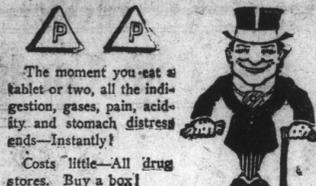


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UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XVIII.
CAPT. MORTON.

When the ladies moved to the drawing room, the captain got a tone more genial, and was all war, politics and sports. He had hunted game, small and great, all over the world, and had anecdotes to tell and experiences to relate, besides which the records of glorious runs after the immortal fox seemed tame and spiritless.

And yet it was no vain boasting; the vicar and Lord Mersey would have caught him if he had sinned against veracity. He had really shot tigers in Bengal, raced the kangaroo in Australia and snared the subtle beaver in North America.

"Capt. Morton appears to have been everywhere," said the vicar, as Edward More rose as a signal to join the ladies.

"I think I might almost plead guilty," said Capt. Morton, quietly. "I am cosmopolitan. A free lance, and I am almost one, stands a chance of going anywhere and everywhere, and picking up a little of something wherever he goes."

Tea was on the table, and Aunt Martha was deep in the mystery as the gentlemen entered. Capt. Morton made his way to her side, and took the greatest interest in her proceedings, mentioning casually that he had seen the Russians make tea—they are the greatest tea drinkers in the world—and explaining that they introduced a pinch of lemon.

Aunt Martha, delighted to get a new idea on her favorite topic, rang for a lemon instantly, and Capt. Morton cut it with his own hands—they were long and shapely and very white, though the right hand had a long scar across it—and squeezed the proper quantity of juice into the tea.

Then he moved away and joined a small group in the conservatory. They were gathered, not round a flower, but round little Bertie, who had been caught in the act of stealing in to get another glimpse of the beautiful ladies and grand gentlemen before going to bed.

The captain was very fond of children—so he declared—and stooped down to put his hand upon Bertie's

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—Mrs. CHARLES E. MORGAN, 87 Sea Street, New Haven, Conn.

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silken head and ask him his name. He did it in his softest and most insinuating voice, but Bertie, after looking at him for a moment with childish steadfastness, moved slightly away and refused to answer, which generally shocked Mrs. More, who explained that he was a most peculiar child, and terribly fanciful and willful—"And, I am ashamed to say, Miss Weston encourages him!"

Then the captain turned to Edna, and they two walked down the conservatory together.

If Capt. Morton was not a lady-killer it was not his fault. Few women could resist the intoxicating homage which was indicated by the soft voice and lowered, impassioned gaze of the dark eyes; of that manner which had been matured in foreign courts, where manners had been considered before anything; respect, admiration, devotion commingled, the captain could infuse with look and tone, and many a woman of the world had mistaken them for honest and passionate love.

Capt. Morton's manner to Edna, the heiress and hostess, was perfection; full of respect and profound attention. When she spoke he listened as if her words were those of an oracle, and when it came to him to speak he did so with the deference that might mark the tone of a subject addressing a sovereign.

Edna came back from that short walk more than ever charmed with Capt. Morton, and she would not have been a woman if she had felt otherwise.

The cards were on the table when they re-entered the drawing room, and the captain was quite ready to take a hand, but stood aside for the vicar, with the greatest amiability, taking a seat next Aunt Martha, and charming the soul out of the gentle old lady, telling her all about the fans in Spain and Japan, and looking over the one he held at the people in the room with his dark eyes that noticed every little look, and sharp ears that let not a single word slip by them.

Lord Mersey and Edna were standing talking together near the conservatory; Lord Mersey was telling her how much the duchess wished that Edna would come up to town, and adding a few words on his own account, and Edna stood with a hesitating look. Anyone would have guessed that they had been talking of some matter more important and nearer their hearts than this, and the captain, turning his eyes toward Grace Bromley, as she sat at a table looking at some book, fancied that she for one thought so. His eyes rested on her handsome face and downcast eyes for a moment, then he said he would go and fetch a leaf he had admired in the conservatory to show Mrs. Weston, and he made his way across the room and glanced over Grace Bromley's shoulder. What made him smile, as he came back, leaf in hand, with a self-satisfied smile? Was it because he had seen that the book Grace seemed so deeply engrossed in was upside down? Presently Aunt Martha asked if Miss Bromley would sing for them, and as Grace moved to the piano, the captain opened it for her, and was ready with her music.

He stood by while she sang, his eyes on everybody, and more especially on Lord Mersey, who soon left Edna, with that reluctant way peculiar to him, and came and stood beside the piano, his hands folded behind him, his head bent and his whole attitude one of the dreamy enthusiast.

"Perhaps Capt. Morton will sing for us?" said Edna, and the captain, after protesting that he would sound like a raven mocking a nightingale, sat down to the piano.

At the first few notes there was a profound silence; the card players suspended playing, Lord Mersey got close to the piano and shut his eyes; the captain's triumph was complete. They implored him to sing again, and he did so, modestly and unaffectedly, and sang better than before.

As he raised his head to give vent to the last high note, he looked up in the glass over the piano and saw Grace Bromley's face reflected. She was looking at the downcast one of Lord Mersey, and with such a look that if Capt. Morton had any doubts as to her feelings before, that look solved them.

