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Ms. Scott.

Following letter selected at random from a large number of similar ones and cited merely to illustrate these remarks: "In the winter of 1908, I became greatly run down and irregular," writes Mrs. HENRY SCOTT, of Swan Creek, Mich., Route 1, Box 48. "I slowly but surely grew worse, and, at last, resolved to apply to the doctors for help. The doctor said I had inflammation, enlargement and laceration. I was in bed eleven weeks and got no better. The doctor said I would have to have an operation, but to that I would not listen. My husband purchased two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I started to take this remedy I could not walk across the floor, but after I had taken three bottles I could feel myself gaining, as I dropped the doctor and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Only for it I think I would have been dead—I really believe it saved my life. I feel better now than in twenty years."

**The Snake
Scotched
AND
Justice Done.**

CHAPTER V.
(Continued.)

"Are there any more letters?" asked Veronica.

She was seated at the bureau in the window of the library, the earl lying back in his big chair beside the fire. Veronica managed his correspondence as well as ran the vast place, and it was her custom to go in the library every morning and answer his letters for him.

"Thanks, there is nothing else, I think," he replied. "Ah, yes, there is this note from Talbot! He is coming down to-morrow—that is, if you care to have him."

Veronica raised her brows slightly. "Why not?" she said. "It is a long while since Mr. De-by has been here. It was noticeable that she called him 'Mr. Denby' instead of 'Talbot.' Though she was a niece of Lord Lynborough's and Talbot Denby's cousin, her pride never allowed her to forget that she was a dependent, living on the caprice of the great earl and liable at any moment to be dismissed at his pleasure.

"Yes," he assented, drily. "Talbot rarely comes here except on business. I find no difficulty in guessing at his business on this occasion. Write and tell him he may come."

Veronica rapidly wrote a line or two saying that Lord Lynborough would be glad to see his nephew; then she said:

"If you are sure that is all, I think I will go out; it is the loveliest of mornings. Do you wish me to go anywhere, do anything for you, Lord Lynborough?"

"If you are walking, you might go down to Burchett's and tell him that he may engage that young fellow. It seems that there was a difficulty: the man's character, testimonials, were rather vague, and Burchett referred the matter to me. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have sent the fellow packing; but you appeared to take an interest in him the other day, and I departed from my usual course; which, by the way, is the proper one; for it is not wise to have a man about the place of whom you do not know anything, good or bad. I hope your protegee will turn out well."

A faint colour rose to Veronica's face. "He is scarcely a protegee of

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mine, Lord Lynborough," she said. "He behaved very well the other day and risked his life to save a dog, and a small one at that."

"My dear Veronica," he retorted with his cynical smile, "that kind of courage is of the commonest, and I possessed by nine out of ten scoundrels."

"He did not look like a scoundrel," said Veronica.

"Nine out of ten don't," retorted the earl. "Tell Burchett if he can say so until he detects him stealing the game or planning a burglary up at the house."

Veronica laughed softly at this characteristic speech, and soon afterward left the house. As she had said, it was a lovely morning, and the young blood in her veins was thrilling in harmony with the joyous song of the birds and the soft, warm sun of an English June.

She went down to the keeper's hut but found no one there, and she passed through the spinney and across the meadows to the river Erne, which ran through the valley, now in plain reaches, and now broken by boulder and shallows. It was a famous trout stream, but it was rarely fished, except by chance visitors to the Court; for Talbot, though he sat in park with grace and ease, was not a sportsman: your gambler rarely is.

She wandered along the bank, now again picking the flowers which jeweled the grass, the murmur of the stream making music in her ears, the scene of the terebene from the fir spine, lulling her senses; and presently she sat down, and clasping her hand round her knees, leant against the shelving bank and gave herself up to reverie; and she was so lost in thought that she was almost startled by the sudden appearance in her solitude of another human being. A man had come round the bend of the winding river; he was wading the stream fishing. It was the man whose fat she had been sent to decide. His tall figure was silhouetted against the bright sky, and his perfect ease and grace reminded her of one of Allingham's drawings to William Black's novels; and she watched the movement of his arm, as he threw the fly with a rapt attention.

He was quite unconscious of her presence, and as he moved up the stream slowly, presently coming abreast of her, she was sensible of a curious feeling of embarrassment, and she was about to rise and go away softly so that he would not see her when he hooked a trout. It was a large fish; she saw his eyes grow keen, his lips tighten, as the line tightened, and his excitement communicated itself to her; unconsciously she rose and moved towards the stream, and so he secured the fish and put it in the creel hanging at his side.

Faint as it was, his quick ears caught it, and he looked over his shoulder.

Veronica, half annoyed at her display of interest, said, with even more than her usual hauteur:

"Good morning; I want to speak to you."

He raised his hat, and came to the bank slowly and regarded her waiting and with perfect self-possession—so perfect that Veronica almost resented it.

"I have been to Burchett's but," she said, as coldly as before. "I came to tell him that Lord Lynborough says he may engage you, though your references are not—are not as full as the usual ones."

