# Maida's

" A dipsy's Daughter,"

By the Author of .....

" Another Man's Wife," " A Heart's Bitterness," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS CHAPTERS-Guy Hartleigh leaves | more credit than he is likely to get-England to find his long lost cousin I mean Lord Algy, whose managein San Francisco. Maida Carring- ment has had a great deal to do ford, an actress in that city, is pes- with Miss Hartleigh's success. tered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes you take some credit. I am sure and is rejected. She learns the Miss Hartleigh will agree with me atory of her mother's betrayal by that the performance owes a great Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Rich- deal to you." ard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is tak- Algy, who had just spoken. on to Hartleigh Hall, where she be- Miss Hartleigh's performance really comes the idol of the household. A tete is given in her honor at Vyner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organ-1st she is about to faint when she is assisted by Carl Wilton who is struck assisted by Carvl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carringford. He visits the Duke of Beldaire at whose seat the amateur actas substitute.

#### CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

breathless suspense until they had straight into his eyes. gone, broke out into cheers and cries done.

herself she thought no more of the slowly, almost painfully answered: consequences, but played with all her | 'I think I understand, Mr. Wilton. heart and soul. It was a wonderful It is very good advice." performance which she and Caryl "And if I might add to what I Wilton gave that titled audience. She have said," he went on, with a peforgot, in the abandon of the true culiar smile hovering about his lips, artist, that the handsome face, the "it would be that Miss Hartleigh is deep musical voice, belonged to the in need of a rest." one who could ruin her at a word, to Ah, what Maida would have given the man she had sent from her with if she could have slipped away to outstretched hand, and eyes from where she could commune alone with which blazed that most terrible of her thoughts. But that was denied things—a pure woman's anger.

all over. Then she remembered what Lord Algy to lead her to the drawshe had done, and realized what it ing-room, all dressed as she was as meant. She saw it in the look on Juliet. the face of the man who had led her before the footlights to receive the meed of applause which she had earn-And she knew now at what a price she had earned it.

If he had had any doubts before he had none now. He knew for a certainty that Constance Hartleigh and Maida Carringford were the same person. He knew she was the person who had so scornfully spurned his suit in that far away time when she was Maida Carringford. She saw it on his face.

Well, he might know it. then? Could he prove it? Would he prove it? Had he fixed upon a price

for his silence?

He said nothing to her, she nothlng to him. He took her hand and Algy in the wings. Almost as white tinue to hold the high place she had your loving daughter?" as herself, Algy was the first to usurped?

He had stood leaning against the scene watching her, the tears running down his pale, thin cheeks, his lips artistic nature moved to its greatest ly did belong to her? depths.

Even now the words came with difficulty, and he contented himself with bending low over her outstretched hand and kissing it with the reverence of a devotee toward his saint. Guy stood apart and moodily watched her with a grave and wistful look. How could he ever hope to possess

the love of this peerless creature? It seemed to him now more than ever before, that a vast distance lay between them. There had once been a question of his marrying her, though she might not be his equal. Was not the question now, as to whether he was her equal?

A vast, wide-stretching gulf seemed He alone to yawn between them. said no word of praise, while the rest, in an eager clamor, exclaimed and apostrophized.

Suddenly, in a little pause, as Maida sat fanning berself, and gradually coming back into her usual calm self-possession, came a thin, clear voice-that of Lady Gladys.

"And only think, this is her first appearance!" It was a little thing to disturb the harmony or bring color to the pale that the danger was at hand, what citement was wearing itself off and

face, but it did. There was a moment's pause in the clamor, a pause as of doubt, and all eyes were fixed on the downcast eyes, hidden by the white lids and long lashes.

"The first time! Is it not marvellous?" repeated Lady Gladys, turning from one to another, but keeping her sharp eyes on Maida.