The revelation—or confirmation—nearly spoiled that note, but the captain did not mind that, for he felt that he held the key to Grace Bromley's heart, and he was satisfied.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Lord Mersey, in his deep bass. "Capt. Morton, I have never heard any tenor better than yours, excepting Mario's."

"Humph!" growled Edward More, over his cards. "I've told him often that he would make a fortune on the stage."

The captain glanced across and smiled, and no one would have guessed that there was anything in that smile but the merest gratitude for a rough compliment.

Then the carriages came up and the party broke up; a servant waited to conduct the captain to his rooms, and he said good-night, shaking hands with Edward More, with the rest, but adding, in a whisper: "Come up to my room; I will wait for you."

CHAPTER XIX.
CASTLES IN SPAIN.

The handsome and captivating Capt. Morton was something more than "an old friend" of Edward More—he was, in truth, a distant relative. One of the More's, in years gone by—a cousin of Edward and Cyril More's father—had been what is commonly known as a "loose fish," and had put a climax to a number of eyes on everybody, and more esch-born relatives by marrying a second-rate French actress from the Porte St. Martin.

The direct line of the Mores had thereupon disowned him; and he, possessing no mean share of the family pride, had retorted by disowning them; in other words, he took his wife's name, and was known as Morton.

The affair had been so admirably hushed up that the world had either not known or had quite forgotten that such a person as George More or Morton had existed; and as neither George Morton, his wife, nor their son ever claimed relationship with their powerful kinsmen, the world was not likely to be reminded of it. That son was our friend, the elegant captain, and it is scarcely necessary to explain why Edward More's compliment respecting the captain's chances in a professional career was neither in good taste nor exactly pleasing to the recipient. It is not pleasant to be reminded that you are the son of a third-rate French actress and a disowned branch of the house.

Edward More, as he made his way to the captain's room, was rather sorry that he had made the little speech—for, if the truth was told, Edward More, the irritable, bad-tempered barrister, of whom many people were afraid, was, in his turn, rather afraid of Capt. Morton; for what reason, it would be rather difficult to say, but the fact was indisputable, and Edward More was aware that the captain as well as himself was perfectly cognizant of it.

Edward More, knocked at the door, and having received permission, given in a soft, sweet voice, entered the first of a suite of three rooms—dressing, bath and bedroom—which had been allotted to the captain.

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The captain was seated in a luxurious chair near the fireplace; a small fire had been lighted, for the nights were still chilly, as is usual with our English spring, and the captain was lounging back, with his slippers feet resting on a small Louis-Quatorze chair; he wore a dark crimson satin dressing gown, of which he had turned back the wide wristbands, leaving his hands free to hold before the fire; they were very shapely, as has been said, and they looked as white as a lady's against the dark background of satin.

The captain looked up with a smile as Edward More's frowning face came round the door, and removing his feet from the dainty chair, he waved one white hand toward it, saying: "Welcome, my gentle Edward—be seated."

"Pshaw!" replied Edward, shaking his head at the fire angrily. "Not near the fire. What on earth do you want with it?"

"Ah!" said the captain, pleasantly. "You northerners are all in love with your native cold; but we—I am half a Frenchman, as you were kind enough to remind me to-night—like warmth—warmth, wine and women; was not that the old Sybarites' motto?"

"I don't know," said Edward More, snappishly.

Then, as a pleasant smile stole over the face of the not-to-be-irritated captain, he turned upon him sharply.

"What brings you here, Morton?" "The ricketiest and dirtiest fly, I think; I ever traveled in; and I have traveled in many sorts in divers countries. If I could have let you know you might have sent the carriage!"

Edward More looked as if he would rather have sent a hearse for him, but he controlled himself, and said: "That's no answer, as you know. I asked what brought you here? What is the reason? You don't do things without a reason generally."

"There I think you make a mistake!" retorted the captain, holding up his white forehead as if he were prepared to indulge in a pleasant argument. "An idle whim brought me here—or shall we say the desire to see your friendly face again, my dear Edward, and indeed I am so very glad to see it—I have seen so many ugly scoundrels lately!—that you ought to feel some little glow of delight at the sight of mine."

Edward More grunted, but deeming it best to attempt conciliation, said: "Where have you been lately?"

"What have you been doing?" "Ask me where I have not been, what I have not been doing," answered the captain, with a little yawn.

"My dear Edward, I have been half over the world—anywhere, everywhere. Do you object to my putting a few more coals on?—and I have been at the old trade—"

"Card sharp—card playing!" snarled Edward.

"Fie!" retorted the captain, with a pleasant laugh. "What is a soldier's trade but fighting? I have been fighting, my dear Edward."

"Where?" "My dear Edward, you make a capital cross-examining barrister; no wonder you are rich and famous. In Spain, if you must know, with Don Carlos. Spain, the land of the grave and the garlic; Spain, the land of the—"

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Supreme War Council has

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presented in detail at a

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Adm. finally passed upon by

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This document is a highly

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PARIS, Feb. 22.

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