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LORD WHARTON'S NIECE —AND— THE HEIR TO REGNA COURT.

CHAPTER III.

"I dare say," assented Mr. Sapley; "but they are gods in their own places, and we've got to pretend to kneel and worship them—especially when we make money out of them."
He touched the papers carelessly.
"There was silence for a minute or two, during which Mordaunt rolled himself a cigarette without asking permission, and blew the smoke across his father's face.
"She'll be expected to make a great marriage," said Mr. Sapley.
"I dare say," assented Mordaunt.
"She's a very beautiful girl, with all reference to you, Mordaunt, and she's the mistress of Regna. She might be very high."
"She may aim as high as a prince," said Mordaunt, "for all I care."
Mr. Sapley eyed him curiously.
"It would be a very nice thing for a man to step into," he said. "Regna is almost unique in its way, and the man who married her would be quite a personage. He'd be one of the county families."
"I dare say," assented Mordaunt, again, with another yawn.
"I wonder who it will be?" mused Mr. Sapley, watching his son's face still covertly. "Miss Sartoris is a girl who would follow her own fancy. She wouldn't care who the man was, so long as she liked him."
Mordaunt took the cigarette from his lips and looked at his father with a little more attention.
"What are you driving at, governor?" he asked.
Mr. Sapley smiled mysteriously, and shuffled on his chair.
"I was just thinking, Mordy," he said, "what advantages you have got compared with what I had. I began life in quite a humble way; I can remember sweeping out Goodchild's office—"

Mr. Mordaunt, the Oxford man, reddened resentfully.
"What's the use of going back to all that?" he asked.
"Yes, I swept out their office," continued Mr. Sapley, looking straight before him, as if he were regarding the past. "And I used to hold Goodchild's horse when he went for a ride, and touch my hat to the clients when they gave me a shilling."
Mr. Mordaunt moved uneasily on his chair.
"And then I got a stool at one of the desks, and addressed the letters and copied the deeds. I must have had a head on my shoulders, even in those days, for I remembered what those deeds were about. I could recite some of them now. I worked my way up to confidential clerk; old Goodchild was an easy-going fool, as well as old, and he got to rely on me. He had to make me partner, I got the business into my own hands; then I dissolved partnership, and set up for myself. Nearly all the business followed me. Old Goodchild retired on a few hundred a year, and I took the whole of his practice."
"What's the use of going over all this?" asked Mordaunt.
Mr. Sapley continued as if his elegant son had not interrupted him:
"It's all nonsense to say that a man struggles hard; it all came easy to me. Before I was five-and-twenty I was agent to three estates, and had got the practice of the whole place. Then I got Court Regna. I'd had my eye on that for a long while, for I knew there were pickings to be made out of it. Lord Wharton never interfered with anything, and I've had it all my own way."
"He touched the deeds again, lovingly," he said.
"What's the use—" began Mordaunt.
"But Mr. Sapley continued:
"I'm what is called a rich man, but as you said, though you meant it in another way, what's the use? All the squire here, remember me sweeping out the office and holding the horses. With you it's different."
"I should hope so," muttered Mordaunt, dutifully under his breath.
"You are an Oxford man, and a gentleman. The world's open to you; you can look up boldly to things that I could never dare lift my eyes to. You'll be a rich man, Mordaunt," and the man's voice grew softly triumphant, in strange discordance with his hard, vulture-like face. "There's no knowing what heights you could climb to. Why, you might—"
He glanced at Mordaunt half cunningly, half fearfully.
"What are you driving at?" asked Mordaunt again under his breath.
Mr. Sapley pushed the papers from him with his clawlike hand and leaned back in his chair.
"There's nothing you couldn't attain to. I've made a gentleman of you, you haven't swept out an office, or held horses. You've got the college manner and the college tone and you've got some of your poor mother's good looks. If all lies within your grasp."
There was a silence. Mordaunt had allowed his cigarette to go out, and it dropped from his fingers, as he stared at his father's hawklike face.
"What are you driving at?" he said, under his breath.
"If I were in your place," went on Mr. Sapley, ignoring the question, "I should look around and seek my opportunity. You're young and you've got, or will have, money. You can marry well. Here's Court Regna, for instance."
Mordaunt sat bolt upright.
"Court Regna?" he repeated, in amazement.



