CHADERELLA & By Mis George de Horne Vaizey as she tossed back her curls and gazed down the

hall. With the words that she uttered he had little

concern, for the fascination of her personality ab-

sorted him and made him oblivious of detail. There was

something about her which laid an even stronger grip

upon his heart than mere heauty and grace. He would

have been at a loss to explain its nature; but in truth it

was that atmosphere of refinement, of half plaintive

fragility, which makes the crowning attraction of women

to many a serong man, and which this unknown actress

possessed to an extent remarkable in her surroundings.

Her laugh rang sweet and in tuneful contrast to the noisy

shouts of her companions; her voice was gently pitched

sat moth; by the fire Will's face flushed with a sudden glow. Something in the aspect of the bare little room re-

minded him of his own home on the mountain side. The

stiff oak chair, the corner cupboard, the open grate with

When the proud sisters departed to the ball and she

and she danced with a modest grace.

artist, and a poet. That he was also a farm laborer, living on a small wage in an obscure country cottage, was an accident of fate, which by no means contradicts the truth of the previous statement.

Five miles from one of the loveliest of English lakes a wealthy magnate has his country seat; and Will Braithwaite had spent his life working on the estate, with such brief glimpses of the world as could be gained from an occasional afternoon in the nearest hamlet or a day's trip to Liverpool or Manchester. For the rest, the mountains closed round him like a wall; and he lived in an unbroken solitude from one year's end to another. There were other workmen whose cottages were scattered along the vales, whose wives and daughters were ready to fling a pleasant word to the handsome young fellow as he passed; but Will gazed at them vacantly and dreamed on regardless of their presence. He had far less communion with them thus with the dumb creatures who followed him to and fro, watching his face with large, humble eyes, and waiting to perform his bidding.

Will Braithwaite was "queer," The men decided as much in conclave in the Sun parior; the women shook their heads in sorrowful assent.

The likeliest lad in the neighborhood, and the soberest and best spoken; but he was "queer"! He kept to himself and cared for none of the ordinary pleasures of man-

kind. He did strange things and spoke curious words. The neighbors referred to him among themselves as "The Squire," partly in compliment to the dignity of his bearing, but mostly in consideration of one of those mysterious utterances for which he was distinguished.

One summer's day a tourist had paused to ask a question near the spot where Will and his companions were at work. "To whom does this estate belong?" he asked; whereupon Will leaned upon his spade and raised his sun burnt face in reply. "It belongs to me!" he soid; and when the stranger was undeceived and had swelled the chorus of derisive laughter he still stuck stanchly to his

" It is more mine than his!" he repeated firmly; " more mine than his!" He squared his big shoulders and stood gazing round from side to side, with an expression upon his face which silenced the jeers of his companions.

'He looked crazed like," they said of him afterward, for his eyes were aglow, and he bore himself like a man who had come suddenly into a glorious inheritance.

He was slow of speech, this unlettered peasant, but the words were in his heart, instinct with all the beauty and poetry which he could not express.

"They are blind! They cannot understand! But it is no lie! I am the true owner of the land! It is his, they say-ay! his to leave and neglect; to visit for a week, and leave without regret; but it has been my world since I was a child.

"I know each nook, each dell, each flower. For me the primrose blooms in spring; for me the hawthorn buds; for me the birds sing, and the autumn glory burnishes the earth. What though a thousand deeds proclaim his sway? This land is mine! It belongs to me by a right which no man can take away-the love which is possession!"

