results: The marriage of Prince Julian, Sir Henry Shum's baronetcy and the complete renovation of Lady Craigennoch's town house. Its other effects, if any, were more obscure.

Prince Julian was a pretender, one of several gentlemen who occupied that position in regard to the throne of an important European country. By a necessity of their natures. Messrs, Shum & Byers were financiers; thanks to a fall in rents and a taste for speculation. Lady Craigenoch was hard put to it for a nioney, and had become a good friend and that attention should be turned to Prince ally of Mr. Shum's; sometimes he allowed Julian, his habits, his entourage, his her to get a finger in one of his pica and visitors. And now there were visher to put a finger in one of his pica and visitors. draw out a little plum for herself. Byers, boaring one day of his pariner's acquaintance the channel to see him; they with Lady Craigennoch, observed: "She might introduce us to Prince Julian." Shum asked no questions, but obsered; that was their breasts. They talked to Mrs. Rivers;

"Yes," agreed Shum. "Besides he's cu-tangled with that woman." existing governments. 'Is there a woman?" asked Byers.

should like to know her."
So, on his second visit to Pelace Gate, Mr. Byers was introduced to the lady who was an inmate in Prince Julian's house but was not received in society. Lady Craigennoch, however, opining, jurily enough, that since she had no girls she might know whom she pleased, had called on the lady and was on friendly terms with her. The lady was named Mrs. Rivers and was understood to be hamed Mrs. Rivers and was understood to a wildow. "And surely one needn't ask for his death certificate!" pleaded Lady Craigennoch. Byers, as he took tea in Mrs. Rivers' boulder, was quite of the same mind. He nursed his square chin in his lean hand and regarded his hostess with marked attention. She was handsome—that fact concerned Byers very little, she was also magnificently self-confident—this trait roused his interest in a moment. He came to see her more than once again; for now an idea had begun to shape itself in his brain. He mentioned it to notody, least of all to Mrs. Rivers. But one day she said to him, with the careles contempt that he admired: I had all your money I should do

something with it."
"Don't 1?" he asked, half-liking, half-re-"Oh, you make more money with it,

She paused for a moment and then, leaning forward, began to discuss European poli-tics, with especial reference to the condition of affairs in Prince Julian's country.
Byers listened in silence; she told him much
that he knew, a few things which had escaped him. She told him also one thing
which he did not believe—that Prince Julian's indolent airs covered a character of rare resolution and tenacity. She repeated this twice, thereby betraying that she was not sure her first statement had carried conviction. Then she showed that the existing government in the prince's country was weak, divided, unpopular and poor; and then she ran over the list of rival pretenders an proved how deficient all of them were in the qualities necessary to gain or keep a throne At this point she stopped and asked Mr Byers to take a second cup of tea. Ho looked at her with interest and amusemen in his shrewd eyes; she had all the genius the native power, with none of the training none of the knowledge of men. He read her so easily; but there was a good deal to read. In one point, however, he read her wrongly almost the only mistakes he made were due to forgetting the possible existence of un-

Prince Julian had plenty of imagination; without any difficulty he imagined himself regaining his ancestral throne, sitting on it in majesty and establishing it in power. This was placed by the property of the prince of the pr ceptive mind by detailing her conversation with Mr. Byers. "You want nothing but money to do it," she said. And Byers had money in great heaps; Shum had it, too, and Shum was for present purposes Byers; so were a number of others persons, all with money, "I believe the people are devoted to me in their hearts." said Prince Julian then he caught Mrs. Rivers by both her hands and cried: "And then you shall be my

"Indeed I won't," said she; and she added almost fiercely, "Why do you bring that up again now? It would spoil it all." For, contrary to what the world thought Prince Julian had offered several times to marry the lady who was not received nor visited (except, of course, by Lady Craigennoch). Stranger still, this marriage was the thing which the prince desired above all things



