

FAIR MARGARET.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

MARGARET DONNE is an English girl, whose parents are dead, and who lives with Mrs. Rushmore, an American lady, in Versailles. Margaret's mother, who was Mrs. Rushmore's close friend, was also an American, and when she married Professor Donne, of Oxford, she expected to inherit a fortune. Her father, however—Margaret's grandfather—met ill-luck, and died leaving nothing but a claim upon Alvah Moon, a California millionaire to whom he had assigned a valuable patent. Mrs. Rushmore has brought suit against Moon on Margaret's behalf, but there seems slight chance of success.

Margaret, who possesses a remarkably good voice, is determined to earn her own living, a project which Mrs. Rushmore strongly but vainly opposes. Her teacher, Mme. de Rosa, sends her to the famous prima donna, Mme. Bonanni, for advice. Generously admiring the girl's talent, the Bonanni introduces her to Schreiermeyer, manager at the Opéra, who, to her intense delight, offers her an engagement.

At the prima donna's house on the Avenue Hoche she also meets Constantine Logotheti, a Greek financier, who is deeply impressed with her beauty. Having secured an introduction to Mrs. Rushmore, Logotheti calls at the house in Versailles and proposes marriage to Margaret. Refusing, and pressed for her reason, she admits that there is "some one else." Her situation, which she does not explain further, is somewhat peculiar. There is a strong affection between her and a man whom she knows as Edmund Lushington, a successful young critic, but he has told her that that is not his real name, that he has a secret which he cannot disclose, and that they can never be more than friends. In visiting Mme. Bonanni she discovers his secret—he is the prima donna's son; but though she tells him that this need be no bar between them, and pleads with him not to leave her, he only repeats his farewell.

Logotheti, a man who is not in the habit of letting his plans fail, does not accept Margaret's refusal as an end of his hopes. Again calling at Mrs. Rushmore's, he surprises the American lady by telling her that he has purchased Alvah Moon's interest in the disputed patent, and by there and then giving her a check for five hundred thousand dollars in settlement of Margaret Donne's claim. From Versailles he goes to the Opéra, where the English girl is rehearsing "Faust." The rehearsal over, he invites her and Mme. de Rosa to lunch at his house in the Boulevard Péreire. As they alight from his motor-car at the door, Lushington passes, but to the Greek's invitation to join them he gives a curt refusal. When Margaret thinks over this incident, after her return to Versailles, it disquiets her.

XII (Continued).

THE Greek's direct speeches had appealed to Margaret while he had been at her side, but now she wished with all her heart that Lushington would appear, to ask her questions and let her answer them. She had a most unreasonable impression that she had somehow angered him and wronged herself in his eyes. She would not ask herself whether she loved him still, or whether she had really loved him at all, but she longed to see him.

He had said that he was leaving again in the evening, but perhaps he would think better of it and come out to see her. She even thought of writing to him, for she knew his London address. He lived in Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and she remembered his telling her that his windows looked upon a blank brick wall opposite, in which he sought inspiration and sometimes found it. Sometimes, he had said, he saw her face there.

Then she remembered the last hour they had spent together at Mme. Bonanni's, and the quiet dignity and courage of his behavior under circumstances that might almost have driven a sensitive man out of his senses.

She thought of him a great deal that afternoon, and the result of her thoughts was that she resolved not to go to Logotheti's house again, though she had a vague idea that such a resolution should not be connected with Lushington, if she meant to respect her own independence. But when she had reached this complicated state of mind, both Lushington and Logotheti took themselves suddenly out of the sphere of her meditations, and she was standing once more on the half-lighted stage, singing "*Anges purs*" into the abyss of the dark and empty house.

The evening post brought Margaret three notes from Paris. One, in bad French, was from Schreiermeyer, to say that he had changed his mind, that she

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was to make her début in "Rigoletto" instead of in "Faust," and that a rehearsal of the former opera was called for the next day but one at eleven o'clock, at which, by kindness of the director of the Opéra, she would be allowed to sing the part of *Gilda*.

When she read this, her face fell, and she felt a sharp little disappointment. She had already fancied herself *Marguerite*, the fair-haired Gretchen, mass-book in hand and eyes cast down, and then at the spinning-wheel, and in the church, and in the prison, and it was an effort of imagination to turn herself into the Italian duke's *Gilda*, murdered to save her lover and dragged away in the sack—probably by proxy!

The next note was from Logotheti, who begged her to use his motor-car for going in to her rehearsals. The chauffeur would bring it to Mrs. Rushmore's gate, the day after to-morrow, in plenty of time. The note was in French and ended with the assurance of "most respectful homage."

When she had read it she stared rather vacantly into the corner of her room for a few seconds, and then tossed the bit of paper into the basket under her writing-table.

The third letter was from Lushington. She had recognized the small, scholarly handwriting, and had purposely laid it aside to read last. It was rather stiffly worded, and it contained a somewhat unnecessary and not very contrite apology for having seemed rude that morning in answering her question so roughly and in hurrying away. He had not much else to say, except that he was going back at once to his London lodgings in Bolton Street—a hint that if Margaret wished to write to him he was to be found there.

She bit her lip and frowned. The note was useless and tactless as well. If he had wished to please her he might have written a word of greeting, as if nothing had happened, just to say that he wished he could have seen her for a few minutes. It would have been so easy to do that instead of sending a superfluous apology for being rude on purpose!

She read the note again, and grew angry over it. It was so gratuitous! If he really meant to avoid her always, he need not have written at all. "Superfluous" was the word; it was superfluous. She tore the letter into little bits and threw them into the basket; and then, by an after-thought, she fished up Logotheti's note, which she had not torn, and read it again.

At all events, he was a man of the world, and could cover two pages of note-paper without saying anything that could irritate a woman. Like everything he said, what he wrote was just right. He did not protest that he could not use his motor-car himself, and he did not apologize for taking the liberty of offering her the use of it; he did not even ask for an answer, as if he were trying to draw her into writing to him. The car would be at the gate, and he would be glad if she could use it; meaning that if she did not want it she could send it away. There was not the least shade of familiarity in the phrases. "Respectful homage" was certainly not "familiar." Just because he did not ask for an answer, he should have one!

