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"Lead me to it" say millions of men since they've found out that Prince Albert tobacco can't bite the tongue and can't parch the throat.

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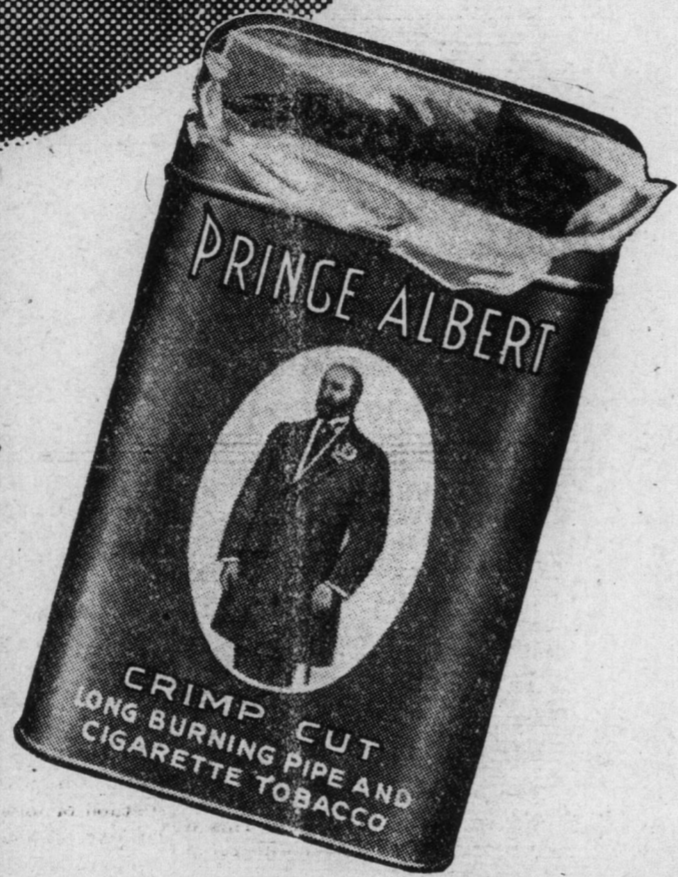
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The Earl's Son;

—OR—

TWO HEARTS UNITED.

CHAPTER II.

"Cast a shoe, miss!" he said. "Must a-done it getting over the rail."

She stopped and hesitated. Lord Lynborough disliked her riding without a groom; but the morning was so fine, she wanted a gallop so badly, that she was disinclined to go back.

"You may go home," she said. "Tell his lordship, if you see him, that I shall not go far."

The man touched his hat and led his horse away, and Veronica, rather pleased to be alone, rode on. She left the park presently by one of the lodge gates, and calming the mare into a trot, went down the high road towards Halsery, the market town.

Lynne Court is in the centre of that part of Devonshire which has not yet been blessed—or cursed—by a railway; the nearest station is ten miles distant; and, in consequence,

all the district is remote, and, if not melancholy, slow. It is a beautiful country, and as varied as beautiful. At one mile one may easily imagine oneself in the loveliest part of Surrey, at the next the wide stretching moorland is absurdly Scottish, and but a mile or two farther it is possible to come upon a valley which is Switzerland on a small scale.

Veronica had grown to love every inch of it; and now she was going to be mistress of a part of it; for the dower house and estate of Wayneford was but ten miles from Lynne Court.

"To-morrow I'll go over and look at it," she said to herself. "How sordid and selfish that sounds! Riches corrupt most minds. I remember that copy-book heading. Am I almost corrupted, I wonder? Am I different to the girl who stood, not so very long ago, before the great earl, shaking with nervousness and yet quivering with the proud determination not to show it?"

She looked backwards to the eventful morning of her arrival at the Court and saw herself as she was, thin and pale, in her poor cheap, plain black dress; and then recalled the face and figure which the pier-glass had reflected this morning as

Goodwin put on the costly, perfect-fitting habit.

"Yes, I am different," she thought. "How could I help being so?"

After awhile she left the road and struck across the moor, and giving her mare its head, raced over the short, springy heather. Suddenly she saw two small objects moving in front of her. At first she thought they were rabbits, then she saw that they were a fox terrier and a puppy. Mamma was sitting on her haunches proudly watching the antics of her offspring, and when she heard the mare she looked up and gave a short yap of warning to the puppy.

"All right, doggie!" said Veronica, smiling; and she was drawing the mare out of the way when the horse started and shied at something on the off side, and was nearly upon the puppy. The next moment a man rose from where he had been lying, and with a movement of amazing rapidity rushed under the horse's legs as it seemed to Veronica, and caught the wee mite up out of its peril.

It was so neatly, so audaciously done, that Veronica's breath came sharply, and the color rose to her face.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, quickly. "Is it hurt?"

