

second floor of a shabby, directly lower Broadway hotel, Rosie street below was crowded with dripping traffic-roaring teamsters, clangto rise up from the pavements towards that? evening, brought, suddenly, to the She nodded softly. "Yes . . . And this Strand on just such a night. She so happy! stenched her hands tightly, and her softly, and began to change her costume. pretty grav eyes closed.

vanted in each, read the news with applauding noiselessly. eager interest.

The Earl of St. Aubyn and Edith Gramercy Whyte were to be married in the street. You'll do."

"Miss Molly May, late of the Gaiety, on the morrow. St. Aubyn gave his London," she told him, presenting herself. monds and Miss Whyte gave her youth and her millions-twenty of them.

As beautiful and as priceless as were the other presents, carved silver, costly jewels, exquisite china, antique furniture, nothing, it was declared, could equal the famous telephone me here-you know the number. diamond known as the St. Aubyn Rose. Good-bye-success! This jewel, the gift of the Earl, was called the most perfect stone of its kind in the self out of the hotel by way of the ladies'

He was a good-looking young man with Park, was whisked uptown. blue eyes and brown hair, and a perfectly Three quarters of an hour later she had bassling. He was even stupid-looking, you the bell and waited. would have said at first glance.

him off with his long, dripping rain-coat. ope, recking of cheap perfumery. Then she pulled up a chair to the wood fire, "Take this to Miss Whyte at once," which was burning in the old-fashioned Rosic said, and there was something in her spoke to him. Only when he was scated take the letter. "It is very important-I and comfortable, his face a little relaxed will wait here for an answer. and showing the faintest touch of excitement, did she begin her questions.

-tell me quickly! Did you get it? Are Miss Whyte is not to be disturbedyou ready? Has there been any hitch?" all right-look!"

He felt in his waistcoat pocket and money brought out a little folded bit of paper about the size of an almond. This he un- the woman, and she went away, leaving wrapped carefully until he got to the jewel Rosie there on the steps. -a beautiful rose-colored stone in a dull

gold setting, and made in a pendant. she held it in the palm of her hand, close bade her enter the house. under the electric light.

"Is this right?—one of the prongs that told Rosie. holds the setting is broken off," she said at Edith Whyte was in her Watteau boudoir

"The engraving?" she hazarded again. "Identical!" he replied.

saying nothing for several minutes.

after this-Suffolk, eh, bov?" "You bet you!" he cried, emphatically. opposite her name in her memory-book.

"Lost in a nest of roses, you with your flowers and I with my chickens. We'll something very important to tell me about grow old and rusty and forgotten together, -Lord St. Aubyn," Miss Whyte began miss," nodded Rosie. "Poor lidy, whyn't down there, Rosie. This last time-"

interrupted eagerly.
"The very last," he smiled.

T the window in a room on the brought Leighton hurrying to her side

"What's the matter, little woman?" he Blake sat and waited for asked tenderly, taking her in his arms.

"Oh, nothing!" she told him, trying to Leighton. It was raining out- laugh. "Only—I wonder if I'm losing my side, had been raining all day, and the nerve? Sometimes I'm-alraid-almost,

"Nerves, nerves, Rosie, old girl," he ing trolleys and dodging pedestrians. laughed. "Think of Suffolk and forget all This, and the gray fog which seemed else. Isn't it worth it-a little risk for-

girl a memory of London and the is the last time, isn't it? Oh, Tom, we'll be

She went over to the bureau, humming She was a pretty girl, young, gray-eyed, "The very last time, Tom says," brown-haired and with a refined, well-bred she repeated to herself; "but then, it air about her. No one would ever call her is always the last time with Tom. I anything but a gentlewoman. And yet as she stood there before the mirror a startling A little later the evening papers were change came over her. She penciled her brought to her, and she turned the eyes with indigo and beaded her lashes until electric switch, flooding the room with She rouged her lips and her cheeks, and light. It was a shabby, cheap room carefully fitted a yellow wig over her own in a shabby, cheaphotel, but she didn't brown hair. Then she fetched a dress, a care nor stop to glance deprecatingly cheap, loud purple princess, and fastened a around at the furniture. Standing huge plumed hat to her yellow curls. there near the chandelier, she picked When she was ready and turned with a up the papers, and finding what she little smile to Leighton, he shook his head,

"You're a wonder, Rosie," he said. "I wouldn't know you myself if I fell over you

He nodded encouragingly.

