VILTER ENEATH, a country lad, in

"And—I am forgiven?"
She said "Yes" because it was such a small thing to her.
Weth—Nething

"Well, and what will you do?" she metal shook her head.
"I don't know. I suppose I can my living; heaps of other girls in the stormed up and down the room, wiscing her hands and declaring that heart was broken.
"I put my all on you—everything, beart was broken.
"I put my all on you—everything, worthing!" she wailed. "The others if you my all on you—everything. "I put my all on you—everything." she wailed. "The others if you my all on you—everything. "She wailed. "The others are nothing. You are if sir, the great hig star that will stall London talking. I work for all do my best; I show you everything, and now—crue! You say so sailly, 'I will not go on! I finish! this hat my heart shall break."
Elisabeth did not know how to answer. Since last night all the hope when you care to have gone out of her life; he had me went on sobbing.

"Bessue of one little kiss from a mai—a great, stupid man! Ah, my life sne, in a few years you take all the sure of the property of the property of the property of the sure of the property of the sure of the property of the propert

"yea not make me so unhappy. You be good little miss and I make you the

gratest dancer in London—I promise roc. Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "If it will please you,"

Madame clapped her hands. Madame clapped her hands.

"And now we friends again—hey?
We forgive each odder all round; we all happy once more. No work today;
you take a long holiday today. You go out; you buy some pretty clothes;
you spend lots of money." "Neil Farmer's money," said Eliza-

beh in a hard voice.

A dull patch of color showed in liadame's white cheeks; she could not inderstand Elizabeth's obstinacy. One man's money was an good as another's to her if in the end it obtained what the required.

Ble said something in rapid French, and madame gave a little startled exclamation, glancing hurriedly at Elizabeth.

"You excuse me." She went quickly

"You excuse me." She went quickly

he would forget her.
The thought hurt intolerably; betause she knew that she would never be able to forget him or care for any-body else.

The door opened again, and, thinking it was Mme. Senestis, returned,

Elizabeth said, trying to speak nat-arally: "I think, if you don't mind, I would rather work today. I don't want to so odt; I would much rather work."

There was a moment's silence; then voice said:
"It is not Mme. Senestis, Miss Con-

Elizabeth swung round on the stool,

Elizabeth swung round on the stool, the blood rushing to her face as she met Neil Farmer's abashed eyes.

He came quickly forward. "Miss Conyers—forgive me. I beg your parden, from the bottom of my heart. I beliaved like a cad. I would give anything in the world to undo my conduct last night. I looked for you everywhere; forgive me. I beg of you! Not in the least because I deserve it, but because if you refuse I shall never know a moment's peace again."

Elizabeth looked at him, and her anger died. After all, what did it mat-

ger died. After all, what did it mat-ter? She was quite indifferent to him: could make no difference whether de forgave him or not. I never want to speak of it again,"

"Madame has told me that you said you hever wished to see me any more. That is only just, but I beg of you not to be so hard. At least let me see you sometimes. My greatest interest now is is your career: I will do anything you like to show my deep contrition."

Elizabeth's face hardened.

I shall not go on with my lessons

is a sail not go on with my leasons it it means that you are still to pay for them," she said.

He flushed scarlet.

"You are punishing me too severe-by," he protested. "I give you my more of honor—if after what has hap-bened you will account the than I will

pend of honor—if after what has happend you will accept it—that I will have give you cause again to resent
anything I say or do. Miss Conyers.
If you knew how—how rotten I feel
about it all. It's no excuse, I know.
but I do beg of you to believe that
I'm not such a cad as to—as to——'
he floundered helplessly.
Elizabeth did not speak, and he went Elizabeth did not speak, and he went

what will you do if you throw up me." I'm very glad to see you." Eliza-

What will you do if you throw up his work? Go out as a companion. be some abomination like that? You hear not fitted for it; it would break four heart in a week. For your own the i beg of you to disten to me. It was not the truth; she was a little afraid of Enid. and realized that it some manner she had changed since in some manner she had changed since they got the world at your feet; it they last met.

She looked somehow coarser, and tou've got it in your power to be rich less good looking; she was very much less good looking; she was very much I will let you repay every penny is "Please sit down," Filiabeth is I will let you repay every penny is cost me, or will cost me; you nervously.

Enid took the most comfortable chair she could find.

sabeth walked away from him and looking into the street. She he was right, knew that the only

other work she could do would be a distasteful drudgery, and yet she hated the thought of owing anything to this man, even if it was only for a time.

Farmer thought he read indecision in he sile, goes to London to make it heins by dencing. Bhe falls in her silence, and he said again urgently: "It is not only I who will be disappointed; there is Mme. Senestis. She has been frained to not select the wor, turns a single the sile in her silence, and he said again urgently: "It is not only I who will be disappointed; there is Mme. Senestis. She has been frained to not select the sile to the said, but it was not the thought of Madame that influenced her so much as the memory of what Royston had said only last night. "You've got to be happy; you've got to be happy; you've got to be a success." It would please him, she knew; and that was all she cared for.

She turned round, and looked at Farmer; his handsome face was flushed and cager, but it was of the look in Pat Royston's eyes that she thought as she said with a sigh: "Very well in the seith Elisabeth." As a mall thing to her.

