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The Imprisoned Heiress

The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Yes, he lives," responded the forester, his joy obscured by the remembrance of the accusation resting against the youth. "Heaven knows, Kepp, how I have repented murdering you, for so I thought it, and I've tried to be a father to your boy. I sent him to school with my Jesse, and I gave him a situation as under-forester, and he has as neat a cottage as there is in the forest."

"Bless you!" said Douglas Kepp, heartily, stretching out his hand to the forester. "Let us be friends, Donald."

Donald Kay shook the hand extended to him, and his face then clouded again.

"There is something back, Donald," observed Kepp. "Speak it out! Has the lad turned out bad? Is he sick or a cripple?"

"Oh, no. There isn't a straighter, taller lad in Egremont than Gosman Kepp," declared the forester. "He can shoot—more's the pity—like a horn marksman, and he knows and does his duties well. He is called handsome, too, by the lasses, and he is very good to his mother. The trouble is, Kepp, he fell in love with my Jess."

"And where's the harm of that if she's all right and good-looking?" demanded Kepp. "If it's because he's poor," he added, proudly. "I've a small sum for the lad—"

"It isn't that. I said no because I thought I'd killed."

"Oh, is that all? Well, you didn't kill me, and they shall be married, eh, Kay? And we'll do what we can for the young folk."

The forester shifted about uneasily, and then determined to make known the worst at once to the hopeful father.

"You see, Douglas," he said, "I couldn't let my Jess marry the son of the man I thought I'd killed, so I refused Gosman—and it jes' drove him mad."

"He went to drink?"

"Worse than that. He's tried to kill a nobleman who is visiting up at the great house."

The wanderer groaned.

"The evidence is pretty strong against him, Douglas. He tried to shoot him first, and dropped his gun, and Lord Ashcroft, the nobleman he

tried to shoot, picked the weapon up. Then he tried to stab his lordship, and left behind him a carving-knife that proved to belong to Gosman. Lastly, he's tried to poison his lordship. There wasn't no evidence about the poison, only it was found in his lordship's water-bottle."

Kepp appeared crushed at this intelligence.

"Didn't the lad have nothin' to say for himself?" he inquired.

"Nothin' only to the charge of shootin'." He said then that he lent me the gun, and hadn't seen it again till it was brought to him to be identified."

"Wasn't that true, Donald?" and Kepp's eyes seemed to burn the forester's face.

Kay had mentioned Gosman's defense in the first instance because he knew it must come to the father's ears and he wished to appear frank about it. He meant to deny it, as he had done when face to face with the under-forester, but his heart was softened and his whole nature stirred to joy by Kepp's return, and he could not.

I think, for the lass sticks to him like a burr, and says she knows he's innocent."

"Bless her true heart!"

"There's another true heart you can bless, Kepp," said the forester.

"Grace loved you then and she loves you now. She's never married again, but waited for you, and been a true mother to your boy. She is a good woman, Douglas Kepp. She's struck down now by Gosman going off and the charges against him, but you and you alone can comfort and console her. Come, let me take you home."

Douglas Kepp arose without a word and the forester saw that there were tears in his eyes.

Kay also arose and took down his overcoat, and the noise he made aroused Jessy, who sprang up, threw on her dress, and opened the door, peering into the kitchen.

"Is Gosman here, father?" she asked.

"No lass, but Gosman's father has come home. Come and see him."

Jessy pattered out in her bare feet, her fair hair flowing around her pretty, flushed face, and her eyes full of surprise.

Kepp drew her to him and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and then released her, while her father made a few brief explanations to her.

"Yes, I've come home again, lassie," said the father of her lover, "and Gosman shall be free, you see if he don't. I shall work hard to prove him innocent."

With this declaration the two men departed, and Jessy returned to bed.

The walk through the forest to the Kepp cottage was shortened by a brisk conversation, but the thoughts of both men were busy as well as their tongues.

The wanderer wondered how his deserted wife would receive him, and whether she really loved him, and his heart warmed toward her in a manner evidencing how he had cherished his affection for her throughout all those years of absence.

When they came up to the cottage its windows were all dark, and it had a desolate air.

"You rouse her up, Kay," whispered the returned husband. "I'll step back into the shadow of these trees. Break it to her kind of careful, Donald."

He retreated a little, and the forester knocked loudly upon the door.

The inmate of the cottage was awake and keeping a solitary vigil, evidently, for a sudden blaze, seen through the windows, showed that the fire was being stirred, and the next moment a window was lifted, and the dame's voice called, softly:

"It is you, Gosman?"

"No, it isn't Gosman," replied Kay. "It's me—Donald Kay. Let me in. I have something to tell you."

There was a brief delay, during which the dame threw fresh fuel upon the fire, and arranged her toilet, and then she opened the door, inviting the forester to enter.

The wanderer crept out of the shade, up to the partly open door, and listened full of agitation.