"I am obliged to his lordship," said Ralph. "And I am very glad. I should have been sorry to go; it's a beautiful place." He looked round at the river, the rising wood on the other bank,

the bright sky. "Any man could be happy here."

She caught up the skirt of her muslin dress as if to go; but paused, her profile turned to him.

"Have you had good sport?" she asked.

"Fairly," he replied, respectfully enough, but with the tone of independence which Veronica had noted the first day she had seen him. "Of course, it's too bright; but you can pick up a fish or two in the shallow pools; and the river swarms with them; it's been well preserved and little fished, I should say. It's grand sport," he added, rather to himself than to her.

Veronica looked at the flyer rather wistfully. "You seem to enjoy it," she said.

He laughed. "There's nothing so enjoyable as sport," he said; "it's the only time when a man can forget himself. You can't think much when you're setting your wits against a fish or a fox or a bear. You fish, of course?"

He spoke exactly as an equal would have spoken, and again the resentment rose in Veronica's breast as she looked coldly:

"No, I do not."

"Ah, that's a pity, with this splendid river at your command!"

"I never tried it," said Veronica. "It looks easy."

"So it does—when you don't know it," he retorted, with a smile which occupied his eyes as well as his lips. "No doubt you think it's easy enough to throw this fly into that shallow across the stream there. Try it."

He held out the rod with a curve of the lips that nettled Veronica. She hesitated a moment, then she took the rod—very near jerking the hook into his hand, by the way—and made a cast, and, of course, flopped the fly; few yards from her feet.

"Try again," he said. "You made too sure of it, though confidence is usually half the battle. Swing the rod over your shoulder easily—No, no; not like that! Give it to me; I'll show you."

He took the rod from her and with obvious ease landed the fly where he wanted it. Veronica bit her lip; her blood was roused.

"Let me try again," she said, and she made another futile effort.

He appeared to be interested in the lesson, and he stepped up close beside her and closed his hand over hers as he held the rod, as if he were unconscious of the difference between them.

"Now, let your hand go back," he said. "That's it. There! You have nearly reached it. There's a fish there—"

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I don't know; I feel," he said. "They lie in the shallows under the boulders. Now throw gently, and ye as if your heart were in it. Ah! thought so; you've got a fish. Now what are you going to do with it? No, don't force it, but don't slacken your line; just let him feel it."

The rod nearly bent double; Veronica was thrilling all over. She forgot that she was the chaperone of Lynborough Court, that this man was only a gamekeeper—forgot everything in the excitement of the moment.

"I shall lose it!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, her lips apart.

He looked at her with a faint smile of amusement which, in a subtle way slid into one of admiration; Veronica all in a glow, was enough to move a heart of flint.

"Oh, no, you won't!" he said; "he's well hooked; he's a fine fish. Treat him gently. Let your line go gradually; now tighten up. No, no!"—

(To be continued.)

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most sternly. "Not so fast; he'll break loose; gradually, easily. Ah! it's a beauty!"

As she drew the fish on to a shallow he waded in, netted it, and carried it to her to the bank.

"That's your first fish," he said. "We ought to wet it. I've got a flask with me in case of accidents."

He took it from his pocket and poured some spirit into the cup, diluting it from the lucid water of the stream, and held it out to her with perfect gravity. Veronica was thrilling with excitement and, all unconsciously, she took the cup and carried it to her lips. In an instant she had withdrawn it with a shudder.

"Oh, it's horrible!" she said. "Not at all. It's very good whiskey. Don't throw it away, please."

He drank, and replaced the flask to his pocket.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It is delightful," said Veronica, as if carried away by her excitement and satisfaction. "Do you think I can catch another?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it," he replied. "Come further up the stream."

She obeyed, as the most docile pupil would have obeyed; and following his instructions, presently landed another fish. He seemed almost as pleased as she was.

"There is nothing a woman cannot do, if she tries," he said. "You have such light hands, such quick eyes, you can beat us at most things—not all; thank Heaven! Now you can understand why I am glad to remain here. Though I am sorry that my character wasn't altogether satisfactory, Miss Gresham."

Veronica had seated herself on the bank and was watching him put on another fly.

"Why is it not?" she asked.

"Ah, well," he said, "in the first place, I'm a stranger, and strangers are always regarded with suspicion. And yet it's easily explained."

"Explain it," said Veronica, trying to speak coldly, even haughtily, but feeling that she had failed; for it was very difficult to be haughty in the presence of this strange young man who was so fearfully self-possessed and unembarrassed.

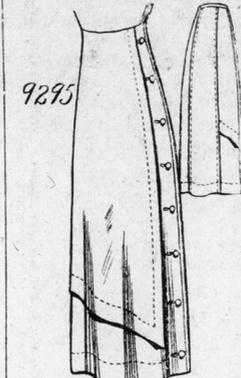
"It's this way," he said. "Though I am an Englishman, I have lived in Australia all my life. My mother was an Englishwoman. She emigrated with me, a tiny kid. I don't know why. She was a proud woman and a silent. Her husband had left her to fight the world alone."

(To be continued.)

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