HE IMAGINED HIMSELF REGAINING HIS ANCESTRAL THRONE

for failing it he feared that some day (owing to a conscience and other considerations Mrs. Rivers would leave him, and he really did not know what he should do then. When he imagined himself on his ancestral throne. Mrs. Rivers was always very near at hand; whether actually on the throne beside him or just behind it was a point he was promp shirk; at any cost, though, she must be As time went on there were many meet

ings at Palace gate; the prince, Mr. Shum and Lady Craigennoch were present some times; Mrs. Rivers and Byers were never wanting. The prince's imagination was immense stimulated in those days; Lady Craigennoch's love for a specula-tion was splendidly indulged; Mr. Shum's cautious disposition received terrible shocks. Mrs. Rivers dis-cussed European politics, the attitude of the church and the secret quarrels of the cabinet in Prince Julian's country; and Byers silently gathered together all the money of his own and other people's on which he could lay hands. He was meditating a great coup; and just now and then he fait a queer touch of remorse when he reflected that his coup was so very different from the coup to which Mrs. Rivers' disquisitions and the prince's vivid imagination invited him. But he be-lieved in the survival of the fittest, and, al-though Mrs. Rivers was very fit, he himself was just by a little bit fitter still. Meanwhile the government in the prince's country faced its many difficulties with much boldness, and seemed on the whole safe enough.

The birth and attributes of rumor have often engaged the attention of poets; who can doubt that their rhetoric would have been embellished and their metaphors multiplied had they possessed more intimate acquaints nee with the places where money is bought and sold? For in respect of awakening widespread interest, and affect ing the happiness of homes, what is the character of any lady, however high born, conspicuous or beautiful, compared with the character of a stock? Here, indeed, is a field for calumny, for insuendo, for hints of frailty, for whispers of intrigue; for scandal mongers have their turn to serve, and the holders are swift to distrust. When somebody writes Sheridan's comedy anew. let him lay the scene of it in a bourse; between his slandered stock and his slandered dame, he may work out a very pretty and fanciful parallel.

however, the facts can be set down only plainly and prosaically. On all the exchanges there arose a feeling of uncasiness

********* Prince Julian's country; selling was going un, not in large blocks, but cautiously, continually, in unending driblets; surely on a system, and with a purpose? Then came paragraphs in the papers (like whispers be-Meets, if any, were more obscure.

By accident of birth and of political events, ernment and the country much in the vein

a damaging statement in the chamber. Upon this it seemed no more than natural

the way to be comfortable and to grow rich if you were Mr. Byers' partner. The introduction was duly effected; the prince wonfered vaguely, almost ruefully, what these men expected to get out of him. Byers asked himself quite as delethity whether anything could be made out of an indelent, artistic, lazy young man like the prince; pretenders such as he served only to buttress existing governments.

be premature to speak." There was not very much in all this, but it made the friends of the stock rather uncomfortable; and they were no more happy when a leading article in a leading paper demonstrated beyong pos-siblilty of cavil that Prince Julian had a fair chance of success, but that, if he regained to throne, he could look to hold it only by seeking glory in an aggressive attitude toward his neighbors. On the appearance of this luminous forecast the poor stock fell two points more; there had been a mauve qui peut of the timid holders.

Then actually came the manifesto; and was admitted on all hands to be such th excellent manifesto as to amount to an vent of importance. Whoever had drawn up-and this question was never settled he knew bow to lay his fingers on all the yeak spots of the existing government, how to touch on the glories of Prince Julian's house, what tone to adopt on vexed questions, how to rouse the enthusiasm of all the discontented. "Given that the prince's party possess the necessary resources," ob-served the same leading journal, "it can not be denied that the situation has assumed an aspect of gravity." And the poor stock fell yet a little more; upon which Mr. Shum, who had a liking for taking a profit when he saw it, ventured to ask his partner how long e meant "to keep it up."
"We'll talk about that tomorrow,"

