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

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED

"Oh," says Mr. Jones, modestly, "we did what we could, and set him on his legs a little, of course, but —" and he shrugs his shoulders significantly.

"And where is he now?" asks someone.

"At Hamburg," replies Mr. Jones, with the unhesitating confidence of truth itself, "gambling away his few last coins as fast as he can—poor old Cyril!"

"Poor old Cyril!" has not moved a muscle, has lain back with the serene and most placid of faces through it all, and now, calm and passive, pushes his hat from his brow, and half closes his eyes, perhaps to enjoy and meditate upon his sad fate as depicted by the truthful and graphic Mr. Jones.

The soft voice of the girl beside him roused him.

"Do you think—do you believe—do you know this Sir Cyril More, of whom he has been speaking?" asks Edna.

"Do I know him?" echoes Cyril, quietly, and wondering why there should be that little shadow of a shadow on the pure young face. "I have heard of him—yes."

"And—and," she asks, looking at him with what she fancies is something like anxiety—"is it true? Is he so utterly ruined?"

Cyril looks out gravely at the lake. "Yes, I am afraid there is no mistake about that, Miss Weston."

"And is it all his own fault? Surely it cannot be all his own fault?"

"Yes, I'm afraid, from all I've heard that he has only himself to blame," answers Cyril, quite placidly. "I don't think there is any doubt that he is of no account—an utterly worthless, idiotic sort of fellow."

Edna looks at him with, yes, certainly, a deeper sadness in her clear young eyes.

"I am so sorry," she says.

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. As it is, he takes the cigar out of his mouth with the air of one who does not quite understand.

"Sorry!" he says. "Why should you be—you do not know him?"

"No-o," says Edna, crossing her hands in her lap. "I do not know him, although I have a dim kind of recollection of the name. I cannot think where I heard it," she muses; "perhaps my father—"

"Your father! I never knew your father," says Cyril, off his guard for the moment, but hastening on, as Edna turns her calm, questioning gaze on him, "I mean I did not know that your father went into society at all—not the sort of society which such a good-for-nothing fellow as this Cyril More is likely to have frequented, you know."

"It could not have been my father from whom I have heard the name," says Edna. "Yes, I am sorry; for he could not have been altogether wicked—no one is that. Poor Sir Cyril More!"

Cyril flushes for a moment. Now is the time; it would be dishonest, nay, dishonorable, to allow her to remain in ignorance. And yet, if he does reveal himself, it must be to say farewell, to throw away the chance of ever speaking one word to her again. It is hard, but he will do it.

He rises slowly—under the most poignant emotion it is scarcely likely that Cyril would be anything but deliberately and carelessly graceful—and is about to speak, when once more Mr. Jones' voice breaks in: "Going to Hamburg, are you? Perhaps you'll meet old Cyril. If you do, tell him you've seen me, and give him my fondest regards. Don't forget Howley Jones, you know—always calls me Howley. What's he like? Oh, you can't mistake; a dark, thickest man, with rather long hair; not a good-looking man, by any means; and that's what makes it so unaccountable, you know!"

Cyril can stand no more. With a laugh too low and subdued to make itself heard in the next arbor, he takes out his watch.

"We've heard enough of Mr. Jones' reminiscences, haven't we?" he says. "I'm afraid you are rather bored with his unfortunate friend, and—there's the tea bell."

Edna looked up with a laughing face.

"Confess now that you are hungry—"

"No, only thirsty, on my honor," says Cyril, laughing too. "It's Mr. Jones' fault; he was too dry!"

Two hours later and the lake is on

fire, the town of Lucerne itself, basking in the reflection of the setting sun which casts a glow on land, lake and sky, tingling the clouds and pouring a warm flood of crimson on the quay, now all alive with promenaders, boatmen and flower sellers.

In front of the Grand knots of English tourists, dressed in the grotesque style which the traveling youths of our favored isle delight in, are lounging about on balustrades and terrace listening to the band, and staring at the gayly, richly and much over-dressed young lady who leans back with the air of an empress in one of the pair-horse sleds for which Lucerne is celebrated. This lady, though young, is possessed of undoubted confidence, and sits as unmoved by the direct stare of our youths and the glances of the passers-by as if she were a statue—a painted statue. Now and then she turns her eyes—fine orbs, well shown up with penciled lashes and tinted eyebrows—toward the entrance of the hotel, and beats a tattoo with her gloved hand—she wears her rings outside her gloves, by the way; what is the use of possessing handsome diamond rings if you can't show them?—on the edge of the fly door, as if impatiently waiting for the sgress of some one therefrom. Meanwhile she returns the stares and glances with contemptuous indifference and compound interest, and is altogether a very grand and scornful young made-moiselle.