She took up her pen and began. When she had written three or four lines to thank him, she found herself going on to say more, and she told him of the change in regard to her début, and asked if he knew why it was made so suddenly. She explained why she preferred "Faust" to "Rigoletto," and all at once she saw that she had filled a sheet and must either break off abruptly or take another. She finished the note hastily and signed her name. When it was done she remembered that she had not told him anything about the money which had unexpectedly come to her, and she hesitated a moment; but she decided that it was none of his business, and almost wondered why she had thought of telling him anything so entirely personal. She sealed the letter, stamped it, and sent it to be posted.

Then she sat down at her piano to look over "Rigoletto," whistling her part softly while she played, in order to save her voice, and in a few minutes she had forgotten Logotheti, Schreiermeyer, and Lushington.

XIII.

MME. BONANNI sat in the spring sunshine by the closed window of her sitting-room in London. She was thankful that there was any sunshine at all, and by keeping the window shut and wrapping herself in furs she produced the illusion that it was warming her. The room was not very large, and a good deal of space was taken up by a grand piano, a good deal more by the big table and the heavy furniture, and the rest by Mme. Bonanni herself. Her bulk was considerably increased by the white furs, from which only her head emerged; and as her face was made up for the day with rather

more paint than she wore in Paris, on the ground that London is a darker city, the effect of the whole was highly artificial and disconcerting. One might have compared the huge bundle of white to an enormous egg out of which a large and very animated middle-aged fowl was just hatching.

Lushington was seated before the open piano, but had turned half away from it on the stool, and was looking quietly at his mother. His face had an expression of listless weariness which was not natural to him. Mme. Bonanni moved just then, and the outer fur slipped a little from its place. Lushington rose at once and arranged it again.

"Will you have anything else over you, mother?" he asked.

"No, my child. I am warm at last. Your English sun is like stage limelight. It shines, and shines, and does no good! The man turns it off, and London is pitch dark! Nothing warms one here but eating five times a day and wearing a fur coat all the time. But I am growing old. Why do you say I am not? It is foolish."

"Your voice is as perfect as ever," said Lushington.

"My voice! My voice! What did you expect? That it would crack, or that I should sing false? Ungrateful boy! How can you say such things of your mother? But I am growing old. Soon I shall make the effect on the public of a grandmother in baby's clothes. Do you think I am blind? They will say, 'Poor old Bonanni, she remembers Thiers!' They might as well say at once that I remember the Second Empire! It is infamous! Have people no heart? But why do I go on singing, my dear? Tell me that! Why do I go on?"

"Because you sing as well as ever," suggested Lushington gently.

"It is no reason why I should work as hard as ever! Why should I go on earning money, money, money? Yes, I know! They come to hear me, they crowd the house, they pay, they clap their hands when I sing the mad scene in 'Lucia,' or *Juliet's* waltz song, or the crescendo thrills in the 'Huguenots'! But I am old, my dear!"

"Nonsense!" interjected Lushington in an encouraging tone.

"Do you know why I am sure of it? It is this. I do not care any more. It is all the same to me what they do. I do not care whether they come or not, or whether they applaud, or hiss, or stamp on the floor. Why should I care?

I have had it all so often. I have seen the people standing on the seats all over the theater and yelling, and often in foreign countries they have taken the horses from my carriage and dragged it themselves. I have had everything. Why should I care for it? And I do not want money. I have too much already."

"You certainly have enough, mother."

"It is your fault that I have too much," she said in sudden anger. "You have no heart; you are a cruel, ungrateful boy! Is there anything I have not done to make you happy, ever since you were a baby? Look at your position! You are a celebrated writer, a critic! Other writers are green with jealousy and fear of you! And why? Because I made up my mind that you should be a great man, and sent you to school and the university instead of keeping you to myself at home, always pressed against my heart! Is not that the greatest sacrifice that a mother can make, to send her child to college, to be left alone herself, always wondering whether he is catching cold and is getting enough to eat, and is not being led away by wicked little boys? Ah, you do not know! You can never be a mother!"

This was unanswerable, but Lushington really looked sorry for her, as if it were his fault.

"And what have you given me in return for it all? How have you repaid me for the days of anxiety and nights of fever all the time when you were at those terrible studies? I ask you that! How have you rewarded me? You will not take money from me. I go on making more and more, and you will not spend it. Oh, it is not to be believed! I shall die of grief!"

Mme. Bonanni put one fat hand out from under the furs, and pressed a podgy finger to each eyelid in succession by way of stopping the very genuine tears that threatened her rouged cheeks with watery destruction.

"Mother, please don't!" cried Lushington in helpless distress. "You know that I can't take money from you!"

"Oh, I know, I know! That is the worst of it—I know! It is not because you are proud of earning your own living; it's because you're ashamed of me!"

Lushington rose again, and began to walk up and down, bending his head and glancing at her now and then.

"Why will you always go back to that question?" he asked, and his tone showed how much he resented it. "You cannot

unlive your life. Don't make me say more than that, for you don't know how it hurts to say that much. Indeed you don't!"

He went to the closed window and looked out, turning away from her. She stretched out her hand and pulled at his coat timidly, as a dog pulls his master's clothes to attract his attention. He turned his head a little.

"I've tried to live differently, Tom," she said. "Of late years I've tried."

Her voice was low and unsteady.

"I know it," he said just above a whisper, and he turned to the window-pane again.

"Can't you forgive me, Tom?" she asked. "Won't you take some of the money—only what I made by singing?"

He shook his head without looking round, for it would have hurt him to see her eyes just then.

"I have enough, mother," he answered. "I make as much as I need."

"You will need much more when you marry."

"I shall never marry."

"You will marry little Miss Donne," said Mme. Bonanni, after a moment's pause.

Lushington turned sharply now and leaned back against the glass.

"No," he answered with sudden hardness; "I can't ask Miss Donne to be my wife. No man in my position could have the right. You understand what I mean, and heaven knows I don't wish to pain you, mother—I'd give anything not to! Why do you talk of these things?"

"Because I feel that you're unhappy, Tom, and I know that I am—and there must be some way out of it. After all, my dear—now don't be angry!—Miss Donne is a good girl—she's all that I wish I had been—but after all, she's going to be an opera-singer. You are the son of an artist, and I don't see why any artist should not marry you. The public believes we are all bad, whether we are or not."