Mr. Byers. "I'm going to call in Palace Gate this afternoon." He looked very thoughtful as he brushed his hat and sent for a hansome. But as he drove along his prow cleared, and he smiled triumphantly If the prince's party had not the necessary resources they could do nothing; if they did nothing, would not the drooping stock lift up her head again? Now nobody was a position to solve that problem about he necessary resources so surely or so

"Eccause she's the whole thing you know,

"Ecause she's the whole thing you know," she said, "The adherents—good gracious, what helpless creatures! I don't wonder the republicans upset them if that's what they're all like. O, they're gentlemen, of course, and you're not. Byers (Mr. Byers bowed slightly and smiled acquiescently), but I'd rather have you than 1,000 of them. And the prince, poor dear, is hardly better. Always talking of what he'll do when he's there, never thinking how he's going to get Byers let her run on; she was giving him

ps. you don't know! I wonder if you do? Shum doesn't; perhaps you do.) But he's afraid of losing her. If he goes, she won't go with him. I don't mean as—as she is now, you know. She won't go any-how, not as his wife even. Well, of course, She won't go any f he married her he'd wreck the whole thing But one would hardly expect her to see that or even to care, if he did. She's very odd." Lady Craigennoch paused a moment. 'She's fond of him, too," she added. "She's

"A lady?" asked Mr. Byers with a touch "O, yes," said Lady Craigennoch, scornful hat he needed to ask. "But so odd. Well. ried, because he'd have to go without her. the won't go with him." Again Lady Craigennoch paused. "People won't call on that woman, you know," she remarked

"She's an interesting woman," said Byers in a perfunctory sympathy with his companion's enthusiasm Lady Craigennoch cooled down, and fixed a cold and penetrating glance on him.
"Yes, and you're an interesting man," she

id, "What are you doing, Mr. Byers?"
"Vindicating Right Divine," be answered.
Lady Craigennoch emiled "Well, what-Lady Craigennoch smiled ever it is," she said, "Shum has promised that I shall stand in." Again she paused. "Only," she resumed, "if you're making a fool of that woman—" She seemed unable o finish the sentence; there had been genuine indignation in her eyes for a mo nent; it faded away; but there came a slight lush on her check as she added, "But that oesn't matter if it's in the way of business

"And Shum has promised that you shall stand in," Byers reminded her gravely. Lady Craigennoch dug her parasol into he streak of earth that showed between

"Anyhow I'm glad I called on her," said. "I'm not much because "I'm not much, heaven knows, bu 'm a woman to speak to."
"To cry to?" he hazarded

"How do you know she cried? Think what she'd been through, poor thing! O.

ou wen't find her crying. "I hope not," said Mr. Byers with a per ect seriousness in his slightly nasal tones and when they parted he said to himself "That woman hates having to know me." But there were many people in that position and he spent much time in increasing the number; so the reflection caused him n pain, but rather a sense of self-complacency when people know you who hate having to know you, you are somebody. The though passed, and the next moment he found him self being glad that Ellen Rivers had a woman to speak to-or to cry to-ever bough it were only Lady Craigennoch.

Byers. She was radiant. She told him that her part was done; now he must do his part then the prince would do his; thus th great enterprise would be accomplished That odd pang atruck Byers again as he listened; he recollected the beginning Lady Craigennoch's unfinished sentence, you're making a fool of that woman-That was just what he was doing. He es-caped from the thought and gratified his curlosity by turning the talk to Mrs. Rivers

"Accomplished, ch?" said ne. "And it's rown for the prince

"Yes, and great influence for you."

"And you'll be—"

"I shall be nothing. I shall go away.
She spoke quickly and decisively; the resolution was there, but to dwell on it was dan

"Oh. I don't know. Anywhere."

