



**"KYRA,"**  
OR,  
**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER XXIX.  
Bygone Days.

Suddenly she looked up at him with her great eyes, and under that look the blood seemed to spring from her heart.

"Well, well, bygones are bygones," said Lilian, in her sweet low voice. "None of us are likely to starve within five miles of Monsieur Bertrand."

This little playful sally cleared, as was intended, the air of all sentiment, as a flash of summer lightning clears the atmosphere of a July night.

Percy hung up the robes, locked the case, and made a brisk bow.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; you can drop your contribution of bonbons and flowers in the vase on the left of the door."

Laughing at this parting salute, they sauntered out into the sunlight again, and were welcomed by the deserters by the appellation of owls and antiquaries.

"Come along," said Lord St. Clare, "shall we have another bout of tennis, Miss Kyra?" But Kyra—wonderful to relate—refused, and preferred to take a seat under the trees and look on Charlie and Percy were soon busy looking after their guests; all were engaged, and all had apparently forgotten her. Was it unnatural that she should be tempted to return to that old oak room, that she should succumb to it. The stained glass window, reaching to the ground, had been left open, and, unobserved, she passed in; as she did so, she stopped with her hand upon the window, for the room was not empty as she had expected to find it; for, standing before her Indian case, was a little, bent old man. So motionless, so much like a relic of a bygone age, so much in keeping with the room and its contents, that by no very great stretch of fancy Kyra might have deemed him another of Percy's curiosities. It was not until she had crossed the room softly and glided up to within reach of him that he heard her.

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Then he turned his head abruptly, and as suddenly fell back from her, exclaiming in a low, thin voice: "My God, who are you?"

Kyra started and paused, put out her hand and caught his arm.

"Please forgive me," she said, in her sweet, musical voice. "Do you not know me?"

Stephen Gringe drew away and dropped into a chair, from whence he looked steadily at her, his hands clasped on a crooked stick, his lips working.

"Yes, I know you," he said; "you are the Indian girl."

Kyra nodded.

"I frightened you coming so suddenly."

"Yes, you came suddenly." Then his eyes shot a swift glance. "I have seen you before—in this house—lady."

Kyra pushed, then turned pale.

"Tut," he said, with a gesture of irritation. "Was it for me to betray you? No! At least old Stephen can keep silence—silence. Will you come nearer, lady. I am an old and too favored man. My lord humors me—too much, too much, and I take liberties, you think? No? Then come nearer, lady."

Kyra came close to him, and sat beside him. He moved so that the light fell on her face, then he looked hard at her; then suddenly his scrutiny grew more intense and marked. His eyes wandered round the room, stopping for an instant at the two portraits, and then back again. At last he mumbled:

"You are very beautiful, lady."

Yes, he was right—beautiful.

"Hush," said Kyra, laying her small finger on her lip, with a smile; "you must not say that, and who else was so silly as to say it also, pray?"

"Who?" said old Stephen, fixing his eye on her. "Who but the earl himself—ah!" for Kyra's face had brightened into a loveliness almost supernatural, then as suddenly turned pale.

"The earl," she murmured, with lowered eyes and trembling lips, "said that of me—to you."

Old Stephen nodded and bent his birdlike head close to her.

"Aye, aye, to me. Has he never said it to you, child?"

She drew back her head with the exquisite attitude of a startled fawn.

"To me!" she murmured. Then her eyes filled and her head dropped.

Old Stephen nodded.

"He has not. Ah! he is not a wrinkled old man. No; he is too young to tell the truth to one so young and lovely. Is that so? or do you think him old and ugly enough as it is—eh?"

"Lord Percy old—ugly!" she murmured, turning a proud, indignant gaze upon his, then suddenly sinking her eyes beneath the strange, satirical curve of his thin lip.

"Ah!" he said, in a low groaning, and yet piercing tone. "You'd stop the old man's lips forever, for my very word's a libel on your hero—and your god! Hush! hush! child, have I grown so old as this, and not learned how to read a purple heart like yours? Look at me—listen to me! I have got these white hairs, this wrinkled face, these tottering limbs, in the service of the Verings! I love them better than I love my own flesh and blood—my own kin—if I have any. I love this last of them—Percy—my boy Percy—better than I did any of the dead and gone ones, better than wild Lord John, who lived his life beside mine! I would lay down what remains of my life to bring one hour's happiness for Master Percy!—my lord and master! I love the ground he treads on! I only live within the sound of his voice; and I would do anything that man can do to make him happy! Do! Have I not done! Have I not dared! Ah! ah! What have I said! Tut! tut!" he broke off suddenly, eying the amazed face before him with suspicious scrutiny. "But you—you owe him something; they say he saved you from death, and has cared for you up to this very moment with more than a brother's care. Come, lady, you owe him something!" and he bent forward.

"I?" cried Kyra, in her thrilling tones. "I owe him my life, and I would give it to him in this room in sight of these." And she darted in perfect awe toward the snow-stained clothes. "I would lay it down, ah! so

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gladly, to give him a moment's peace and happiness. Oh! if it could only be that I might die for him!" and she strained her clasped hands as she looked up to Heaven.

The old man's face worked, and he hissed in her ear, with sudden energy:

"Child, you love him!"

Kyra's head got to her lap, and she turned a white face upon her dissector, her bosom panting and heaving.

"You love him, I say; and he—hush. What if I tell you how you may make him happy—how you may take off the weight that falls upon him day by day?"

"I," muttered Kyra. "Oh, tell me!—tell me!"

"Listen," said the old man with a cunning glance and gesture of caution. "Some one is coming! Ah! ah! my ears are keen, but I've no heart beating like a demon at them. You tremble and shake like a deer caught by the dogs! Go—child. Come to me when the rest are gone or busy, and I'll tell you how to make my lord happy."

