



"KYRA," OR, The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Very soon two nimble and ingenious footmen had set out a capital cold collation under the sweet-smelling apple trees, and the whole of the party were seated.

They were young, in good health, and hungry; no wonder the blackbirds looked down from the branches scared by the laughter and the clatter.

Not that all chattered; two were rather quiet, Charlie and Percy. The former because Lord St. Clare was squatting next to Lady Mary, and absorbing her attention, the latter because he was all eyes and ears for every word and look of Kyra, who had taken up two feet of grass between Lilian Devigne and Charlie, and was employed carving cold ham, and listening to the half-muttered comments of her right-hand neighbors.

Soon, however, something more than carving ham was demanded of her. The party from Boxley comprised four young men—most of them titled—who were not slow to discover and appreciate the fresh, unspoilt, love-liness of the dark-eyed girl, and when they had satisfied their appetite, they gradually drew round her and laid the usual siege.

Then it was delightful to see the mingled bashfulness and dignity with which the beautiful girl received their attacks. She had never been subjected to such a volley of flattery, deferential attention, before, and it will be forgiven her if her blushes were frequent and her pulsation quicker than usual.

Then they all gathered round the apple trees, talking and laughing until the farmhouse clock warned them that it was time to take flight; and at last they galloped off, leaving Lilian Devigne at liberty to send off the following telegram to Count Hudsaple:

ness without check and care—rest!" Percy threw himself down, and looked up at her.

"Why have you not gone with them?" he asked; "they have gone into the woods, I suppose?"

She nodded. "I should have been de trop, mon ami," she murmured, as sweetly as only she could murmur. "They are all in the heyday of their romance. I have lived through mine, so I stayed behind. And you—why did you not join them?"

"There was no more charming woman in all England than Lilian Devigne, and at that moment she surpassed herself.

Percy, looking at her, seemed to get the glamour of her presence falling over him.

"It" he said. "For the same reason."

Then he put out his hand, and laid it on her arm.

"Lilian, it seems as if the world had gone by and left us alone—alone with the past. That is scarcely fair; we are both young—"

He looked up at her as he spoke, and his hand tightened; and his next words might have sealed his fate, but they were not spoken, for at that moment Lady Mary, closely followed by Lord St. Clare, came through the doorway, crying:

"Oh, here you are, Lord Vering! We were looking for you everywhere. Mr. Merivale has been tormenting us by a—I believe fabulous description of the museum of curiosities at Vering Wold! Have you got so many beautiful things, or has he been telling fibs? You know I have never been to the Wold."

Percy rose and looked round the group gathered about the daring young heiress.

"Not" he said, "that is my loss, not yours. What do you say, will you come and see my museum to-morrow—all of you? Come, don't say no. It is bachelors' hall, you know; but Charlie will help me to entertain you, and Lady Devigne will, I have no doubt, come and play 'Propriety.' What do you say, Lady Mary?"

"Oh, I say yes, with all my heart," said Lady Mary, glancing under her fair lids at Charlie. "You'll come, Lord St. Clare?"

"Yes, that I will! We'll all come, Lord Percy—we're dying to see the Wold."

"That's settled, then," said Percy, "and I shall expect you all at twelve o'clock."

Then they all gathered round the apple trees, talking and laughing until the farmhouse clock warned them that it was time to take flight; and at last they galloped off, leaving Lilian Devigne at liberty to send off the following telegram to Count Hudsaple:

"The blow may be struck to-morrow. Five o'clock at Vering Wold!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The House Party.

The Wold had been asleep so long, that when the Earl—as he was invariably called by his household—came home with the order to prepare for the friendly invasion Lady Mary had so boldly and skillfully planned, the household were for the moment electrified. Some of the younger servants—those who had been in the Vering service for a matter of a few years—looked upon it as a relief, and a most welcome diversion; but the old ones, the gray-headed butler, the sedate coachman, the house-keeper, and an army of middle-aged, old-fashioned retainers, regarded the advent of the "young folks," as they called them, with startled perplexity, not unmingled with something like intripudation at their effrontery in venturing to break the long spell of sacred quiet and drowsiness which had held the magnificent house and grounds. The fact was the Wold had been preserved as carefully from the outside world of noise and bustle as if it had been a curious relic of a bygone age. And now the place was to be overrun by a party of wild young people, who, as likely as not, would—the housekeeper, who had thus far in lamentation, pined rather confused and at a loss, for after all what could the party from Boxley, young and buoyant as it might be, do in the way of injury to the Wold.