But suddenly her wandering eye sees some one in the crowd whom she recognizes, and whose appearance rouses her from her contemptuous indifference; she raises her head, looks intently and then leans forward out of the carriage, with her eyes fixed on a broad-shouldered, stalwart gentleman, who comes with her slow and languid gait down the broad pavement. He is tall enough to tower pretty considerably over the Swiss, who on an average are not tall, and to decidedly top his fellow-countrymen; and he is handsome and distinguished enough to draw the eyes of the loungers even from the interesting young lady herself.

Very slowly he comes down toward the parade quite unconscious of the notice he is attracting—quite as unconscious of the lady who is waiting for him. If some kind angel would but whisper a word of warning in his ear! Poor Cyril! his kind angels have been very few and their warnings far between; as usual, he comes down upon his fate, or, rather, upon the individual who is to rule his fate, with his usual careless unconcern and indifference to everything that pertains to the future; and it is not until the young lady has stretched out her hand and caught him by the arm, not until she has called him twice, thrice, by his name, that he turns and recognizes her.

"Why, Cyril!" who on earth would expect to see you here?" she exclaims, showing a dazzling row of teeth and a smile broad and expressive.

"Glitters!" says Cyril, "you here?" and although he smiles and suppresses every sign of the surprise that he feels, there is something in the tone that is anything but indicative of the welcome which so celebrated a person as Miss Glitters, of the Theater Royal, feels that she is entitled to.

"Yes, I'm here; why shouldn't I be just as much as you? How long have you been here?"

"Not long," answers Cyril, "and you?"

"Oh, only came to-day—this morning—and shan't make a long stay of it; at least, we didn't think of it, for Jerry says it's the slowest place he was ever in."

"Is Lord Jerry Carew here?" asks Cyril, looking round with anything but an expression of anxiety for his presence.

"Yes, he's gone inside to order supper; we're going for a drive—don't know what else to do. I never saw such a place; no theater, no concert, no casino, no anything; of course we didn't know you were here, or else it would have been different."

Cyril inclines his head with a cynical smile.

"Oh, the place would have been everything that is delightful; thank you, Molly."

"You haven't forgot your old teasing ways, Cyril," says Miss Glitters, with a pout; "but, I say, where are you staying—here, of course?" and she nods her head toward the palatial Grand.

Cyril shakes his head, with an abstracted air, as if he were thinking hard.

"No," he says, "not here."

"Not here! Where then? I thought this was the only place fit to stop at!"

Cyril smiles.

"Oh—ahem! yes! Oh, come now, nonsense; it's not so bad as that!" says Miss Glitters, blushing; "you're not quite cleaned out—really, Cyril!"

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"Of course not," says Cyril, lightly. "Well, then, come and stay here, and I'll persuade Jerry to stop another night or two. No—no? Why not? Anyhow, you'll have some supper with us to-night!"

"No; I think not," says Cyril, taking out his watch. "I think not, Molly."

Then he comes a little closer, and looks at her fixedly, almost earnestly. "Don't look so cut up, you won't miss me; and, besides, I want you to do me a favor."

"What!" exclaims Miss Glitters, incredulously; "Sir Cyril More ask a favor! The world's coming to an end!"

"Don't hasten its destruction by refusing to grant my favor, then. See here, Molly. I am not stopping at the Grand, and I won't sup with you to-night; and I don't want to see Lord Jerry, because I am here incoo, and don't want to be seen myself."

Molly put her lips into the proper shape for whistling.

"Not as bad as that, Cyril!" Cyril smiles.

"No, not quite so bad as that, Molly; the duns have not followed me to Switzerland."

"Then what is it?" queries Miss Glitters, with intense curiosity. "What are you up to—what is the little game? Come, Cyril; I will keep it a secret—I will, upon my honor! Do tell me—do, there's a good fellow!"

Cyril laughs one of his rare laughs. "There's nothing to tell you or anyone else, Molly. I have come here for a little rest and quiet, and I know, and so do you, that I shouldn't get it if I found you and Lord Jerry, and therefore I want you to do me the favor to keep our meeting a secret. Come, it's not a hard thing to promise. You have only to keep my name off your lips; you ought to be tired or it by this time."

Molly pouts and looks at him with all a woman's balked curiosity and suspicion.

(To be Continued.)

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The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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2676—Checked gingham, with drill or repp in a plain color for the collar and belt could be used for this model. Striped seersucker, galatea, flannel, poplin, khaki and drill is serviceable also. The bloomers portion is made with a drop back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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ment of the Peace Conference
particularly with reference
protest that the largest and
portant powers have only
rights with the small-
most inconsiderable coun-
French newspapers point
it is necessary to remember
problems of the conference
be settled by vote. They
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the decisions. The great
are custodians of vast exist-
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a settlement by vote. It is
able, for example, that
Britain because she is repre-
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