Slowly the dark head was raised but before she could speak a word, a voice, low and deep, said slowly, and with a sort of cutting emphasis which made it seem to mean more than it said:

marvellous in it. An actress is look strong. She noticed it more of her voluntary kiss and embrace. born. You know yourself, Lady now than before. He was not what Gladys, that all the studying in the he had been when she came to him. room? She had told her maid not world will not make an actress Suppose he should die and the ex- to wait for her, and so she was good deal, most like? where nature has been niggardly. posure should come afterward? Miss Hartleigh is evidently a born | Then it flashed through her mind that first night she had been alone | That's wot's the matter. You've With hair and lime, make mortar, actress. And then I think we are that safety lay in marrying Guy- with them.

PRECEDING losing sight of one who deserves

"Thanks, old fellow; but suppose

"Oh, I am beyond the reach of flattery, Algy," retorted Caryl to Lord was wonderful-wonderful-wonderful, but dangerous."

"Dangerous?" repeated several. Caryl was standing, leaning indolently on the back of a chair, and he stroked his mustache with his fingers ed at him.

"Yes, dangerous," he repeated. 'You see, such a character is a strain even upon one who has learned endurance from long professional experience; how much more severe must the strain be upon a young lady who ors are disconcerted by the loss of has undergone no such training. If actually going away, she felt a cer- deceive that man, with his awful pentheir Romeo. He is persuaded to act I might advise Miss Hartleigh, I tain relief, as if the inevitable strugwould say, Do not repeat it."

There was an instant murmur of disapproval at this, but he seemed And when they had left the stage studying the face which had been a scene of the wildest description turned toward the floor as he pro- way yet. He shall not frighten me drove him from me then. I was followed. The audience, held in ceeded. Presently she looked up and by a look."

She knew that he had meant that and old Sir Richard fairly wept with it would be dangerous for her to the joy of what his daughter had again run the risk of being discovered as he had discovered her. She gazed out into the starry darkness shall not drive me, he shall not. And And after that first struggle with forced a quiet smile to her lips, and

to her, and she put as good a face She forgot everything until it was as she could upon it, and permitted

### CHAPTER XV.

was the bright particular star of the ed as if I did not love you enough in evening, for no sooner did she make return? Tell me, father, dear.' her appearance in the drawing-room | There was a surprising pleading in than she was surrounded by a throng her voice and manner, and the old of admiring people, each eager to do man, who had never seen her so behomage to the genius which had held fore was frightened. them enthralled. She knew they "No, my darling," he answered, looked upon her as something above reassuringly; "you have loved me them, and removed from them by a more than I have deserved, but not touch of the divine.

And what did she know of herself? have." her consciousness? Was it not that need your love. I need it, father. not let you go downstairs to be she might at any moment be hurled You understand that, don't you? If killed. Did you ever hear such a from her high place? Was it not I ever seemed not to-to-be respon- noise? that it rested with the whim of a sive, you will forget it, will you not, led her off the stage. They met Lord man whether or nor she should con- and think of me as I am now-as

Was it only that she might lose the old man, who even in the midst of highstrikes. I'm going down to see good things of the world to which his alarm could not but rejoice to what that is, and he unearthed an she had so accustomed herself that it hear her -eak so.

Or, now that there was a witness ly: of her falseness, did it come to her 'If you did but know, my darling, own castle-" more-strongly than ever before that how happy you make me, you would she was, in plain words, an impos- be happy yourself." tor? She had a right to the love and "I happy!" she cried, almost wild- blew a whole corner off the chest of admiration of the old man who drew ly. "Who-why should I not be hap- drawers. The daughter dived under her to his side with such a tender py? I am happy, father." touch of his trembling hand. had she a right to the humility with you must be careful. You must not which he looked at her, as if begging indulge in too much of this excite- he reached for his artillery. Stay her pardon for the liberty of loving | ment."

had never realized before that she if I had not been a little excited I had been, cold and hard. Her life it, and that is why I told you. Oh bly changing her. She was con- do me good." fronted by a great danger. And She sank back and sobbed and what was the danger?

