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## FORGOTTEN!

(By Thomas Cobb.)

[Continued from last issue.]

stand between him and fortune, you see. What time do you go to Gloucester Place?" she asked.

"About four o'clock tomorrow, I suppose."

"I should like to be the first to congratulate you," she said.

"Your congratulations won't be very enthusiastic," answered Wray. "May I come to you afterwards?"

"I shall be home about five o'clock," she said.

Wray on leaving her room, sought a place to smoke in. He sat a long time in the deserted billiard-room, his pipe held firmly between his teeth, furrows lining his forehead.

Early on Tuesday morning he took the train to London, and from Waterloo terminus was driven to the hotel where he had stayed during his previous sojourn. Hence he paid a visit to his tailor, and afterwards to Mr. Norris, his solicitor at Clifford's Inn.

There he endured a bad quarter of an hour, listening to Norris's brief story of a shameful life, of a shocking death. Norris had identified Mrs. Waterhouse's body at the inquest; he had seen to her burial; and now wished for instructions concerning her tombstone.

On returning to the hotel, Wray sat down to a late luncheon, and very shortly afterwards it was time to set forth to Gloucester Place.

CHAPTER VI  
At three o'clock that Tuesday afternoon Amabel was alone in the drawing-room when Bernard arrived.

Bernard Venables appeared to be in the highest spirits. This was not always his condition; there were days when he refused to handle a golf club or a cricket bat.

But he had come to London on a few weeks' visit, and naturally hoped to see a great deal of Amabel; not at the house in Gloucester Place, however—at least, when Mrs. Cathcart happened to be at home.

He did not blame Mrs. Cathcart; he only cursed his fate, which certainly seemed sufficiently contrarious.

It was difficult to see the slightest favorable prospect, unless Joan should marry again, a possibility which he hardly saw reason to count upon. He possessed nothing besides his pay and the presents, of which she was liberal.

But now that he stood in Amabel's presence the hopelessness of his cause was forgotten. He thought she looked even more enticing than usual this afternoon in her light blue frock, though his opinion would probably

been red or yellow.  
"I only left Colchester this morning," he cried. "I thought it was nothing less than my duty to come at once."

"You need not have inconvenienced yourself," Amabel answered. "I haven't," he continued; "but I came to see Pauline. I wanted to congratulate her, you know."

"She's not at home."

"Then I shall have to come again," he said.

"No, no is away from London."

"Well, I'll congratulate her through you," he retorted. "I rather like doing things through you, Amabel."

"Pauline and my mother are staying at Horsemere," she explained. "They have been away since Wednesday. So I am alone."

"That's immensely jolly," cried Bernard, and taking a chair he stayed half an hour, dwelling for the most part on the enjoyment he anticipated during the ensuing three weeks.

"When do you expect Mrs. Venables?" asked Amabel presently.

"I am on my way to Waterloo to meet her," he said. "I sent the carriage off first. By Jove, it's time I started," he added, taking his watch from his trouser pocket.

"Are you going to Mrs. Bishop's dance on Friday?" she asked.

"Rather!"

"My mother and Pauline are coming home on Thursday for the express purpose of taking me," said Amabel. "But I don't suppose Pauline will go when it strikes to the point. She always shirks that house."

"Well, I don't wonder," he answered; and having said good-bye, Bernard left Gloucester Place and took a cab to Waterloo station.

Amabel sat down by the open window and gazed out at the street. Bernard's visit had made an agreeable diversion; but she was beginning to feel rather lonely again, when a hansom stopped a few doors away.

She saw a man alight, pay the driver, and glance dubiously at the nearest house. He appeared to be in doubt about the number.

Amabel was struck by something a little unaccustomed in his appearance. He wore a glossy, new tall hat, a collar like Bernard's, and consequently of the correct shape, an ordinary white silk necktie; but his short-tailed black coat looked strange, whilst his rather tight, blue serge trousers were a little short in the legs and baggy about the knees.

His face was striking if only because of its deep bronze, yet it was a thin face, with somewhat delicate features. Amabel had an excellent opportunity to inspect him as he stood staring in perplexity at the houses.

She arrived at the conclusion that he was a handsome man, and not too old to be interesting. His dark hair, it is true, was a little grizzled, but his moustache was quite brown, and

his heavy black eyebrows almost met. She judged that he must be nearly six feet in height, tall save in comparison with Bernard, who made most other men look short. But this man's figure was more closely knit, his shoulders were higher, and his appearance seemed generally more compact.