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And, after all, there was very little to be done in the way of preparation. The major-domo—in other words Stephen Grings—made it a point of honor that every room, from the old-fashioned parlors in the rafter to the great saloon hung with crimson drapery, should be kept as clean as orderly as if it might expect a sudden inspection by its owner. There was a little extra work for the grand French chef to do, and he, instead of grumbling, was delighted.

"Milord, the earl, says it is to be a cold," he remarked when Stephen gave the order for preparation. "Very good! It shall be, Monsieur Grings! An artist can prove himself true to his art even in a cold collation 'meister Grings, sare, you shall see, which meant that the great chef intended to excel himself."

It was a glorious day, and as Percy walked across the park on his way back from the river in which he and Charlie had been taking a header, he stopped for a moment, and swinging his towel toward the Wold:

"Looks quite bright, Charlie," he remarked.

"Yes," assented Charlie. "Never saw the old place look so lively. Just as if it knew there were to be pretty faces and young voices about it. Twelve o'clock they were to be here, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Percy; then he laughed. "Have you any idea what is to be done with them when they do come?" he asked. "I hear that Bertrand contemplates something out of the way in the matter of luncheon, but that is the only thing on the programme, and the ladies care nothing for Bertrand's effects."

"Don't be too sure of that, old fellow," remarked Charlie, with a shrewdness beyond his age. "It's my belief ladies are as fond of the good things on the white cloth as we men are—or pretty nearly. But don't be worried about them, Percy. Let them alone to ramble over the old house, and about the grounds. It's quite a curiosity in its way, the Wold, you know. Young St. Clare declared that no one knew, throughout the country, what it was like inside."

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment, featuring an image of a baby and text describing its benefits for skin conditions like eczema.

Percy colored. "That sounds like a charge of inhospitality," he said.

"Nonsense," said Charlie; "you are a bachelor, you know, Percy; they can't expect anything of the kind. They'll wait until you are married."

"It is to be hoped they are all quite young," remarked Percy grimly. Charlie colored, and looked rather shy.

"Well, of course they all do look forward to your settling. You can't let Vering go out of the family, you know."

Percy scrutinized the handsome face beside him; it was as open and candid and as free from guile or deceit as ever.

"That's a foolish speech for you to make, dear boy," he said, putting his hand on Charlie's shoulder.

"You forget that, if anything happened to me, you would stand a chance of being the next master of Wold."

"Ah, no," said Charlie, "I don't forget it; and yet you know me better than to dream that I ever think of it or wish for it. No, Percy, I am not a Chester; and the old legend says that Vering will never pass from the Chesters' hands while one turret stands to overlook the land."

Percy drew his brows together thoughtfully. "My uncle never married," he said. "Fortunately for you," put in Charlie.

"He was an unhappy man," went on Percy—"most unhappy."

"Moral," said Charlie, with a light laugh; "take warning by his fate, and follow his example the contrary way. Men who never marry are—"

He paused abruptly. "Pray go on," laughed Percy.

"Well—either wise men or great fools; there is no medium."

"You have brought it down to something concise and definite," said Percy. "Then I see—that you would change being wise for the pleasure of being foolish."

"If you mean that I'll marry if I could," said Charlie, coloring slightly, and fixing his eyes on the ground, "you are right, Percy, I certainly would."

Percy winced and looked another way. Yes, it was he feared.

"You are too young, dear boy," he said.

"Now—yes—but it's a fault one soon gets the better of."

"When you do, it shall be my duty and pleasure to make your chance for wisdom as sure as possible," he said kindly.

Charlie looked up with a grateful flush on his fair face.

"Hang it!" he murmured. "I will tell him everything. It is a shame to keep anything from him, who gives me everything. I'll tell him all, and what he says is right, that I'll do, if I—die for it!"