opportunity to avenge her mother's nervous system had been. ... wrongs, and that the shame of an | Sir Richard was greatly alarmed at exposure would sting her. But now first, but he soon saw that her ex- flying over the barn towards the

was it she dreaded most? thing-a great deal; but, after all, it loving words to her. was the tender loving care to which And for the first time since her Buyer: Look here, you! You said pidly that I was compelled to enwho had done her no wrong. She fond, sweet way that he was reas- times, and he's as bad to-day. had promised to wrong him in re- sured as to her illness, and put it Dealer: Um-you've been wondering turn, it is true, and she had shaped down as nothing but fatigue; even if I cheated you, maybe? all her actions to that end; but, enjoying the thought in his loving come weal or woe, she promised her- heart that he had a confidence with self that she would henceforth take that peerless daughter of his whom hoss you wondered if he hadn't some since fallen below four figures. But all the love he could give her, and nobody else might know was any-tricks, didn't you? requite it in such kind that he would thing but the proud, self-sustaining Of course. never let her be taken from him. creature she seemed. "I do not think there is anything What if he should die? He did not

good, noble Guy. But there againwould Caryl Wilton let her marry she said to herself. "I am calmer Guy? And yet she would not play now. I almost betrayed myself to with that true heart, for her own sal- the dear old man, but I do not mind. vation. And why? Because down in He knows I love him and he will be HE TELLS HOW HUMBUG GAVE her heart she knew she did not love the happier for it. I am happier for him, and could not love him.

have him for the wishing. Then man? What does he know? there was Caryl Wilton, who was her | "What does he know? He knows I threatening ruin. She knew him by am Maida Carringford. Yes. Well, reputation to be a roue, a man of what of that? That does not tell the world, blase and indifferent. She him that I am not also Constance believed he would stop at nothing to Hartleigh. How should he know compel her to be his. Well, and that I did not use another name as what was her feeling for him?

What was it, indeed? that she should leave them so soon. not Constance Hartleigh? liant throng who said apter or more enough; but is it all? Oh, I am not was there who hid the anguish that calm, then-be calm. Think as if it she did?

with a smile upon her lips and threw | Carringford! Oh, Heaven! they will herself back among the luxurious know that the real Constance never cushions of the carriage, with a pray- was an actress! They could prove er that she might soon be alone with that Maida Carringford was not her agony.

as his eye sought Maida's. She look- and so she had with her only the old went-my mother and I-where the man who so devotedly loved her.

> that she remained at the castle that all the time. The places in the book Caryl would return to the drawing- by which I learned to play my part room, even though she heard him say do correspond wonderfully with our that he was going to retire. But own movements. when he did not come, and she was "Well, well. Oh, no. I could not gle had been postponed.

said to herself. "If I could think I was weary with the struggle. He not to hear it, so intent was he in away by myself, I could face the dan- is not the stronger. I will show him ger and estimate it. I may see my again, as I did in San Francisco. I

> drove out of the grounds, for she do-what shall I do? would like the cool evening air to 'Do? I will wait. I will be strike on her fevered face. As she strong. I will die doing it, but he she saw a tall figure standing under will he wish to? Shall I give it up? the gloom of a tree.

> It was a man and he had his hands his daughter, but not the one he in his pockets and he was smoking. thinks? Give up? And for what? And there was that in the poise of Would he not spurn me? Would not the figure and the very air which told Guy, who loves me so passionately, her that it was Caryl Wilton, who shrink from me as from a leper? Oh, had not gone to bed. He was out | Heaven! what shall I do? Heaven! there, and he was thinking of her.

> Oh, Heaven! was there no escape I shall fight it out to the bitter end! from him? She fell back in the car- Oh, why, why was it not I who lay riage with a little gasp of terror, there where my sister lay that dreadand buried her face in her hands.

