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rket.

then looked at Loder, "Chileote has autotir. "And i=believe=I have a new henchman. But I see my wife backening to me. I must have a May I be excused?" He made a courtoons gesture of apology, then smiled

"I sametimes wonder what do if anything were to happen to the Fraides," she said, a little wistfully. Then almost at once she laughas if regretting her impulsiveness. "You heard what he said," she went on n a different voice. "Am I really to congratulate you?"

The change of tone stung Loder unaccountably. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he asked.

Without answering, she walked slowly across the deserted terrace and, pausing by the parapet, laid her hand on the stonework. Still in silence, she looked out across the river.

her aloofness seemed a challenge. "Will you always disbelieve in me?" he

At last she looked up at him slowly. "Have you ever given me cause to believe?" she asked in a quiet tone. To this truth he found no answer, though the subdued incredulity nettled

him afresh. Prompted to a further effort, he spoke again, "Patience is necessary with every person and every circumstance,"

She did not lower her gaze as he spoke, and there seemed to him something disconcerting in the clear, candid blue of her eyes. With a sudden dread of her next words, he moved forward and laid his hand beside hers on the

"Patience is needed for every one," he repeated quickly. "Sometimes a man is like a bit of wreckage. He drifts till some force stronger than himself gets in his way and stops him." He looked again at her face. He scarcely knew what he was saying. He only felt that he was a man in an egregiously false position, trying stupidly to justify himself. "Don't you believe that flotsam can sometimes be washed ashore?" he asked.

High above them Big Ben chimed the

Eve raised her head. It almost seemed to him that he could see her answer trembling on her lips. Then the voice of Lady Sarah Fraide came cheerfully from behind them.

"Eve!" she called. "Eve! We must fly. It's absolutely 3 o'clock!"

CHAPTER X.

N the days that followed Fraide's marked adoption of him Loder behaved with a discretion that spoke well for his qualities. Many a man placed in the same responsible and yet strangely irresponsible position might have been excused if, for the time at least, he gave himself a loose rein. But Loder kept free of

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ed unlooked for features when put to working test. Its expected difficulties smoothed themselves away, while others. scarcely anticipated, came into promi names. Atast natable of all, the physical thaness between himself and Chileote the hadrest of the whole scheme, which had been counted on to offer most dan ger, worked without a hitch. He stood literally amazed before the sweeping credulity that met him on every hand Afen who had known Chileete from his youth, servants who had been in his employment for years, joined issue in the unquestioning acceptance. At times the ease of deception bewildered him There were moments when he realized that, should circumstances , arce him to

a declaration of the truth, he would As this knowledge came he wondered quickly if it held a solution of the not be believed. Human nature prefers its own eyesight to the testimony present little comedy; if Eve had seen what others, he knew, had observed-But in face of this astonishing sucthat Chilcote was showing a grasp of things that he had not exhibited for cess he steered a steady course. In the years. Then, as a sound of skirts came first exhilaration of Fraide's favor, in softly down the corridor, he squared the first egotistical wish to break down

> Eve entered the room much as she had done on her former visit, but with one difference-in passing Loder she quietly held out her hand.



"Why am I so henored?" he asked. always want to begin with reasons. Let's have tea first and explanations after." She moved forward toward the table, and he followed. As he did so it struck him that her dress seemed in peculiar harmony with the day and the room, though beyond that he could not follow its details. As she paused beside the table he drew forward a chair with a faint touch of awkwardness.

she held his cup toward him he didn't immediately see it. "Don't you want any?" She smueg

said. "T've been so"-

Inid his empty cup upon the table.

aves mor

"John," she said, "do you guess at all whye'l wanted to have ten with

He looked down at her. "No," he said honestly and without embellish-The curtness of the answer might have displeasel another woman. Eve seemed to take no offense.

"I had a talk with the Fraides today," she said, "a long talk. Mr. Fraide said great things of you, things I wouldn't have believed from anybody but Mr. Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire.