Then he lifted his spade and fell to work again; but the glow remained upon his face, and once and again he smiled to himself, and his lips moved. So Will Braithwaite lived to the age of 26, with a heart full of love to God and nature; but of human love he knew little and of the love of woman naught at all. The north country maldens are clean and thrifty, but their hard common sense was not such as to endear them to a man of Braithwaite's disposition. His heart was his own; and he rejoiced in liberty, and felt no blank. But when love comes to such a man it takes hold of him with an Iron grip and transforms his

being. And in due time it came also to Will Braithwaite. Bank holiday, and a stormy sky frowning upon the crowd of pleasure mekers. Will Braithwaite had walked over the fields, hoping to hire a boat and sail upon the lake, a pleasure which he could enjoy only at rare holiday seasons. But he was already regretting the quiet of the hillside and contemplating an early return. It was not 3 o'clock, but the clouds were growing ever blacker and blacker. He paused and looked round with weatherwise eyes, which were quick to take in the stormy beauty of the scene. The lake lay gray and still as a mirror, the pine covered hills appearing momentarily gloomier and more forbidding. The wind blew from the northwest, where towered the twin peaks of the Langdales, outlined against a sky of curious, opalescent clouds. Even as he gazed Will could see them change color, grow into a deeper and deeper yellow, into thick, smoke like gloom. The peaks loomed out of the darkness with a lurid majesty, grew fainter and fainter, and vanished out of sight.

"It is coming:" said Will to himself, and sped apace from the coming storm. He knew that before many minutes were over he would be thankful of a shelter and, in truth, he had barely reached the village before the storm burst over his head and he stepped into a doorway to avoid the driving flood of rain.

As fate would have it he found himself in the entrance to the Workman institute-a fair sized ball, which was turned to good account, being used alternately as a club. a library, and a concert room. As a theater also on an occasion, it would appear, as Will found himself confronted by a flaming poster setting forth the fact that for

> When Will Braithwalte reached home an hour later clearly painted in his mind that it seemed to him as if she must be there! He moved the stool into the corner marveled to see Braithwaite take his way over the hills, clad in holiday attire; but though he had kept up a pretense of deplat until the last mement he knew at heart entered an untidy room, in the center of which a woman that there had really been no doubt about his intention sat at a table, sewing some trimming round the skirt of since leaving the institute on the previous evening. His a gown. second appearance was recognized by some of his acquaintances and he was made the butt of rough jest, which face of the occupant seemed of the same bleached hue sent him away with cheeks affame and the determination as she raised it from her work to stare at the newcomer never again to put himself within reach of such humilia- with eyes of weary indifference. tions; yet the next night he was again present, with only so much care for his termenters that he seated himself stay here! You'll find them at the Ship if you go at once. on one of the crowded benches instead of occupying his

former conspicuous position. The honest countrywoman who sat beside him shared his admiration and expressed it in kindly language. Bless her pretty face! She's nowt but a child-for

all the world like a picture to hang on the wall. I'm thinking she's none too strong, neither, with those pinky checks! She's got a terrible cough, too, and an ache in her back. I shouldn't wonder, Look at her now-leaning against that chair whenever she gets a chance!"

It was true. Exhaustion was written on every line Cinderella's drooping figure; and it was with a visible effort that she roused herself to take up her part. Will watched with sharpened eyes, and with every movement seemed to notice fresh grounds for alarm. There was a eech she broke into a fit of coughing.

'Ah!" cried the countrywoman sharply. " what did. tell you? She'll be off in a decline before the year is over, you mark my words! It's a hard life they lead, these to be left behind as not worth the trouble of packing play actresses; it soon wears 'em out

now; and she told a friend of mine a lot about them. Often as not they get no pay at all-when the houses are other and sleeping in damp tools and scrambling through their meals. It's not once in months they stay in a place

Mrs. Owen says she would sconer see her girls dead and buried than leading such a life; but there; young things is always taken up with show and gifter, and anything seems better than honest work at home."

