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ROMANCE OF A PEERAGE

Ex-United States Soldier Succeeds to Title and 38,000 Acres—His Sensational Disappearance.

The death, which occurred recently at French Park House, County Roscommon, of Lord De Freyne, recalls one of the bitterest land feuds which ever occurred in Ireland, and also a romance of the British peerage.

Lord De Freyne, who succeeded his father, the first baron, in 1868, when he was 13 years of age, owned nearly 38,000 acres, including 33,120 in County Roscommon. The peerage is a British one.

The feud between Lord De Freyne and his tenants commenced in 1902, when the tenants on the Frenchpark estate, dissatisfied with the contrast between their condition and that of the tenants on the neighboring estates, purchased by the congested districts board, entered into what was known as the associated estates combine, paid their rents into the account of the trustees of the association, and defied the landlord.

Hundreds of Evictions.

Hundreds of evictions followed, and the sheriff was kept busy on the estate for weeks, an army of police being located in the district. Several of the more prominent officials engaged for the tenants were prosecuted and imprisoned.

Then followed Lord De Freyne's famous action against the members of the Irish party for influencing his tenants from paying him rent. This was finally withdrawn. The land act of 1904 brought a cessation of hostilities.

In 1905 Lord De Freyne signed the agreement with the congested districts board to sell to them on terms agreeable to all concerned. As soon as the announcement was made known an immense bonfire was lighted on a hill, and almost immediately answering signals were to be seen from all the surrounding hills.

New Peer "In the Ranks."

The new peer is the Hon. Arthur Reginald French, whose disappearance in 1905 was the sensation of the year. After a search lasting over weeks, it was found that he was serving as a private—or "enlisted man," as it is termed—in the United States army. He landed in New York on Jan. 16 of that

year, and it was understood by some of his fellow-travellers that he was going to New Mexico to join his uncle, Captain French. His own thoughts, however, were at first turned to the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada. Three days later he suddenly left his hotel, leaving his luggage there, and his rooms still unrelinquished. Nothing more was heard of him, and it was feared that he had been robbed and "shanghaied" or perhaps murdered. His uncle, hearing nothing of him, proceeded to Denver, and called to the British consul-general, who asked the New York police to circulate his description. He was found at Fort Slocum, on Long Island Sound, just outside New York, where he was serving in the well-known Eighth Regiment. He had enlisted for three years, and told an interviewer he liked it. Fort Slocum, he said, was a fine place. The men were good fellows and the officers "knew their business."

As a private the new peer drew a salary of £2 12s a month. He was greatly surprised to hear that his disappearance had caused a sensation, saying he had already taken means to inform his relatives of his whereabouts. The Frenches of former days revelled in wealth. Peter French—a mayor of Galway in 1576—had so much of it that he ordered £5,000 to be spent on a monument for his grave, while

another member of the family left £1,000 for his funeral, and was "waked" for three days and nights by the whole county.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 12, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Lost on Dress Parade

Continued From Page Thirteen.

said, "It twisted when I fell." "Does it pain you much?" inquired Chandler.

"Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two."

"If I can be of any further service," suggested the young man, "I will call a cab, or—"

"Thank you," said the girl, softly but heartily. "I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horridly common-sense; I can't blame them at all."

Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way; and her eyes were both merry and kind. She was inexpensively clothed in a plain black dress that suggested a sort of uniform such as shop girls wear. Her glossy dark-brown hair showed its coils beneath a cheap but of black straw whose only ornament was a velvet ribbon and bow.

A sudden idea came into the head of the young architect. He would ask this girl to dine with him. Here was the element that his splendid but solitary periodic feasts had lacked. His brief season of elegant luxury would be doubly enjoyable if he could add to it the lady's society. This girl was a lady he was sure—her manner and speech settled that. And in spite of her extremely plain attire he felt that he would be pleased to sit at table with her.

These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, and he decided to ask her. It was a breach of etiquette, of course, but oftentimes wage-earning girls waived formalities in matters of this kind. They were generally shrewd judges of men; and thought better of their own judgment than they did of useless conventions. His ten dollars, discreetly expended, would enable the two to dine very well, indeed. The dinner would, no doubt, be a wonderful experience thrown into the dull routine of the girl's life; and her lively appreciation of it would add to his own triumph and pleasure.

"I think," he said to her, with frank gravity, "that your foot needs a longer rest than you suppose. Now, I am going to suggest a way in which you can give it that and at the same time do me a favor. I was on my way to dine all by my lonely self when you came tumbling around the corner. You came with me and we'll have a cozy dinner and a pleasant talk together, and by that time your game ankle will carry you home nicely, I am sure."

The girl looked quickly up into Chandler's clear, pleasant face and speech. Her eyes twinkled once very brightly, and then she smiled ingenuously. "But, we don't know each other—it would be right, would it?" she said, doubtfully.

"There is nothing wrong about it," said the young man, candidly. "I'll introduce myself—permit me—Mr. Towers Chandler. After our dinner, which I will try to make as pleasant as possible, I will bid you good-evening, or attend you safely to your door, whichever you prefer."