"I'm not thinking of the public," Lushington answered. "I don't care a straw what the world says. If I had been offered my choice I would not have changed my name at all."

"But then, my dear, what in the world are you thinking of?" asked the prima donna, evidently surprised by what he said. "If the girl loves you, do you suppose she will care what I've done?"

"But I care!" cried Lushington with sudden vehemence. "I care for her sake!"

Mme. Bonanni's hand had disappeared within the furs again, after she had ascertained that the two tears were not going to run down her cheeks. Her large face wore the expression of a colored sphinx, and there was something Egyptian about the immobility of her eyes and her painted eyebrows. No one could have guessed from her look whether she was going to cry or laugh the next time she spoke. Lushington walked up and down the room without glancing at her.

"Do you think——" she began, and broke off as he stopped to listen.

"What?" he inquired, standing still.

"Would it make it any better if—I married again?" she asked hesitatingly.

"How? I don't understand."

"They always say that marriage is so respectable," Mme. Bonanni answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "I don't know why, I'm sure, but everybody seems to think it is, and if it would help matters—I mean, if Miss Donne would consider that a respectable marriage with a solid, middle-class man would settle the question, I suppose I could manage it. I could always divorce, you know, if it became unbearable!"

"Yes," Lushington answered. "Marriage is the first step to the divorce court. For heaven's sake, don't talk in this way! I've made up my mind that I cannot marry, and that ends it. Let it alone. We each know what the other thinks, and we are each trying to make the best of what can't be undone. Talking about it can do no good. Nothing can. It's the inevitable, and so the less said about it, the better. Sometimes you say that I am ungrateful, mother, but I'm not; you don't mean it seriously. If I've made my own way, it is because you started me right by making me work instead of bringing me up at your apron-strings to live on your money. You did it so well, too, that you cannot undo it, now that you would like to make me rich. Why aren't you proud of that, mother? It's the best thing you ever did in your life—God bless you! And yet you say I'm ungrateful!"

At this there was a convulsion of the white furs; Mme. Bonanni suddenly emerged, erect, massive, and seething with motherly emotion; throwing her arms round her son, she pressed him to her with a strength and vehemence that might have suffocated a weaker man. As it was, Lushington was speechless in her embrace for several seconds, while she uttered more or less incoherent cries of joy.

"My child! My own darling Tommy! Oh, you make me so happy!"

Lushington let her print many heavy kisses on his cheek, and he gently patted her shoulder with his free hand. He was very patient and affectionate, considering the frightful dilemma with regard to her in which he had lived all his life; for, as his mother he loved her, but as a woman he knew that he could never respect her, whatever she might do to retrieve her past. He could find excuses for the life she had led, but they were only palliatives that momentarily soothed the rankling sore in his heart which nothing could heal.

In his own world of literature and work and publicity he had a name of his own, not without honor, and respected by every one. But to himself, to the few trusted persons who knew his secret, above all to Margaret Donne, he was the son of that "Bonanni woman," who had been the spoiled plaything of royalty and semi-royalty from London to St. Petersburg, whose lovers had been legion, and whose caprices as the sand on the seashore. There were times when Lushington could not bear to see her, and kept away from her, or even left the city in which they were together. There were days when the natural bond drew him to her, and when he realized that, with countless faults, she had been to him a far better mother than most men are blessed with.

And now, poor thing, she was grateful to the verge of tears for his one word of blessing that seemed to wipe out all the rest. She wished that when her hour came she might hear him say again "God bless you," and then die.

She let him go, and sat down among her furs with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"I've made up my mind what to do," she said, almost as if she were talking to herself. "I'm tired of it all, Tom, and I'm losing my good looks and my figure. If this goes on I shall soon be ridiculous. You would not like your mother to be ridiculous, would you?"

"Certainly not!"

"No, my angel! Be good if you can; if you can't be good, be bad; but never be ridiculous! Oh, never, never! I could not bear that. So I shall leave the stage quietly, without any farewell. I shall cancel my engagements when I have finished singing here. The doctors will swear to anything. What are they for? I was never ill in my life, but they shall say I am ill now. What is it that every one has nowadays—the appendix? I will

have the appendix. The doctors shall swear that I have it badly. So I shall leave the stage with a good reason, and pay no forfeit for canceling the contracts. That is business. Then I will be a nun."

"Eh?" ejaculated Lushington, staring at her.

"Yes, I will be a nun," continued Mme. Bonanni unmoved. "I will go into religion. When your mother is a nun, my child, I presume that the church will protect her, and no one will dare to say anything against her. Then you can marry or not, as you please, but you will no longer be ashamed of your mother! I shall be a blue nun with a white bonnet and a black veil, and I shall call myself Sister Juliet, because that has been my great part, and the name will remind me of old times. Don't you think 'Sister Juliet' sounds very well? And dark blue is becoming to me—I always said so."

"Yes—yes," answered Lushington in an uncertain tone and biting his lip.

"I cannot do more than that for you, my treasure," said his mother, a touch of real human sadness in her voice. "You will not take the miserable money—but perhaps you will take the sacrifice, if I shut myself up in a convent and wear a hair shirt, and feed sick babies, and eat cabbage. How could any one say a word against me then? And you will be happy, Tom. That is all I ask."

"I shall not be happy if you make yourself miserable, mother," said Lushington, smiling.

"Miserable? Ah, well, I dare say there will not be cabbage every day," answered Mme. Bonanni thoughtfully. "And I like fish. Fortunately I am fond of fish. The simplest, you know. Only a fried sole with a meunière sauce. Bah! When I talk of eating you never believe I am in earnest. Go away, my beloved child! Go and write to little Miss Donne that she may have all my engagements, because I am entering religion. You shall see! She will marry you in a week. Go over to Paris and talk to her. She is crying her eyes out for you, and that is bad for the voice. It relaxes the vocal chords frightfully. I always have to gargle for half an hour if I have been crying and am going to sing."

