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The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXXI.

HER GRACE'S VERDICT.

Before that short winter day had come to a close, all the county, and probably nearly all London, for romances in high life are greedily welcomed by the voracious maws of the newspapers, was in possession of the startling facts of Cyril More's return to life, and his secret marriage with the great heiress, Miss Edna Weston. Everybody was surprised to know of it by the third day, and yet one person, and that one of so much importance as Lord Mersey, had heard nothing of the great romance, and rode into the village of Arleigh as ignorant of the local excitement as the Great Mogul himself.

His lordship waited at the village inn while his horse got a feed of corn and a drink of water, and then he remounted and continued his journey along the Rosedene road. The snow had gone by this time, and the roads were crisp with a light frost. His lordship allowed his horse to choose its own pace, and sat musingly in his saddle until the red wings of Rosedene came in sight; then he roused suddenly, and drew a note from his pocket. It was rather crumpled and finger-worn, as if it had been consulted a great deal, and though it consisted of but a few lines, was certainly an excuse for conjecture and curiosity. Lord Mersey muttered it over:

"An old friend of Lord Mersey would feel grateful if his lordship would meet him at More Park as soon as possible."

"An old friend!" mused his lordship, for the thousandth time. "Edward More and I can scarcely be called old friends, and whom else is there at the park, now poor Cyril is underground?"

As he passed Rosedene, his lordship looked at it with much rather a curious expression—with the look that a man's face might wear who saw the grave of a no longer regretted hope.

"She is not there," he mused, "the blinds are all closed; I should like to see her; yes, I could see her now without that old pain and misery. I wonder if she has married Morton;

she was too good for him, but an angel like her might make a good man of a worse than he; who knows?" Then he looked along the road to where the Bromleys' old ancestral mansion gleamed redly through the trees. "I've been away too long; a man does not live long enough to afford to waste his friends. I wonder—I wonder if the Bromleys—if Grace is at home; perhaps she, too, is married. It was weakness, that shirking of the papers; I know no English news; I dreaded it, and now I am all curiosity."

He woke from his reverie just in time to turn his horse into the park gates, and as he did so he started with a confused sense of surprise at the great change of aspect of the place. He scarcely knew it. What had happened? He was about to ask the lodge keeper, but his horse, not being curious, and smelling, I suppose, the stables, broke into a trot, and carried him out of the man's hearing. Two grooms came forward to take his horse, the hall porter threw open the door.

"Is Sir Edward in?" asked Lord Mersey in his slow, abstracted way.

"Sir Edward, my lord?" said the man, staring at him; then, as Lord Mersey seemed lost in thought, the porter, who knew him and his way, motioned to a footman. Lord Mersey followed the servant into the drawing room. At the end was a winter conservatory and, hearing voices, Lord Mersey walked toward it. Before he had quite reached it a gentleman came out, laughing. He uttered a pleased welcome as he saw who the visitor was, and grasped both Lord Mersey's hands.

His lordship stared for a moment, then nodded once or twice.

"Cyril," he said, at last. "I might have guessed it was you, of course, just so! Yes, yes! Cyril, I'm very glad to see you—and here, too! Who is in there?" he broke off to ask, as a voice, sweet and musical, reached them.

"Some old friends of yours, Mersey," said Cyril, still holding his hands and pressing them. "One is my wife, Edna Weston, an old and dear friend of yours, if your esteem for her is as great as hers for you; the other is—come and see for yourself."

In another minute Lord Mersey had looked at it with much rather a curious expression—with the look that a man's face might wear who saw the grave of a no longer regretted hope.

"She is not there," he mused, "the blinds are all closed; I should like to see her; yes, I could see her now without that old pain and misery. I wonder if she has married Morton;

"Edna," he said, "I wish you joy! How happy you look; I wonder if Cyril will mind!" and with a queer little smile he stooped and touched her forehead with a brotherly kiss. Then he turned, for at the moment he was warned of some one else's presence, by the soft sound of a harp. He looked at Edna, then walked down the conservatory. Half hidden by the great leaves of the tropical plants sat a beautiful figure, bending over a harp; an empty chair was beside her, on which lay some needle-work, as if Aunt Martha had just left it.

