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Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON, Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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surdly roud of their own eyesight. We

are all journalists nowadays-we all

want facts. The first thing you will be

your proof consist of? The circum-

stance that John Chilcote, who has al-

ways despised jewelry, has lately taken

to wearing rings! Your own testimony,

unattended by any witnesses, that with

those rings off his finger bears a scar

belonging to another man! No; on

close examination I scarcely imagine

that your case would hold." He stop-

ped, fired by his own logic. The future

might be Chilcote's, but the present

was his, and this present, with its im-

measurable possibilities, had been res-

cued from catastrophe. "No," he said

again. "When you get your proof per-

haps we'll have another talk, but till

"Till then?" She looked up quickly,

but almost at once her question died

The door had opened, and the servant

who had admitted Loder stood in the

"Dinner is served?" he announced in

CHAPTER XXIII.

through bravado and not through cow-

ardice, but because it seemed the ob-

vious, the only thing to do. To him a

scene of any description was distaste-

ful. To Lillian it was unknown. In

her world people loved or hated, were

spiteful or foolish, were even quixotic

or dishonorable, but they seldom made

scenes. Loder tacitly saw and tacitly

Possibly they ate extremely little

talked extraordinarily much on sub-

jects that interested neither, but the

main point at least was gained. They

dined. The conventionalities were ap-

peased. The silent, watchful servants

who waited on them were given no

On reaching Chilcote's house he pass-

had he taken advantage of his solitude

by settling into an armchair and light-

ing a cigar than Renwick, displaying

an unusual amount of haste and im-

once. "Mr. Fraide's man brought this,

sir," he explained. "He was most par-

Loder rose and took the letter, a

quick thrill of speculation and interest

springing across his mind. During his

time of banishment he had followed

the political situation with feverish at-

tention, insupportably chafed by the

desire to share in it, apprehensively

chilled at the thought of Chilcote's pos-

sible behavior. He knew that in the

comparatively short interval since par-

liament had risen no act of aggression

Turning to the nearest lamp, he tore

the envelope open and scanned the let-

Fraide's own clear, somewhat old fash-

loned writing and opened with a kind-

ly rebuke for his desertion of him since

ing for an answer, sir."

during the course of the dinner and

ND Loder dined with Lillian

Astrupp. We live in an age

when society expects, even ex-

acts, much. He dined, not

his deferential voice.

accepted this.

most ner eyes searched his rate it was she and not he who changed color. She was the first to speak. "You were the man whose hands I saw in the tent," she said. She made the statement in her usual soft tones, but a slight tremor of excitement underran her voice. Poodles, Persian kittens, even crystal gazing balls, seemed very far away in face of this tangible, fabulous, present interest. "You are not Jack Chilcote," she said very slowly. "You are wearing his clothes and speaking in his voice, but you are not Jack Chilcote." Her tone quickened with a touch of excitement. "You needn't keep silent and look at me," she said. "I know quite well what I am saying, though I don't understand it, though I have no real proof"- She paused, momentarily disconcerted by her companion's silent and steady gaze, and in the pause a curious and unexpected thing occurred.

Loder laughed suddenly-a full, confident, reassured laugh. All the web that the past half hour had spun about him, all the intolerable sense of an impending crash, lifted suddenly. He saw his way clearly, and it was Lillian who had opened his eyes.

Still looking at her, he smiled-a smile of reliant determination, such as Chilcote had never worn in his life. And with a calm gesture he released

"The greatest charm of woman is her imagination," he said quietly. "Without it there would be no color in life; we would come into and drop out of it with the same uninteresting tone of drab reality." He paused and smiled

At his smile Lillian involuntarily · drew back, the color deepening in her cheeks. "Why do you say that?" she

He lifted his head. With each moment he felt more certain of himself. "Because that is my attitude," he said. "As a man I admire your imagination, but as a man I fail to follow your rea-

The words and the tone both stung her. "Do you realize the position?" she asked sharply. "Do you realize that, whatever your plans are, I can spoil them?"

Loder still met her eyes. "I realize nothing of the sort," he said. "Then you admit that you are not

Jack Chilcote?" "I neither deny nor admit. My identity is obvious. I can get twenty men to swear to it at any moment that you like. The fact that I haven't worn rings till now will scarcely interest

"But you do admit-to me, that you are not Jack?" "I deny nothing-and admit nothing. I still offer my congratulations."