"Not in the least," he said. "Down, old girl!" to the mother, who leaped up at her puppy yapping imploringly and anxiously.

"I am glad," said Veronica. "I was afraid I had ridden over it; indeed I should have done so if you had not snatched it up in time. Let me have it, please!"

He handed her the soft little mite, and, of course, she pressed it to her cheek, then gave it back to him.

"It was my fault," he said, holding the puppy to him and cosseting it, evidently with the approval of the mother, who had thrown herself down at his feet, and was gazing up at puppy and man with complacent pride. "I was asleep on the heather and your horse shied at me. I'm sorry, and hope you'll forgive me."

Veronica inclined her head. She was trying to keep her surprise from revealing itself in her too expressive eyes; for though the man's voice and

tone and bearing were those of a gentleman, he was dressed like a laboring man; a game-keeper, was her first thought. He was strikingly good-looking, with short, crisp brown hair and lashes almost too long for a man; but they were the only touch of femininity about him; for the rest of the face was masculine enough, and his form was eloquent of strength and the ease that accompanies it.

"Well, there is no harm done," she said. "I suppose the doggie and its bairn belong to the cottage over there."

"Very probably," he said. "I'll take 'em over and see."

He raised his hat—he noticed that he raised it instead of touching it—and was moving away with the puppy still in his hand, when he hesitated and said:

"I beg your pardon; can you tell me the way to Lynne Court?"

"Yes," replied Veronica. "If you follow the road, that way," she pointed with her whip, "you will come to the south lodge, I have just come from the Court."

"Perhaps you'd know then—Oh, but of course you wouldn't; it's absurd of me," he broke off with a smile which lit up a face that had

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vaguely struck Veronica as rather a sad one.

"What is it that I might know?" she asked, smiling unconsciously; for there was something magnetic in the light that had beamed in his eyes and the flash of the white teeth under the tawny moustache.

"Oh, I spoke on the spur of the moment; it was absurd, as I said; but I was going to ask you if you knew whether they wanted a game-keeper at the Court. Of course you don't!"

"No, I don't," admitted Veronica, rather proud of her guess at his calling; "but they would tell you at the head keeper's lodge. Don't go in the direction I pointed out, but strike across the moor until you come to a small wooden gate. The keeper's house is in a clearing just beyond it."

He looked across the moor uncertainly, and she added:

"If you'll come with me a little way, I'll point it out."

"Thank you," he said, respectfully enough, but again without the servants' touch of the hat; and as he walked beside the mare he eyed it with open criticism and approval.

"You are a stranger?" said Veronica.

"Quite," he replied. "I was never here until this morning. I walked over from Halsery, where I heard that I might get a berth at Lynne Court."

There seemed to be no more to say, and the pair went in silence across the heather to the road. Suddenly he glanced at his right hand, down which a small stream of blood was running slowly. He whipped it behind him and, wiping it stealthily, kept it hidden.

"That is your path," said Veronica, pointing with her whip; "you cannot fail to see the gate."

"Thank you very much," he said. "I'll just take the dogs over to the cottage. Thank you. Good-morning."

He raised his hat again, and was going on, when the Lynne carriage came round the bend of the road, and Lord Lynborough called to the coachman to pull up.

"Veronica?" he said, interrogatively, as he looked from her to the young man.

Veronica rode up close to the carriage, and bending down so that she could speak in a low voice, said:

"This man—I nearly rode over the puppy—he saved it—quite wonderfully—he was right under Sally's feet! He is enquiring for the Court—wants a situation as gamekeeper—it was an awfully plucky thing of him, really."

The earl glanced with his weary, half-closed eyes at the young man.

"All which means that you want me to reward him; but perhaps you have already done so. No?"

Before she could interpose, he had taken a sovereign from his pocket and had beckoned to the man.

"Here is something for you," he said.

The young fellow had come up close to the carriage, but as he caught the glint of the coin he drew back, his tanned face became the color of brick dust, and he said, hotly:

"What the devil do you mean—Then, as if ashamed of his outburst, he bit his lip and smiled grimly. "I beg your pardon, but—but I don't understand why you should offer me money, sir."

At the closer sight of his face and the sound of his voice, his lordship started slightly and leant forward, his dark eyes flashing keenly for a moment; the next he dropped back and, regarding him listlessly, put the sovereign back into his own pocket.

"Drive on, Matthews," he said, impassively.

Veronica, her face almost as red as the young man's, held up her whip.

"One moment, Lord Lynborough," she said in a low voice. "Does—does he quite deserve this?"

The man had turned away, and the earl looked up at her with his faint, impassive smile.

"You seem hard to please, Veronica," he said, wearily. "If the fellow's too proud to accept money—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He asked for work, employment, not money, my lord," she said.

"Call that fellow back, Grimes," said his lordship, in exactly the same tone.

(To be Continued.)

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