"My work will be done," she said. "From the first moment I knew the prince I de-termined to use my influence in this way. He only-he only needed a little encourage

'And a little money?" "I gave him one, you're giving him the her. We shall both be repaid by his suc-

Probably he did not know how straight and hard his eyes were set on her; they could not leave her. What a pity it was that she would not go with the prince—as his wife, or even (to use Lady Craigennoch's char-itable evasive phrase) as she was now. To set the prince on the seat of his ancestors was not an exploit that appealed to Mr. Byers; but to set this woman on a throne would be worth-well, how much? Mr. Byers detected this question in his own heart; he could not help reducing things to figures. "Why don't you go with him?" he asked bluntly.

"It would prejudice him," she answered, imply, folding her hands in her lap. Then she stretched out a hand toward him and said suddenly, with a sudden quaver in her voice, "I talk to you like this, and all the time I'm wanting to go down on my knecs and kies your hands, because you're The lean hand held the square jaw; the

attitude was a favorite one with Mr. Byers; and his eyes were still on her. "Yes; that's what I want to do," she said "Yes; that's what I want to no, she said with a nervous laugh. "It's so splendid of you." Her breath came fast; her eyes were very bright. At that moment Mr. Byers wished that the quick breath and the bright eyes were for him himself, not for the helper of the prince; and for that moment has form Mrs. Byers and the babies in Ports. he forgot Mrs. Byers and the babies in Port land Place; it was years since he had had any such wish about any woman; he felt a sympathy with Prince Julian, who had almost cried when he signed the manifesto, because, if he mounted the throne Ellen

in herself and in Mr. Byers. But the days went on. Slowly the stock rose; then in went the public with a rush. The paragraphs and the arricles dwindled and ceased; there was a commotion somewhere and ceased; there was a commodion somewhere else in Europe; Princes Julian and his manifesto were forgotten. What did it mean? She wrote a note asking Mr. Byers to call. It was just at this time also that Mr. Henry Shum accepted the invitation of the Conservative association of the Hatton garden division of Holborn Bars to contest the seat at the approaching general election, and that Lady Craigeanoch gave orders for the complete renovation of her town house. Both these actions involved, of course, some expense, how much, it is hard to say precisely. The house was rather large and the

seat was very safe. Prince Julian sat in his library in Palace Gate, and Mrs. Rivers stood beside him, her hand resting on the arm of his chair. Now and then the prince glanced up at her face rather timidly. They had agreed that matters showed no progress; then Mrs. Rivers had become silent.

'Has Byers thrown us over?" the prince "Hush, hush," she answered, in a low

Wait till he's been; he's Her voice sank lower still as she ed: "He can't have; O, he can't!" There was silence again. There was silence again. A rew min-title passed before the prince broke out fret-fully: "I'm sick of the whole thing. I'm very well as 1 am. If they want me, let them send for me. I can't force myself on

She looked down for a moment, and touched his hair with her hand. "If this has come to nothing I'll never try again. I don't like being made a fool of."

Her hand rested for a moment on his fore-head; he looked up smiling.

"We can be happy together," he murmured.

"Let's throw up the whole thing and be happy together." He caught her hand in his, "You'll stay with me, anyhow?"

"You want me still?"

"You want me, still?"



THEN HE WALKED OVER TO WHERE SHE LAY.

wiftly as Mr. Byers.

A hundred yards from Prince Julian's house he saw Lady Craigennoch walking along the pavement, and got out of his cab to her. She was full of the visit she to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her. She was full of the visit she is to her is t

"How much do you want now?" he asked "Half a million now, and another next onth," she said.

