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**A Noble Woman's
Recompense**

CHAPTER I.
The Castle of Giant Despair.

Not by the widest stretch of imagination or courtesy could John Chester, Earl of Vering, be called an amiable man.

Indeed, if there was any truth—even one proverbial grain or two—in rumor, the earl was a wicked, disagreeable, cantankerous, old curmudgeon, who turned Vering Wold into a Giant Despair's castle, and rendered every one about him miserable.

This was the character of the pleasant, rosy-cheeked world gave the right honorable earl, and if the truth must be told, he amply deserved it.

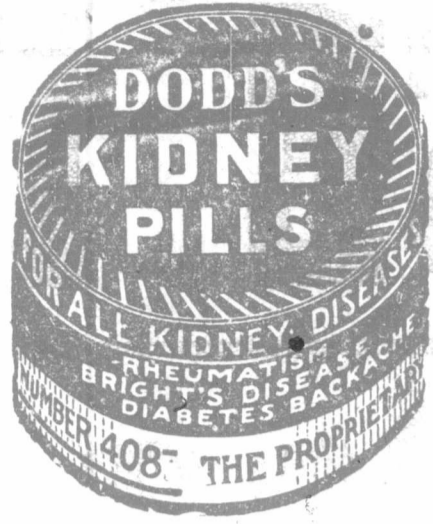
If you mentioned his name in decent society it was greeted with an ominous rustle of feminine fans and significant shrugging of masculine shoulders, for my lord had not grown wickered with age, but had never been cool—not even in his cradle, averred some; and the world in which he moved, and some parts of it in which he also moved, but ought not to have moved, could tell a thousand stories of his wild, reckless nature and indomitable energy for wrong-doing.

As a young man he had tried his hand at every vice of the day, and a few more, which he had himself introduced by way of variety. He had been a gambler on the green turf, and the greener cloth; to go to bed sober any one night he had considered a weak waste of opportunity; handsome reckless, daring, he had won for himself, before the age of manhood, the title of "woman killer"; and, two months after his majority, the not less fascinating one of "man killer." Free with his sword as with his tongue, freer still with his money, he had been the fiercest planet of a time when there was not wanting a galaxy of fifty stars to bear him company. Admired and worshipped by the men of France, from Italy, from America (even) until at last the world, wearied with wondering, laughing, condemning, let him slip from its memory, and for a time Lord Jack was forgotten.

For a time only; for in the course of a few years he appeared once more before the footlights, but no longer in the character of a reckless, madcap fool, but in the role of a stern, miserable, dissatisfied man, whose fool's bladder had burst and covered him with the blight of broken hopes and futile regrets.

Whence came the change? The world never knew.
Jack—no longer Jack, but the Earl of Vering—made no sign. Grim, stern, irritable, moody, he took himself and his shrunken life to the old home of his fathers, and there, with an ancient servant—who had been his never-absent companion of the old world time—buried himself and his past from the world of the present and the future.

Occasionally the newspapers inserted a paragraph expressing their regret with which they gave publicity



to the rumor that the Earl of Vering was suffering from an attack of the gout, and, at intervals, his name cropped up in chance articles on some man of his youthful time. Then old scandals would be raked up in tea-rooms and bonders, and the men and women of the day would wonder what had happened to change "Wild Chester" into the moody, savage misanthrope he had become.

Perhaps none knew less of the earl than his heir.

As the reader has already gathered no voices of children rang through the old world, no little feet pattered along the brown oak corridors. Lord Vering was childless, and his heir was one Percy Chester, a brother's son, and one of whom the world was beginning to take cognizance.

Uncle and nephew, the earl and his heir, had not met since the latter was a boy at Eton. Percy's knowledge of Vering Wold was limited to that which he could acquire from the "County History," and its steel plates. Nevertheless, though the earl positively refused to hold any intercourse with his nephew he believed in what might be termed an exceedingly liberal spirit, considering the condition of the estate, and allowed his nephew a handsome income. This sum was paid every quarter into the bankers, Messrs. Coutts, and Percy Chester every quarter sent a brief note of acknowledgment and thanks. Necessarily brief, because Mr. Percy Chester had his due share of the family pride, and decidedly objected to having himself open to the suspicion of desiring to curry favor with his powerful relative.

These favors were never answered, and, for all the direct intelligence he received, his uncle might be living or dead, for what he knew, had it not been for occasional meetings with the earl's physician, at dinner parties and the like, who would give him some little news of his uncle, always winding up with:

"A martyr to the gout, Mr. Chester, quite a martyr; and by no means an easy patient—no, by no means."
However, Percy Chester drew his quarterly allowance and took things as they came, and was in no hurry for the earldom.

No life was quite pleasant enough to Percy, and, like the man in the Greek fable, he would not have objected to another hour in the day. He had chambers in the Albany, three capital hunters, the run of the best houses in town, and a reputation for good looks; the old Vering manners, and a courage, moral and physical, that made him no poor opponent at any of the games with which we children of earth amuse ourselves.

