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CHAPTER X.

I returned to my room with the ecstatic pleasure before of trying on everything and preparing a good surprise for Tara.

"What is the matter with you?" Tara asked, looking at me with a surprised expression.

"I have just had a very good idea," I said, looking at her with a mischievous smile.

"What is it?" she asked, looking at me with a curious expression.

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self command of good breeding, a flash of astonishment did pass over his face.

Without waiting to hear out his rejoinder, I jerked myself into an upright posture, slowly walked out of the room and slammed the door behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

A hushed laugh from the room I had just reached my ear and caused me to stop at the foot of the stairs.

"That's the worst of equality when it's practiced by a thorough-going man like you. One never knows what to expect and may get a double like this at any moment."

"I don't know what you take this friend to be!" Tara asked in a tone of amusement.

"I took her to be an illustrious refugee at the least. A princess, possibly, by her dress, distinctive style and a distinctly aristocratic cut of features—probably an exceptionally learned princess."

"By the way," added Kavanagh, "I hope I was not indiscreet in accepting your invitation."

"I should not have asked you to come in if I had not wanted to have a chat with you; something more than a chat—a serious talk. I should have hunted you up to-morrow for this very purpose."

"You have the pleasant way of making a man feel welcome. What is the subject?"

"The girl who has just left the room. In the first place, Barry Kavanagh, the man who is no mis-conception with regard to her position here."

"My dear fellow, no one whose opinion is worth consideration would ever dream of doubting your honor or the honesty of your relations with this young woman."

"That idea never entered my imagination. It is quite another kind of misconception that I wish to avoid. Come, you are down to earth and have a sound common sense. Tell me candidly what conclusion you have formed with regard to her in place of the illustrious refugee theory."

"I should say that she is some unhappy wretch whom you have rescued from the slough of despair and the slims of White-chapel, with an object as validly impracticable as it is profoundly charitable."

"That is the misconception that I feared," said Tara in a low, earnest voice, contrasting strongly with the light tone of his friend.

"I want you to understand that the girl owes nothing to my sentiment of charity on my part, but that I have no objection to my own conviction that she is a woman of high intelligence and high character."

"I am glad to hear that," said Tara, opening the door with his key, and then, as we entered the living room, he introduced us in the simplest manner.

"Barry Kavanagh—Aurora."

"It is a handsome man—handsome than Tara in some respects, but of a different type. He is slighter, more delicately made, with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair, a dark skin, black hair and mustache, and the loveliest soft, sleepy eyes of deep brown. He is 10 years older than Tara, but he looked still more, looking that expansive simplicity which gave youth to my friend's face."

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they will be more careful next time in consequence. They intend to take me, and probably they will. Three months ago the minister of police received an order from the czar to silence me. He seldom has to repeat an order of that kind."

"I could not believe it when you told me."

"It was credible enough to me. The warning came from a reliable friend in the minister's household. The odd thing is that I have heard nothing since from him or other friends who watch the motions of the police. It looks as if he had found a new agent—one less known to us than the old hands."

"Oh, dear, no. He is only a subagent employed by the agent in chief, who himself takes care to keep well out of the way. He may be directing the affair from Paris or Berlin. Certainly he would not jeopardize his own life or his position by an attack of this kind. The whole business has to be done by carefully concealed means, like one of those clocks which defy ingenuity to discover where the motive power is situated. It would never do, in case of exposure, for a known emissary of the Russian government to be implicated in a conspiracy against the freedom of a subject on British soil."

"That did not occur to me at the moment. What steps have you taken since this attempt?"

"I have not attempted to assassinate you," Kavanagh said quickly, interrupting Tara.

"Assassinate me? No! The recitals have too much respect for your haughty and their own necks to venture on that. But they would not hesitate to kill me if they could justify themselves by a plea of self defense. That might have happened the other night if they had not taken me so completely by surprise that I could offer no resistance. Every one of them had his knife ready, and I should have been cut down as a rat in a trap if the cords had not held me."

"It is horrible! What is the dark?"

"No, nor who may strike it—that's the worst part of the business. It shakes one's faith. The man you trust turns out to be an enemy—your favorite haunts a nest of spies—anything may happen at any moment. I fancy they will give me a respite now, but I am not right for a moment."

"Is it not possible?" said Kavanagh, "is there not just a chance that the attack was intended rather as a warning than anything else, and that they would have suffered you to escape if the girl had not forestalled them? If they silenced you tonight, your works would still exist. They cannot undo them, and they know it. Some of them, you know, are men of greater importance given to your work. It seems to me that the agents—the minister, the czar himself—will be satisfied with this manifestation of power and drop the affair."