"And more before the end?" "Yes, most likely. You can get it, you

"And shall I ever get it back?" "The Prince has given his word." Mr. Byers assumed a doubtful air. "O, you're not as stupid as that; you believe him." she added, almost contemptuously. "Do you mean it's a speculation? Of course it is: I

He thought a great deal about the mat ter that evening as he sat by the fire oppo-site to Mrs. Byers, who knitted a stocking and said nothing; she never broke is upon his thoughts, believing that a care less interruption might cost a million. Mil-lions were in his mind now, and other things than millions. There was his faith with his associates; they were all waiting his word; when he gave it, rumors would die away reports be contradicted, the manifesto pooh poohed; there would be buyings, the stock would lift up her head again, confidence would return; and the first to buy, the firs that he needed to ask. But so but, to return to faith in the stock, would be you've seen her with him—just like a mother to return to faith in the stock, would with her pet boy! How hard she's worked, Mr. Byers and his associates; the public to be sure! She told me how she'd got him would come in afterward, and when the the what's-its-name? He almost public came in he and his associates would go out again, richer by vast sums. you know. But she says it's all right now; money and his good faith-his honor among be won't go back now, because he's given financiers-bound him, and the triumph of his word. And she's simply triumphant, his brains, the beauty of his coup, the ad-though she's fond of him and though miration of his fellows, the unwilling applause of the hard-hit-all these allured him mightily. On the other side, there was nothing except the necessity of disappoint after her pause. Then she added. 'Of course ing Mrs. Rivers, of telling her that the that's right, except for a reprobate like me necessary resources were not forthcoming. that the agitation and the manifesto had served their turn, that the prince had been made a fool of. Many such a revelation had he made to defeated opponents—calmly. jestingly, perhaps—between the puffs of his cigar, not minding what they thought. Why should be mind what Mrs. Rivers thought She would no longer wish to kiss that lean strong hand of his; she might cry (she had Lady Craigennoch to cry to). He loo across at his wife, who was knitting; would not have minded telling anything to her. But so intensely did he mind telling what he had to tell to Ellen Rivers that the millions, his good faith, the joy of winning and the beauty of the coup, all hung doubt ful in the balance against the look in the eyes of the lady at Prince Julian's, an infernal fool I am!" he grouned. Mrs. Byers glanced up for a moment, smiled sympathetically, and went on with her knitting; she supposed that there must be some temporary hitch about the latest mil-

lion, or perhaps Shum had been trouble some; that was sometimes what was upsetting Mr. Byers. The next morning Mr. Shum was trouble-ome; he thought that the moment for action had come; the poor stock had been blown upon again, the process of rehabilitation should begin. Various other gentlemen, weighty with money, dropped in with their hats on the back of their heads and expressed the same views. Byers fenced with them, discussed the question rather incom clusively, took now this side and now that hesitated, vaciliated, shilly-shallied. Th men wondered at him; they knew they were right; and, right or wrong. Byers had been won't to know his own mind; their money was at stake; they looked at one another comfortably. Then the youngest of them, out with a brain for figures and a cool beldness which made him already rich and respected in the city, tilted his shining hat still a little farther back and drawled out. "If you've lost your nerve. Byers, you'd better t somebody else engineer the thing, What her fair fame is to a proud

he prestige of his nerve was to Mr. Byers. The boy had spoken the decisive word by chance, by the unerring instinct which in any sphere of thought is gentus. In half an hour all was planned, the government of the prince's country saved, and the agitation at an end. The necessary resources would now be forthcoming, confidence would return, the millions would be made, the coup brought off, the triumph won.

So in the next fortnight it happened: Prince Julian looked on with vague bewilderment, reading the articles and para-graphs which told him that he had aban-doned all thought of action, had resigned himself to wait for an express recall from his loving subjects (which might be ex-pected to assail his ears on the Greek Kalends), that in fact he would no nothing.

"You'll do what I ask?" he whispered.
"That would put an end to it indeed," she "Thank heaven for it," he exclaimed peev

Byers was in the drawing room.

"Shall I come, too?" asked the prince.

"O, no," she answered with a strange little laugh. "What's the use of bothering you?

I'll see him."