"Got all the data?"

"Yes."

"Want nothing else?"

"And remember if you should need me

She went quickly downstairs and let herentrance, which was seldom used and at you!" Rosic was still hungrily scanning a par- this hour deserted. Up Broadway she tionarly yellow journal, when she heard walked for two blocks, jostled by the sixfootsteps outside in the corridor, and then a o'clock crowd, and stared at and as promptly quick, double rap on her door. Silently she forgotten. Then, two squares from the crossed over and turned the key in the lock hotel, she hailed a cab, and telling the and Tom Leighton stepped into the room. driver the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the

expressionless face. He might have been paid the cabby and was walking up Fifth fifty and he might have been twenty-five; Avenue towards the magnificent marble the blank look, the surprising emotionless palace of John Whyte, multi-millionaire. stare he presented to the world were most. Going to the servants' entrance, she rang

When a flurried, excited maid opened the He came into the room and Rosie helped door, she handed her a square violet envel-

grate, and pointed to it invitingly before she voice that made the woman reach out and

"But I couldn't disturb Miss Whyte, ma'am," hesitated the woman. "I can see "Tom!" she cried. "How's everything? that her aunt gets the letter, or her pa, but

"Give it to Miss Whyte's maid, and tell "Everything's lovely, and I can see no her Miss Whyte must have it—that she will hitch," he a iswered. "Yes, I got the Rose, be glad to see me when she knows who I am," Rosie said, slipping the woman some "I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure," said

It was all of an hour she stood waiting before a smart Frenchwoman, Edith He passed it to her without a word, and Whyte's own maid, opened the door and

"Miss Whyte will see you-come!" she

and the maid had been dressing her for He nodded. "That's right," he told her. dinner, when Rosie's note was handed to her. Now as Rosie entered the room she saw that the heiress still held the dirty She turned it slowly over in her hand, violet envelope crushed in the palm of her hand. She started quickly forward when "It's wonderfui, Tom," she declared, she saw Rosie, and Rosie, with a quick, after a short silence, giving it back to him. womanly sympathy, noted that Edith Gra-"Well, the next move is mine. And, Tom, mercy Whyte was little more than a schoolgirl; pretty, helpless, innocent, she set down

"You said in your note that you had hurriedly. "I can only spare you a mo- you tell your pa?" "But is this the last time, Tom?" she ment—I must dress for dinner. If it's money you want-'

Rosie had calmly seated herself in a gor- now, and if he thought-" "Oh-h-h!" She gave a little sigh that geous Louis Seize chair-kept standing,

even Miss Whyte's unobserving eyes might miss," suggested Rosie. "Mention Hada's wedding, because her father doesn't like St. case with the other diamonds remember her outlines. She spoke in a nameshrill cockney voice:

hoften seen 'is lordship at the theayter. said-" broke, miss, I'd never come tellin' you this envy her her lot. tale o' wee and acceptin' money for hit, but I ham stony-broke-

Miss Whyte beat her hands nervously hands. together.

"Yes, yes, I'll give you money-a hun- "But to-morrow-later I will ask St. dred, five, a thousand! What is it about - Aubyn-" Lord St. Aubyn-quickly!"