Lord Mersey came up slowly and softly, and stood looking down on the bent head of the player.

Suddenly she looked up. It was Grace Bromley. A glorious light shone in her dark eyes as she recognized him, and she was about to rise, embarrassed and trembling, but he put out his hand, and gently kept her in her seat.

"Play for me," he said, with a wistfulness that was not all sad, "as you used."

She glanced at him shyly, and a faint flush tinged the clear olive of her face.

"What shall I play for you?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Home, Sweet Home," he said.

She obeyed tremblingly, and played a few chords of the well-known air, that no one has ever been able to listen to yet without a thrill of emotion; then the music ceased suddenly, and the proud head was gently lowered on the motionless hand.

He took her hand and clasped it in both his.

"Grace—dear Grace! I have come home? Will you make it sweet for me?"

Is there any need to put her exact answer on record, or to state that she faithfully kept her promise, and did make home, sweet home for him?

(To be Continued.)

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

She was dressed in a simple robe of some soft material, the creamy whiteness of which set off her exquisite beauty, all unknown to its mistress, to the fullest advantage. Above this plainly cut, but gracefully flowing robe, her girlish face with its soft, dark-brown hair and large, dreamy eyes, its sweet, red lips half parted—she stood, watching the sunlight—rose like one of Leonardo da Vinci's heads, pure as a lily, beautiful as a passion flower. In one hand she held a short brush of peacock's feathers, and this was raised to shade her eyes for a moment; then she took a step to the window, and pulled up the blind, and stood with her small white hands outstretched as if drinking in the sunshine. Presently there was a sound as of a chair being impatiently moved at the further end of the room, and a man's voice—a very still, hushed voice—said, doubtfully:

"Lela!"

The girl did not start, but she dropped the blind gently, and, gliding swiftly across the room, bent over a high-backed chair, in which an old man sat poring over a book which lay outstretched on the table before him.

"Grandpa?" she murmured, and her voice rang sweetly and softly through the room like subdued music.

The old man looked around with a little air of surprise, then smiled up at the lovely eyes bent down upon him.

"Eh? Ah, yes, I thought one of the blinds was up."

"So it was," she answered, with a low, sweet laugh, that was as musical as her voice. "I pulled it up to let the sun in. I forgot you were here, grandpapa!"

"Oh, I—I am nothing," he said, absently. "It is the books; the sun spoils the bindings, Lela."

"The poor sun!" she murmured, looking around the room, "and the poor books, too. Don't you think they would rather have a little sunlight, though it should take the color out of their pretty leather backs? Are books the only things that can not stand the sun, grandpapa?" she added, with an echo of the laugh.

"And bookworms," he said, still more absently, and looking closer over his volume.

The girl stood looking dreamily in-

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to the dimness of the apartment; then she laid her white hand on his gray head, let it rest there for a moment, and, with just the shadow of a sigh, picked up the brush which she had let fall, and went into the china-room.

As silently as she had raised the blind she took down the pieces of china and dusted them, pausing now and again to look at the paintings on them, with her graceful head on one side, her large eyes dreamy and thoughtful.

Profound silence reigned; it seemed almost as if the sunlight were hushed into thoughtfulness as it entered the apartment. A strange place for so beautiful, so young a girl, and yet she had known no other. Like the flower that grew within the prison walls, she had grown up, almost entirely, in the silent rooms; had become so much a part and parcel of them that the spirit of the place had entered into her life and made her like one of the creatures of the poets—

An hour passed, the old man still sat over his book; the girl had finished her morning task and sat in a corner, where the sun came, with a book in her hands, but her eyes fixed on the tapestried walls.

Presently, with a suddenness that made her start and even caused the old man to look up from his book, there rang out the barking of a dog, followed by a man's voice calling it in clear, deep tones.

Lela rose and went to the window, but paused to look inquiringly at her grandfather.

"What was that, grandpapa?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, with a faint air of wonder. "One of the dogs! It was on the terrace, was it not?"

"Yes; just here."

"Under my lord's windows!" he said, raising his eyebrows, apprehensively. "Under his windows! Ring, Lela, and ask—tell them—but no better now, perhaps. By this time the man who has let the animal out will have caught and silenced it! Foolish! If the marquis has heard it whoever is to blame will be discharged."

