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**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**

## The Heir of Rosedene

OR,  
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XVI.  
COUNTY SOCIETY.

"My dear child, I was only joking! One would think you had committed a murder, or had some deadly secret you were afraid would slip out. Why, what a strange child you are! First pale, then red, and now pale again! Tut, tut, if I were your mother!"—and she sighed—"I should send you to bed at nine o'clock at night for a month or two."

There was something so motherly and affectionate in the trifling that Edna lowered her face and had to struggle with her tears. If she had had a mother! Why should they all treat her like an innocent schoolgirl? If they only knew!

Miss Bromley could not go on playing all the evening, and presently the music ceased. Lord Mersey leaned against the piano for fully five minutes after it was silent, and then raised his head and looked round as if he was surprised to find himself where he was.

Then without a word of thanks he turned away and strode over to Edna. But there was a storm in Edna's bosom that warned her she had best beat a safe retreat while there was time, and with a feeling of thankfulness she heard Lady Portfield murmur that her carriage was waiting.

Edna had to wait until it had gone, and while she stood looking on at the card table Lord Mersey came up beside her.

"I'm going," he said, in his straightforward way. "Now that I find that it was Miss Weston who found me trespassing on her preserves I had better make a further apology and get a formal permission to repeat the offense."

Edna laughed.

"The Rosedene preserves and park and anything else that interests you on the premises, are at your service," she said.

"Eh?" he said, with a quick uprising of his eyebrows. "Miss Weston, that's rather comprehensive."

Edna blushed, half with annoyance at her own want of skill in framing her sentence.

"Come as often as you please, my lord," she said; "that is what I mean."

He took her hand and bowed low over it.

"I shall avail myself of that gracious permission," he said, gravely, "for I love the Rosedene woods. Good-night!"

The Rosedene boys came dashing over the courtyard stones, footmen swung back curtains and stood ready to fling open doors and dash down steps, and Edna found herself in the carriage, half wondering whether she had spent the evening sitting at the feet of a duchess.

Aunt Martha was enthusiastic in her praise of the castle and its illustrious inmates.

"As for the duchess, my dear Edna, is impossible to feel anything but at one's ease with her. I have always heard that the higher one goes in society the more natural and simple-hearted one finds the people. And so it must be when you come to consider it. Have you enjoyed yourself, dear?"

"Very much, aunt."

"I am very glad of that. How beau-

tiful that dress of yours looked! Black and silver always suited you. And that was Lord Mersey with the high forehead and the dark eyes? Very clever, is he not, my dear?"

"Very aunt," said Edna, dutifully, as she leaned back and closed her eyes, and then Aunt Martha, overtired by excitement, leaned back among the luxurious cushions and went to sleep, too. But Edna was not asleep; she was thinking—thinking and traveling back to that summer eve when he had taken her close to his breast and whispered those sweet, fervent words that seemed to burn into her heart; to that summer morn when she knelt by his side before the altar and heard him swear to love and cherish her for better and for worse; to that summer eve, again, when he stood before her, stern and passionate, and bade her go her way and leave him to go his, promising that never would he claim the honor and obedience that she had promised him that day.

Edna opened her eyes and leaned forward. Oh, to think of it all was to court madness! They had neared More Park, were close upon it. The moon was high in the heavens, and shining full down upon the house. A turn in the road brought them to the winding avenue, the gravel path shining like marble in the moonlight, every tree and every shrub standing out like a piece of carving against the soft blue light.

Suddenly Aunt Martha feels her arm grasped and hears a low cry of alarm.

"What is it, my dear Edna?" she exclaims, waking suddenly, and starting straight before her.

"Look, aunt! Quick! quick! Do you see?"

"See—where—what?" asks Aunt Martha.

"There, in the avenue—a man! Look!"

Aunt Martha looks and sees, quite plainly, a tall man standing in the avenue of More Park, looking up at More House.