Through all her rambling talk, half earnest and half absurd, Lushington detected the signs of a coming change. He did not think she would leave the stage so suddenly as she said she would; he assuredly did not believe that she would ever "enter religion"; but he saw for

the first time that she was tired of the life she had led, that she felt herself growing old and longed for rest and quiet. She had lived as very few live, to satisfy every ambition and satiate every passion to the full, and now, with advancing years, she had not the one great bad passion of old age, which is avarice, as an incentive for prolonging her career. In its place, on the contrary, stood her one redeeming virtue, that abundant generosity which had made her welcome Margaret Donne's great talent with honest enthusiasm, and which had been like a providence to hundreds, perhaps to thousands of unknown men, women, and children ever since she had gained the means of helping the poor and distressed. But it had been part of her nature to hide that. Logotheti, who managed most of her business, knew more about her charities than her own son, and the world knew next to nothing at all.

XIV.

WHEN Lushington had run over to Paris on the day before the conversation just recorded, he had entertained a vague notion of going out to Versailles in the afternoon; for he felt that all had not been said between himself and Margaret, and that their last parting in the street had not been really final. The fact was that he merely yielded to the tormenting desire to see her again, if for only a few minutes and in the presence of Mrs. Rushmore.

But the meeting in the Boulevard Péreire had chilled him like a stream of cold water poured down his back; than which homely simile there is none more true. He had fancied her very grave and even a little sad, going quietly to her rehearsals with a maid, or even with Mrs. Rushmore, speaking to no one at the theater, and returning at once to Versailles to reflect on the vicissitudes to which human affections are subject.

He had come upon her suddenly and unawares, in a very smart frock and a superlatively becoming hat, smiling gaily, just stepping out of a magnificent white motor-car, resting her hand familiarly on that of the most successful young financier in Paris, a man whose conquests among women of the world were a byword, and chaperoned by a flighty little Neapolitan teacher of singing. Truly, if some one had deliberately rubbed the back of his neck with a large lump of ice on that warm spring day, the

chill could not have been more effectual. Morally speaking, Lushington caught a bad cold, which "struck in," as old people used to say.

He might have explained to himself that as he had insisted upon parting from Margaret forever, and against her will, her subsequent doings were none of his business. But he was half an Englishman by birth and altogether one by bringing up, and he therefore could not admit that she should be apparently enjoying herself while he was gloomily brooding over the misfortunes that put her beyond his reach.

The fable of the dog in the manger must have been composed to describe us Anglo-Saxons. It is sufficient that we be hindered from getting what we want, even by our own sense of honor; we are forthwith ready to sacrifice life and limb to prevent any other man from getting it. The magnanimity of our renunciation is only to be compared with our tenacity in asserting our claim to what we have renounced. Even our charities usually have strings to them on which our hold never relaxes, in case we should want them back.

Lushington had never trusted Logotheti, but since his instinct and the force of circumstances had told him that the Greek was making love to Margaret, and that Margaret liked his society, he hated the man in a most unchristian manner, and few things would have given the usually peaceable man of letters such unmitigated satisfaction as to see the shining white motor-car blow up and scatter his rival's arms and legs to the thirty-two points of the compass.

Logotheti, on the other hand, was as yet unaware that Lushington was the "some one else" of whom Margaret had spoken twice with evident feeling. The consequence was that when the Englishman began to give himself the bitter satisfaction of watching Logotheti, the latter was very far from suspecting such a thing, and took no pains at all to hide his doings; and Lushington established himself in Paris and watched him, in his coming and going, and nursed his jealousy into hatred and his hatred into action.

He would not have stooped to employ any one in such work, for that would have seemed like an insult to Margaret, and a piece of cowardice into the bargain. The time would come when the astute Greek would discover that he was followed, and Lushington had no intention of putting some one else in his shoes

when that time came. On the contrary, he looked forward with all a real Englishman's cool self-confidence to the explanation that must take place some day. But he wished to remain undiscovered as long as possible.

He had gone back to his old rooms in the Hôtel des Saints Pères, but in order to disappear more effectually from his acquaintances he took a lodging, and walked to it, after sending on his belongings. On his way he stopped at a quiet barber's shop and had his beard and mustache shaved off. After that it was not likely that any of his acquaintances would recognize him, but he took further steps toward completing his disguise by making radical and painful changes in his dress. He bought ready-made French clothes, he put on a pair of square kid boots with elastic sides and patent leather tips, he wore a soft silk cravat artificially tied in a bow knot with wide and floating ends, and he purchased a French silk hat with a broad and curving brim. Having satisfied himself that the effect was good, he laid in a stock of similar articles, and further adorned his appearance with a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles and a green umbrella. For possibly cool or rainy weather he provided himself with a coffee-colored overcoat that had a velvet collar and tails reaching almost to the ground.

When he had been younger, Lushington had tried in vain to ruffle his naturally excessive neatness, but he now realized that he had only lacked the courage to make a thorough change. In his present costume he ran no risk of being taken for a smart English loungeur nor for a French dandy. The effect of forgetting to shave, too, was frightful, for in forty-eight hours his fair face was covered with shiny bristles that had a positively metallic look. Though he was so unlike his mother in most ways, he must have inherited a little of the theatrical instinct from her, for he wore his disguise as easily as if he had always been used to it.

He also had the advantage of speaking French like a native, though possibly with a very slight southern accent, caught from his mother, who originally came from Provence. As for his name, it was useless to assume another, for Paris is full of Parisians of foreign descent, whose names are English, German, Polish, and Italian; and in a really great city no one takes the least notice of a man unless he does something to

attract attention. Besides, Lushington had no idea of disappearing from his own world or of cutting himself off from his regular correspondents.

He had not any fixed plan, for he was not sure what he wanted; he only knew that he hated and distrusted Logotheti, and that while he could not forgive Margaret for liking the Greek's society, he meant, in an undetermined way, to save her from destruction. Probably, if he had attempted to put his thoughts into words, he could have got no further than Mrs. Rushmore, who suspected Logotheti of "designs," and at the root of his growing suspicion he would have found the fine old Anglo-Saxon prejudice that a woman might as well trust herself to Don Juan, an Italian count, or Beelzebub, as to the offspring of Cadmus or Danaus.

Englishmen have indolent minds and active bodies, as a rule; but on the other hand, when they are really roused, no people in the world are capable of greater mental concentration and energy. They are therefore not good detectives as a rule, but there are few better when they are deeply and selfishly interested in the result.