"For a while possibly—probably, indeed. But when they find that I do not profit by their warning and will not accept their conditions of neutrality—that I am neither a child nor an old woman to be frightened by menaces of future punishment from the czar directed by my conscience!"

"But, my dear fellow, it is not as if you were still an active enemy."

"If you think I am nothing but a passive enemy, you are wrong," said Tara, with some indignation. "I am not a child nor an old woman to be frightened by menaces of future punishment from the czar directed by my conscience!"

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terror before her outstretched finger, and in the chair. "Becky says 'Die!' and shoots the villain," and a most remarkable villain he is—"through the heart." Those pictures fascinated me. The heroines were all tall and beautiful, and a couple of them were in evening dress. I put myself in their place. The ladylike accomplishment of encastrating I had already practiced. I had only to imitate the secret agency of Tara and shoot him through the heart to be perfectly satisfied. And the means seemed not within my reach. The revolver had not been removed from my room. For weeks I carried that dangerous and rather cumbersome weapon in my dress pocket. I smile now at my simplicity, but my purpose was no laughing matter then; I was in terrible earnest.

A long claspknife marks the day when I thought I might dispense with part of my portable armory which knocked against my knee whenever I moved about. The complete absence of fear shown by Tara and the mild manner and innocent look of all his visitors had greatly calmed my apprehensions, and in addition to this a wider intelligence showed me that the hand counted for less than the brain in coping with the subtle agency of Tara.

One night Tara took me to the Westminster Music Hall. Here is the programme of the spectacles which constituted two-thirds of the entertainment. I had never before been inside a theater, and when I stood in the stalls and looked round and about me I was quite new to me. I was astonished at the vastness and brilliancy of the house.

"I should think this is the grandest place in all the world," I said in a lowered voice to Tara.

"A little farther on there is another programme, showing that soon after we went to the Lyceum theater. The play made less impression on my mind. I could not understand it all. My intelligence was not yet sufficiently expanded to comprehend the higher art, and perhaps this was why Tara took me first to the music hall. Still that evening's experience was delightful, and the long talks I led to afterward opened quite a new field of ideas.

Very different emotions are recalled by this happy recollection, and I should not understand it all. My intelligence was not yet sufficiently expanded to comprehend the higher art, and perhaps this was why Tara took me first to the music hall. Still that evening's experience was delightful, and the long talks I led to afterward opened quite a new field of ideas.

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"No! I was once a servant—I might almost say a friend—of the czar, who is now my enemy."

"What made you become a nihilist?"

"He reflected longer than he usually did before replying to my questions and then said: 'I will show you, Aurora,' and turning from the path he led me across the park and over Phoenix into Bond Street. There we entered a large gallery which was already crowded with well-dressed people. The walls were covered with pictures. I may say without exaggeration that there were hundreds of paintings. There were some large ones representing battle scenes, and others quite small, for the most part portraits, but the greater number, and those which attracted most attention, illustrated the life and death of the czar, and those relating to the march of prisoners into Siberia. The misery of this awful march, the attendant horrors of the stages, where men and women, old and young, were the brutal criminal and the benighted nurtured girl, condemned without trial by the administrative process, were herded together in lousy-brown garments without regard to decency or health and with less care for their preservation than would be bestowed upon cattle, were shown in such vivid reality that one turned with a feeling of sickness from the canvas, as if the rest of pollution and disease stemmed from them."

"This is a low voice," Tara said in a low voice.

"You have seen all this?" I asked.

"He nodded.

"A pathetic young man with long hair was passing judgment on the picture in the loud tone of concern."

"Vigor, I grant you," he said. "But the thing is overdone. The effect he aims at is spoiled by exaggeration. Borgansky may be a nihilist, but he is equally clear that he is making capital out of a political drama. He added in a confidential tone—'he almost admitted the fact when I asked him why he here the other day.'"

"That is not true!" said Tara, raising his voice.

The knot of admirers about the stout young dilettante tapped round, and the youth himself, scanning Tara from head to foot, said, with increased contempt, "Big pardon, may I ask who you are?"

"If you were not a liar," replied Tara, "you would know that I am Prince Borgansky."

It was in this way that Tara knew who Tara was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR KALEIDOSCOPE.

The Southern Male. For subjects quite fresh, but used and overdone.