"But, dear me!" said the girl, with a glance at Chandler's faultless attire. "In this old dress and hat?" "Never mind that," said Chandler, cheerfully. "I'm sure you look more charming in them than anyone we shall see in the most elaborate dinner toilette."

"My ankle does hurt yet," admitted the girl, attempting a limping step. "I think I will accept your invitation, Mr. Chandler. You may call me—Miss Marian."

"Come, then, Miss Marian," said the young architect, gallily, but with perfect courtesy; "you will not have far to walk. There is a very respectable and good restaurant in the next block. You will have to lean on my arm—so—and walk slowly. It is lonely dining all by one's self. I'm just a little bit glad that you slipped on the ice."

When the two were established at a well-appointed table, with a promising waiter hovering in attendance, Chandler began to experience the real joy that his regular outing always brought to him.

The restaurant was not so showy or pretentious as the one farther down Broadway which he always preferred, but it was nearly so. The tables were well filled with prosperous-looking diners, there was a good orchestra, playing softly enough to make conversation a possible pleasure, and the cuisine and service were beyond criticism. His companion, even in her cheap hat and dress, held herself with an air that added distinction to the natural beauty of her face and figure. And it is certain that she looked at Chandler, with his animated but self-possessed manner and his frank blue eyes, with something not far from admiration in her own charming face.

Then it was that the Madness of Manhattan, the Frenzy of Fussy and Feathers, the Bacillus of Brag, the Provincial Plague of Pose, seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had not the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and cottillions and tours abroad and threw out hints of a yacht lying at Larchmont. He could see that she was vastly impressed by this vague talk, so he indorsed his pose by random insinuations concerning great wealth, and mentioned familiarly a few names that she handled reverently by the proletariat. It was Chandler's short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that could be had, as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

"This way of living that you speak

of," she said, "sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven't you any work to do in the world that might interest you more?"

"My dear Miss Marian," he exclaimed—"work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon—with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station, if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart's gait. We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land."

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously feed, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

"Thank you for a nice time," she said, frankly. "I must run home now. I liked the dinner very much, Mr. Chandler."

He shook hands with her, smiling cordially, and said something about a game of bridge at his club. He watched her for a moment, walking rather rapidly eastward, and then he found a cab to drive him slowly homeward.

In his chilly bedroom Chandler laid away his evening clothes for a sixty-nine days' rest. He went about it thoughtfully.

"That was a stunning girl," he said to himself. "She's all right, too. I'd be sworn, even if she does have to work. Perhaps if I'd told her the truth instead of that razzle-dazzle we might—but, confound it! I had to play up to my clothes."

Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwags of the tribe of the Mannhattans.

The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross-town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she entered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out the window.

"Oh, you madcap!" exclaimed the elder girl, when the other entered. "When will you quit frightening us this way? It is two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat. Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless Puss."

The elder girl touched a button, and a maid came in a moment.

"Marie, tell mamma that Miss Marian has returned."

"Don't scold, sister. I only ran down to Mme. Theo's to tell her to use mauve insertion instead of pink. My costume and Marie's hat were just what I needed. Everyone thought I was a shopgirl, I am sure."

"Dinner is over, dear; you stayed so late."

"I know, I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle. I could not walk, so I hobbled into a restaurant and sat there until I was better. That is why I was so long."

The two girls sat in the window seat, looking out at the lights and the stream of hurrying vehicles in the avenue. The younger one cuddled down with her head in her sister's lap.

"We will have to marry some wad," she said dreamily—"both of us. We have so much money that we will not be allowed to disappoint the public. Do you want me to tell you the kind of a man I could love, sis?"

"Go on, you scatterbrain," smiled the other.

"I could love a man with dark blue eyes, who is gentle and respectful to poor girls, who is handsome and good and does not try to flirt. But I could love him only if he had ambition, an object, some work to do in the world. I would not care how poor he was if I could help him build his way up. But, sister dear, the kind of a man we always meet—I could not love a man like that, even if his eyes were blue and he were ever so kind to poor girls whom he met in the street."

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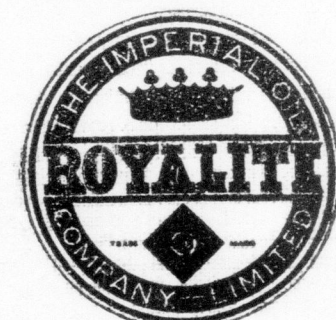
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DESERVED HIS TIP.

A gentleman who frequently visited Ireland generally stopped and dined at the same hotel in Cork. On his arrival one day he perceived a written notice on the looking-glass

in the luncheon room which ran as him at dinner, seeing him reading follows:

"Strangers are particularly requested not to give any money to the waiters, as attendance is charged for in the bill." The waiter, who had attended on

this notice, said: "Oh, mister, sure that don't concern you in any way. Your honor was never made a stranger of in this hotel."