Incidentally, Lushington meant to do his utmost to prevent Margaret from going on the stage, and he would have been much surprised to learn that in this respect he was Logotheti's ally, instead of his enemy, against Margaret's fixed determination. If there was to be a struggle, therefore, it was to be a three-cornered one, in which the two men would be pitted against each other, and both together against the resolution of the woman they both loved. Unfortunately for Lushington, he had begun by withdrawing from Margaret's surroundings and had made way for his adversary.

Meanwhile Logotheti made the running. He had offered Margaret his motor-car for coming in to her rehearsals, and a chauffeur appeared with it in good time, masked, coated, and gloved in the approved fashion. Margaret supposed that Logotheti meant to ask her to luncheon again with Mme. De Rosa, and she made up her mind to refuse, for no particular reason except that she did not wish to seem too willing to do whatever he proposed. Mrs. Rushmore thought it bad enough that she should accept the offer of the motor-car, but was beginning to understand that the machine had quite irresistible temptations for all persons under fifty. She was even a little shocked that Margaret

should go alone to Paris under the sole protection of the chauffeur, though she would have thought it infinitely worse if Logotheti himself had appeared.

The man held the door open for Margaret to get in, when she came out upon the step with Mrs. Rushmore, who seemed anxious to keep an eye on her as long as possible; as if she could project an influence of propriety, a sort of astral chaperonage, that would follow the girl to the city. She detained her at the last minute, holding her by the elbow. The chauffeur stood impassive with his hand on the door, while she delivered herself of her final opinion in English, which of course he could not understand.

"I must say that your sudden intimacy with this suspicious Greek is most extraordinary," she said.

"Don't you think there is just a little prejudice in your opinion of him?" asked Margaret sweetly.

"No," answered Mrs. Rushmore with firmness. "I don't, and I think it very strange that a clever girl like you should be so easily taken in by a foreigner. Much worse than a foreigner, my dear! A Greek is almost as bad as a Turk, and we all know what Turks are! Fancy a decent young woman trusting herself alone with a Turk! I declare, it's not to be believed! Your dear mother's daughter, too! You'll end in a harem, Margaret, mark my word."

"And be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus," laughed Margaret, trying to get away.

"Such things have happened before now," said Mrs. Rushmore gloomily.

"Greeks don't have harems," Margaret objected.

"Don't catch cold," said Mrs. Rushmore, by way of refuting Margaret's argument. "It looks as if it might rain."

The morning was still and soft and overcast, and the air was full of the scent of the flowers and leaves and fresh-clipped grass. The small birds chirped rather plaintively from the trees on the lawn, or stood about the edge of the little pond, apparently expecting something to happen, hopping down to the water occasionally, looking down at the reflections in it, and then hopping back again with a dissatisfied air; and they muffled themselves up in their feathers as if they meant to go to sleep, and then suddenly spread their wings out, without flying, and scraped the grass with them. The elms were quite green already, and the oaks were pushing out thousands of

bright emerald leaves. There is a day in every spring when the maiden year reaches full girlhood, and pauses on the verge of woman's estate, to wonder at the mysterious longings that disquiet all her being, and at the unknown music that sings through her waking dreams.

Margaret sat in the motor-car wrapped in a thin cloak, and covering her mouth lest the rush of air should affect her voice; but the quick motion was pleasant, and she felt all the illusion of accomplishing something worth doing, merely because she was spinning along at break-neck speed. Somehow, too, the still air and the smell of the flowers had made her restless that morning before starting, and the rapid movement soothed her. If she had been offered her choice just then, she would perhaps have been on horseback for a gallop across country, but the motor-car was certainly the next best thing.

For some minutes the chauffeur kept his eyes on the road ahead and both hands on the steering-gear. Then one hand moved, the speed of the car slackened suddenly, and the man turned and spoke over the back of his seat.

"I hope you'll forgive me," he said in English.

Margaret started and sat up straight, for the voice was Logotheti's. The huge goggles, the protecting curtain over half the face, the wide-visored cap and the turned-up coat collar had disguised him beyond all recognition. Even his usually smooth mustache was ruffled out of shape and hid his characteristic mouth.

Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise, not quite sure whether she ought to smile or frown.

"I thought Mrs. Rushmore would not like it if I came for you myself," he continued, looking at her through his goggles.

"I'm sure she wouldn't," Margaret assented readily.

"In point of fact," Logotheti continued, with a grin, "she expressed her opinion of me with extraordinary directness. Suspicious Greek! Worse than a foreigner! As bad as a Turk! The unprincipled owner of a harem! It's really true that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves! I've never tried it before, and it served me right."

"You cannot say that I said anything against you," laughed Margaret. "I took your defense."

"Not with enthusiasm," Logotheti joined in her laugh. "You thought there might be just a little prejudice in her

opinion, and you told her that Greeks don't have harems. Yes—yes—I suppose that might be called defending an absent friend."

The car was moving very slowly now.

"If I had known it was you, I would have called you all sorts of names," Margaret answered. "Should you mind taking that thing off your face for a moment? I don't like talking to a mask, and you may be some one else after all."

"No," said Logotheti, "I'm not 'some one else.'" He emphasized the words that had become familiar to them both. "I wish I were! But if I take off my glasses and cap you will be frightened, for my hair is not smooth, and I'm sure I look like a Greek pirate!"

"I should like to see one, and I shall not be frightened."

He pulled off his cap and glasses and faced her. She stared at him in surprise, for she was not sure that she would have recognized him. His thick black hair stuck up all over his head like a crest, his heavy eyebrows were as bushy as an animal's fur, and his rough and bristling mustache lent his large mouth and massive jaws a look approaching to ferocity. The whole effect was rather startling, and Margaret opened her eyes wide in astonishment. Logotheti smiled.

"Now you understand why I smooth my hair and dress like a tailor's mannikin," he said quietly. "It's enough to cow a mob, isn't it?"

"Do you know, I'm not sure that I don't like you better so. You're more natural!"

"You're evidently not timid," he answered, amused. "But you can fancy the effect on Mrs. Rushmore's nerves if she had seen me."

"I should not have dared to come with you. As it is——" She hesitated.

"Oh, as it is, you cannot help yourself," Logotheti said. "You can't get out and walk."

"I could get out when you have to stop at the *octroi* station; and I assure you that I can refuse to come with you again!"

"Of course you can. But you won't."

"Why not?"