Neil Farmer tooled do would be a distasteful drudgery, and yet she hate hate the thought of owing anything to this man, even if it was only for a time.

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She had been residence is Mme. Senestis.

She had bee

Madame went on sobbing.

"Because of one little kiss from a man-a great, stupid man! Ah, my little one, in a few years you take all heart.

She wrote to Netta, and a short, hurried answer came: "I am very busy, as we are leaving London next week. My foot is ever so much better, excuse a short note; I will write again when we are settled down and tell you all about it."

But no further letter came, and once again when we are nettled down and tell you all about it."

But no further letter came, and once again Elizabeth was conscious of the forlorn feeling that she was, indeed, cut out of both Netta's life and Hoyston's for ever.

Perhaps it was only natural that in the circumstances she should turn to Neil Farmer.

He was so often at the house and seemed to guess her he never

so attentive; he seemed to guess her wishes beforehand, and yet he never

wishes beforehand, and yet he never presumed on her balf-hearted forgiveness or made her regret it.

Unconsciously she had begun to call him by his Christian name; unconsciously she was gradually adopting the Bohemian ways of madame's set. The irregularity of the life no longer amonged her, perhaps because she had begun to realize that it is always easier to let oneself go with the tide.

Preparations for her debut were proceeding apace; mailame talked of nothing else.

A certain duchess with a penchant for "discovering" people was giving an entertainment at her house for some convenient charity, and Eliza-

inderstand Elizabeth's obstinacy. One man's money was as good as another's to her if in the end it obtained what the required.

She sought about in her mind for words with which to reply, but she was hard the difficulty by the appearance in question was an adept at advertising, and Elizabeth did not know whether to be amused or any many of the old housekeeper at the door. neved at the subtle Pat's Wife Again Enters Elizabeth's

"Does anybody ever get on in Lon-don because of their own ability?" she asked Farmer with unconscious cyni-cism. He laughed and admitted that

"You excuse me." She went quickly away, closing the door after her. Elizabeth heard voices in the hall, but she hardy listened. She sat down on the plano stool, her hands folded in herlap.

Was madame right, after all, she wondered; and in a few years' time would she be able to look back on her mould she be able to look back on her meant misery and realize that, after all, lore was nothing?

Pat Royston met so many women—he would forget her.

"Does anybody ever get on in London because of their own ability?" she asked Farmer with unconscious cynicism. He laughed and admitted that very little was done nowadays without advertisement.

"If a new actress suddenly flashes before the public," he said, "it's generally only after months of careful thought and preparation. If her press agents are good enough and beat the drum loudly enough, she's almost morally certain to find herself a suc-"If a new actress suddenly flashes before the public," he said, "it's gen-erally only after months of careful agents are good enough and beat the drum loudly enough, she's almost morally certain to find herself a suc-

Elizabeth sighed.
"I don't like to feel that I may only be a success because of things like that." she said.

that," she said.

His eyes warmed as they looked at her. "In your case you are bound to be a success, even if there were no press agents in the world," he said.

Elizabeth liked to hear that; madame was always reluctant in her praise, and Elizabeth often felt discovered.

"I may not be a success at all." she said, as she had once said to l'at Roy-ston. "You may never get your money

"That is the least of my concerns," he answered quietly.
Elizabeth looked at him with wistful eyes. Suddenly she asked an ir-

relevant question:
"Do you ever see Dolly?"
He laughed self-consciously, seldom, I am afraid. Why cask?"
"I call wondered." said Elli Why do you "I only wondered," said Elizabeth,

carelessly.

She had never seen Dolly herself since that day in the restaurant. Every one seemed to have slipped out of her life.

She was resting that afternoon and trying to read, when the French housekeeper came to her room. A lady had called to see Mademoiselle! Mme.

Senestis was out, and so, if Mademoi-selle wished Elizabeth sat up, the book slipping to the floor. "Who is it?" she asked. The Frenchwoman handed Elizabeth a card—a badly, cheaply printed card with Enid Sanger's name on it.

The color rose slowly to the girl's face. "I will come down," she said.
She tidled her hair and changed her frock. She was conscious of a strange excitement; perhaps she would hear news of Royston. Her heart best fast as she went down to the salon, where Enid Sanger was posing in front of one

of the long mirrors. She turned as Elizabeth entered. "No I've run you to earth at last!" she said.

Elizabeth did not know what to say. "You don't look very pleased to see ." Royston's wife went on huffliy. "I suppose now you're up in the world you haven't any time for people like

re got it in your power to be rich less good looking; she was very much lamous. If it's only the money— painted, and she had changed the color money—that angers you. I swear of her hair.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Gertie Goofle's Trusting Heart



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she wonders how much a millimeter is worth now in American





PETEY—The Duffer By C. A. Voight - I'M A CADDIE YAW THAT TOM. A'RIGHT -BUT-- OVER TO THE YOURE STUPID! OH THIA ! LEFT MORE -! 1 THOUGHT BOY SCOUT TO THE LEFT YOU KHEW HOW LEFT! LEFT CADDIE IT BOY! - KEEP YOUR EAE OH LE;