He could see, in the full firelight, the fair, grief-worn face of his long-deserted wife, and it needed no words to tell him that she had learned gentleness and forbearance during those years of absence.

His heart was filled with love for her then, and he longed to enter and plead to her for her forgiveness for his cruel desertion.

"Have you news of Gosman, Donald?" he heard her ask, anxiously.

"No," answered the forester. "All I know he has got safe off."

"Thank Heaven for that! He is safe! But did you not come to speak of him?"

"No, Grace, I came to speak of Douglas—your husband. He's been heard of."

"Where?" she cried, catching Kay's arm. "Where is he?"

"Here!" exclaimed the returned wanderer, stepping into the room.

"Here I am, dear Grace, come to help you and clear our son!"

He came forward and took her in his arms, and they sobbed together, while the forester stole out and hastened homeward.

(To be continued.)

One delightful little hat has its up-turned brim faced with satin, and a tiny satin bow perched on top.

An attractive frock of charmeuse shows puff sleeves with cuffs of finely pleated crepe de chine, in contrasting color.

Bindings of black moire are used on a high-crowned, brilliant hat of black velvet, trimmed with a cascade of black cock's feathers.



H.P. Sauce
ensures full enjoyment of the meal.

London Letter

LONDON, Dec. 12. (By the Canadian Press)—Most visitors to London have been struck with the odd appearance of All Souls Church, Langham Place, at the top of Regent Street. The building, with its spire rising out of a kind of colonnade, looks like a huge extinguisher on a queerly shaped candlestick. All Souls has just celebrated its centenary. The service, which was conducted by Dr. Perrin, Bishop of Willesden, and formerly of British Columbia, was the same as that used on Nov. 25, 1924.

It is interesting to recall that the queer character of the building led at the time of its erection to questions in the House of Commons. A member asked the name of the architect "who had built a new church in Langham-place. It is the wonder of this town who this person can be. It is a deplorable and horrible object. Never have I seen so shameful a disgrace of the metropolis. I see a great number of churches building. They make everybody wonder who could be the asses to plan and the fools to build them." Caricatures, lampoons, and abuse were directed against Nash, the architect, but many authorities found much to praise in the skillful use of the site. For practically the whole of its 100 years All Souls has been a centre of Evangelical teaching.

THE WOMEN BARRISTERS.

There are now between 35 and 40 women barristers in England, but only a round dozen of them practice or even attempt to do so. Miss Monica Cobb, one of the latter number, in referring to the difficulty which some witnesses experience as to the proper method to address a lady advocate, says she is sometimes addresses as "Madam," more often a "Sir," while on one recent occasion a motherly old lady solved the problem by addressing her as "My dear." Miss Cobb expresses the opinion that some women who are called to the Bar in earnest must be prepared for a long wait before success comes their way. The most they can do in the early years is to learn the traditions of the profession.

When the women first made their appearance judges and counsel used to experience some difficulty as to how to address a mixed body of jurors—the old formula "Gentlemen of the jury," used to come so readily to the tongue, but was of course quite inappropriate. The difficulty has now disappeared, the Bench and Bar making use of the term "members of the jury" without any difficulty.

NEW TUBES.

The City and South London Tube, the first of these contrivances to be laid down here 40 years ago, or thereabouts, has been re-opened after complete reconstruction. The Tube originally ran from Clapham Common to Euston. Later Tubes were planned with much larger tunnels, more commodious rolling stock, and with better ground-level equipment. The new C. and S.L. will enable the traveller to make a thorough journey from Clapham to Edgware, a distance of 16½ miles, and all for 10 pence. The re-opening was signalled by the company distributing 15,000 special free tickets in the South London district. A further extension of the line southward from Clapham to Morden, via Balham and Tooting, is contemplated.

PRINCE HENRY AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Prince Henry, who has recently been spoken of as likely to succeed to a Governor-generalship of the Dominions as soon as the office becomes vacant, made a special visit from Cornwall to preside over a lunch of the Executive Committee of the Child Emigration Society. The Prince assured the company he fully shared with his

eldest brother his great interest in the work of the society. The Child Emigration Society concerns itself more particularly with the emigration of children to Australia, where its founder, Kingsley Fairbridge, established homes and farm schools.

WEMBLEY RE-OPENING POPULAR.

The decision of the Executive Council of the British Empire Exhibition to hold another fair next year, if at all possible, meets with general approval. There is little doubt that the main problem is to induce the Londoner himself to patronize the Exhibition more extensively. The country towns and cities sent their thousands this year, but London failed to crowd there to the number expected. Probably the distance from the centre of the City was the main handicap. The country visitors were not affected in a like manner, for the excursion trains from a distance ran straight into the Exhibition.

The financial results of this first year are not fully known yet, but there is no doubt there is a considerable deficit, though probably not more than could be covered by the original guarantee of about one and a half million pounds. This loss, however, not easy to avoid on one season's

working of an organization with such enormous overhead charges—is really a strong reason for re-opening next year. Another season on a level of success similar to that of the one just over would probably be enough to balance the accounts, if not to show a profit.