"Make him say something definite," urged ince Julian. "Let's have an end of it Prince Julian. ne way or the other."
"Very well." She bent down and kissed

him, and then went off to talk to Mr. Byers.
The fair boy with the business brains might have been seriously of opinion that there was something wrong with Byers' nerve had he seen him waiting for Mrs. thought you had courage."
"So I have," said Byers. And he added. Rivers in the drawing room, waiting to "I may went it all, too." What he would want it for was in his mind, but he did not tell her that the necessary resources were not forthcoming; he hoped that he need tell her no more than that; he wished that he had not come, but he could not endurthe self-contempt which the thought of run ning away bad brought with it; he mu face her: the woman could do no more that abuse him. One other thought he had for a moment entertained—of offering to le her stand in, as Mr. Shum had let Lady Craigennoch; there was hardly any sum which he would not have been glad to give her. But long before he reached the house he had decided that she would not stand

> himself indignantly. But he had one phrase ready for her He reminded her of the paragraphs, the rumors and the manifesto. "We have by those means felt the pulse of the public," he said. He paused, she said nothing. result is not-er-encouraging." he went on. "The moment is not propitious." "You promised the money if the prince signed the manifesto." she said.

"By God, I should think not," he said

"Promised? Oh. well, I said I'd--"
"You promised," said Mrs. Rivers.
"What's the difficulty now?"

"The state of public feeling—" he began.
"I know that. We want the money to mange it." She smiled slightly. "If the "I know that, change it." She feeling had been with us already we shouldn't have wanted the money." She leaned forward and asked: "Haven't you gut the money? You said you had." "Yes, I've got it-or I could get it."

"Yes. Well, then-! Why have yo He made no answer, and for a while she sat looking at him thoughtfully. She did not abuse him, and she did not cry. 'I want to understand," she said, pres "Did you ever mean to give us the ently.

Yes, upon my honor, I-" "Are you sure?" She forced him to look her in the face; he was sile t. She rose, took a Japanese fan from a side table and sat down again; the lower part of her face was now hidden by the fan; Byers saw nothing but her eyes. "What did you nothing but her eyes. "What did you mean?" she asked. "You've made us all—the prince and his friends and me—look very silly. How did that help you? I don't see what you could get out of that?"

She was looking at him now as though she thought him mad; she could not see what he had got out of it; it had not yet crossed her mind that there had been money to be got out of it; so ignorant was money to be got out of it; so ignorant was she, with all her shrewdness, with all her

"And I understood that you were such clever, far-seeing man," she went on. Lady Craigennoch always told me so; she said I could trust you in anything. Do ll me about it, Mr. Byers."
"I can't explain it to you," he began

You-you wouldn't-

es, I should understand it if you told she insisted. If he told her he was a liar and a thief, she would understand. Probably she would. But he did not think that she would understand he did not think that she would understand the transaction if he used any less plain language about it. And that language was not only hard to use to her, but struck strangely on his own head and his own heart. Surely there must be other terms in which to describe his part in the transaction? There were plenty of such in the city; were there none in Palace Gate? "It's a matter of businessa-" again he be-

She stopped him with an imperious wave of the fan. Her eyes grew animated with a sudden collightenment; she looked at him for a moment or two, and then asked, "Have you been making money out of it somehe He did not answer. "How, please?"

"It's a matter of business-" again he be

asked "What does that matter?" His voice wa

"I should like to hear, please. You don't want to tell me? But I want to know. It—it'il be useful to me to understand things It seemed to Mr. Hyers that he had to tell her, that this was the one thing left that he could do, the one obligation which he could cerform. So he began to tell her, and as he told her, naturally (or curiously, since natures are curious), his pride in the great coup revived—his professional pride. He went into it all thoroughly; she followed him very intelligently; he made her understand what an "option" was, what "differences," what the "out" and what the "call."

He pointed out how the changes in public affairs might make welcome changes in private pockets, and would have her know that the secret center of great movements must be sought in the bourses, not in the cabinets of sought in the bourses, not in the cabinets of Europe; perhaps be exagerated here a little, as a man will in praising what he loves. Finally, carried away by enthusiasm, he gave her the means of guessing with fair accuracy the profit that he and his friends had made out of the transaction. Thus ending, he heaved a sigh of relief she understood, and there had been n need of those uncivil terms which lately had

need of those uncivil terms which lately had pressed themselves forward to the tip of his tongue so rudely.

