#### 

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXII.

The color had left Constance's face long before the dressing-bell rang, and its reflection startled her as she saw it in the glass; startled her as she saw it in the glass; startled and warned her. One glance at that pale face would tell Rawson Fenton that she was afraid of him, She could not endure that. At all costs she would meet him unflinchingly, to outward show, at any rate. So while she dressed she schooled herself into something that looked like self-possession and indifference.

"All here, mother?" asked the marquis, turning to the marchioness presently.

"No, dear. Mr. Rawson Fenton."
"Mr. Fenton," exclaimed the footman.
"I beg your forgiveness for my unpunctuality, Lady Brakespeare," he murmured, as he bent over her hand.
"Hut I met with an accident on the

"An accident!" exclaimed two or

"An accident!" exclaimed two or three voices in chorus.

"Yes; nothing of any consequence," he said quietly. "Indeed, it was rather amusing than otherwise. The wheel came off my brougham. It was one I had hired at Berrington, and the worthy owner seemed to consider that a new coat of paint was all that was necessary to keep it together."

In the marvelous fashion which only women can understand, the guests were paired off, and marched into the dining-room.

Constance's heart sank as Rawson Fenton approached and offered her his arm. The marchioness had assigned her

"What a beautiful place this is!" he said as the marquis said grace, and they seated themselves. "I had an opportunity of seeing it to advantage as I walked up the avenue; the moon was shining."

I walked up the avenue, shining."

"Yes," said Constance, looking straight before her.

"Soup, sir?" asked a footman at his elbow. "Clear or thick?"

Rawson Fenton replied at hazard and took up his spoon. Suddenly the expresion of his face changed, and his eyes grew fixed upon the innocent piece of plate.

'How seldom one sees a crest that is

"How seldom one sees a crest that is markedly appropriate to the house to which it belongs.
"Yes," assented Constance.
"The Brakespeare crest," he repeated.
"A spear, broken apparently, with an eagle hovering over it."
Constance waited in silence, feeling his eyes, keen as a hawk's, not an eagle's, fixed upon her.

eyes, keen as a hawks, not an eagle's, fixed upon her.

"You see, of course! A broken spear—Brakespeare. I don't think I ever met with one more appropriate to the family name."

"No?" said Constance.

"He turned to his plate with a smile, but his acute brain was, wonderful to relate, in a whirl. The diningroom of Brakespeare Castle vanished from his view, and, instead, he said himself in the lonely hut in the Austraalian wilds, the log-fire burning brightly, and himself kneeling in front of it, looking at a ring which he had picked up from the floor, after the rangers had fled. And that ring bore, engraved upon it, this same crest—a broken spear and an eagle. The crest of the Marquis of Brakespeare! The man who had robbed him of the woman he loved, the woman he had sworn to make his own!

One of those rangers must have had the ring in his possession and dropped it on the floor.

One of those rangers must have had the ring in his possession and dropped it on the floor where he, Rawson Fen-

looked and watched the marquis.
was talking to the duchess on his
talking in the free voice of a per-

Had he heard the voice before? He bent forward, still apparently intent up-

We think of Italy, Rome, Venice and

worth winning to him than she did to aight.

"Draw your chair closer," said the cuarquis, with the smile that was once so rare but was now so frequent on his face. "We have an old port, if you care for it, Mr. Fenton," and he touched the rare wine lying snug in its wicker cradle.

"There is no wine like port."

"It will never be beaten," he said.

"And yet there are so many rivals in the field," said Rawson Fenton, holding the glass up to the light and viewing it critically. "For instance, the Australian wines."

wines."

"You were saying——:"

"I was going to say that the Australian wines were meeting with a great deal of notice," said Rawson Fenton. He had moved up to the next seat to the marquis, and his keen eyes were fixed upon him, but with a veiled keenness.

"Yes, yes," assented the marquis, "so I have heard."

"I take a great interest in Australia," said Rawson Fenton, leaning back in his chair with an easterli smile. "I suppose it is because I began to make money there."

"Were you ever there, Lord Brakespeare? I have heard that you are a great traveller."

"Oh, yes, I have been to Australia."

great traveller."
"Oh, yes, I have been to Australia."
"Indeed! What part, may I ask?"
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fenton.
What part? Oh, I roamed about promiscuously. It is an interesting coun-

what part? Oh, I roamed about promiscuously. It is an interesting country."