"Upon what?" "The same possession-your imagina-

Lillian stamped her foot, Then by a quick effort she conquered her temper. "Prove me to be wrong!" she said, "Perhaps."

"Then it's an empty-one?" "Why?" Before replying he waited a moment,

looking down at her, "I conclude;" he began quietly, "that

food for comment. The fact that Loyour idea is to spread this wild, imder left immediately after dinner, the probable story-to ask people to believe fact that he paused on the doorstep that John Chilcote, whom they see beafter the hall door had closed behind fore them, is not John Chilcote, but him and drew a long, deep breath of somebody else. Now, you'll find that a relief, held only an individual signifiharder task than you imagine. This is cance and therefore did not count. a skeptical world, and people are abed at once to the study and dismissed

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betfor en

the day of his speech; then immediately and with characteristic clearness it opened up the subject nearest the writ-

er's mind. Very slowly and attentively Loder read the letter, and, with the extreme quiet that with him invariably covered emotion, he moved to the desk, wrote a note and handed it to the waiting servant. As the man turned toward the door he called him.

"Renwick," he said sharply, "when you've given that letter to Mr. Fraide's servant ask Mrs. Chilcote if she can spare me five minutes."

When Renwick had gone and closed the door behind him Loder paced the room with feverish activity. In one moment the aspect of life had been changed. Five minutes since he had been glorying in the risk of a barely saved situation; now that situation with its merely social complications had become a matter of small impor-

His long, striding steps had carried him to the fireplace, and his back was toward the door when at last the handle turned. He wheeled round to receive Eve's message, then a look of pleased surprise crossed his face. It was Eve herself who stood in the doorway.

Without hesitation his lips parted. "Eve," he said abruptly, "I have had great news! Russia has shown her teeth at last. Two caravans belonging to a British trader were yesterday asked for is your proof. And what does | interfered with by a band of Cossacks. The affair occurred a couple of miles outside Meshed. The traders remonstrated, but the Russians made summary use of their advantage. Two Englishmen were wounded and one of them has since died. Fraide has only now received the news, which cannot be overrated. It gives the precise lever necessary for the big move at the reassembling." He spoke with great earnestness and unusual haste. As he finished he took a step forward. "But that's not all!" he added. "Fraide wants the great move set in motion by a great speech, and he has asked me to make it."

For a moment Eve waited. She looked at him in silence, and in that silence he read in her eyes the reflection of his own expression.

"And you?" she asked in a suppressed voice. "What answer did you

He watched her for an instant, taking a strange pleasure in her flushed face and brilliantly eager eyes; then the joy of conscious strength, the sense of opportunity regained, swept all other considerations out of sight.

"I accepted," he said quickly. "Could any man who was merely human have

done otherwise?" That was Loder's attitude and action on the night of his jeopardy and his success, and the following day found his mood unchanged. He was one of those rare individuals who never give a promise overnight and regret it in the morning. He was slow to move, but when he did the movement brushed all obstacles aside. In the first days of his usurpation he had gone cautiously, half fascinated, half distrustful. Then the reality, the extraordinary tangibility of the position had gripped him when, matching himself for the first time with men of his own caliber, he had learned his real weight on the day of his protest against the Easter adjournment. With that knowledge had been born the dominant factor in his whole schemethe overwhelming, insistent desire to manifest his power; that desire that is the salvation or the ruin of every strong man who has once realized his strength. Supremacy was the note to which his ambition reached. To trample out Chilcote's footmarks with his own hand had been his tacit instinct from the first. Now it rose paramount. It was the whole theory of creationthe survival of the fittest-the deep, egotistical certainty that he was the

better man. And it was with this conviction that he entered on the vital period of his dual career. The imminent crisis and his own share in it absorbed him absolutely. In the weeks that followed his answer to Fraide's proposal he gave himself ungrudgingly to his work. He wrote, read and planned with tireless energy. He frequently forgot to eat and slept only through sheer exhaustion. In the fullest sense of the word he lived for the culminating hour that

was to bring him failure or success. He seldom left Grosvenor square in the days that followed except to confer with his party. All his interest, all his relaxation even, lay in his work and what pertained to it. His strength was like a solid wall, his intelligence was sharp and keen as steel. The moment was his, and by sheer mastery of will he put other considerations out of sight. He forgot Chilcote and forgot Lillian, not because they escaped his memory, but because he chose to shut them from