Braithwaite made no reply. His divinity had come in the towns." down from her pedestal to stand before him in the guise of a poor and suffering woman and his heart was filled room. "Haif the nights we spend in the trains starting with a passion of tenderness. He walked home over the off after the evening performance in time to play in ane Will watched her with fascinated gaze; and it seemed as hills, his Tootsteps echoing on the road and his face turned other town the next evening."

door in Lake Bank and the landlady came forward to ask his business, "Is Miss Vere in the house? I want to see he cast a scared look around, for the picture was so her," he said, simply, and the woman shrugged her shoulders. "Can't tell you, I'm sure. Some of them are in. They are coming and going all day long. Front room on reverent hand. The next evening the villagers first landing. Go up and ask for yourself!" She retreated to the kitchen and Will mounted the staircase and tapped timidly at the door. A voice cried "Come in!" and he

We are leaving at 6 tonight." Thank you, no! I have no business with them. It He could not keep away while he could hear once was one of the young ladies I wished to see." more Cinderella's voice and meet the glances of her eyes.

'O!" the woman dropped her eyes and took up the discarded work. "They have gone out for a walk, but they'll be back in half an hour. Sit down and wait-They'll be glad to see you." "And I won't interrupt you?" "Not you! I'll work all the same. I must, for I shall

have to pack up in another hour." Braithwaite seated himself and stared round the room. which presented such a contrast to the austere bareness. of his bachelor abode. Every chair, table, and stool was littered with piles of feminine possessions. Ends of ribbons, of lace, of trimming, artificial flowers, lengths of faded drapery lay about, dusty and uncared for; and the sunshine streaming in at the window revealed the povwearled note in the girl's voice; and in the middle of a certy of the material, the tarnish of the gold. Was it possible that these were the gorgeous garments which had dazzled his eyes upon the stage? Will could not think it.

"No prince," he was saying to himself-" only a poor

I'm about used to it now."

dull gray glance.

But when you are at home?"

don't understand in our profession!'

have a home, like other people."

her adrift at the first sign of age."

before me-it drew me to her-

pany for the girls in your own village?"

being less well off than her own daughters.

' Very seldom! We either marry among ourselves or

People who don't know about the stage think it is a

The woman laughed shortly, "She looked pretty, you

mean, and took hold of your fancy? And so you must

needs come and make things harder for her just to give

yourself a little amusement! What good will it do a girl

upsetting her mind, when she must go away and leave

you before another day is over? You can have nothing to

or better for hearing. Why can't you keep your com-

a princess, far above my head, but yesterday it was dif-

"And then she coughed-it's a drafty place, that insti-

in that town, two days in this, off again by train to an-

and have no time for anything but work and sleep.

then-Nellie Vere-that you came here to see?"

other part of the country. We make no friends outside

fine, easy life, but they are mistaken. I ought to know,

for I came of a family of actors, and have had bitter

working man; but if she needs me-if I could keep her

The next afternoon Will Braithwalte knocked at the

The paper on the walls was a colorless drab and the

Did you want to see one of the men? They don't

safe-I'd serve her as if she were the greatest queen on

They must rather be discarded possessions which were His giance passed on to the woman who sat stitching They are lodging with Mrs. Owen, in Lake Bank, at her task with an indifference to his presence which would have been wounding to the dignity of a vainer man. Her hair was thin and gathered tightly back from her forehead; the expression of listless melancholy on her face accorded ill with the frivolity of her surroundings. She looked up inquiringly under his gaze and he felt constrained to make a remark.

"You are moving on today, you said. I suppose you never stay long in one place?" "Scarcely ever so long as this. It has been a real rest here, and so comfortable. We don't get a place like this

She cast a glance of admiration round the comfortless

of Nellie Vere, or her character, that you dare to come here on such an errand?"

that! You are ready to make her your wife when you have seen her three times, and have never spoken to her in your life! You are a bold man! What do you know 'I know she is a good girl. Everything tells me-the

with dilated eyes.

She leaned her arms upon the table and stared at him

You want to marry her! You came here to ask her

sound of her voice, the look in her eyes. You, who know her, cannot dony that that is true."