They went into the drawing rom. His eyes wandered toward Constance at the piano. Her voice—for they had persuaded her to sing—rang in his ears. Her presence, the sight or her face, the sound of her voice, had awakened the old passion in his breast. She was betrothed to the Marquis of Brakespeare. No matter. He would win her, smatch her from him. She should be his!

He broke away from the circle auryounding him, and moved toward her. She had just finished a song, and was leaving the plano amid a murmur of applaces.

he said.

"Good-night, Mr. Fenton," she said,
He made his adieus to the marchion

and the duchess.

"But your carriage," said the former.

"You must let us send you home, Mr.

"You must let us send you home, Mr. Fenton."

"Thank you, marchioness," he said.
"But my man assured me that the damage would be repaired long before this. Good-night."

He went into the hall, and glanced around him. The Brakespeare crest on the stained window was invisible, but he felt rather than saw it there, and on the buttons of the footman's livery.

"Your carriage is not here, sir," said the butter.
"No matter," he said. "I will walk.

the butler.

"No matter," he said. "I will walk.
It is at the blacksmith's in the village,
no doubt," and he passed out.

He had reached the dark turn of the
road, when suddenly a dark figure stepped out of the darkness and touched his
arm.

"Guv'nor, is that you" said the man

"Guv'nor, is that you" said the man in a cautious voice.

"Yes, it's I," he said. "What do you want"

At the sound of his voice the man uttered an exclamation and tried to free himself; but Rawson Fenton held him tight and dragged him into the faint light that flickered from the lamp of the village inn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rawson Fenton's keen eyes scanned the man's face searchingly. He thought him a tramp at first, but after a mo-ment's examination he saw that the felhim a tramp at first, but after a moment's examination he saw that the fellow had searcely the tramp look about him, though he was poorly dressed in a long rough coat, which was stained with rain and mud; his face was unshaven, and still further concealed by a broadbrimmed slouch hat, which at Fenton's strong grasp, he pulled over his eyes.

"Let go, guv'nor," he said, surlip,—"Not so fast, my friend," retorted Rawson Fenton. "Have the goodness to remember that it was you wno accosted me, May I ask what it is you want?" "That's no business of yours, the man growled. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

"I wonder what you are, my friend," he thought, "and what you are lurking about Brakespeare Castle for?"

"Good-night," said the man, getting his arm free.

"Don't go, my man," he said, smoothly. "I see the village constable standing by the inn there, and I shall be compelled to call him if you attempt to leave me."

"I ain't afraid of the bobby," he said,

ed to call him if you attempt to reach me."

"I ain't afraid of the bobby," he said, sullenly, but he stood still.

"Very good," retorted Rawson Fenton, "then you can have no objection to his being present at our little interview."

"What's your little game, guv'nor!" he demanded, angrily. "I've got no business with you. What do you want with me? Can't you pass the time of night without being took for a thie?"

"Not always," was the bland response. "What I want is a little information. I am curious to know why you stopped me Just now, and for whom you took me."

me."
"It's on business of yours," he said.
"No, but I mean to make it. What
were you after—here in the park?"
"A chap might do worse, guv'nor."
Rawson Fenton smiled.

Rawson Fenton smiled.

"Lie number two. You haven't the cut of one. Come, I'm curious, and when I'm curious I am not easily put off. You'll find you'll have to open your heart to me before we part."

"I'm cussed if I do!" snarled the man. "Who are you, I should like to know?"

"I'l tell you," was the calm reply. "My name is Rawson Fenton."

The man started, and looked as if thrown off his guard by the announcement.

"You know me, it appears, my friend?

"You know me, it appears, my friend:
he said.
"Not I, nor don't want to:"
"That's scarcely civil, especially as I
have a particular desire to make your
acquaintance. What do you say to a
drink!"

the tramp, as he thought him, meditatively. "Might a' been a nastly accident, sir."

"Yes, indeed," assented Rawson Fenton, uneasily. "You may give me a glass of ale, too, if you please."

He sauntered, as he spoke to a door marked "Parlor," and pushed it open. The room was empty.

"Nice fire in there, landlord," he said, rubbing his hands. "You'd like a warm, I daresay, my man. Go inside."

The man took up his quart pot, and entered slowly and reluctantly, and Rawson Fenton, in an aimless, objectless kind of way, took his glass and followed him, and shut the door.

Rawson Fenton took out his cigar-case and carefully chose a cigar.

"Give me a light, will you?" he said. The man rose unsuspectingly, and as he stood under the gaslight, Rawson Fenton stepped forward and struck the brim of his hat with his forefinger.

"I thought we were not strangers!" he said, quietly.

The man glanced at him from under his heavy brows, and then at the door.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded.