"Because you're much too sensible. Have I offended you, or frightened you? What have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—but——" She laughed and shook her head as she broke off.

"I haven't even asked you to marry me, to-day! I should think that I was taking an unfair advantage if I did, since I could easily carry you off just

now. The car will run sixty miles at a stretch without any trouble at all, and I don't suppose you would risk your neck to jump merely for the sake of getting away from me, would you?"

"Not if you behaved properly," Margaret answered.

"And then," Logotheti continued, "I could put her at full speed and say, 'If you won't swear to marry me, I'll give myself the satisfaction of being killed with you at the very next bridge we come to!' Most women would rather marry a man than be smashed to atoms with him, even if he looked like a pirate."

"Possibly!"

"But that would be unfair. Besides, an oath taken under compulsion is not binding. I should have to find some other way."

"Shall we go on?" Margaret asked. "I shall be late for the rehearsal."

"Give it up," suggested Logotheti calmly. "We'll spend the morning at St. Cloud. Much pleasanter than tiring yourself out in that wretched theater! I want to talk to you."

"You can talk to me when I am not singing."

"No. Singing will distract your attention, and you won't listen to what I tell you. You have no idea what delightful things I can say when I try!"

"I wonder!" Margaret laughed lightly. "You might begin trying while you take me to Paris. We haven't run a mile in the last ten minutes, and it's getting late."

"Unless you are always a little late nobody will respect you. I'll go a little faster, just to prove to you that you can do anything you like with me, even against my judgment. Let me put on my glasses first."

At that moment a man met them on a bicycle, and passed at a leisurely pace. There was not much traffic on the Versailles road at that hour, and Margaret let her eyes rest idly on the man, who merely glanced at her and looked ahead again. Logotheti had taken off his cap in order to adjust his goggles and shield. When the bicycle had gone by, he laughed.

"There goes a typical French book-worm, bicycling to get an appetite," he observed. "I wonder why a certain type of Frenchman always wears kid boots with square patent leather toes, and a Lavallière tie, and spectacles with tortoise-shell rims!"

"If he could see you as you generally are," answered Margaret, "he would

probably wonder why a certain type of foreigner plasters his hair down and covers himself with diamonds and rubies! Do go a little faster; it's getting later every moment."

"It always does."

"Especially when one doesn't wish it to! Please go on!"

"Say at once that I've bored you to death." He put the car at half speed.

"No. You don't bore me at all, but I want to get to the theater."

"To please you, I am going there—for no other reason. I'll do anything in the world to give you pleasure. I only wish you would do the smallest thing for me!"

"What, for instance? Perhaps I may do some very little thing. You'll get nothing if you don't ask for it!"

"Some people take without asking. Greek pirates always do, you know! But I can't drive at this rate and talk over my shoulder."

The way was clear and for several minutes he ran at full speed, keeping his eyes on the road. Margaret turned sideways and kept behind him as much as possible, shielding her face and mouth from the tremendous draft.

She had told the truth when she had said that he did not bore her. The whole thing had a savor of adventure in it, and it amused her to think how shocked Mrs. Rushmore would have been if she had guessed that the chauffeur was Logotheti himself. There was something in the man's coolness that attracted her very much, for though there was no danger on the present occasion, she felt that if there had been any he would have been just as indifferent to it if it stood in the way of his seeing her alone. Poor Lushington had always been so intensely proper, so morbidly afraid of compromising her, and above all, so deadly in earnest!

She did not quite like to admit that the Greek was altogether in earnest, too, and that she was just a little afraid of him; still less that her unacknowledged fear gave her rather a pleasant sensation. But it was quite true that she had liked him better than before, from the moment when he had pulled off his cap and glasses and shown his face as nature had made it. However he might appear hereafter when she met him, she would always think of him as she had seen him then.

Most women are much more influenced by strength in a man than by anything which can reasonably be called beauty.

Actually and metaphorically, every woman would rather be roughly carried off her feet by something she cannot resist than be abjectly worshiped and flattered; yet worship and flattery, though second-best, are much better than the terribly superior and instructive affection which the born prig bestows upon his idol with the air of granting a favor on moral grounds.

Men, on the other hand, detest being carried away, almost as much as being led. The woman who lets a man guess that she is trying to influence him is lost, and generally forfeits forever any real influence she may have had. The only sort of cleverness which is distinctly womanly is that which leads a man to do with energy, enthusiasm, and devotion the very thing which he has always assured everybody that he will not think of doing. The old-fashioned way of making a pig go to market is to pull his tail steadily in the opposite direction. If you do that, nothing can save him from his fate; for he will drag you off your feet in his effort to do what he does not want to do at all; and there is more psychology in that plain fact than in volumes of subtle analysis.

XV.

LUSHINGTON's first discovery was not calculated to soothe his feelings. It had come about simply enough. He had bicycled in the Boulevard Péreire, keeping an eye on Logotheti's house from a distance, and had seen the motor-car waiting before the door, in charge of the chauffeur. A man had come out, dressed precisely like the latter, had got in and had gone off, apparently in no hurry, while the original chauffeur went into the house, presumably to wait.

It had been easy enough to keep the machine in sight till it was fairly out on the road to Versailles, after which Lushington had felt tolerably sure that by going slowly he should meet it coming back and probably bringing Margaret. As has been seen, this was what happened, and, as chance favored him, he passed the motor before Logotheti had covered his face again. He was not likely to forget that face, either, and it had done more to reveal to him his adversary's true character than any number of meetings in society. For once he had seen the real Logotheti, as Margaret had. He had ridden on till they were out of sight, and had then turned back in no very amiable frame of mind.

He understood very well that Logotheti had made great progress in a few days; he even took it for granted that Margaret had expected him that morning, and approved of the disguise; for it was nothing else, after all. If the world, and therefore Mrs. Rushmore, had been meant to know that Logotheti was acting as his own chauffeur, Margaret would have been sitting beside him in front. Instead, she was behind him in the body of the car, and had evidently been talking with him over the back of the seat. The big machine, too, was moving at a snail's pace, clearly in order that they might talk at leisure. In other words, Logotheti had arranged a secret meeting with Margaret, with her consent; and that could mean only one thing: the Greek had gained enough influence over her to make her do almost anything he liked.