Statesmen and Physical Fitness

"The death of Mr. Montagu, at the early age of forty-five is a tragedy of unfulfilled renown," says the Sunday Express. "His brilliant intellectual

gifts were handicapped by ill-health, ever had, and the most English Cabinet there has been in this country for a good many years.

"There is only one Scotsman in the Cabinet. The one lone Scotsman out of the 21 members of the Cabinet is Sir John Gilmour. He is Secretary for Scotland, and anybody knows that you cannot really have a Secretary for Scotland who is not a Scot. The very stones of Scotland would cry out against such a thing."

"Strange that a young man like Mr. Montagu should be stricken down, while veterans like Mr. Asquith and Lord Balfour are renewing their snowy youth! Shadows we are and shadows we pursue."

Only One Scot in the Cabinet

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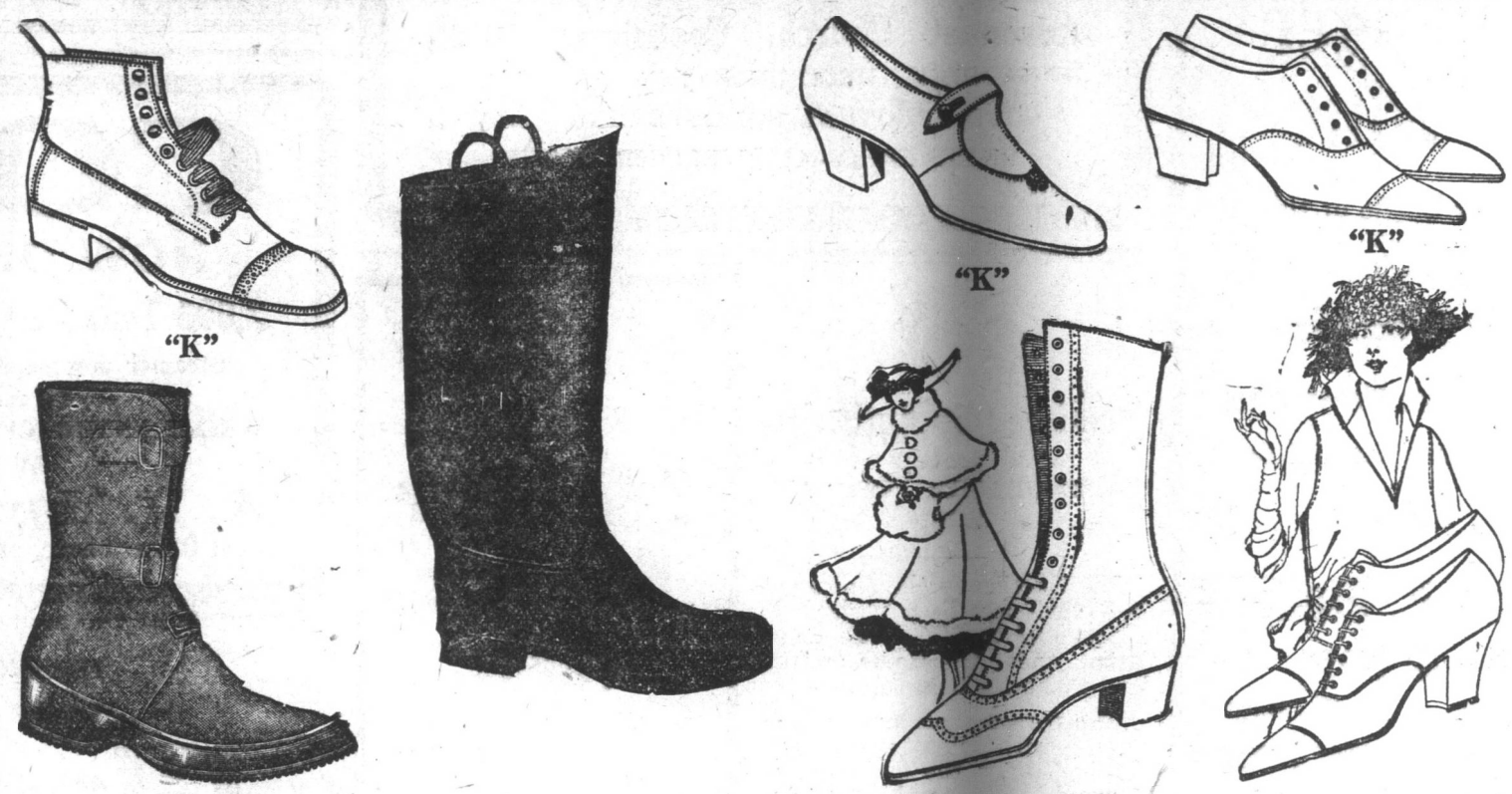
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