Greening for the night. But scarcely Of Eve he saw but little in this time of high pressure. When a man touches the core of his capacities, puts his best into the work that in his eyes stands paramount, there is little place for and portance, entered the room, carrying a no need of woman. She comes before -and after. She inspires, compensates Seeing Loder, he came forward at or completes; but the achievement, the creation, is man's alone. And all true women understand and yield to this ticular to give it into my hands, making sure 'twould reach you. He's wait-

unspoken precept. Eve watched the progress of his labor, and in the depth of her own heart the watching came nearer to actual living than any activity she had known. She was an onlooker-but an onlooker who stood, as it were, on the steps of the arena, who, by a single forward movement, could feel the sand under her feet, the breath of the battle on her face, and in this knowledge she

rested satisfied. There were hours when Loder seemed scarcely conscious of her existence, but on those occasions she smiled in her serene way-and went on waiting. She knew that each day before the afternoon had passed he would come into his sitting room, his face thoughtful, his hands full of books or papers, and, dropping into one of the comfortable, studious chairs, would ask laconically for tea. This was her moment of triumph and recompense-for the yery fire. He did it not so much from can-

unconsciousness of his coming doubled its value. He would sit for half an hour with preoccupied glance or with keen, alert eyes fixed on the fire, while his ideas sorted themselves and fell into line. Sometimes he was silent for the whole half hour, sometimes he commented to himself as he scanned his notes, but on other and rarer occasions he talked, speaking his thoughts and his theories aloud, with the enjoyment of a man who knows himself fully in his depth, while Eve sipped her tea or stitched peacefully at a strip of

embroidery. On these occasions she made a perfect listener. Here and there she encouraged him with an intelligent remark, but she never interrupted. She knew when to be silent and when to speak, when to merge her own individuality and when to make it felt. In these days of stress and preparation he came to her unconsciously for rest; he treated her as he might have treated a younger brother-relying on her discretion, turning to her as by right for sympathy, comprehension and friendship. Sometimes as they sat silent in the richly colored, homelike room Eve would pause over her embroidery and let her thoughts spin momentarily forward-spin toward the point where, the brunt of his ordeal passed, he must of necessity seek something beyond mere rest. But there her thoughts would inevitably break off and the blood flame quickly into her cheek.

Meanwhile Loder worked persistent-With each day that brought the crisis of Fraide's scheme nearer his activity increased-and with it an intensifying of the nervous strain. For if he had his hours of exaltation he also had his hours of black apprehension. It is all very well to exorcise a ghost by sheer strength of will, but one has also to eliminate the idea that gave it existence. Lillian Astrupp, with her unattested evidence and her ephemeral interest, gave him no real uneasiness, but Chilcote and Chilcote's possible summons were matters of graver consideration, and there were times when they loomed very dark and sinister. What if at the very moment of fulfill ment- But invariably he snapped the thread of the supposition and turned with fiercer ardor to his work of preparation.

And so the last morning of his pro bation dawned, and for the first time

he breathed freely. He rose early on the day that was t witness his great effort and dressed slowly. It was a splendid morning. The spirit of the spring seemed embodied in the air, in the pale blue sky, in the shafts of cool sunshine that danced from the mirror to the dressing table, from the dressing table to the pictures on the walls of Chilcote's vast room. Inconsequently with its dancing rose a memory of the distant past-s memory of long forgotten days when, as a child, he had been bidden to watch the same sun perform the same fantastic evolutions. The sight and the thought stirred him curiously with an unlooked for sense of youth. He drew himself together with an added touch of decision as he passed out into the corridor, and as he walked downstairs ne whistled a bar or two of an inspirit.

In the morning room Eve was al ready waiting. She looked up, colored and smiled as he entered. Her face looked very fresh and young, and she wore a gown of the same pale blue that she had worn on his first coming.