"Yes, my dear. I see him! It's very strange. What can it be? Perhaps it's a gamekeeper."

"No, no!" breathes Edna, and she is trembling terribly, "it is not a gamekeeper. I know it! I am sure of it! He is there for no good; how can he be at such a time of night? He has no right there! No right there!"

"My dear Edna!" remonstrates Mrs. Weston. "You are overstrung, excited. The most natural thing in the

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world for a stranger to stroll up the avenue on such a night to see the house in the moonlight.

"He was no stranger!" retorted Edna, with a trembling air of conviction. "I—I—feel as if I had seen him before," and she looked out of the window fearfully, but the carriage had left the avenue far behind by that time, and they were entering the Rosedene drive.

Edna fell back with a low, terrified sob.

"Hush, my dear!" soothed Aunt Martha; "overtired and excited, very naturally, too. My dear child!"

"No right there? Surely if any man had a right to stand in the avenue of More Park, Cyril More, the owner, had that right, for it was he and no other. And why had he come there on that moonlight night? Possibly to say farewell to the home of his forefathers before he turned his back once more, and perhaps for the last time. For that—to say farewell, and also for some other object. What was it?"

CHAPTER XVII.

"IF I COULD FIND OUT!"

EDNA started well, and continued winning golden opinions from all, save one or two young ladies who were inclined to regard her in the light of an intruder, poaching on their happy hunting grounds, especially

those young ladies who lived in the vicinity of the manor, and were in the habit of casting designing thoughts toward that eccentric problem, Lord Mersey, for his lordship, in his unconscious way, which was more effective and courageous than an actually designing one, cultivated Edna's society assiduously. He had been used to confine his rambles to the Rosedene preserves, but since the young heiress had come down and lit up the old place with her sweet, innocent kind of beauty, he enlarged his walks, and soon penetrated into the flower garden, then on to the terrace, and so, by degrees, got into the habit of dropping into Aunt Martha's drawing room, just about five.

Aunt Martha and he got on remarkably; she was always glad to see him, and he seemed particularly fond of talking to her, though Aunt Martha did not understand one-half he was saying; but she liked to listen and declared that "it did her good."

"Ah, my dear Lord Mersey, if my poor brother—Edna's father, you know—were alive and here, what great friends you would be! There was nothing he had not studied. He used to talk to Edna and me, in the summer evenings, as we were at our work, just as you do."

And Lord Mersey would stroke his beard dreamily, and say:

"Miss Weston's father—yes, I should like to have known him."

But he seemed very well contented to know Edna herself, and Edna appeared, and was really glad, to see him.

There was a particularly comfortable chair beside the window, which gradually got to be regarded as Lord Mersey's chair, and in it he would seat himself, stretching his long legs out, with an air of repose and serenity, and placidly watch Aunt Martha make her tea, which she did after the duchess's own manner and receipt.

Edna's place was on a small couch drawn up beside a little table, which was generally littered with some fancy—very fancy—work, or book opened face downward. She, too, would watch Aunt Martha, or sit with her face half-shielded by her hand and gaze at the fire, and Lord Mersey's eyes would wander from Mrs. Weston's kindly, commonplace countenance to the sweet, delicate face a little further on, and he would wonder what had given to that face the strange, wistful, sad expression which would settle upon it so often, so very often.

He knew, as one does know, that while he was talking sometimes she was not listening, that she could not have told a word if she had been asked, but that her thoughts were far away, recalling something—or somebody. At this latter suggestion Lord Mersey would look graver even than was his wont, and stroke his beard until it glistened and shone again, and he would murmur and mutter to himself, and rouse the dreaming beauty with some question that would be answered.