It was not a pleasant discovery, but it was an important one, and Lushington thought over the best means of following it up. He almost choked with anger as he reflected that if matters went on at this rate Margaret would soon be going to Logotheti's house without even the nominal protection afforded by little Mme. De Rosa. He rode back by the way he had taken outward and passed the Greek's house. The motor-car was not there, which was a relief, on the whole.

He went on as far as the Opéra, for he knew from his mother that Margaret's rehearsals were taking place there, by the kindness of the director, who was on very friendly terms with Schreiermeyer. But the motor was not to be seen. Logotheti, who could hardly have entered disguised as his own chauffeur, and who would not leave the machine unguarded in the street, had possibly left Margaret at the door and gone away. Lushington got off his bicycle and went in under the covered way to the stage door.

In answer to his questions, the keeper told him that Mlle. da Cordova was rehearsing, and would probably not come out for at least two hours. Lushington asked the man whether he had seen Logotheti. No, he had not; he knew M. Logotheti very well; he knew all the subscribers, and particularly all those who were members of the "high finance." Besides, every one in Paris knew M. Logotheti by sight; every one knew him as well as the column in the Place Vendôme. He had not been seen that morning.

The doorkeeper, who had absolutely nothing to do just at that hour, was willing to talk; but he had nothing of im-

portance to say. M. Logotheti came sometimes to rehearsals. A few days ago he and Mlle. da Cordova had left the theater together. The keeper smiled, and ventured to suppose that Mlle. da Cordova was "protected" by the "financier." Lushington flushed angrily and went away.

It had come already, then; what the man had said this morning, he would say to-morrow and the next day, to any one who cared to listen, including the second-class reporters who go to underlings for information; Margaret's name was already coupled with that of a millionaire who was supposed to "protect" her. Ten days ago she had been unassailable, a "lady"—Lushington did not particularly like the word—a young English girl of honorable birth, protected by no less a personage than Mrs. Rushmore, and defended from calumny by that very powerful organization for mutual defense under all circumstances, which calls itself society, which wields most of the capital of the world, rewards its humble friends with its patronage, and generally kills or ruins its enemies.

That was ten days ago. Now, the "lady" had become an "artist," and was public property. The stage doorkeeper of a theater could smilingly suggest that she was the property of a financier, and no one had a right to hit him between the eyes for saying so. Lushington had been strongly tempted to do that, but he had instantly foreseen the consequences; he would have been arrested for an unprovoked assault, the man would have told his story, the papers would have repeated it with lively comments, and Margaret's name would have been dragged through the mud of a newspaper scandal. So Lushington put his hands in his pockets and went away, which was by far the wisest thing he could do.

He set himself resolutely to think out a plan of action, but like many men of tolerably fertile imagination he was at a loss for any expedient in the presence of urgent need. He could watch Logotheti and Margaret, and they would not easily recognize him, but he was fain to admit that he had nothing to gain by spying on them. He had seen enough and heard enough already to convince him that Margaret had allowed herself to be led into a situation very dangerous for her good name, to say the least. It did not occur to him that Logotheti wished to marry her, still less that he meant to hinder her from singing in public. He could not help thinking of the very worst

motives, and he attributed them all to the Greek.

The mild English man of letters was momentarily turned into an avenging demon, breathing wrath and destruction upon his adversary. The most extravagant and reckless crimes looked comparatively easy just then, and very tempting. He thought of getting into Logotheti's cellar with enough dynamite to blow the house, its owner, and himself to atoms, not to speak of half the Boulevard Péreire. He fancied himself pounding Logotheti's face quite out of shape with his fists, riddling him with revolver bullets, running him through in all directions with dueling swords, tearing him in pieces with wild horses, and hanging him out of his own front window. These vivacious actions all looked possible and delightful to Lushington as he walked up and down his little sitting-room. Then came the cold shower-bath of returning common sense. He sat down, filled a pipe and lit it.

"I'm an awful ass," he said aloud to himself in a reproachful tone.

He wished that some spirit voice would contradict him, but in the absence of any supernatural intervention the statement remained unrefuted. The worst of it was that he had always thought himself clever, and in his critical writings he had sneered in a superior way at the inventions of contemporary novelists. Just then he would have given his reputation for the talents of the hero in a common detective story. But his mind refused to work in that way, and he watched with growing discouragement the little clouds of smoke that floated upward to the whitewashed ceiling without leaving the least shadow of a serviceable idea behind them.

He looked disconsolately at the square patent leather toes of his shoes, very dusty from bicycling, and he sadly passed his hand over his smooth-shaven chin; the curious creases in his ready-made trousers, so conspicuously in the wrong place, depressed him still further, and the sight of his broad-brimmed hat, lying on the table, enhanced the melancholy of his reflections. The disguise was admirable, undoubtedly, but it had only helped him to see with his eyes what he had already seen in imagination, and so far as he could guess, it was not likely to help him one step further. At that very moment Margaret was probably seated at Logotheti's table, without even Mme. De Rosa to chaperon her, and Logotheti's men-servants were exchanging opinions

about her outside the door. Lushington nearly bit through the mouthpiece of his pipe as he thought of that, knowing that he was powerless to interfere. The same thing might go on for a month, and he could not stop it; then Margaret would make her début, and the case would be more hopeless than ever.

The truth was that after launching himself as a disguised detective, he found himself barred from going any further than merely watching his enemy, simply because he was incapable of stooping to a detective's methods of work. He would as soon have lost his hand as have written an anonymous letter or deliberately inveigled Logotheti into a trap, and while he was so carefully concealing himself he longed in reality for open fight, and felt that he had made himself ridiculous in his own eyes. Yet he hesitated to put on his own English clothes and go about as usual, for he had to pass the porter's window on the stairs every time he went out or came in, and such a sudden change in his appearance would certainly make the porter suspect that he was engaged in some nefarious business. Porters are powerful personages in Parisian lodging-houses, and this one would probably inform the police that he had a suspicious lodger; after which Lushington would be watched in his turn and would very probably have trouble. These reflections made him feel more ridiculous than ever.

Now it very often happens that when a man, even of considerable intelligence, has made up his mind to do something which at first seemed very clever, but which, by degrees, turns out to be quite useless, if not altogether foolish, he perseveres in his course with mule-like obstinacy. He has taken endless trouble to prepare the means, he has thought it all out so nicely, only omitting to reach the conclusion! It would be a pity to go back, it would be useless to desist, since everything has been so well prepared. Something is sure to come of it, if he only sticks to his original plan, and any result must be better than allowing events to go their way.