"A good girl," she repeated slowly. "Ah, that's the question! Not in the way you recken good in your parts, maybe. Your good girls obey their parents, and work on the farms, and go to church regularly every Sunday. They marry one of the laborers, and work for the children, and put by a little money in the bank. From the time they are born until the time they die there's never a sin they can lay to their charge, except being a bit sharp sametimes and letting their tongues get the better of them. 'Real good women,' you say; and so they are, but they have no temptation to be anything else. When you spend your life among fields and flowers, and have little children to love and care for there's not much of doing wrong.

But we are not all like that. Look at me! I never knew what it was to have a home. My father and mother were in the profession, and I was on the stage doing children's parts before I could speak. We traveled about the country, from one lodging house to another, fasting or feasting, as luck turned and we were in and out of an engagement. By the time I was 15 I knew more of the world than your old women do when they die; and it was not a beautiful world we lived in. Then my parents died, and I was left alone. It I told you the story of the next few years you would not think I was a fit companion for your future wife; but, remember, things that seem terrible to you have been matters of course to me all my life.

I was only a child, and no one had taught me better. I didn't feel as if I was doing wrong. I was young and pretty and full of spirit, and getting on well with my work. When I was 20 I played leading parts and drew a good salary. My luck then began to change. I had a bad accident while playing the part of fairy in a pantomime and was laid up for months. When at last I was able to be about again all my old spirit seemed to have gone, and my beauty had begun to fade.

"I danced and sang while my heart was breaking, and painted my face to look fresh and bright. I dared not even cry, for it would stain my eyes. I used to think I could bear it better if I had a little home of my own, and could keep my troubles to myself. . . old all of a sudden, and to long for a rest."

She was silent, lexning her head on her hand, while Will moved restlessly on his chair, full of sympathy for her troubles, yet, manlike, unable to express it.

"O, tired! I've been tired all my life it seems to me. "I never really recovered from that accident," she continued "My health seemed to have gone forever, She laid down her work and stared at him with her and I was always alling. One winter I was in a hospital, and a lady came to see me and talked religion. She meant to be kird, but I couldn't take it in. She said Ged was "I have no home! I've been on the road since I was born! We have no nones, young man! It's a luxury we good; and he'd been good enough to her, as any one could see. But I thought of my own life, and of old age coming "But-but-" He hesitated awkwardty. "Some of on, and health gone, and no one to care for me, and it seemed as if my heart closed right up, and I couldn't you surely must settle down? It stands to reason you can't all remain single, and when you marry you must believe it.

" But she read the bible to me, and prayers and hymns: and somehow they made me feel as if, any way, God remain as we are. How could it be otherwise? Two days wouldn't judge me harshly, for if I'd done wrong I'd done It in ignorance, and some of his communication I'd kept without ever knowing what I was doing. 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' I could lay it to my conscience that I'd never let a fellow-creature want while I had sixpence that I could share, or spoken an unkind word behind her back, or missed the chance of doing her a good turn.

experience of what it means. It's the worst fate that can-"I never knew there was any credit in that, and I happen to a woman, for it swallows up her youth, sends was glad to think I was not all bad, though it's hard 'Ay, that's hard, ' Braithwalte said, "but it can't be for women like me to be 'good' in your sense of the word.

so bad with them all. Some get on well, and take principal "My dear, take my advice, and go home and think no more of Nellie Vere, or any girl like her. She is not the parts, and then, surely, they are better off. There's Miss wife for you. You are only laying up disappointment in dreaming of such a thing. Go away, and I'll tell her The woman looked up sharply, "It was Miss Vere what you've said. She will never marry you, but she will be grateful to you all the same. Women love to be loved, "Yes, Nellie Vere! Cinderella! I wanted to have a word with her. I have been to the institute to see her and she has none too much of it in her life. Think of her act the last three nights. I went by chance at first, but kindly as a girl who has given you a bit of pleasure. after that I could not stay away, eter face was always, and never, never as a wife,

Will Braithwaite straightened bimself suddenly, and his eyes flashed:

'Nay," be said firmly, "I am not that sort. I don't give up so soon as that. The more she needs me, the more I want to help. If she had been strong and prosto have you whispering sweet speeches into her car and perous I should not have dared think of her; it was only when I knew she was in want that I made up my mind to speak. And don't you see . . . All that you have told say to Nellie Vere, young man, that she would be happier me makes me long for her more than ever. I must save her from it? If there are dangers about I must protect . I'll love her all the more because she needs

'I know no girls, replied Will, almost indignantly. The woman covered her face with her hands, and I never wanted to speak to one before. I should not have dared to speak to her two days ago. She seemed like gave a quick gasping sob.