But how to commence? A glance at Percy's face was not encouraging. It was overclouded and thoughtful.

Fidgeting with his towel Charlie felt his way.

"Thanks are poor things when they are weighed against your deeds, Percy. Well—I won't say anything more. But I want to tell you something, old fellow. I ought to have told you before. I have felt that I have done wrong in keeping it from you; indeed, I know I have, for Kyra, who is always right, somehow, said straight out that I ought to come to you—"

He stopped abruptly, for, as he looked up, he saw that Percy's handsome face had gone quite white, and that a look of such absolute pain that filled Charlie with dismay.

"What is it, Percy?" he cried.

But the next moment the face was looking down at him with a firm, set smile.

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes. Cream that is slightly sour can be used for cooking by adding a little baking soda. Rub the cut end of a ham with cornmeal. This will prevent it from becoming rancid. When the surface of anything has been burned, use a fine grater to scrape off the burn. More motoring miles at less cost per mile has made the Ford the most popular car in the world.—jun22,16

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to June 26th, 1916.

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Chesman, Miss Bond, St. Critch, Patrick, Lime St. Crane, Fred., Water St. West Crown, Miss B. Cochrane, J. Cook, Miss Florence, Water St. Culliton, J., Spencer St. Churchill, M. Curtis, Miss F. M. Cuff, Miss Emily, LeMarchant Road. D Davis, Miss Beatrice Davis, Wm., 15 — Street. Dawe, Miss Lizzie, Queen's St. Donohue, Mrs. Mary, South Side Dicks, Chesley T., care Mrs. Brewer Dodge, Miss Eliza, Springdale St. Dawe, Edgar, Cabot St. Duffy, David, care Harvey & Co. Duke, Veronica, care Miss O'Brien Duffett, Miss Annie. E Egan, Samuel, St. John's West Fagan, Thomas, George's St. Flemming, Mrs. John, P. O. Box 1241 French, Miss Marion French, Miss Maggie, LeMarchant Rd. Flemming, Mrs. Thos., Newtown Rd. Piffeld, Miss L. A., Pennywell Rd. Flynn, D., Barron St. Foley, Miss M., Spencer St. Fox, Miss Jane, Waterford Bridge Rd. Ford, Mrs., Prescott St. G Gardner, Miss Theo., Water St. Grant, Miss Kittle, LeMarchant Road Grant, Wm., Barron St. Green, Mrs. E., Monroe St. Guillim, J. C., card, c/o Post Office Goodwin, Miss S., King's Road Gurney, Robert, care Carter's Hill Grudger, Mrs. Roland, care General Delivery. H Harris, Mrs. Herbert, Water St. West Harris, Miss Elsie, late-Grand Bank Hamilton, Henry, care General Post Office Hardenberg, Alex., Gower St. Hartley, Miss Annie, Plank Road Hartley, Mrs. Hannah, Nagle's Hill Hayes, Thomas, Bambrick St. Henderson, Miss B., Livingstone St. Hansen, Nils, Jchn St. Hennebury, Thos., King's Bridge Helbard, Nelson, Newtown Road Henderson, Ned, care Ned Murphy Hewett, Stephen, Allandale Road Hill, Miss Edna M., P. O. Box 193 Hiscok, Miss Louise, care Miss B. Hiscok, Spencer St. Hill, Miss Fannie, Gower St. Hickey, R., Military Road Howell, Miss Amanda Hurley, Miss Johanna, New Gower St. Hustens, Arthur, John St. Hutchings, Miss Annie, New Gower Street. J James, Robert, care General Delivery Judge, Joseph, Cabman Joyce, H. Joyce Jones, Miss Margaret, card. Jones, A., late Sydney Carter's Hill Kelly, Mark Kearney, Frank, Pennywell Rd. Kelly, May, Wood's Factory Kearsey, Alexandra, Freshwater Rd. Keefe, Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, T., Barber's Hill King, L., Flower Hill King, Mrs. Bertha Kitley, Mrs. R. W., Water St. Kirby, Mrs. Philip, c/o Gen'l Delivery. L Leavallant, Edgar, Flower Hill Lacey, Mrs. Jenn, Pennywell Hill Road Lahey, Miss Monica, Cabot St. Laite, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Queen's Road Lamb, Miss Katie, Gower St. Lamb, Miss Ethel, John St. Leslie, Miss Ada LeDrew, Wm. LeGrady, Michael Landry, Miss M., LeMarchant Road Lyhon, Miss A., Queen's Road Lundrigan, Miss Maggie, Springdale St. Legge, Captain J., late schr. D. M. Hilton. M Markey, P. 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Post Office Ryder, Miss Emily, Parade St. Reid, Miss Agnes, late Dildo Rendell, Claude C. S Saunders, John, Water St. Stanley, H. S., care Gen. Delivery Shaw, Edward Scanlon, Miss Alice, Georgetown Shaw, George, Adelaide St. Sparks, James, Long's Hill Stapleton, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cabot St. Stead, Victoria, Casey St. Stephens, S., Bambrick St. Stevens, Mrs. Mark W., Colonial St. Sheppard, Miss Mary. Stewart, Miss A., Rennie's Mill Road Steed, Miss Nellie, care General Post Office Syne, John, Notre Dame St. Sheppard, Miss Ida, Devon Row Smith, Miss Violet, Hospital Smith, Mrs. Wm., care Mrs. John Noseworthy Sinnott, John J., George's St. Shields, Jas., Theatre Hill Smith, Max, New Gower St. Smith, Wm., Stevens St. Smith, Joseph Shortall, J. J., care Gen. Delivery Strong, Miss Annie, Freshwater Rd. Snow, Miss Minnie, care Mr. Logan Scott, D., slip — Street Spurrill, Miss Mary, Power St. T Taylor, Mrs. C. S. 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Vincent, Miss Mary, New Gower St.