He took a step forward, "What things?" he said. He was almost ashamed of the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her

"Oh, I mustn't tell you!" She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up again with a change of expression. "John," she said more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even, wonderfully direct for a woman. Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable charm might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested still using steady discretion, he had him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads-idols, amusements and incumbrances. Now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place-the place of a com-

try and that by a curious coincidence "You are very skeptical," he said, still looking down at her She did not return his glance,

think I have been made skeptical," she

As she spoke the image of Chileoti whatte wistoms pastable and a recompassion for this woman so mey Itably shackled to him followed it. Eve, unconscious of what was pass ing in his mind, went on with her sub

"When we were married," she said gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life, I had lived in politics, and I was marry ing one of the coming men-everybed; said you were one of the coming men I scarcely felt there was anything left to ask for. You didn't make very ardent love." she smiled. "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah-married to a great man." She paused, then went on more hurriedly "For awhile things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got

your-your nerves." Loder changed his position with something of abruptness. She misconstrued the action.

"Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said hastily. don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why-why I lost heart."

"I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse, then still worse. You found interference useless. At last you ceased to have a husband."

"Until a week ago." She glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words.

But at hers Loder changed color. "It's the most incredible thing in the world," she said. "It's quite incredible, and yet I can't deny it. Against all my reason, all my experience, all my inclination, I seem to feel in the last week something of what I felt at first." She stopped with an embarrassed laugh. "It seems that, as if by magic, life has been picked up where l dropped it six years ago." Again she

stopped and laughed. Loder was keenly uncomfortable, but

he could think of nothing to say. "It seemed to begin that night I dined with the Fraides," she went on. "Mr. Fraide talked so wisely and so kindly about so many things. He recalled all we had hoped for in you, and-and he blamed me a little." She pagsed and laid her cup aside. "He said that when people have made what they call their last effort they should always make just one effort more. He promised that if I could once persuade you to take an interest in your work he would do the rest. He said all that and a thousand other kinder things, and I sat and listened. But all the time I thought of nothing but their uselessness. Before I left I promised to do my best, but my thought was still the same. It was stronger than ever when I forced myself to come up here"- She paused again and glanced at Loder's averted head. "But I came, and then, as if by conquering myself I had compelled a reward, you seemed, you somehow seemed different. It sounds ridiculous, I know." Her voice was half amused, half deprecating. "It wasn't a difference in your face, though I knew directly that you were free from nerves." Again she hesitated over the word. "It was a difference in yourself, in the things you said, more than in the way you said them." Once more she paused and laughed a little.

Loder's discomfort grew. "But it didn't affect me then." She spoke more slowly. "I wouldn't admit it then. And the next day when we talked on the terrace I still refused to ten hours in the last three years." She

Still Loder could find no response. After waiting for a moment she lean-

"John," she said, "is it going to last? That's what I came to ask. I don't want to believe till I'm sure. I don't want to risk a new disappointment." Almost at once she turned, and their Loder felt the earnestness of her gaze, though he avoided meeting it.

"I couldn't have said this to you a week ago, but today I can. I don't pretend to explain why. The feeling is too inexplicable. I only know that I can say it now and that I couldn't a week ago. Will you understand-and

Still Loder remained mute. His position was horribly incongruous. What could he say? What dared he say?

Confused by his silence, Eve rose. "If it's only a phase, don't try to hide it," she said. "But if it's going to last -if by any possibility it's going to last"- She hesitated and looked up.

She was quite close to him. He would have been less than man had he been unconscious of the subtle contact of her glance, the nearness of her presence, and no one had ever hinted that manhood was lacking in him. It was a moment of temptation. His own energy, his own intentions, seemed so near, Chilcote and Chilcote's claims so distant and unreal. After all, his life, his ambitions, his determinations, were his own. He lifted his eyes and looked at

"You want me to tell you that I will go on?" he said.

Her eyes brightened. She took a step forward. "Yes," she said; "I want it more than anything in the world." There was a wait. The declaration that would satisfy her came to Loder's lips, but he delayed it. The delay was fateful. While he stood silent the door opened, and the servant who had brought in the tea reappeared.