Alt. you good follow" she cried brokenly. "You erent. She was a princess no longer, but only a bit of a good fellow! It makes one almost believe in God to meet girl, working for her living the same as myself, and feela man like you. If you can be so loving perhaps he, tooing tired, and wanting rest; and a woman sat beside me But, O. it's a mistake! Helieve me, I know what I say, who told me of the hard life you led, and pitied her as "It can never be!"

Never!" echoed Will blankly. "Then there is some one else! I come too late!"

tute-and sleeping about in different pieces every night The woman rose, and, crossing the room, leaned her can't be good for her. I'm only a poor man, but my cethands upon his shoulders. The two faces confronted each other in silence-the man's young, ardent, glowing; the tage is the prettiest in the valley. There is a Giolre rose over the porch that blooms right into December; and I've woman's worn and faded, branded with lines of suffering. all the furniture I need to make it comfortable if I took a "Yes, dear," she said softly. "Yes, dear; you come too late-I am Cinderella!"



three days only Miss Melville's world famed company would perform the play, "Cinderella," on a scale of layishness and luxury never before attempted, for the benefit of the poblity and gentry of the neighborhood. The poster was headed by the portrait of a sweet, laughing face, at which Will Braithwaite glanced with curious eyes. "Cinderella!" Yes, he remembered that story. She was a girl n humble surroundings and a magic touch came into her life, transforming gray to gold. He recalled the various incidents of the story, with a smile curving the corners of his lips, while his eyes turned again and again to consider the pictured face. Ay, she was bonnie! He had never seen any one in

real life who looked like that. Was it only a fancy picture, or did they mean it for a likeness of the girl who was to take the part of Cinderella? A man standing in the background noted his absorption and came forward to urge him to enter. It had been decided to give an afternoon performance, as the day was so wet, and a few back seats were still vacant. Will hesitated, for the old Puritan distrust of the stage was in his blood; but the next moment he passed on and entered the hall. A goodly audience had already assembled and the cramped forms offered no attraction to a man of Braithwaite's size. He preferred to lean against the wall at the back of the hall, where he had room to move about and need not be troubled with the remarks of his companions. So he folded his arms and stood at ease-a strong, handsome figure, at which more than one damsel glanced with longing eyes and glanced in He was oblivious of everything but his own thoughts, until presently the curtain was drawn up on the first scene of the play.

Four fairies were discovered in a dell receiving instructions from their queen, a handsome young person with insufficient skirts and a star on her forehead. They were good looking girls, in a common, blowsy style, clad in diaphanous draperies, which left visible a large expanse of neck and arm and they laughed and sang, and danced to and fro, smiling an eternal smile, and making languishing eyes at the audience. Seen at the distance at which Will stood the poverty of the surroundings could not be discerned, yet he knitted his brows in displeasure and had no smile to greet the flippant phrases. The painted faces held no beauty for him; the flowing garments shocked his bad; and it's forever moving on from one town to ansense of propriety; he wondered vaguely what these noisy elves had to do with the story, and when the real plot would begin. But presently Cinderella appeared and Will so long as this. straightened himself and stood erect, his face kindling with pleasure.

She was a charming creature, this little strolling actress, both dress and manner characterized by a grace and modesty infinitely beyond that of her companions. The traditional rags were replaced by a simple gray robe; folds of muslin crossed over her breast; and the sweet face of the picture looked out from a mass of golden hair.