Way, William, card Walls, Dr. A. M., care General Delivery

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West, Miss Nora, New Gower Street White, D. LeMarchant Road Williamson, Mrs. A., LeMarchant Rd. Woodford, Miss Agatha, LeMarchant Road

Wornell, E. J., care General Post Office Woodfine, Mrs. Annie Yates, G. W., card

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In Memoriam

Death has claimed for its own very respectable resident in the son of John St. Croix, of Pointe St. Hay. Deceased had been a patient sufferer for many years, and though he had the advice of doctors and the best medical treatment he succumbed to fatal disease on June 28th. For past month his death had been expected hourly, yet when the summons was announced, there was heartfelt sorrow, as he had been kind and hospitable man, and a neighbour. He had attained the age of sixty-one and leaves a wife and sisters and nine children to mourn their loss. The funeral took place Thursday. His body was brought to the Church at St. Mary's where the burial service was read by Rev. O'Driscoll, thence to the cemetery, followed by a large concourse of people testifying to his many friends and mourners. Why should we mourn departed friends? Or grieve at death's alarms. Death's but transient messenger. God sends to call us to His Arms. July 6th, 1916. ST. MARY'S

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All drug stores sell SALVIA. It is guaranteed to grow hair where it has fallen out. The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of. If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears. The greatest remedy to stop hair from falling is SALVIA. Great American Hair Grower, discovered in England. SALVIA gives nourishment to the hair, and acts so quickly that people are amazed. And remember it destroys the Dandruff germ, the little pest that ruins the life that should go to the hair from the roots. SALVIA is sold by first-class druggists under a positive guarantee. Cure Dandruff, stop falling hair, itching scalp in ten days, or money back. A large bottle costs 50c. "SALVIA" on every bottle.

Volunteer Presented With Purse of Gold

Private Harvey McNeil, the member of his family to answer a gold, was presented with a purse of gold by his former co-workers at St. Croix grocery. Miss Cava, very pleasing manner made the presentation, and the recipient thanked the donors. Cheers were given for Private McNeil, who has brothers, Hector and Don, now active service with the First Newfoundland Regiment.

"St. Ivel" Lactic Cheese, smeltins, at ELLIS'.

Advertisement for Queen's Clothing, featuring text about quality and style: "who likes to be dressed well... ambition to... great coat made by... our styles and qualities are... where you will be better... get better value. We are in Newf... proof of what we will not be disappointed. W and civil cloth... Nfld. Clothing... NEW IN COWS."