Rosic looked sharply at the heiress from Rosic got up to go. behind her heavily-beaded lashes and hoped she wasn't going to faint, or scream or do anything silly. She was almost a nervous thrust a handful of bills in Rosie's hands. wreck already from busy days and nights preparing for the "great international mistaken, but--" alliance.

on gibly; "'is lordship was hears over 'ead a trick, and she always burned her bridges left the hotel in a cab. man a'ready who stood waitin' to smash 'is along in the rain and the night until she lordship's 'ead-hawskin' your pardon, found herself inside a moving-picture parlor wonderful make-up.

the 'ussy, meanin' Hada Ponsonby, hall the wig, discarded the flashy lace collar to her smile. "Oh-h, you beauty, you!" 'ussy 'as the St. Aubyn Rose and you

'Why, what are you saying? What do was waiting for her. you mean? You are—crazy!" cried Edith

"No, I hain't, miss," said Rosie. "Awskin' your pardon, I'm puffictly sane. Lord St. Aubyn-Piggie, we ust to call 'im at the colored letter and then five one-hundredtheayter, miss, seein' as 'e were so thin-it were our little joke, miss, and 'is lordship didn't mind; well, Piggie was dead gone on for money and here it is," she said. Hada—the 'ussy!—and he gave 'er the St. Aubyn Rose one Easter. Then 'er man made Hada break with Piggie, but she wouldn't give 'im back 'is diamint. Piggie 'e at lawst let it go-poor gen'leman-

"Piggie were that, hin 'is cups or sober, more so hin 'is cups, I should say, miss.

"But Hada's got that St. Aubyn Rose, burnin' shame, miss-the 'ussy, Hada, not her! Oh, St. Aubyn is a fine fellow!'

Edith Whyte had jumped up and was she said, with a cynical smile: walking back and forth, nervously clasping

her hands, long before Rosie had finished. "It can't be true, it can't!" she kept to marry him, she knows him to be a liar

BY CAREY WONDERLY

dawnce at the Gaiety, hin Lunnon, afore I will be busy to-night—there was some friends. came to this 'ere bloomin' country. I've hitch in the settlements and his lawyers

"And your ma?" she asked glibly.

"I have no mother to go to," she said. the Whyte palace on Fifth Avenue.

"Coming, Angèle," said Miss Whyte.

She went over to her desk and returning,

And Rosie went, carrying off the dirty this and they had no fear. "Well, hit's just this, miss," Rosie went violet letter with her. Rosie never missed gone on Hada Ponsonby, and they say as behind her. She did not go directly back over on Sixth Avenue. Here in the dark-Well, miss, 'is lordship goes and gives ness she removed her conspicuous yellow you when I see you again," she said, with a fambly jools, hincludin' the famous St. coat, and rubbed the paint from her cheeks jacket, she went back to Broadway and rode Whyte address. calmly down to the hotel where Leighton

"Well?" he asked, trying to read her face. She unfastened her hat, pulled off her fire. First she handed Tom the violetdollar bills.

"Edith Whyte seemed to think I came "Have any trouble?" he asked. "None whatever."

"Do you think she believed the yarn?"

"Never doubted it, I could see that by hoffered 'er a bunch of money for it, but not her face. She said there must be a mistake, crowd, no one noticed it or bothered their "Now get out of those clothes" enough, I fawncy, and Piggie was so hafraid but I could see she believed there was not. his fambly would find out about hit that Tom, St. Aubyn must be a cad—and she is a nice little thing."

"You know what St. Aubyn is," Leighton returned drily. "Didn't he invite Ada Ponsonby to Richmond to dinner, and miss, and you hain't-that's what I come knock her down in the garden of the Star to see you about. She's got it—and yours and Garter because he believed she had the is a paste imitation Piggie got in Paris when Rose with her? And how did he get the is fambly hawsked about it, miss. It's a Rose back from her?—threatened to shoot

Rosie was silent for a moment. Then

"You know Edith Whyte has heard these tales about the earl, and, while she is going

Aubyn, and he might stop the marriage. turned and coming face to fr "I shan't see him again until to-morrow Oh, yes, she thinks Ada has the Rose no earl's sister, stopped her and "I'm Miss Molly May, and I ust to -until we're married. He and the lawyers doubt she's heard of Ada from her dear versation much to the lady's

"Girlie, to-morrow we make the biggest diamonds," Rosie cried, loud enough 'E was soft on our lead—Hada Ponsonby, She checked herself quickly, and glanced 'lift' of our lives," and he felt in his waistthe 'ussy! If it wearn't I ham stony- at Rosic almost wistfully. Rosic didn't coat pocket and fingered the rose-colored she said. "They are simply su stone with loving touch.

