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—for disinfecting cuts, etc.  
Amalgam  
—for sprains, bruises, and painful conditions.

**Better a Peasant Than a Peer.**

CHAPTER XXII.  
WOUNDED LOVE.

"Baden, is he?" says Clarence. "I've a brother there. I wonder whether he knows him? I'll write to him and ask him to look your brother up; he might be of some use, as Hal is fresh to the place."

Jeanne looks around gratefully. "Thank you very much," she says; then, as if speaking to herself: "Dear old Hal it seems so long since I saw him—so long!"

"You haven't been home, then?" Clarence ventures timidly.

"No," says Jeanne, quietly, thinking of the reason.

She has not been home because she dares not face Aunt Jane's keen, loving eyes; because she is afraid that those eyes will read through her mask, and discover the secret of her unhappiness. No, she has not been home, she says, and sighs unconsciously as she adds, musingly:

"I wonder how Regie looks? How long it seems since I saw the sea!"

"Look!" says Clarence, with eagerness, and he points to a line of light which has suddenly become defined in the distance.

"What is that?" asks Jeanne.

"The sea!" he says, as pleased as if it belonged to him.

Jeanne's face flushed.

"Really?" she asks, breathless with delight. "I did not know we were so near!"

"Quite near," he says. "I'm almost glad you didn't, or I should have lost the pleasure of showing you. And I may show you, may I not?"

Jeanne does not hear the question, and goes on:

"I'm generally run down before breakfast. There's a near way through the woods; you couldn't find it alone. May I show you?"

Jeanne rouses, and is about to say "Yes" with alacrity, as she would have done in the old days, but suddenly remembers that she is no longer Jeanne Bertram, but the Marchioness of Fendale.

"Thanks," she says, "I need not trouble you. I dare say some of them will be going."

Clarence's face falls.

"Ah, yes," he says, trying to speak cheerfully. "I thought you would like to see it to-morrow morning, as soon as possible."

But Jeanne does not hear him; all her eyes are for the line of shimmering, silver light.

Suddenly a sound makes her start. It is Vane's voice.

She starts, she does more—she turns pale, as she recognizes the song.

"Let us go back," she says, in a very low voice.

As they enter the drawing-room, there is a profound silence, and every eye is turned on them. Vane standing, almost lounging against the piano, hears the rustle of the dress, and looks,

too, just as Clarence goes down on one knee to pick up the flower which she had dropped.

Jeanne stands upright as an arrow, with a faint flush of color on her face, and a sudden light in her eyes. But they are not called there by the fact that all eyes are turned on her and Clarence, but by the sight of Lady Lucille looking up with half-closed eyes at Vane, as she plays for him the accompaniment to the song, which was the first she had heard him sing. He has not sung since her marriage, and yet he sings for Lady Lucille, and chooses this song.

A sudden pang shoots through Jeanne's young heart. It is scarcely jealousy—rather wounded love.

With a sudden, awing smile, that sends the blood to Clarence's face, she says:

"May I change my mind? I would like to go down to the beach to-morrow, if you will show me the way."

Clarence inclines his head, scarcely trusting himself to speak.

"At what time?" he asks under his mustache. "Is nine too early?"

"Nine!" says Jeanne, and she moves away as Lady Lucille, the song being ended, amid a loud buzz of eager admiration, comes up to her.

"Is not the marquis good-natured, Lady Fendale? So soon after dinner. Do you know the song? It is a great favorite of mine—very great favorite! We heard it when we were at Naples—did we not, Lord Fendale?"

Jeanne, hiding the quiver of her sensitive lips behind her fan, smiles serenely, but the words have struck home to her innermost soul.

The song which he had sung to her in the old house. How often had he sung it with this blue-eyed, golden-haired woman, and why did she flout it in his wife's eyes?

She's still asking the question when Vane comes up and leans over her chair.

"Will you play, Jeanne?" he asks, in the low, constrained voice in which he always addresses her. "The countess has sent me to ask you."