Presently, making up his mind, he approached the house; Amabel heard the bell ring, and a few minutes later the parlor-maid opened the drawing-room door.

A gentleman wants to see Miss Cathcart, miss."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Didn't you inquire his name?" asked Amabel.

"No, miss."

"Did you say my sister was not at home?"

"Yes, miss, and then he asked for Miss Cathcart's address."

Amabel hesitated a few moments; she could not conceive who could require Pauline's address, and nothing was further from her mind than the truth.

But she had nothing in particular to do, nothing very interesting to read, and her curiosity was awakened.

"You may as well ask his name," she suggested, and the servant quitted the room, to reappear after a short interval.

"His name in Mr. Waterhouse?" she said, and Amabel tried not to betray the slightest sign of surprise.

She felt, however, very deeply surprised. Mr. Waterhouse had certainly selected an inopportune moment. Besides, he had really no right to the house, and on the whole it might be just as well that Pauline was at Horsemere. For a while she stood gazing out of the window, doubting how to act, but finally she faced the parlor-maid abruptly again.

"I will see Mr. Waterhouse," she said, and she became conscious of a not disagreeable excitement.

Wray entered with a serious face. He saw Amabel awaiting him in the middle of the room, her small figure drawn to its full height, her eyebrows slightly lifted. She bowed with her nearest approach to hauteur.

About her visitor's manner, however, there was nothing like stiffness. He seemed to regard her with some what provoking amusement. In fact, Amabel looked pretty and youthful; she seemed to be playing a part.

"I have heard Pauline speak of her sister," he said, a little unceremoniously, "but I think you were away when I was here before."

"You wished to see Miss Cathcart," asked Amabel, in her most distant tone.

"Well, I have come a good many miles for that purpose," he returned, with a smile.

"You have heard she is not in London?"

"Unfortunately," he said. "I can give her any message for you."

"I fear that will hardly serve," he answered. "I want to see Pauline personally."

"But if she is out of town—"

"I shall be glad if you will give me her address," said Wray.

"Why do you want to see her?" demanded Amabel.

"They were both standing, but Wray negligently rested his hand on the back of a chair, looking whimsically into her eyes.

"I wonder whether sisters are usually confidantes," he suggested.

"I have heard Pauline mention your name," said Amabel.

"Recently?"

"It was not very long ago."

"Then I suppose you know—"

"I know," she interrupted, "how well advised you were to leave England about two years ago."

"And to return now," he said, quite cheerfully.

"Not at all!"

"Then you did not expect me?" he asked, with an air of surprise.

"Expect you! That was the last thing in the world."

"I imagined Mrs. Cathcart would tell you," said Wray.

Amabel's dignity, which she felt very anxious to maintain, now became merged in astonishment.

"I wrote to her, you know," he added.

"You wrote to my mother!"

"Certainly."

"She did not receive your letter. At least, she did not mention it to Pauline. Perhaps it miscarried," said Amabel.

"Letters don't often go astray," he answered. "Besides, another posted by the same mail to my solicitor has been delivered. However," he said, "that hardly matters if you will give me Pauline's address."

"I shall not do that," said Amabel.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"My sister will be home on Thursday morning, the day after tomorrow, if you wish to see her," Amabel answered.

"Yes, I do," he insisted.

Wray then took his hand off the chair, and stepped towards the door, but Amabel's curiosity was not to be controlled.

"I shall venture to come again on Thursday," said Wray.

"Why—why did you write to my mother, Mr. Waterhouse?" she exclaimed.

"To tell her of the death—"

"Of your wife?" cried Amabel.

"Yes," he said.

She began to regard his visit from an entirely different point of view. The affair looked extremely serious.

"Then you have come to—"

"To ask Pauline to marry me," he answered.

"But you—you can't," cried Amabel. "You mustn't!"

"Why mustn't I?" he asked.

"It's quite impossible."  
"But please tell me why," said Wray. "You see, you are too late," Amabel retorted excitedly.  
"Too late!"  
"She is already engaged to be married," said Amabel.  
They stood staring at each other, a little ludicrously.  
"How long has Pauline been engaged?" he asked.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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