GILLETT'S LYE
EATS DIRT

Stella Mordaunt;

—OR,—

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XII.

"You can't help liking him," Lord Hatherley had been saying; "especially when you remember that he must have had a rough time of it, and that he has to fight against a natural prejudice. I think he will be a great acquisition—Oh, here he is!" And he went forward to meet him with an encouraging smile and a "How do you do, Ratton! Looking for Mary? She's over there amongst that group of ladies. Let me introduce you to your neighbors."

Ralph went up to greet his hostess, and Lord Hatherley made the introductions in his pleasant and genial way; and the new earl found himself plunged into the ordeal.

He drew a long breath of relief after a moment or two; for he found that the ordeal was not so terrible as he had expected. They all seemed ready to be friendly; and Lady Mary herself, though grave and cold, was gentle in her reserve, as became the daughter of the house and hostess.

He was relieved of the intense part of the strain, but he was extremely careful, contenting himself with speaking little, and almost limiting himself to answering the usual questions; and his apparently modest demeanour made a favourable impression.

"He is really quite good-looking," remarked the dowager duchess as he left her side. "But then he is a Ratton, you see! I wonder whether there ever was a family in which the members were all so favoured in the matter of looks? This young man reminds me of his uncle, the last earl—poor fellow!"

Ralph was nearly the last to arrive, but just before the dinner hour a young man entered whom the butler announced as Mr. Edward Bryan. He was a handsome young fellow, with bright eyes and fair, crisp hair, which, though it was cut to the usual shortness, broke in small waves on his forehead and temple. His eyes were not only bright, but extremely pleasant ones, and they wandered over the brilliant company in an eager search. Presently they rested on Lady Mary, and with a smile which made his face good to look upon, he made straight for her as if there were no one else in the room.

"How do you do, Lady Mary?" he said in a clear, eager voice. She was talking to Lady Bryan and one or two other ladies, and she started at the sound of his voice, and regarded him with a mixture of pleasure and surprise, as if she were rather startled.

"Edward!" she exclaimed; then she became rosy red and laughed shyly, and just a little nervously. "I didn't know—"

"Why, Edward, when did you come back?" exclaimed Lady Bryan.

"Just now, mother," he said. "May I kiss her, Lady Mary? It's bad form, I know; but I haven't seen her for so long!"

He put his arm round his mother and kissed her, and did it so naturally and unaffectedly that the spectators smiled with sympathy.

"But—but you were not coming until to-morrow!" said Lady Bryan.

"The vessel arrived six hours before we expected her to do so," he explained, "and I came on at once."

"But—Edward, my dear—"

"Yes, I know, mother! I have no right to be here; but when I found that you had come to dinner at the Manor, I thought I would venture to follow you. I'd just time to dress, and none to send for an invitation. Of course, I know I am an intruder, and it's just possible that Lord Hatherley will have me chucked out—I beg your pardon, Lady Mary; I do, indeed—but I thought I'd risk it. How do you do, Lord Hatherley? May I stay, or shall I go away again? Please forgive me, and let me stay!"

Lord Hatherley laughed as he shook the young man by the hand.

"I'll forgive you, my dear boy," he said. "But neither Mary nor I would have done so, if you hadn't come; eh, Mary?"

The color was still trying to fight its way into Mary's cheeks, and her eyes were rather downcast as she smiled an assent; she could forgive this frank, bright-eyed young man for coming uninvited, but she found it hard to forgive herself for the terrible blunder of calling him by his Christian name.

As if he understood her embarrassment, he turned to greet those near him; and presently Lord Hatherley caught him by the shoulder, and said:

"Edward, you don't know Lord Ratton yet."

Edward swung round in his alert fashion, the graceful and easy facility of the man whose every muscle had been well trained, and he and the earl faced each other. The bright eyes scanned Ralph's face for an instant, as if their owner were ready and willing to make friends; but something in the dark, almost black eyes of Ralph, the earl, quelled the amiable inclination; and, with a certain restraint, which pained him, he held out his hand, and said:

"I was told I should meet Lord Ratton here, sir; I am very glad."

"And I am very glad to meet any friend of Lord Hatherley," said Ralph.

Both men spoke pleasantly, but the contrast between their voices was remarkable. Edward Bryan's was clear and frank, and naturally melodious; Ralp, the earl's, was artificial, and marred by that peculiar tone which belongs to the voice of the self-conscious man who is always keeping a watch upon himself, always on guard.

While the two young men were looking at each other with that strange premonition of dislike which is as inexplicable as it is instinctive, the butler announced dinner.