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Mr. Sapley glanced at him with a cunning smile.
"Court Regna," he repeated. "It's owned by a young girl—unmarried. And the man who marries her will step into one of the prettiest properties in England, will become one of the county families."
"He marry Miss Sartoris?" exclaimed Mordaunt, forgetting his Oxford grammar, and sitting bolt upright.
"Why not?" started Mr. Sapley, bending forward, with his sharp eyes fixed on his son's wide-open ones.
"You are young, good-looking and have opportunities of meeting her which few men have. If I were in your place—"
Mordaunt laughed disconcertedly.
"You must be mad, gov'nor," he said. "Miss Sartoris wouldn't look at me. She regards me as a kind of servant. She doesn't know what I'm like. She scowls bows when we meet; she wouldn't know me outside Court Regna."
Mr. Sapley showed his teeth, and hissed half contemptuously, half defiantly:
"Bah! You haven't half the pluck I had. Oh, I'm not blaming you, it's the difference in the training. Faint heart never won fair lady. Doesn't the prospect allure you? To be the husband of a beautiful girl like that. To be the master of Court Regna, one of the show places of England—the world!"
Mordaunt threw himself back in his chair and laughed scornfully.
"You're dreaming, gov'nor," he said. "She wouldn't look at me. I'm just the son of her agent and no more."
A dusky red overspread Mr. Sapley's face. He looked uglier than ever.
"You're an Oxford man and a gentleman," he said. "And suppose I help you?"
"You help me?" exclaimed Mordaunt, leaning forward.
Mr. Sapley hit his lip, as if he had said too much.
"Well, I might help you," he said. "Who knows? Anyway, the thing is not impossible; it is less than impossible, it is probable!"
Mr. Mordaunt stared at him. The young man's common-place, and rather sordid face was alive with a kind of genius.
"He had hitherto looked up to Miss Sartoris as a sort of queen. He had admired her beauty, but as a subject might admire that of an empress, she had seemed something far and away beyond his reach. And now to be told that he might become her husband, might become the master of Court Regna, might enter the charmed circle of the county families!
It took his breath away. He leaned forward, the bruise Gerald Wayne had made upon his face showing plainly, his small eyes alight with the light reflect from his father's.

The Baby's Cold

Continual "dosing" with internal medicine upsets delicate little stomachs. Treat colds externally with Vicks VapoRin.

Dropped From Space

A meteoric stone that was found in 1918, by the Eskimos, on a rock about 4000 high and sixteen miles from the coast, has been brought to Aberdeen and will be placed in a museum at Copenhagen.

The Stupid English

Mr. Bernard Shaw, that spiritual grandchild of the Red Queen, has told us at least three times that the English are stupid, and so it must be true. It is, at any rate, one of the legends that one feels some hesitation about tampering with. The English did, somehow, by some accident, manage to secure not only the greater part but also the better part of the British Isles, and it, at the end of that process, they had wits equal to those of the Celtic races which sit on their borders, a manifest injustice would have taken place. Therefore it is a tradition not lightly to be assailed that the agile Irish, the nimble-witted Welsh, and the subtle-minded Scots can, in an expressive phrase, make rings round the heavy Englishman whenever they have a mind to.—London Evening Standard.

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CONFEDERATION LIFE

nov.22.11

"Do you mean what you say?" he demanded.
"I mean what I say," responded Mr. Sapley. "I have had my eye on it for a long time, ever since you came home. But it rests with you; you've got all the cards, and if you play them properly, you'll win. Just think of it! Master of Court Regna—and your father swept out Goodchild's office!"
Mordaunt rose and paced up and down the small room.
"It seems impossible!" he said.
"How can you help me?"
Mr. Sapley gathered the papers together with a sweep of his hand.
"Never you mind," he said. "You'll know all in good time. If you want my advice, I say, see as much of her as you can. Never mind her proud and haughty ways. They don't count. He showed his teeth. "You can pay her back for them when you're married. Go and see her on business as often as you can. Get into her confidence—that's the way I always acted. Study her likes and dislikes and flatter her. Flatter her, Mordaunt! It's the quickest way to a woman's heart. I'll keep in the background as much as possible. Let her think that you, and not me, are necessary to her. She's all alone here, and you've got the first chance. Make the best use of your time, and when you've got a footing with her, come to me, and I'll do the rest."
He looked up at his son through eyes made into slits, and showed his fangs in an encouraging smile.
Mordaunt leaned his hand upon the table, and stared at his father almost breathlessly.
The prospect unfolded before him was simply dazzling. To be the husband of Claire Sartoris, the master of Court Regna! The mere thought bewildered him.
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Smuggled Chinese Pose as Dead Men.