Therefore, when the clouds that curled up from Lushington's pipe failed to shape themselves into a vision both wise and prophetic, and left absolutely no new idea behind when they vanished, he came to the conclusion that his first scheme was a very good one, after all, and that he had better abide by the square-toed, spring-side boots and the rest of his admirable disguise until something happened. Then he would seize the oppor-

tunity and act decisively; he was not at all sure how he should act, but he secretly hoped that the action in question might be of the nature of a fight with something or somebody. There are many quiet and shy men who would really rather fight than do anything else, though they will rarely admit it, even to themselves.

Returning to his plan of watching Logotheti, Lushington argued rightly that the trip in the motor-car would be repeated the very next time that Margaret had a rehearsal, and that the car would therefore leave the house in the Boulevard Péreire at about the same time, every two or three days, but never on two days consecutively. When there was no rehearsal, Margaret would not come into town. When that was the case it would be easy to watch the house in Versailles. Lushington was not quite sure what he expected to see, but he would watch it all the same.

Perhaps on those days Logotheti would appear undisguised and call. But what Lushington was most anxious to find out was whether Margaret had been to the house again. He wished he had waited near the Opéra to see where she went when she came out, or in the Boulevard Péreire, instead of coming back to his lodgings in a bad temper after his interview with the stage doorkeeper.

He looked out of the window and saw that it was raining. That made it sure that Margaret would not go back to Versailles in the motor-car, but in the meantime she might very possibly be at Logotheti's, at luncheon.

He glanced at his watch, and a few minutes later he was on his bicycle again, an outlandish figure in his long-tailed, coffee-colored overcoat and soft student's hat. He hitched up the tails as well as he could and sat on them, to keep them out of the mud, and he pulled the hat well down to keep the rain off his big spectacles and his nose. His own mother would certainly not have recognized him.

He spent a melancholy hour riding up and down in the wet between the Place Péreire and the Place Wagram, till he wished with all his heart he might never again set eyes on the statue of Alphonse de Neuville. Half the time, too, he was obliged to look back every moment in order to watch Logotheti's door, lest he should miss what he was waiting so patiently to see. The rain was cold, too, and persistent as it can be in Paris, even in spring. His gloves were pulpy and jellified, his spring-side kid boots felt as

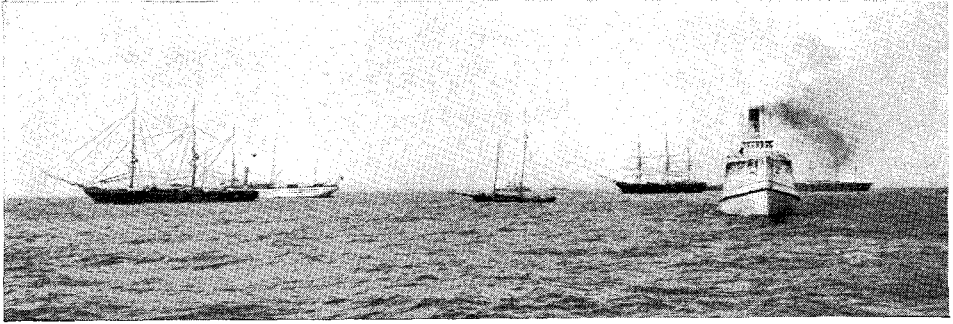
if he were taking a foot bath of cold glue, and some insidious drops of cold water were trickling down his back. The broad street was almost deserted, and when he met any one he wished it were altogether so.

At last his patience was rewarded. A brougham drove up past him at a smart pace, stopped before the door, and waited. He turned back and wheeled round, crossing and recrossing the street, so as to keep behind the carriage. As it was impossible to continue this singular exercise without attracting the attention of a policeman who came in sight just then, he rode on toward the Batignolles station. Just then, when his back was turned, he heard the door of the brougham sharply shut, and as he quickly turned again he saw the carriage driving off in the opposite direction. It was driving fast, but he overtook it in a couple of minutes and passed close to the window, which was half up, against the rain. He almost looked in as he went by, and suddenly he met Logotheti's almond eyes, looking straight at him, with an air of recognition. He bent his head, swerved away from the brougham, and took the first turning out of the wide street. But he had seen that the Greek was alone in his carriage. Margaret had not lunched at the house in the Boulevard Péreire.

During the next few days Lushington did not lead a life of idle repose; in fact, he did not remember that he had ever taken so much exercise since his Oxford days. On an average he must have bicycled twenty or thirty miles between breakfast and dinner, which is not bad work for a literary man accustomed to spend most of his time at his writing-table and the rest in society. Unknown to himself, he was fast becoming one of the sights on the Versailles road, and the men at the *octroi* station grinned when he went by and called him the "crazy professor."

More than once he met the motor, bringing Margaret to town or taking her back; and though he did not again chance upon it when Logotheti was without his glasses and shield, he felt tolerably sure that he was the chauffeur. Margaret was always alone in the body of the car. Twice he was quite certain that the two were talking when he saw them in the distance coming toward him, but when they passed him Margaret was leaning back quietly in her place, and the chauffeur merely glanced at him and then kept his eyes on the road.

(To be continued.)



ON THE HISTORIC WATERS OF HAMPTON ROADS, NOW A BUSY HIGHWAY OF COMMERCE.

THE CRADLE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

THE PROJECT FOR A GREAT EXPOSITION AND NAVAL PAGEANT
NEAR THE SITE OF JAMESTOWN, IN VIRGINIA, THE FIRST
ENGLISH-SPEAKING SETTLEMENT IN THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN Ben Jonson, collaborating with Chapman and Marston, wrote the play of "Eastward Ho," he drew a pen picture of the wealth of the New World which probably hastened the founding of Jamestown and the beginning of the great American republic. It is certain that this quaint comedy, en-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, ONE
OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF JAMESTOWN
IN 1607.

From a contemporary portrait.



POCAHONTAS, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE SAVED SMITH'S
LIFE WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED BY HER
FATHER, CHIEF POWHATAN.

From a portrait painted in England in 1616.