The young duke took Mary in, but Ralph found himself near her; and though he knew that he should devote himself to the lady beside him, he watched Lady Mary out of the corners of his eyes; and he noticed that a subtle change had come over her. Hitherto, he had only seen her reserved—always gentle and sweet—but certainly reserved and rather cold, at any rate, towards himself; but to-night the colour came and went in her lovely face, her eyes shone with a light which he had never seen in them before, a brightness which added to her loveliness; though she performed her part of hostess with infinite grace and ease, there was a little flutter in her voice, and her smile came and went like gleams of sunshine in an April sky. Looking round furtively, as he answered the questions of Lady Downshire, he asked himself what was the cause of this change; and suddenly he caught a glance which, perhaps unconsciously, Mray gave to the bright-faced Edward Bryan, saw Bryan's glance meet hers, and hers withdrawn quickly. Ralph's face, as he watched them covertly, grew dark, and the ugly twist came to his nether lip. Who was this young fellow—a mere nobody, a son of a mere baronet—whose presence had power to work so great a change in Lady Mary's mood and manner?

"Mr. Bryan—the gentleman opposite—seems to have only just arrived from somewhere," he said to Lady Downshire. "Do you know him?"

Lady Downshire stared at him; then apologized,with a smile, for her surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; of course you—well, you have only just arrived, so to speak, haven't you?" she said, with the frankness for which her ladyship was famous, "or you'd know him. Edward Bryan is Sir Gilbert's second son—poor boy!"

"Why is he 'poor boy'?" asked Ralph, glancing under his half-lowered lids at the young man who was talking and laughing light-heartedly with the lady on his left, and, indeed, with all near him.

"Well, he's the second son, d'ye see?" explained Lady Downshire. "The first, of course, will come into the estate, and beyond the estate the poor Bryans have nothing. Oh, it's no secret, Lord Ratton. Indeed, you will find that all our circumstances and financial conditions are as well known as—as the age of the queen. Being the second son, and without prospects, Edward has had to go out and fight the world. He has been to the colonies; though which colony and what he has been doing I don't know. What do our boys do in the colonies, Lord Ratton?"

"Break stone, mend roads, drive milk carts, and live like—like common labourers, I believe," said Ralph, with a covert sneer, as he looked across the table at the splendid young fellow.

"Really," said the countess, also looking at Edward Bryan. "Well, it doesn't seem to hurt them. At any rate, it hasn't hurt him. He may have lived like a common labourer, but he has also lived like a gentleman, I'm sure. Don't you think so"

"Yes, certainly," assented Ralph, hastily, and with a spasm of hate for the outspoken great lady, who turned away from him and addressed her neighbour on her left.

All through the dinner Edward Bryan talked and laughed with the ease of the well-bred youth who is at home with his company, and Ralph watched him with envy and the unwilling admiration which cometh before hate. He himself spoke but little until the ladies had gone; then a couple of glasses of the Hatherley port and some encouragement from Lord Hatherley broke down his guard so to speak, and he let himself go a little. The men had moved up towards Lord Hatherley's end of the table ,and Edward Bryan, as if to atone for his coolness at their introduction, took a chair next Ralph and got into conversation with him.

"I'm home for only a short time, Lord Ratton," he said; "but I hope we shall see something of each other. Of course, you will be over at my governor's pretty often. I hope you like the country? It's not as good as Leicestershire; but you'll find some decent runs. The pack's a good one; and the shooting—but you know that the Ratton covers are of the best."

"I—I don't shoot," said Ralph; "and I'm not much of a horseman. In fact, I've not had much practice, and I'm not sure that there is anything suitable in my stables—"

"Look here: come over to-morrow to the Court—our place, you know,—and try a gee we've got there, will you?" said Edward Bryan, in the friendliest way. "My governor goes in for breeding, you know, and we've always got one or two decent animals in the stables—at least we had," he corrected himself, with a smile. "I've been away for four years, you know—or perhaps you don't know—and i'm not sure what there is at home; but, anyway, will you come over after breakfast to-morrow, and try what we've got?"

"Thank you; but I don't know that I want to buy—" began Ralph, with an affected drawl; but he was stopped by the sheer amazement which spoke from every line of Edward Bryan's frank face.

"My dear Lord Ratton, I wasn't thinking of selling you a horse!" he said, laughingly; and Ralph, a fiery red, bit his lip and tried to redeem his awful mistake.

"No, no; of course! Yes, thank you; I shall be very pleased," he muttered.