He crossed the room and handed Loder a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he

Eve moved back to her chair. There was a flush on her cheeks, and her eyes were still alertly bright. Loder tore the telegram open, read it, then threw it into the fire.

"No answer!" he said laconically, At the brusqueness of his voice Eve looked up. "Disagreeable news?" she said as the servant departed. He didn't look at her. He was watch-

ing the telegram withering in the center of the fire. "No." he said at last in a strained voice, "No: only news that I-that I

CHAPTER XL

had forgotten to expect,"

HERE was a silence, an uneasy break, after Loder spoke. The episode of the telegram was, to all appearances, ordinary enough, calling forth Eye's question and his own reply as a natural se- Alabastine quence, yet in the pause that followed it each was conscious of a jar, each was aware that in some subtle way the thread of sympathy had been dropped, though to one the cause was inexplicable and to the other only too plain. Loder watched the ghost of his message grow whiter and thinner, then dissolve into airy fragments and flutter up the chimney. As the last morsel wavered out of sight he turned and looked at his companion.

"You almost made me commit myself," he said. In the desire to hide his feelings his tone was short.

Eve returned his glance with a quiet regard, but he scarcely saw it. He had a stupefied sense of disaster, a feeling of bitter self commiseration that for the moment outweighed all other considerations. Almost at the moment of justification the good of life had crumbled in his fingers, the soil given beneath his feet, and with an absence of logic, a lack of justice unusual in him, he let resentment against Chilcote

sweep suddenly over his mind. Eve, still watching him, saw the darkening of his expression and with a quiet movement rese from her chair.

"Lady Sarah has a theater party tonight, and I am dining with her," she said. "It is an early dinner, so I must think about dressing. I'm sorry you think I tried to draw you into anything. I must have explained myself badly." She laughed a little to cover the slight discomfiture that her tone betrayed, and as she laughed she moved across the room toward the

Loder, engrossed in the check to his own schemes, incensed at the suddenness of Chilcote's recall and still more incensed at his own folly in not having anticipated it, was oblivious for the moment of both her movement and her words. Then quite abruptly they obtruded themselves upon him, breaking through his egotism with something of the sharpness of pain following a blow. Turning quickly from the fireplace, he faced the shadowy room across which she had passed, but simultaneously with his turning she gained the door.

(To be continued.)

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Eve's skepticism, he might possibly have plunged into a vortex of action, let it be in what direction it might; but, fortunately for himself, for Chil-Loder had followed closely. Again cote and for their scheme, he was liable to strenuous second thoughts-those wise and necessary curbs that go further to the steadying of the universe than the universe guesses. Sitting in the quiet of the house on the same day that he had spoken with Eve on the terrace he had weighed possibilities. slowly and cautiously. Impressed to the full by the atmosphere of the place that in his eyes could never lack character, however dull its momentary busihe said. "We've all got to wait and

of any man.

ness, however prosy the voice that filled it, he had sifted impulse from expedience as only a man who has lived within himself can sift and distinguish, and at the close of that first day his programme had been formed. There must be no rush, no headlong plunge, he had decided. Things must work around. It was his first expedition into the new country, and it lay with fate to say whether it would be his He had been leaning back in his seat, his eyes on the ministers opposite, his arms folded in imitation of Chilcote's most natural attitude, when this final speculation had come to him, and as it came his lips had tightened for a moment and his face become hard and cold. It is an unpleasant thing when

a man first unconsciously reckons on the weakness of another, and the look that expresses the idea is not good to see. He had stirred uneasily, then his lips had closed again. He was tenacious by nature, and by nature intolerant of weakness. At the first suggestion of reckoning upon Chilcote's lapses his mind had drawn back in disgust, but as the thought came again the disgust had lessened. In a week-two weeks, perhaps-Chil-

cote would reclaim his place. Then

would begin the routine of the affair.