Report said that there was a taint of the Vering wildness in his blood, but Percy's wild oats were limited to that lavishness of the coin of the realm, and that recklessness of life and limb, which he inherited from his progenitors. Of the other vices he was as innocent as a woman; more so perhaps, for it had been whispered that he was more regardful of them than they were of themselves. No woman's hand would be raised against

him on the day of reckoning with the words "Behold my ruin!" For him there was a divinity about the meek, and poorest of the weaker sex which rendered them sacred in his eyes. Self-respect may have also gone far toward his puritanism in that respect; the old Vering pride had taken a new and a better turn in his case, and given to the word honor a meaning, wide and significant.

"Here is a paragon!" exclaimed the reader, incredulously.
Alas, no! the perfect, godlike, immaculate hero no longer exists, thank Heaven! But it is as well, as Percy is our hero, to enlarge upon his good qualities, and allow the readers to find his bad qualities for themselves.

See him as he sits at his breakfast table on a spring morning, so bright and clear and vernal that one might feel tempted to imagine that the trees outside were great monarchs. Instead of one of the ornamental properties of a London park.

That Percy Chester is no ascetic may be gathered from the appearance of the table, which is eloquent of a good appetite and a refined taste. Pate de foie gras, deviled kidneys, provers' eggs, Chateau Margaux claret, Vienna rolls, not to mention a dozen other dainties, served on choice china and antique plate, and made pleasant to the eye by a bouquet of hot-house flowers, is not had evidence of a man's epicureanism. If we add to this a slight idea of the room, with its hangings of stone gray and crimson, its ten or twelve choice examples of the modern masters, and a perfect armory of weapons of the chase, together with furniture costly and rare, one may also give the owner some credit for artistic taste.

As a matter of fact, Percy Chester was no mean judge of wine, pictures, or women; and his opinion was gradually acquiring a weight in the fashionable world as the dicta of a man who had good grounds for his decision, and knew his own mind.
Look at him as he leans back in his chair of Venetian ebony, pouring a claret glass in one hand and idly turning over a small pile of letters with the other.

Tall, stalwart—yet graceful as a Lord Vering should be, with eyes of gray, dark enough to be often mistaken for brown, with a handsome clear-cut face, tinged by a touch of the before-mentioned pride, and marked by that calm repose which birth and breeding can alone bestow. The mouth is hidden or nearly so by a thick, tawny mustache, but one can see by the delicate lines of the lower part of the face, that his lips are clean cut and delicate, and that the touch of hauteur is atoned for by the expression of almost womanly sensitiveness which plays in the curve of the lower lip.

The hands are long, and thin, not over small, but as shapely as some of those Vandeyck loved to lime; the chest broad and hinting at great strength and power of endurance. Not an unworthy successor, as far as personal appearance goes, to the old earl himself, who had been reckoned one of the handsomest men of his day.

(To be continued)

**British Influences
Mould Universities**

TORONTO, Aug. 12.—Canadian colleges possess an individuality of their own, according to Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, who discussed the Development of the Canadian University in the education section of the British association today. The characters of the various provincial institutions reflect in some measure the political struggles of the various provinces. In Sir Robert's opinion, he said: "The stream of largest influence has been from Great Britain. Except in minor instances until the Universities of the Western Provinces arose, very little American influence is traceable."

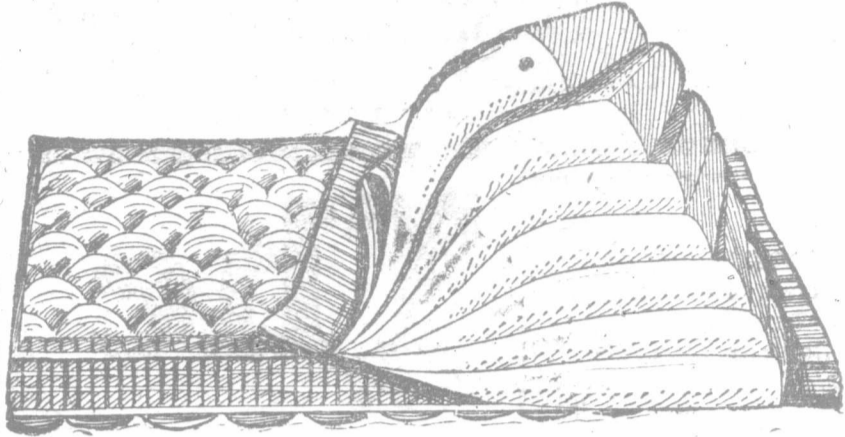
"The character of the Canadian University is due to the first professors, those who came from Britain—Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin have been the most influential. The Canadian Universities since their origin have had an uninterrupted flow into them of British academic life. Its extent is manifest in the methods of teaching and the curricula whether in Arts or the professions. The British honor and pass system has been transferred to the Arts faculties; the examination instead of the recitation method prevails.

"The American influence is seen, however, to some extent in athletic and social customs, and in the presence of chapters of American Fraternities, the headquarters of which are in the United States.

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