"All right; about eleven," said Bryan, pleasantly; then he turned to one of the other men; but presently, with a murmured apology, he rose and left the room.

As he entered the drawing-room, his mother looked up at him fondly, but demanded, with mock severity:

"What are you doing here, Edward?"

"Oh, they are talking politics, mother, and, as you know, I am a Radical, a kind of Daniel in the lions' den of Tories. It's a terrible thing to see a father and son fighting at a friend's table, so I begged leave to come here—out of harm's way."

Lady Bryan looked after him lovingly as he went straight across the room to Mary.

"His father and he never had a cross word since he was born," said the fond mother to the young duchess, who knew that the baronet and his eldest son were always quarrelling.

He went straight for Lady Mary, and drew a chair up beside hers.

"Where are the others, Mr. Bryan?" she asked, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone; but "her eyes fled from him," as Emerson so happily says, and the colour rose to her face.

"Oh, they're coming presently. I wanted to hear you say that you were glad to see me, Lady Mary," he said, laying an emphasis on the "Lady." "You haven't said so yet, you know."

"Of course, I'm glad," she said, with a smile that flickered a little.

"I'm glad it's 'of course,'" he said in a low voice. "It's so long since I left, that I didn't know— You have changed so, Mary—I beg your pardon, Lady Mary! It's so difficult to remember that you have grown up, and that it mustn't any longer be 'Mary.' How have you managed it?"

"Managed what?" she askekd, trying to meet the ardent gaze of his bright, eager eyes, and failing.

"To grow so tall, and so—I can't help it; don't be offended—so beautiful."

"Thank you. Was I so ugly as a little girl, Mr. Bryan?"

(To be Continued.)

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Archer, W. C.
Anya, J. D.
Anthony, Miss Alice, Pilot's Hill
Atlantic Fish & Transportation Co.

B
Barrett, James, Battery Road
Bryant, Charles
Baggs, J. Robert
Baker, J. L. (Pte.), care G.P.O.
Bartlett, A., John St.
Barrett, E.
Bearns, Thomas, Newtown Road
Bennett, Wm., Cuddihy Street
Bennett, J. I.
Benson, Miss V.
Bishop, M., card
Brown, Miss Ethel
Born, Miss Bride, New Gower St.
Booker, B. E.
Brown, Mrs.
Broaders, Miss Alice
Butler, Miss Jane
Burns, Miss Sis,
care Richard Burns, Mundy Pond Road
Burgess, Mrs. H., Freshwater Road
Buckley, B., Harrow St.

C
Carroll, Patrick
Cartledge, James, late Twillingate
Cranford, Miss C., Monkstown Road
Chafe, Master, late Gen'l Hospital
Clift, H., card
Connelly, John
Corrigan, Edward, Water St.
Collins, Owen,
care Geo. Collins, Gen'l Post Office
Cotter Robert, Mount Scio
Cole, John C., G. P. O.
Connolly, Miss Minnie, Laurence St.
Courtney, J. B.
Cole, Arthur care Gen'l Delivery
Collins, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Costello, James W.
Cole, Mrs. Annie River Head
Connors, John
Curtis, Capt. Arthur
Callahan, Mrs Robert, River Head
Chafe, Charles, Carew St.
Cooper, Selby, Flower Hill
Carroll, C. C.

D
Dalton, late s.s. Glencoe
Dyke, J. W.
Dyer, Mrs. John, Catherine St.
Downton, Edward, Water St.
Doney, John
Duncan, George,
care General Post Office
Dunn, Thomas, Stephen's St.
Duff, Miss Maggie, Tower Road
Dunphy, A. M.
Doyle, Mrs. M. C., Water St.

E
Earle, Leonard
Edwards, Joseph, Barron St.
Elliott, Miss A. J., John St.
Escott, Mrs. Mary, Central St.
Ewin, Miss Georgia
English, Miss I., care Mr. Condon, Carter's Hill

F
French, Murial, Jubilee Farm
Freeman, Miss Violet
Flynn, Mrs. Wm., Catherine St.
Flynn, W., card, Goulds Road
Fitzpatrick, Leo, Flower Hill
Frye, Thomas, Gower Street
Fitzpatrick, Capt. Daniel
Fifield, Henry F.
Flynn, Mrs. Wm., card, Catherine St.
Frost, J. S.
Flynn, William, 14 —— St.

G
Gardiner G., Rocky Lane
Gaden, Mrs. I. E.
Gallant, Miss Clementine, Queen's Rd.
Gibb, A., Monroe St.
Guy, George, George's St.