San Francisco, Dec. 4.—Immigration officers here expressed keen interest to-day in the purported widespread conspiracy to smuggle Chinese into the United States which was uncovered last night at Honolulu with the discovery of eleven Chinese posing as dead men and hiding in as many coffins deep in one of the holds of the Dollar Line President Lincoln, which is en route to San Francisco from the Orient.
The discovery grew out of information received from the Orient by A. E. Burnett, district director of immigration from Hawaii. The information, from special agents, said that fifteen Chinese had been despatched by a smuggling ring, and Tong Nam, an agent of the conspirators, a Chinese member of the crew, was to receive \$1,000 for each of the aliens landed safely ashore. The names of the San Francisco "consignees" were learned, but Burnett refused to reveal them.
Burnett led a party of six inspectors through the vessel twice without discovering any traces of the contraband aliens. Just as the federal officials were about to abandon their search, one of their number, after having climbed through tons of ship's gear, accidentally knocked off the top of one of a row of coffins in a hold. The "corpse" proved to be a young Chinese, stretched out in the coffin, with baggage and food alongside him.
With this clue, the officers opened ten more coffins and each disclosed a Chinese youth with his baggage. All were taken in custody, together with several members of the crew believed to be implicated in the alleged plot.

Daughter's Place in Father's Business

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 4.—(Canadian Press)—Daughters should be trained to understand and to take an active share in their father's business affairs, and the parent should make a place in his business for his daughter as well as his son. This is the belief of Lady Rhonda, of whom Mrs. Sidney Small spoke with enthusiasm in her address on English women in political life before the Business and Professional Women's Club.
Wool crepe is a good material for sports frocks.

Lord Birkenhead HAS CEASED TO WRITE FOR PAPERS.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—Premier Baldwin, in answer to a question in the House of Commons yesterday as to whether he had received from Lord Birkenhead any assurance as to when the latter would fulfill his undertakings to discontinue his contributions to the press, replied that Lord Birkenhead had ceased to write articles for the press. He already had parted with the ownership of a limited number of articles over, which he had no control now, the premier stated and only one article still remained in Lord Birkenhead's possession.

Lord Beaverbrook Declares All Pathe Shareholders British

LONDON, Dec. 7.—Pathe producers here have jointly protested against the granting of the rights of financing the signing of the Locarno Treaty exclusively to one firm, the dominant

USES OF ADVERSITY.
Jasper Jinx who born to riches; in his side there are no attitudes, gained from hooing, digging, ditching, sawing wood or baling hay; since upon this sphere he landed a m p i e wealth he has commanded, he was never broke or stranded, he has walked the velvet way. Wealth to him has little meaning; sadly he goes limousining, sadly he is lolling, leaning, from the window of his club; there is nothing worth the buying, no sensation worth the trying, so we hear this Jasper sighing, shedding teardrops by the tub. I have coin enough for glowing and you often see me going where the retail stores are showing bargain sales too good to last; when I buy myself a silver or some arrows in a quiver or some bacon flanked with liver, I recall my troubled past. I have done a lot of grinding while the sweat, my eyes was blinding, and but meager wages finding, when the weary task was done; I have toiled in wintry weather when the storm winds whooped together, I have carried bales of leather, in the glaring, burning sun. Often I've been on my upper, tackling breakfasts, dinners, suppers, hollowness as a schooner's scupper, and these things come back to me, when my pewter bus is chooing; my prosperity I'm viewing, and my gratitude renewing for the boons I daily see.

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Special Line of Moire or Saten Undershirts \$1.35
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Special Line of Boys' all Wool Full-Over Sweaters, in a large variety of shades; all sizes \$1.45
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BON MARCHÉ

dec.10.11.15.17.18.21

The member who had asked the question might like to glance at this remaining article, Premier Baldwin smilingly remarked. It was on the subject of eloquence, he said.
General laughter followed this sally.
The premier's statement that Lord Birkenhead had ceased to write for the press was greeted with cheers.
The Federation of British Industrialists by declaring that the entire capital in Pathe is owned by himself and his associates, all of whom are British subjects, and not a penny of foreign capital is in the company.

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