The St. Aubyn-Whyte wedding was to when your dear mamma wore Miss Whyte covered her face with her be at noon at St. Thomas' Church, and a Sussex House ball. Our little Edit breakfast and reception was to follow at congratulated upon having such

Tom and Rosie were awake and preparing She gushed and sim for the event long before nine o'clock. For minutes and Lady Enic The maid knocked gently on the door and nearly three hours they worked steadily, trying to place her. talking but little, and then only in under- informed as to the family history tones. Everything was planned and ready Englishwoman was positive she for the "get away" which was to follow the met her at some past event. "lift"; all that remained to be done now "But I can't really recall her n "Go now," she said. "I am sure you are was the placing of the keystone—and the fancy that!" she said, when Rosie w arch had been made strong and ready for "She's some climbing American.

At one o'clock Leighton was ready and

'ow 'e'd 'ave married 'er, only she 'ad a to the lower Broadway hotel, but hurried remark to Rosy. "Well, here's luck to us!" And she nodded, marveling a little at his swept down the steps and out into

"Let me look at you good or I'll not know

After he had gone, she followed, walking Aubyn Rose, what the papers is so full of. on her moistened handkerchief. Tucking up from the hotel to a taxicab depot where and Leighton came to meet her at the Miss Whyte, hawskin' your pardon, that the wig and collar in the bosom of her she engaged a car, giving the chauffeur the

recognized, in the elegantly-dressed, middleaged woman who stepped from the cab, the shrill, yellow haired Cockney of the night coat and sat down before the smoldering before. As Rosie Blake swept up the steps of the Whyte residence there were others near her who were more elaborately gowned, dear," he whispered. but none who looked more like a gentlewoman, better bred and groomed. She smell them now, my roses! And your her attached herself to a party which included a Senator's wife and daughters and she was scratching in the garden, and the big, pro admitted without question.

> Once inside all was confusion and bustle, From room to room she went, following

> the Senator's family, until at last, all together, they entered the room where the gifts were displayed. Long tables groaned under their weight of

beautiful silver and priceless china. Trays of costly and exquisite jewelry were spread out in gorgeous array. Antique and goldleafed furniture, paintings and ivories, and last, but not least, on a table to themselves, the St. Aubyn diamonds and the St. Aubyn

Rosie felt her heart beat madly when she saw the jewel. Also, out of the tail of her eyes, she saw the plain-clothes men sent should die-my Tommy decked out a from headquarters to take care of the presents. But she didn't forget herself and she wasn't afraid. Instead, this aristocratic, elegantly dressed woman went from table to table, following closely in the wake of her or did I do it very cleverly and quickly? new-found friends.

There were only about twenty persons in the room. Directly across from her, and when you did it," he replied. "When you with her back turned to her, was a tall, coughed-" stunning blonde in mauve satin and Russian sables. She seemed to be with a fat dowager in blue and a thin spinster in black, although they never spoke to each

Rosie and the Senator's family presently reached the table next to the one containing But in that moment—I put the genu the St. Aubyn diamonds, when at the far end of the room, there was a little stir and the new countess's aunt and cousin entered with the earl's sister. Rosie pressed forward with the others and shook hands and smiled -it was a great day for the Whytes, root . and branches. The aunt simpered, the mouth to mine," Leighton nodded. cousins beamed, but the earl's sister bit her thin lips and said nothing.

Then they all went back and continued their inspection of the gifts. Rosie managed to reach the St. Aubyn table ahead of hand clasping hers, she told him. the others, and taking up the Rose, held it admiringly in her fingers for a moment. dropped the paste diamond back in it She was still holding it when the stunning the detectives should suspect anythin blonde in satin and sables came up slowly, want to have me searched, they listlessly, ahead of the fat matron and the find the Rose on me. And if they thin spinster. Instantly Rose's hands flew an expert to examine the jewel, I wa up, and with a little cry of "Gertrude, to ask to speak to Miss Whyte and you!" she embraced and kissed upon the after Molly May's visit last night lips the beauty in mauve.