"I think I'd better not try to have anything more to do with polities," she said. "I—I'm too ignorant." There was a little break in her tones. Byers glanced at her sharply and apprehensively. Now that his story was ended, his enthusiasm died away; he expected abuse now. Well, he would bear it; she was enlitted to relieve her mind. bear it; she was entitled to relieve her mind.
"What a fool I've been! How you must have been laughing at me—at my poor prince

and me!" She looked across at him, smiling faintly. He sat, twisting his hat in his hands. Then she turned her eyes toward the fireplace. Byera had nothing to say; he was wondering whether he might go now. Glanc-ing at her for permission, he saw that her clear bright eyes had grown dim; presently a tear formed and rolled down her cheek Then she began to sob, softly at first, presently with growing and rising passion. She seemed quite forgetful of him, heedless of what he thought, and of how she looked. All that was in her, the pang of her dead hope the woe for her poor prince, the bitter sham of her own crushed pride and helpless folly, came out in her sobs as she abandoned herself to weeping. Byers sat by, listening always—looking sometimes. He tried to de-fend himself to himself; was it decent of her, was it becoming, wasn't it characteristic of the lack of self-control and self-respect that marks the sort of woman she was? It might be open to all these reproaches. She seemed not to care; she cried on. He could not help looking at her now; at last she saw him looking, and with a little stifled exclamationhether of apology or irritation he could not tell—she turned sideways and hid her face in the cushions of the sofa. Byers rose slowly, almost unsteadily, to his feet. "My he whispered to himself, as he stood for a moment and looked at her. Then he walked over to where she lay, her head ouried in the cushions.

"It doesn't make all that difference to you, he said roughly. "You wouldn't have gon She turned her face to him for a moment She did not look her best; how could she But Mr. Byers did not notice that.

"I love him! and I wanted to do it."

Byers had "wanted to do it" too, and their desires had clashed. But in his desire there had been no alloy of love; it was all true metal, true metal of self. He stood over her for a minute without speaking. strange feeling seized him then; he had fel It once before with regard to this woman.

"If it had been for you I'd have dammed the money and gone ahead," he blurted out in an indistinct, impetuous utterance.

Again she looked up; there was no surprise, no resentment in her face, only a heartbreaking plaintiveness."O, why couldn't you be honest with me?" she moaned. But she stopped sobbing and sat straight on the sofa again. "You'll think me still more of a again. "You'll think me still more of a fool for doing this," she said.

Was the abuse never coming? Mr. Byers began to long for it. If he were abused enough he thought that he might be able to find somthing to say for himself.

"You think that because—because I live as I do, I know the world and—and so on. as I do, I know the world and—and so on.
I don't, a bit. It doesn't follow really, you know. Fancy my thinking I could do anything for Julian! What do I know of business? Well, you've told me now!" "If it hadn't been for you I'd have risked it, and gone ahead," said Byers again.

"I don't know what you mean by that," she murmured, vaguely. Byers did not try o describe to her the odd strong impulse which had inspired his speech.

and tell the prince about it," she said.
"What are you going to do?" he demanded.
"Do? What is there to do? Nothing, I suppose. What can we do?"
"I wish to God I'd—I'd met a woman like you. Shall you marry him now?" She looked up; a faint smile appeared on er face.

"Yes," she said. "It doesn't matter now; and he'll like it. Yes, I'll marry him Two visions-one was of Mrs. Byers and

the babies in Portland pl-rose before Byers' thoughts.
"He hasn't lost much, then," he said. 'And you? You'll be just as happy. "It was the whole world to me," said she and for the last time she put her handker-

hief to her eyes. Then she stowed it away n her pocket and looked expectantly at her here was the permission to go. "Will you take the money?" said he. "What I've made. My share of it."
"Oh, don't be silly. What do I care what
noney you've made."