The girl stood looking toward the window.

"It did not sound like one of the grooms," she said, thoughtfully.

(To be Continued.)

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| 40" FANCY GABARDINES. Reg. \$1.80. Sale Price \$1.70 yd. | 35" POPLIN—Fine Cord in Wine, Mole, Saxe, Myrtle. Reg. \$1.10. Sale Price \$1.05 yd. |
| 44" WOOL SERGE in Black, Navy, Myrtle, Cardinal. Reg. \$2.30. Sale Price \$2.50 yd. | 56" UNION SHEPHERDS' CHECKS. Reg. \$3.00. Sale Price \$2.80 yd. |
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AIRSHIP FLIGHT.

LONDON, March 22. (Reuter's).—The first account is now officially published of a remarkable long-distance flight over the North Sea, which was performed by a British non-rigid airship the U.S.-11 during the past few days. The voyage took the form of a circuit, embracing the coast of Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein, Heiligoland, North Germany and Holland. The trip was characterised by extremely unfavorable weather, and therefore it ranks as the most notable flight ever undertaken. The total length of the ground trip was twelve hundred and eighty-five air miles, and the time taken was about forty and a half hours. The airship started from the Firth of Forth, laying a straight course towards Denmark. There was a northwest wind blowing fifteen to twenty miles an hour and the night was intensely dark, but the navigation was so accurate that the airship was only a mile from her course when she passed the Dogger Bank light-house, which is 280 miles from the starting point. Thereafter the velocity of the wind increased, and calcium flares were frequently dropped into the North Sea, from which bearings were taken to determine the increasing allowance for drift. Weather conditions continued to become worse and several small storms and rain squalls were encountered. The wind attained a velocity of thirty knots from the northwest. On the return journey the airship troubles began, the wind grew hourly stronger, and more tempestuous. One engine broke at midnight, and the airship was forced a considerable distance to leeward. The captain contemplated landing in France, but eventually decided to hold on in the hope that the wind would abate. This fortunately occurred, and a landfall was made at North Foreland, by which time the petrol was running short, only one engine keeping running during the last stage of the voyage. Gusts reached forty knots, and the crew had great difficulty in controlling the airship. All suffered intensely from seasickness, especially the pilots and coxwains, who frequently required relief to maintain the ship's navigation. The flight was particularly noteworthy, because it being carried out entirely over the sea it was the longest non-stop overseas voyage of any British aircraft, and so far as is known it is a world's record for non-rigid airships.

HUNGARY AND RUSSIA.

COPENHAGEN, March 23. The new Hungarian Government has proclaimed solidarity with the Russian Soviet Government and an armed alliance with the proletariat of Russia, according to a despatch from Budapest. The proclamation of the new government follows: The proletariat of Hungary from to-day has taken all powers in its own hands by the decision of the Paris Conference to occupy Hungary. The provisioning of revolutionary Hungary becomes utterly impossible under these circumstances. The sole means open for the Hungarian Government is a dictatorship of the proletariat. Legislative, executive and judicial authority will be exercised by a dictatorship of the Workers'-Peasants and Soldiers' Councils. The revolutionary government council will begin forthwith work for the realization of communist socialism. The council decrees the socialisation of large estates, mines, big industries, banks and transport lines, declares complete solidarity with the Russian Soviet Government and offers to contract an armed alliance with the proletariat of Russia.

A WAR RUMOR.

LONDON, March 23. The Budapest Government is reported to be signing a proclamation acknowledging a state of war between Hungary and the Entente, says a despatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Vienna. The despatch adds that the Czech-Slovak government is preparing to issue a mobilisation order.

OCCUPYING HUNGARY.

LONDON, March 22. Allied troops in the past few days have occupied the greater part of Hungary with the exception of Budapest and the surrounding districts, for the purpose of suppressing plundering by Bolshevik gangs and restore order, according to a despatch from Vienna to the Exchange Telegraph Co. by way of Copenhagen.

NOTIFIED TO QUIT.

COPENHAGEN, March 22. The Vienna Government has once

And the Worst is Yet to Come—