She looked up from an open letter as he came into the room, and the sun that fell through the window caught her in a shaft of light, intensifying her blue eyes, her blue gown and the bunch of violets fastened in her belt To Loder, still under the influence of early memories, she seemed the embodiment of some youthful ideal-something lost, sought for and found again, Realization of his feeling for her almost came to him as he stood there looking at her. It hovered about him, tipped him, as it were, with its wings; then it rose again and soared away. Men like him-men keen to grasp an opening where their careers are concerned and tenacious to hold if when once grasped-are frequently the last to look into their own hearts. He glanced at Eve, he acknowledged the stir of his feeling, but he made no attempt to define its cause. He could no more have given reason for his sensations than he could have told the precise date upon which, coming downstairs at 8 o'clock, he had first found her waiting breakfast for him. The time when all such incidents were to stand out, each to a nicety in its appointed place, had not yet arrived. For the moment his youth had returned to him; he possessed the knowledge of work done, the sense of present companionship in a world of agreeable things; above all, the steady, quiet conviction of his own capacity. All these things came to him in the moment of his entering the room, greeting Eve and passing to the breakfast table; then, while his eyes still rested contentedly on the pleasant array of china and silver, while his senses were still alive to the fresh, earthly scent of Eve's violets, the blow so long dreaded --so slow in coming-fell with accumulated force.

CHAPTER XXIV. HE letter through which the blow fell was not voluminous. It was written on cheap paper in a disguised hand, and the contents covered only half a page. Loder read it slowly, mentally articulating every word; then he laid it down, and as he did he caught Eve's eyes raised in concern. Again he saw something of his own feelings reflected in her face, and the shock braced him. He picked up the letter, tearing it into

"I must go out," he said slowly. "I must go now-at once." His voice was Eve's surprised, concerned eyes still

searched his. "Now-at once?" she repeated. "Now-without breakfast?" "I'm not hungry." He rose from his seat and, carrying the slips of paper across the room, dropped them into the

as from an imperative wish to do something, to move, if only across the

Eve's glance followed him. "Is it bad news?" she asked anxiously. It was unlike her to be insistent, but she was moved to the impulse by the peculiarity of the moment.

"No," he said shortly. "It's-business. This was written yesterday; I should have got it last night." Her eyes widened. "But nobody does

business at 8 in the morning"- she began in astonishment, then she suddenly broke off. Without apology or farewell Loder

had left the fireplace and walked out

He passed through the hall hurriedly, picking up a hat as he went and



Loder stood shocked and spellbound by the sight.

reaching the pavement outside, he went straight forward until Grosvenor square was left behind, then he ran. At the risk of reputation, at the loss of dignity, he ran until he saw a cab. Hailing it, he sprang inside, and as the cabman whipped up and the horse responded to the call he realized for the first time the full significance of what had occurred.

Realization, like the need for action, came to him slowly, but when it came it was with terrible lucidity. He did not swear as he leaned back in his seat mechanically watching the stream of men on their way to business, the belated cars of green produce blocking the way between the Strand and Covent Garden. He had no use for oaths; his feelings lay deeper than mere words. But his mouth was sternly set and his eyes looked cold.

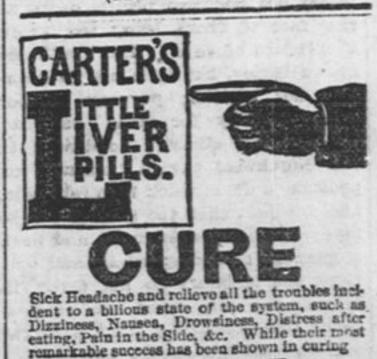
Outside the law courts he dismissed his cab and walked forward to Clifford's inn. As he passed through the familiar entrance a chill fell on him. In the clear, early light it seemed more than ever a place of dead hopes, dead enterprises, dead ambitions. In the onward march of life it had been forgotten. The very air had a breath of unfulfillment.

He crossed the court rapidly, but his mouth set itself afresh as he passed through the doorway of his own house

and crossed the bare hall. As he mounted the well known stairs he received his first indication of life in the appearance of a cat from the second floor rooms. At sight of him the animal came forward, rubbed demonstratively against his legs and with affectionate persistence followed him up-

Outside his door he paused. On the ground stood the usual morning can of milk-evidence that Chircote was not yet awake or that, like himself, he had no appetite for breakfast. He smiled fronically as the idea struck him, but it was a smile that stiffened rather than relaxed his lips. Then he drew out the duplicate key he always carried and, inserting it quietly, opened the door. A close, unpleasant smell greeted him as he entered the small passage that divided the bed and sitting rooms -a smell of whisky mingling with the odor of stale smoke. With a quick gesture he pushed open the bedroom door. Then on the threshold he paused, a look of contempt and repulsion passing over his face.

In his first glance he scarcely grasped the details of the scene, for the half drawn curtains kept the light dim, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the ob-(To be continued.)



liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only Ache they would be almost priceless to those who sailer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-nately their goodness does not end here, and those

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