Sometimes other visitors would drop in—Lord Mersey's mother, Lady Portfield, or the vicar and his wife, very often the great duchess herself, but Lord Mersey would keep his chair—if he could do so without too violently infringing the rules of society, which says one visitor shall beat a retreat when another enters—and naturally people began to talk. Then again, Edna was too great an acquisition, too great an heiress, also, to be left in seclusion, and there were dinner parties and dances, all of which she was expected to attend. She would go, charming everybody with her simple, girlish beauty and gentle grace, and the men would go mad about her, not only because she was so beautiful and bewitching, but because she was so invulnerable.

Young Bromley stated the case—he was a barrister and heir to the baronetcy, and a lady-killer to boot—very plainly in the smoking room of Bromley Hall after a dinner party, at which Edna had been the beauty and the belle.

"I tell you what it is," said he, puffing impressively at a huge regalia, and looking pensively round at the listeners as they sat or lounged about the smoking room; "this is the gem of the county, and when she comes out in town there will be a sensation." She is irresistible. It is not because she is beautiful.

(To be continued.)

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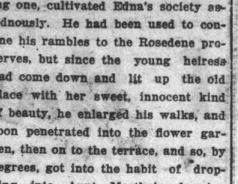
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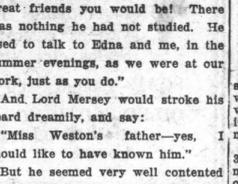


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The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2729—Green and brown plaid woolen for the skirt, and white crepe de chine for the waist, was employed in this instance. Both Waist and Skirt portrays new style features. One could make a "dressy" gown in the style here combined, of velvet or satin, using Georgette crepe for sleeves if desired.

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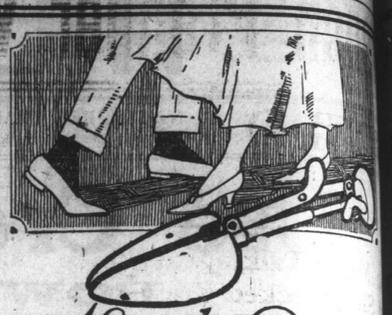
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PARIS, Feb. 19. (A.P.)—Premier Clemenceau fired upon five times this morning while entering his automobile, it is reported that M. Clemenceau was wounded in the back, but it is believed his injuries are not serious. The shooting occurred at 8.55 o'clock this morning. The Premier was leaving his residence at the Rue Franklin to go to the Office. The assassin was an Italian looking man dressed as a chauffeur. He was arrested.

Trapped With Assassin.

Man Gourrat, who was wounded in the right eye, although not seriously, by one of the assassins, told a representative of the Press that Premier Clemenceau was trapped up to the waist and grappled with him.

President Poincaré arrived in a half hour. President Poincaré was quickly followed by various members of the Government, high officials of the Navy, as well as of the Diplomatic Corps.

Not Seriously Wounded.

Premier's wound is not regarded as dangerous in itself, but it is at there might be serious consequences from it considering the age and firmness of the victim. At about 9 o'clock this morning, however, it was officially announced that M. Clemenceau was not seriously wounded.

The Premier's Assailant.

was learned at the City Hall that the assailant of Premier Clemenceau was named Emile Cottin, 37 years old, born at Creil, Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the department of Oise, near Paris. The police, however, do not believe the papers he carries belong to him, and are inclined to think him a Russian.

Barber's Assistant's Story.

M. Henry Moulin, a barber's assistant at the Associated Press restaurant, stated that when he heard the first shot fired from the assassin's pistol, he rushed out of his shop, and when he saw what was happening cried out and closed with the Premier's assailant. The man threw away his revolver and threw up his hands. He was then taken to a nearby restaurant in holding the assailant who had some difficulty in getting from them, and before the police had some difficulty in getting the man he was beaten and killed. One of the men in the crowd seemed to want to help the Premier's assailant, and the crowd, according to police, was very angry. The Premier's assailant, Emile Cottin, was arrested directly after the shooting. The bullets passed through the Premier's coat, and he was struck the automobile, Premier Clemenceau leaned forward and opened the door. It was in this position that he was shot. The Premier continued this movement until he was shot in the back of the door which he had with

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