As he spoke he waived her toward the window.

She felt that she must obey—something about the old man overwhelmed and awed her. Besides she wanted to be calm, to have time to realize that her clew had been torn from the innermost shrine of her heart, and that the secret, the great truth of her life, only guessed at, wholly feared by her, stood revealed. Yes! It was no sister's, no grateful love that lingered peacefully in her bosom, but a love whose fire burned hungrily in her soul and clamored for something to feed on. Her secret kept so closely from all, from herself, was pierced by an old man's sharp eyes and words—and its aspect alarmed and terrified, while it filled her with ecstatic joy.

Oh, to be alone! Alone, away from all, that she might clasp that secret to her soul again, and hide it from all! She glided through the window and into the shrubbery just as the stable clock chimed half-past four.

CHAPTER XXX.  
The Abduction Charge.

While Kyra was wandering to and fro in the shrubbery, endeavoring to realize the discovery which Stephen



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Gringe had forced upon her, wandering carelessly, and vainly striving for composure, the game of cross-purposes was still playing its old contrary way.

The time had arrived when the cup of tea, with which it is the fashion to spoil our digestion before dinner, was to be served out by the fair hands of Lilian Devigne, and Percy and his guests were seated in the drawing-room or lounging at the open windows, talking, laughing, and flirting, and regretting that the little garden party was so near at an end. Charlie and Lady Mary had ensconced themselves in a corner behind a gypsy table and a Japanese screen, and were apparently perfectly indifferent to tea or time. One of the servants, coming up noiselessly, declared down in the servants' hall that he had seen Lady Mary's left hand buried in "Mister Charles's" right; but that as it may, they were satisfied with one cup of tea between them, and were utterly neglectful of the bread and butter.

"What a happy day this has been," whispered Charlie. "It's a pity it can't last forever—draw your hand back, dearest, Lady Devigne is looking around for us, and it is jolly here, isn't it? All right, she's gone now," he added, with a sigh of relief, as he took the little hand again. "I used to hate these screen things; kept out the fire in the winter, and let you tumble over them in the summer; but they're not such useless duffers as I thought. We'll have lots of 'em in our house, Polly, darling!"

"Our house!" retorted Lady Mary, with a tantalizing move of her laughing lips. "And Polly! I won't be called Polly, as if I were a parrot. One would think I had wings."

"So you have, I'll be sworn, you angel!" murmured Charlie, pressing the little hand.

"You're a goose!" murmured the pouting lips. "Don't, Mr. Merivale, I won't allow it! Oh, Charlie!" for, utterly unable to withstand the temptation, the young rogue bent forward, behind the screen, and kissed the pout away.

There were several screen and gypsy tables in odd corners, and doubtless many an angel and goose behind them. Lord St. Clare and Percy seemed the only gentlemen detached. The young peer was wandering round the room staring at the costly bric-a-brac, as if he would rather be looking at something else—as indeed he would; and Percy was seated in the proper place close by the goddess, pondering over the destinies of the tea-cups. Certainly Percy was not happy, though his face was as composed and full of that patrician repose as ever. The fact was, he was utterly miserable. He was jealous of them all, and jealous even of Lilian, to whom he thought Kyra had given her confidence when she should have given it to him.

(To be Continued.)

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A child may more easily get sick when the teeth are coming. The usual cause of sickness at this time is a dirty bottle, a cold or milk that has not been kept cold and has become sour, or some other reason.

Teething begins at about six to eight months, and the first tooth may appear in a healthy baby any time after this. Occasionally a tooth may appear in a healthy baby any time after this. Occasionally a tooth is cut earlier. The lower middle teeth usually come first. Babies a year old usually have from six to eight teeth. Soothing syrups or paracetamol will not help the baby to cut teeth and are dangerous to use.

See that a baby or young child has the required amount of sleep. A very young baby should sleep eighteen to twenty hours out of every twenty-four hours. At six months of age, about sixteen hours. At one year, fourteen hours; at two years, twelve hours. Daytime naps should be continued as long as possible. The sleeping room should be darkened and well-ventilated, the windows open at the top and bottom. If the baby cries when he should be asleep, he is probably sick. Do not train him to go to sleep in the dark.

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**Diocesan Synod**  
JULY 13, Pursuant to adjournment House met at 3.30 p.m., the Bishop presiding. After prayers rolls were called when 32 clergies 16 lay delegates answered to names.

Minutes of previous session confirmed and signed by the Bishop. The Bishop appointed the following Committees which were approved by the Synod.

The Ordination Candidates Committee—The Lord Bishop, Canon Smith, Rev. Canon Bolton, Canon White, Rev. C. H. Bartlett, W. H. Horwood, Sir Jos. Outteridge, Mr. J. W. Withers, Mr. W. W. all.

Standing Committee on Revenue and Hope—Rev. Canon Galloway, Canon Bolt, Rev. Canon White, Dr. Jones, Rev. H. Uphill, Mr. Blackall, Mr. H. Y. Mott.

Statistical Committee—Mr. Stirling, Mr. Geo. Bursell.

Auditors—Mr. J. S. Mann, Mr. Monroe.

Education Committee—The Bishop, Mr. W. W. Blackall, Mr. Thompson, Rev. Canon Smith, Canon Bolt, Rev. Canon Galloway, Canon Field, Rev. Canon Smith, Canon White, Rev. Edgar White, Ph.D., Hon. John Harvey, Mr. Withers, Mr. R. G. MacDonnell, R. Wood, Mr. George House, Sir Horwood, Mr. W. S. Monroe, Rev. H. Facey desired information.

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