"I never forget a man I have once seen, my friend," he said, quietly; "whether I meet him here in England, or in—Australia."

"I don't know what you're driving at guv'nor," he said, sullenly. "I never saw you before, nor you me, I recken."

"That's a mistake," said Rawson Fenton, with perfect composure. "You have a bad memory, and I have a particularly good one. For instance, I have a most distinct recollection of Long Ned, who used to work at Daniel's farm out in the bush."

Long Ned sprang to his feet with a threatening gesture, but Rawson Fenton

old Daniel ain't coming over here to prosecute me for a trifle like that."
"No, I should think not," assented Rawson Fenton, amiably—too amiably; but the story is not quite finished, my friend. You don't ask how it happened that Long Ned possessed a horse. He didn't steal it from the farm; how did he come by it!"
"Don't remember, perhaps! I'll tell you. Long Ned had got a horse, and a good one, because he had joined the rangers."

a good one, because he had joined the rangers."

"That's a iie," he growled.

"Pardom me, Ned, it's the truth. I know, because I saw his description among those of the rangers wanted by the Government police. See!"

"There was a pretty substantial reward offered for those men—one or any of them, and it's an offer still, I believe; consequently—"

Ned breathed hard, and eyed his persecutor as if he would have liked to have sprung at his throat, but said nothing.

have sprung at his throat, but said nothing.

"What I want to know is, for whom did you mistake me to-night?" said Rawson Fenton.

Ned set his lips lightly, and pulled at his beard, looking sidewise up at the pale, calm face.

"Suppose I know already whom it was you expected to see?"

Ned's face was contorted with a smile.

"You're mighty clever, Mr. Fenton; but not clever enough for that," he retorted.

but not clever enough for that," he retorted.

"I don't know. Suppose we say that it was Lord Brakespeare, the marquis," and he fixed his keen eyes piercingly upon the man's face.

"The marquis!" he said, with a laugh. "That's likely, ain't it! What would I want to see the marquis for!"

"Why, for money! Blackmail, of course!" said Rawson Fenton, blandly.

"And why should he—a swell like that—give me money? You're on the wrong scent, Mr. Fenton. Better give it up, and let me go. I'm getting tired of being badgered and baited."

"Til tell why you are likely, if you want to know. "The reason why the marquis should give you money is because he was the leader of the rangers!"

Long Ned's face went white, and he sprung to the door and set his back to it, panting and quivering.
"Right the first time, eh?" he said, with a ring of sardonic triumph in his voice.

"Why, look here, Mr. Fenton, if you

with a ring of sardonic triumph in his voice.

"Why, look here, Mr. Fenton, if you want a bit of revenge for any mischief the boys did you, bang it out of me. I'm nobody, I'm of no consequence. But leave him alone, for God's sake! Why, I hear as he's in love and going to marry that beoutiful young lady there

#### SALE OF HOLBEIN.

#### Premier Asquith Doubtful How Far Country Has Legal Interest.

London, May 24 .- The question raised by Arthur Fox-Davies, an English bar-rister, as to the right of the Duke of Norfolk to sell the Holbein portrait of Christina of Denmark will be settled by Government investigation.

a Government investigation.

Premier Asquith announced in the House of Commons to-night that To did not seem that the Crown had any legal inteerst or had a right to intervene in regard to property affected by the private Act referred to. No schedule was attached to the Act referred to, but a search for it would be made, and if found the Government would fully consider the question as to made, and if found the Government would fully consider the question as to whether the Crown ought to take any proceedings, or whether the matter was solely one for the parties concerned in the settlement made by the Act.

### HEAD STRUCK CAR.

#### Walter M'Laughlin Killed at Parry Sound Station.

Parry Sound, May 24.—A young man named Walter McLaughlin, of Norwood, Ont., was killed at the m his cutlet.

"We think of Italy, Rome, Venice and Dante's Florenge," the marquis was saying, in an undertone, but still andible to Rawson Fenton; "anywhere that constance likes."

So he was speaking of their wedding-tour! A sharp spasm shot through Rawson Fenton's heart, and he glanced out of the corner of his eyes at the beautiful face beaid him. Their honeymoon trip! Then they were to be married soon. He bent lower over his plate, and his breath came fast and his face paled.

At last the ladies rose. Rawson Fenton popend the door for them, and as Constance passed out he let his eyes at well longingly, hungrily on her face, She had never seemed more lovely, more worth winning to him than she did tonight.