H
Hawkins, H. W., Mullock St.
Hatch, E. B.
Haines, Albert, late Robuck River
Hawkins, Alfred A., retd.
Haverstack, E. J.
Harris, Harvey N.
Hamilton, Charles, card
Healey. George J., Water St.
Heath, Adolphus, slip
Hollett, Miss Annie, Leslie St.
Howell, Wm. J., Hamilton St.
Hodge, W. T., care Gen'l Delivery
Holman, F. E.
Hussey, Mrs., retd.
House, Ronald, Water St. West

I
Ingram, Harry, care Postmaster
Irving, W. S., late Grand Falls

J
Jensen, Adolph
James, Capt. Robert S.
Johnson, George, Forest Road
Jones, J.
Jewell, Ernest T.
Janes, Mrs. John B.,
care Robinson & Co.
Johnson, J. B.
Joy, Miss Agnes

L
Laurence, Mrs. James, Prescott St.
Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.
Larner, W. J., Chapel St.
Liddle, Miss

M
Moores, Alf., retd.
Mare, John, 27 —— Lane.
Martin, H. E.
Martin, W. M.
Maynard, F. J., care Gen'l Delivery
Mason, Geo W.,
care Terra Nova Art Co.
Marston, Miss Hazel
Maher, H. P.
Mason, G. W., retd.
Meaney, Miss Catherine, Bond St.
Mercer, A. H.
Moss, G. L.
Morris, Mrs. Wm., Gilbert St.
Morgan, A. B.
Moore, Elsie, care Post Office
Murrin, Thomas, Hamilton St.
Murphy, Ned
Murley, Miss W., Creston
Murphy, Misc Ida,
care General Post Office

Mc
McCormack, Miss Annie
McGrath, M. T.
McHugh, F. H.
McGriffin, M.
McGillivary, J. M.

N
Nanous, Miss Lizzie
King's Bridge Road
Northover, Miss Katie, Signal Hill Rd.
Norris, Jack, Barnes' Road
Nunan, Harvey, Gower St.

O
Oake, Charles, care George Oake
Oakley, J. R., care Gen'l Post Office
Orchard, Miss Lilly, Cabot St.
O'Keefe, Miss Alice, card,
Rennie's Mill Road
O'Brine, Mrs. W., Bond St.
O'Brien, Margaret, card, Summer St.
Orr, John B., care s.s. Glencoe
O'Rourke, Miss Fannie,
late Outer Cove
O'Connor, J.

P
Parsons, Mrs.
Parsons, Miss Minnie, card
Parsons, Mrs. Herbert, Clifford St.
Patterson, Jas. W.
Penny, Miss Sarah, late Grand Falls
Powers, Hugh,
Relations of Volunteer in Canadian Contingent)
Power, Edward, Water St.
Poole, Miss Miriam, Circular Road
Phillips, Master Gordon, Long's Hill

R
Ryan, J. T.
Raymond, H. N.
Redmond, J., late ss. Portia
Rendell, G.
Roberts, David
Roberts, George, Allandale Road
Rose, Miss Lizzie
Rowe, Chesley J., Gower St.
Robinson, Mrs. Ellen, card
Rowe, Miss Lena, retd.
Rogers, Miss Mary, card
Ryan, Mrs. Oston, Carter's Hill
Reid, John, slip, Colonial St.

S
Snelgrove, Arthur, care Gen'l Delivery
Sulyback, Emil, P. O. Box
Simmons, Jordan
Sundt, H. D.

T
Taylor, Ronald
Taylor, T. J., Pleasant Street

V
Verge, Levi, care Gen'l Delivery

W
Wadden, J., care W. Cullen,
Duckworth Street
Walters, George, late s.s. Glencoe
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Thomas
Walsh, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Walsh, Miss Nellie, Bay Road
Walsh, Miss Millie, Water St. West
Walsh, John, Cokostown Road
Walsh, Mrs. Michael, Cookstown Rd.
Warde, Miss Agnes, Duckworth St.
Weir, James, Newtown Road
White, Charles
Whitten, Mrs. John
Wood, Dr., Water St.

Y
Youden, Mrs., Casey's St.

Seamen's List.

A
Diamond, Capt. A., schr. Alameda
Horan, Patrick,
schr. Annie L. Warren
B
Doyle, Thomas, s.s. Bellaventure
C
Kearney, S. J., s.s. Chinea
D
Butt, Frederick, s.s. Diana
G
Walsh, W. P., schr. Grace Belle
J
Barnes, Jacob, schr. J. W. R.
N
White, Wm., care Capt. Arthur Benson, schr. Novelty
O
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