Chilcote, fresh from indulgence and

freedom, would find his obligations a thousand times more irksome than be-tore; he would struggle for a time, A shadowy smile had touched Loder's lips as the idea formed itself. Then would come the inevitable recall; then in earnest he might venture to put his hand to the plow. He pever indulged in day dreams, but something in the nature of a vision had flashed over his mind in that instant. He had seen kimself standing in that same building, seen the rows of faces first bored, then hesitatingly transformed under his personal domination, under the one great power he knew himself to possess-the power of eloquence. The strength of the suggestion had

ing. Believing that they know thempeives, they walk boldly forward toward the highroad and pitfall alike. These had been Loder's disconnected ideas and speculations on the first day of his new life. At 4 o'clock on the ninth day he was pacing with quiet confidence up and down Chilcote's study, his mind pleasantly busy and his cigar comfortably alight, when he paused in his walk and frowned, interrupted by the entrance of a servant. The man came softly into the room.

been almost painful. Men who have

attained self repression are occasion-

ally open to a perilous onrush of feel-

drew a small table toward the fire and proceeded to lay an extremely fine and

unserviceable looking cloth. Loder watched him in silence. He had grown to find silence a very useful commodity. To wait and let things develop was the attitude he oftenest assumed, but on this occasion he was perplexed. He had not rung for tea, and in any case a cup on a salver sat-

isfied his wants. He looked critically at the fragile cloth. Presently the servant departed and solemnly re-entered carrying a silver tray, with cups, a teapot and cakes. Having adjusted them to his satisfac-

tion, he turned to Loder. "Mrs. Chilcote will be with you in five minutes, sir," he said.

He waited for some response, but Loder gave none. Again he had found | words. the advantages of silence, but this time it was silence of a compulsory kind. He had nothing to say. The man, finding him irresponsive, retired, and, left to himself, Loder

stared at the array of feminine trifles; then, turning abruptly, he moved to the center of the room. Since the day they had talked on the terrace he had seen Eve only thrice and always in the presence of others. Since the night of his first coming she had not invaded his domain, and he wondered what this new departure

His thought of her had been less vivid in the last few days, for, though been drawn gradually nearer the fascinating whirlpool of new interests and new work. Shut his eyes as he might, there was no denying that this moment, so personally vital to him, was politically vital to the whole coun-Chilcote's position well nigh forced him to take an active interest in the situation. Again and again the suggestion had arisen that should the smoldering fire in Persia break into a flame Chilcote's commercial interests facilitate - would practically compel-his standing in in the cam-

The little incident of the tea table, recalling the social side of his obligations, had aroused the realization of greater things. As he stood meditatively in the middle of the room he saw suddenly how absorbes he had become in these greater things how, in tiswing of congenial interests, he had been borne insensibly forward, his capacities expanding, his intelligence asserting itself. He had so undeniably found his sphere that the idea of usur pation had receded gently as by natural laws until his own personality had begun to color the day's work.

paign against the government.

his shoulders with his habitual abrupt gesture and threw his cigar into the

He took it as quietly. "Why am I so honored?" he asked. She laughed a little and looked across at the fire. "How like a man! You

She thanked him and sat down. He watched her in silence as she poured out the tea, and the thought crossed his mind that it was incredibly long since he had seen a woman preside over a meal. The definess of her fingers filled him with an unfamiliar, half inquisitive wonder. So interesting was the sensation that when

"So keen a worker in the last week?" as arrivesh silence fell, his sense of awkwardness returned. He sipped his tea and ate a biscuit. He found himself wishing, for almost the first time, ed forward in her chair and looked up for some of the small society talk that at him. came so pleasantly to other men. He felt that the position was ridiculous. He glanced at Eye's averted head and

admit it, though I felt it more strongly. than before. But I have watched you since that day, and I know there is a change. Mr. Fraide feels the same. and he is never mistaken. I know it's He started, embarrassed by his own only nine or ten days, but I've hardly tardiness. "I'm afraid I'm dull," he seen you in the same mood for nine or stopped, and the silence was impressive. For a moment he felt relieved. Then, It seemed to plead for confirmation of

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