"Draw your chaif closer," said the

# Sometimes it becomes chronic and returns again and again, wearing out its victim.

At other times it develops rapidly into pneumonia.—Cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

pneumonia—Cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linssed and Turpentine.

Any cold is serious enough when its dreadful possibilities are considered, but when there is soremess or tightness in the cheet and a dry hard cough you can look for bronchitis, which is often confused with an ordinary cold.

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Mr. James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills.

a bad memory, and I have a particularly good one. For instance, I have a most distinct recollection of Long Ned, who used to work at Daniel's farm out in the bush."

Long Ned sprang to his feet with a threatening gesture, but Rawson Fanton confronted him with perfect caimness and composure.

"How do you do, Ned?" he said, with a pleasant smile.

"Well! What if I am the man you took me for?" he exclaimed; "what cam you do? This ain't Australia, this is England. It's no use raking up bygones; and so thorough and far-reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence.

"In James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills.

Leeds, Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys were so bad with coldes on the cheet or bronchitis that they come in contact with the trace, particularly if the spread is taken off at night, and this should always be done.

To remedy the soiling of the comfort, take a width of cheesecoth, making it as long as the comfort is wide, sew up retting and so thorough and far-reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence.

Leeds, Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys were so bad with coldes on the cheet or bronchitis that they come in contact with the found more durance.

Leeds, Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys were so bad with coldes on the cheet or bronchitis that they come in contact with the first they come in contact with the first they come and the plain. Light colored comfortables are apt to soil at the top where they come in contact with the first they come in contact with the first they come in contact with the first they come in contact with the set of at night, and this should always be contact.

To remedy the soiling of the comfort take a width of cheesecoth, making it as long at the comfort or them." 25 cents a bottle, at all deal-with the comfort or the comfort of the comfort or the comfort or the comfort of the co

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#### REQUISITES FOR GOOD BEDMAKING.

It matters not how handsome the ap-pointments of the room, how soft and luxurious the carpet, how fine and white the linen, if the bed is poorly and loosely made it gives to the whole apartment an untidy look that no am-

Than a Cold the sheets should be cut two and a the sheets should be cut two and a shelf yards long, allowing for a hem half yards long, allowing for a hem

red, and if for ordinary sized bed threequarters wide.

The sheets should be cut two and a
half yards long, allowing for a hem
three inches at the top and an inch
and a half at the bottom.

Heavy blankets, if one can afford
them, when soiled readily can be washed and made to look nearly as well as
new, but if they are too expensive a
luxury, cheesecloth, comfrts will an
swer nicely, as they are warm, soft, and
light, and these qualities are much to be
desired in bed clothing. It pays to buy
the best quality in chesecloth, either in
white or colored, which can be bought
for a few cents a yard.

Twelve yards and a quarter are the
right amount to get for a large comfort, or ten yards for an ordinary sized
one. The large ones are much more desirable for a double bed.

For winter comforts, large size, use
four or five rolls of good cotton. Cut a
pasteboard four inches square for a
marker, and at each point of the square
dot with a lead pencil, indicating where
to tie. This will insure exactness. Tie
at these places with tidy cotton and
tuft with yarn or zephyr. For a large
comfortable four ounces of zephyr will
be required.

A pretty finish is a crocheted edge or
a large scallop drawn off with a small
teacup and buttonholed with the same
thread used in gnotting.

Pink and blue make up prettily, and
figured material will be found more durable than the plain. Light colored comfortables are apt to soil at the top
where they come in contact with the
face, particularly if the spread is taken
off at night, and this should always be
done.

avenience the sleeper. Have two for bed so that they may be washed as such bed so that they may be washed as often as desired.

In selecting counterpanes be sure to them large enough. Good counter-

In selecting counterpanes be sure to get them large enough. Good counterpanes are usually wide enough, but frequently fall short of what they should be in length.

Now as to the making of a bed. Begin by seeing that the mattress lies smoothly on the springs. Put on the puff, tucking it well under the mattress, next the sheets, with the wide hems always at the top.

at the top.

Now, if the sides of the bed are to be Now, it the sides of the bed are to be perfectly upright, spread on the comforts, and instead of tucking them under, buy the extra width upon the matters. Now put on the white spread, seeing that the centre figure is exactly in the centre of the bed. Do not tuck he spread under the mattress, but bethe spread under the mattress, but between the springs and bedstead, drawing it so tightly each way that not a suspicion of a wrinkle remains. Lastly, put in position the large square pillows covered with monogramed cases.—Chicago Sunday Tribune.

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"he amount involved is said to be about \$500.

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