> "My darling, my darling, my precious one!" cried Sir Richard, in fight the battle with the right all alarm. "Is it more than fatigue? Is against me. Well, I will fight!"

all. Father, has it ever seemed to with her head buried in her hands, you that I was not grateful for the she went to sleep, murmuring, with It was apparent at once that Maida love you give me? Has it ever seem- the last rays of consciousness:

more than I would give my life to

What had the last hour brought to 'But I do love you, father. And I

She said this almost in a whisper, into the parental bedchamber. But was that all that troubled her? but it was all distinct enough to the

quivering, his hands clasped, all his had begun to seem as if they actual. He leaned forward and took her belonged to his grandfather and had two hands in his, saying, tremulous- been loaded for thirty years. I'll

But You are tired to-night, dear, and der at the top of her voice.

But he was her father, she told her- said, patting his hand with a pathet- If they start shooting down there self with an inward agony, the great- ic tenderness. "I will not play don't show a light. I know the er that it was hidden by a smiling again. It does excite me. But-but house and they don't. face. And she wanted his love. She it does not matter for this once, for needed some love-some pure and dis- might not have told you how I love stairs. He went down like a cartinterested love. She was not, as she you. You see, I needed you to know wheel, and made a hole in the floor had seemed to have been impercepti- let me cry! Do not mind. It will

laughed and sobbed alternately in the country yesterday, and hung him She had thought from the very mild hysterics. It was the first time force of habit that what she would she had ever done such a thing, and most dread would be the loss of the it told how great the strain on her

becoming less, so he did nothing but The exposure? Yes, that was some- gently soothe her and say reassuring

He went off to his room to dream I wonder if that there hoss will tum- different tale to tell. And Maida, what did she in her alone with her thoughts, just as on

"Now let me face the situation," having told him. Now let me think He was her chance of safety and he of this other. Let me think of the

an incognito? How should he? Then, cannot pretend to defend it, I found suppose he should attempt to expose it most useful in giving me a start. Guy left them to call the carriage, me, what would I say? I would say and Maida stood listening to the re- that I had acted as Maida Carringgrets of the duchess and of the guests ford. Who could prove that I was

witty things than she? And who so calm, I am not. Well, well, be Maida left the brilliant assemblage it is somebody else, then. Maida to receive patients. Constance, for they had detectives on As if Guy comprehended her wish, the track of the real Constance. Yes mother and she went? Then why She had had a fear all the time could I not say that I was Constance

eyes looking at me. And his power "If I could only think calmly," she over me. No, no, he has no power. strong then. Ah, but just Heaven! She leaned forward as the carriage I was innocent then. What shall I

Shall I tell the old man that I am quietly into the house again I call on Heaven! What shall I do? ful night?

"But I did not, and am here to

She threw herself down on the bed, "It is nothing, father," she an- all dressed as she was, as if she swered, feverishly. "It is nothing at | would let the matter rest there. And "I know he loves me."

To be Continued.

# WHAT CAUSED THE ROW.

Hoot, hoot! rang through the house at 2 a.m.

Great Scott! What is that? and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at a gas lamp shining through the window.

John, stay where you are. I'll

Mamma, what is it? came in an and then the daughter rushed wildly

Keep cool, now. Don't go into old muzzle-loading gun which had show 'em. Every man's house is his

Hoot, hoot, hoot! The father dropped the gun and it the bed and the mother cried mur-

Be quiet! ordered the veteran, as where you are. I'll fight my way to "No, no. I won't, I won't," she the front door and get the police.

Hoot, hoot, hoot! just as the old gentleman reached the top of the as big as the bottom of a tub.

Did you hear my owl? shouted Willie, as he came running down from the third storey. Got him in in the dining-room when I got home last night. Ain't he a beauty?

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was next village.

# HYPNOTISED THE HORSE.

she had so unconsciously accustomed home-coming she threw her arms this horse was sound, and kind and gage an assistant and could afford herself. She loved the old man-lov- around his neck and voluntarily kis- free from tricks. The first day I to smile at my past anxieties and ed him at a child might a father sed him. And it was done in such a drove him he fell down a dozen artifices.