He spoke lower as he put his second ques

"Will you forgive me?" he asked. "Forgive you?" She laughed a little, yet locked puzzled. "I didn't think about you like that," she explained. "You're not a

nan to me."
"You're a woman to me. What am o you, then?" "I don't know. Things in general—the world—business—the truth about myself Yes, you're the truth about myself to me.' She laughed again, nervously, tentatively almost appealingly, as though she wanted

him to understand how he seemed to her. He drew in his breath and buttoned his "And you're the truth about myself to ne," he said. "And the truth is that I'm

me," he said. "And the truth is that I'm a d—d scoundrel."

"Are you?" she asked, as it seemed half in surprise, half in indifference. "Oh, I suppose you're no worse than other people. Only I was such a feol. Goodby, Mr. Byers." She held out her hand. He had not meant to offer his. But he took hers and pressed it. He had a vague desire to tell her that he was not a type of all humanity, that other men were better than he was that there were unselfish men, true he was, that there were unselfish men, true men, men who did not make fools for money's sake of women; yes, of women whose shoes they were not worthy to black. But he could not say anything of all this and he left her without another word. And the next morning he bought the "call" of a big block of the stock; for the news of Prince Julian's marriage with Mrs. Rivers would send it up a point or two. Habi

very strong. When he was gone, Mrs. Rivers went up When he was gone, Mrs. Rivers went up-stairs to her room and bathed her face. Then she rejoined Prince Julian in the library. Weary of waiting, he had gone to sleep; but he woke up and was rejoiced to see her. He listened to her story, called Mr. Byers an in-fernal rogue, and, with an expression of relef on his face, said:
"There's the end of that! And now dar

"Yes, I'll marry you now," she said. "It oesn't matter now Thus, as has been said, the whole affair had only three obvious effects—the renovation of Lady Craigennoch's town house, a baroof Lady Craigennoche town house, a baronetcy for Sir Henry Shum (services to the
party are a recognized claim on the favor of
her majesty), and the marriage of Prince
Julian. But from it both Mrs. Rivers and
Mr. Byers derived some new ideas of the
world and of themselves. Shall women
weep and hard men curse their own work
without result. The temple of truth is not
a national institution. So, of course, one a national institution. Even when you are in pays to go in. Even when you are in, it difficult to look at more than one side of at once. Perhaps Mrs. Rivers did not realize this; and Mr. Byers could not, while he seemed still to hear her crying; he heard the

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"Yes."
"Yes. He intimates that the way you took money from him last night was nothing short of a high-handed outrage."
"I hadn't looked at it in that light before, but, now that my attention is called to it, I must admit that there was something high-handed about it. You see, I held four kings and an ace."

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Mrs. Rivers read the paragraphs too, and She looked at him for a moment. He had allowed himself to sneer. Her manner, as she went on without taking any notice of his question, proved that Lady Craigennoch she had confidence in the cause, or, at least, ences," what the "put" and what the "call."

Mrs. Rivers read the paragraphs too, and waited and waited and waited for the common ting of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources; she smiled at what she read, for stand what an "option" was, what "differing the paragraphs too, and waited and waited and waited for the common ting of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources; she smiled at what she read, for stand what an "option" was, what "differing the paragraphs too, and waited and waited and waited for the common ting of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources; she smiled at what she read, for stand what an "option" was, what "differing the paragraphs too, and waited and waited and waited for the common ting of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources; she smiled at what she read, for stand what an "option" was, what "differing the paragraphs too, and waited and waited and waited for the common ting of Mr. Byers and the necessary resources; she smiled at what she read, for stand what an "option" was, what "differing the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride is the great coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride is the great coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride is the great coupling the professional pride. He coupling the professional pride is the professional pride is the professional pride is the professional pride is the p Some Leading Special Features.

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