For thoughts that will uplift you and stay with you as a rule. That will not fret nor tire you, but will constantly inspire you. You can find them in the thoughts that cling around the southern male.

So eager for society. Quite used to society. Such an ornamental creature as was seldom seen before.

With ears that keep on popping and not a word of conversation. How I adore that animal and love him more and more!

Sometimes he shows agility and patches of ability. But don't you trust him; if you do, you'll rue it, don't you?

You will not be strictly in it. You'll be landed in the regions of eternity, you bet.

Good Advice. Mrs. Witherly—I am going to open an account in a dry goods store today. Witherly—Do they know you? Mrs. Witherly—No. Witherly—Then wear your sealskin—Cloak Review.

But It's Usual. How deeply she doth mourn her lot, How sadly she's bereft. When she drops a nickel in the slot, Not a cent of change she gets!

Answered the Same Purpose. Customers—Have you a copy of "Fifteen Decisive Battles"? Book-seller—No, sir; we are sold out. But we can give you "Reflections of a Married Man"—10 cents.

The Old, Old Tragedy. No sad foreboding did he feel, No dread of coming sorrow, He stepped on a banana peel, He tumbled to the floor.

How to Pronounce French. A maid who was quite summat fact, Said "oh! oh!" and "Ah, don't you know?" Looking round with a smile, He was by the side of a chair, And she never had a wink of a hair.

There was once a young girl from Paris, As pretty as pretty could be; She went on the stage, And she was the rage From Boston to West Point, and from Detroit to Free Press.

Hint. Patient (to family doctor)—In your absence, doctor, I was compelled to call in young Dr. Beethoven. He said that the medical symptoms indicated chronic interest and inflammation. What is that in plain English?

Family Doctor—In plain English that means that Beethoven didn't know what was the matter with you.—F. B. B.

My Lady. My love is like the fly, So beautiful, so fair, So lovely, so dainty, So weak, so queer a creature.

His Self Respect. Tramp—All my troubles come from card playing, mum. I lost my self respect, and then I didn't care what became of me. Housekeeper (sympathetically)—Loss of self respect? I should think you would have lost your wits.

Tramp—Yes, mum. A man can have no self respect when he always loses.—New York Weekly.

A Distinction and a Difference. Louquand's Wife—Do you still love me? Busy Husband (reading)—I love you still, —Truth.



"There it is," said Tara.

rooms, walk in dresses for outdoors, but this here is for morning's."

"I ought to have known that—it's so crisp and bright and fresh," said he.

We passed through the back yard and up a few steps into a long glazed workshop, which had been rented from the neighbor next door. I looked around, expecting to see some terrible instrument, immovable plaster casts hung from the rafters. The end wall was covered with rough sketches in charcoal. A potter's wheel stood near the window, with a trough of clay beside it. Some odd-looking tools lay on a bench, but they only looked like makeshifts.

"There it is," said Tara, lifting the last fold of the cloth and revealing a group of three figures, roughly modeled in clay.

I walked round the stand, touched the soft clay, and then, looking at Tara in perplexity, said: "Why, it's only innaux."

"Well, what harm will it do any one if you throw that at his feet? It wouldn't kill him if you threw it at his head."

"An, but this is only a sketch of a much larger one I shall make," said he, with a twinkle of merriment in his eye. "The figures will be life-size, and they will be burned hard in a kiln, which, you see, would make a terrible order for this place, unless anybody's head, but that was only a matter of speaking. Come, I will make it clear to you if I can. This female figure represents my country in the last stage of despair and humiliation. The man tearing the dress from her shoulders is a brutal executioner with an iron thonged whip in his hand. The third figure is the czar, who has given the order for this wholesale woman to be flogged and is standing by to see his order carried out, callous to his victim's suffering."

"What has the woman done?"

"She has dared to tell the czar that she is not his slave."

"What's this done alongside the woman?" I asked.

"The czar's dog—licking her hand. 'It has his dog's got more feel than the man has!'"

"That's it. You begin to see what I mean."

"It's a sermon to me," I said after a few moments of profound thinking. "I'm getting it at a little at a time. That woman, your country, 'got a look like mine was, all miserable and wretched like, and you're agoin' to give her new life like you're givin' me and alter her face so people shall hardly know her again."

"Would to heaven I might!" he exclaimed fervently. "One life is too short for such a work—one hand too feeble. I can but hope to awaken the sympathy of humanity and start the cry of indignation which shall shame the czar to mercy