The beauty drew herself up and with a would believe Ada Ponsonby still had crushing look said in a throaty contralto: real Rose. Oh, I went into this thorough "You have made a mistake; I don't Tom, and I left no alleyway leading

know you, madam!"

realized that she didn't, and yet she had no trouble after all, thank goodness kissed her-upon the lips! She made a walked out of the house bold as an emp thousand apologies, which the beauty ac- And, Tom, when it is discovered that and a coward—and—everything that is cepted unsmilingly and swept away, and St. Aubyn Rose is only a bit of past despicable! I could see it in her face when Rosie, looking very foolish, suddenly found you know nothing will ever convince by I told her my little yarn. But she is marry- herself standing there in the now crowded ing him for his title and she doesn't care. room with the St. Aubyn Rose clutched in her?"

paste imitation. But she won't say any- knew she had the diamond—and going over marries a foreigner for his title and his thing about this to anybody until after the to the table she placed the jewel back in its family diamonds," said she.

"Oh, dear Lady Enid, I have "It helps us," nodded Tom Leighton. renewing my acquaintance with t the sweet St. Aubyn Rose-I to wear!"

pose."

As for Rosie herself, she traile out of the room, leaving the Senator's "You've got the stone?" was his parting still hanging enraptured over the St. Rose, and passing through the front Avenue. Walking down to the corr found her cabby, and had him dri back to the garage on lower Bros Two hours after she had left the little hotel, she entered their room

"Thank God!" he said simply. her. "I've been on pins and needl Nobody in the wide world would have you didn't have any trouble, did you here's the Rose! Tell me all about it

He showed her the diamond in the p of his hand and for a moment man and stared at it in silence. "It means Suffolk and home.

"Yes," she answered softly, "oh, I can -I can close my eyes and hear the red cock - Oh, boy, this will keep us our lives surely, and you promised me thi

"Have it your way, little girl," he start off at once—the steamer sails in hour for Havre. You take that, and follow to-morrow, bound for Amsterdam and Van Dyck-won't he shout when he hears how we got the Rose?"

"It was awfully simple," she smiled "But do you know I was almost afraid to kiss you, you looked so magnificent in that mauve satin and sables?"

"Sables, your grandmother! Came from a Sixth Avenue second-hand dealer, scoffed. "And skirts are—the devil, Ros

"They looked beautiful!" she said, w a laugh. "When I saw you I though society dame in skirts and a blond wi You looked the real thing, too.

"Did I ?-thanks," he grinned.

"And did you see me change the jewel she asked.

"I didn't see you, but I think I know "It was this way," she explained, "no

quite as we planned, but almost so. I h the paste Rose you got from Van Dyck my glove, and then I picked up the r diamond and I coughed behind my hand the most approved and ladylike manne stone in my mouth and slipped the pa one from my glove to my hand. There discovered Gertrude, the stunning be in mauve, and when I kissed you-

"You passed me the Rose from you was almost too surprised to take it at fir Why did you do that?"

She pointed to a chair next to her and when he was sitting beside her,

"I happened to think that if, when would believe me in spite of St. But her enthusiasm was short-lived. She would remember Mollie May a dead wall! But it's best to be on the And then, after a second glance, Rosie side and I passed you the Rose. Whyte that the Earl didn't wilfully

"You can never convince a wom



"YES, YES, I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY --- A HUNDRED, FIVE, A THOUSAND! WHAT IS IT ABOUT-LORD ST. AUBYN-QUICKLY!"

repeating. "There is some mistake—I will give you money -' "Yes, miss, bein' has I'm stony-broke,

Edith shook her head.

"Hawsk Piggie-I mean 'is lordship,

That helps us, Tom, because she believed her hand. my story and believes that Ada Ponsonby She gave a startled little cry—yes, the grinned Leighton, patting Rose's check "I daren't. He's not very fond of Eric has got the real rose and that hers is only a plain-clothes men were watching her and "No, especially an American woman v

general! Panhand New Furn

ew Orles

There exem

hundi

Ther merit super merit

It's a bug, you

Expe