Yes, I have.

And you kept saying to yourself, am sure I should have had a very

ble down, ch? Probably. And you had your mind on it a

That's true.

hypnotised him. See?

HIM A START.

was noble and good, and she might peril. What have I to fear from this The Many Schemes He Adopted to Build Up a Practice.

> I am bound to say that a little humbug goes a long way in the early days of a medical career, said a family doctor with a large suburban practice; and although, of course, I

When I began my career, nearly thirty years ago I was not only without the necessary money to buy a practice, but I was already a mar-And who was there in all the bril- "Yes, yes. That seems easy ried man. Undeterred by this double handicap, I took a house in what, after careful inquiry, I considered to be a promising suburb, affixed a was the case of somebody else. Well brass plate to my door, and prepared

For three months not a single patient came my way; there were already two doctors in the field, who divided between them all the practice there was; and, as my exchequer was dwindling to the vanishing point he said he would sit with the driver, yes; but did we not go wherever they I saw that it was quite time to form a new plan of campaign.

The following Sunday the congregation of our fashionable church was disturbed by the appearance of a small boy, who rushed panting up the aisle and spoke a few hurried words to me. I snatched my hat, and, with a look of great concern on my face, hurried out of the church, gregation.

The following night my neighbors were disturbed twice by a furious knocking on my door, and a few minutes later those who furtively raised the blind might have seen me rush wildly out into the street in the direction, presumably, of a patient in extremis. If their vision had been less restricted they would have seeh my pace moderate after I had turned the corner of the street, and within five minutes I had smuggled myself

#### BY THE BACK ENTRANCE.

An evening or two later I had volunteered to give a lecture on "A Sound Mind in a Healthy Body" to the local debating society. The hour of the meeting came, but no lecturer with it. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, passed, and the small audience, which had shown exemplary patience, was beginning to grow very restless and to say uncomplimentary things, when the lecturer rushed into the room, red, panting, and perspiring, and full of apologies for his inevitable unpunctuality, which I vaguely and modestly hinted was due to "an urgent professional summons."

Before the end of the week it began to be whispered that the "new doctor was a coming man"; that Doctors - and - would soon find their occupation gone if I progressed at this rate, and so on.

The sudden calls and imperious rattats on my door grew more frequent, although, of course, I arranged them diplomatically, and did not overdo the thing-and within a fortnight I had secured no fewer than three bona fide patients.

At this stage, although I could ill afford the risk, I purchased a brougham (with borrowed money), engaged a showy coachman, and put my agitated whisper from the next room boy "in buttons." Within a week, I can assure you, there was not a soul in the place who was not familiar with both brougham and boy.

All day long my carriage was either standing at my door, awaiting my coming, or being driven at a brisk and very business-like pace over every road in the district. In fact, I gave my coachman so little rest that I had no less than five of them IN SIX MONTHS.

Of course the rapid growth of my practice was the gossip of every drawing-room and dinner-table; and I believe some marvellous stories were invented to account for it. All that I cared to know was that my practice really was growing in a most remarkable way, and that every

growing less. Amid all my work, real and imaginary, I found time to attend a few really poor and deserving people; and, as I resolutely refused to receive a penny for my services, you may be sure they were united in singing my praises.

day the need for bogus calls was

But the tide of fortune began to flow in earnest when one day the big man of the district, a sporting baronet, met with a carriage accident, and I was summoned to the hall by a groom on horseback who had failed to find either of my rivals at home. Fortunately, I created a favorable impression on the great man, and was soon able to put him on his feet

again. Then I had the place practically all to myself, and my work grew so ra-

At the end of a year's practice I was able to move into a much more imposing house, was free from debt, and was making-well, a very com-And the first time you drove the fortable income, which has never really, if it had not been for my little "humbug" at the beginning, I

# A RECIPE.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Guaranteed to stand.