"Fray excuse me!" says Jeanne; and, with a slight incline of his hand-some head, as if he had received a blow, he takes her refusal to the countess.

It is September—in fact, it is the week of the marquis and marchioness's visit to Charlie Nugent's, and it is as hot here in Germany—hotter than in England.

A sublime stillness reigned over the valley, broken only by the laughter of the stream as it throws itself playfully against the stones in its path, by the occasional call of a bird to its mate among the pines, by the vesper bell tinkling melodiously among the hills, and by the hum of the innumerable bees. All this sounds like noise; but it is by sounds like these that nature symbolizes silence.

Suddenly, and yet slowly, a human figure emerges from the shadow of the forest, and comes into the red sunlight.

Now, as a matter of stern fact, the human figure, as it appears in modern civilized life, does not improve scenery. Even the pyramids can be made to look small and vulgar, if a score of modern tourists are seen scrambling up their mathematically correct sides.

But, though this human biped in the valley of Forbach wears a suit of cheviot knickerbockers, and smokes a short brier, he does not spoil the scene so much as he might. For one thing, he is young and good-looking; for another, he is tall and straight, and for the rest, he possesses the grace of strength and health, and is altogether, perhaps, as pleasant a sight to look upon as the stream, the trees, or the mountains themselves.

With his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, and a case of fishing-rod under his arm, he saunters along, watching the stream and puffing away as indolently happy as the big kingfisher, which, perched on a rock, with its head on one side, eyes him curiously.

Presently he finishes his pipe, knocks the ashes out upon his hand, and noiselessly and slowly proceeds to put his rod together. Five minutes after he is whipping the stream, and, as he turns his face, one may recognize an old friend; it is Hal. That boys should grow up of one nature's by-laws; and either owing to the fact that the Bertrams are a tall race, or the other fact that Hal is particularly strong and healthy, Hal had grown exceedingly tall, and looks in the sunset almost a man. It is only when one hears him laugh—which he wouldn't do now with all these trout about for the world!—that the fact of his extreme youthfulness becomes patent. Looking at him, one is reminded of two things—that few countries can turn out a better sample of a young man than the English, and that this particular sample is a remarkably good one.

With that peculiar patience which belongs to the fly-fisherman, and to him alone, Hal whips the stream, casting the dainty bait in shallows and depths, and wiping the perspiration from his tanned face with his disengaged hand, never raising his eyes from the clear water as it rushes merrily by him.

Every now and then, late as the season is, a trout leaps into the sunlight, like a piece of quicksilver, and pre-

sently Hal has one lying snugly in the basket at his side.

"Tiptoe," he says, taking a peep at it. "not so bad for Germany. Let's have another throw."

Slowly but steadily he works his way. Two, three, four restless pieces of wet silver kick and founder beside the first; and Hal, growing excited, strides from bowlder to bowlder, oblivious of time or place, whip-whipping every spot, likely or unlikely.

So rapt and oblivious is he to all but his work that he makes his way around the curve into a spot where the bowlders grow less frequent, and the water deeper. He is about to get a rise, and is fighting skillfully with his fish, walking along as he does so, when his foot catches in some light, diaphanous object. With an impatient exclamation, he stumbles upright, and takes his eyes from the water to cast a hasty glance which is so unexpected that he not only forgets his fish, but very nearly his manners also.

For close at his feet—indeed, they are standing upon her light dress—sits a young girl, so motionless as to appear part and parcel of the bright grass and wild flowers, and seems so like a wild flower herself that it is little wonder Hal has stumbled over her unwittingly.

He is about to speak, when she holds up her hand, puts it to her lips, then points to the stream with a quick, impulsive gesture, which is at once so commanding and imploring that Hal turns to his fish, and, perhaps, not unmindful that he is being watched, plays his victim with all the skill he knows, and lands him, literally at her feet.

With a muttered apology he secures the jumping kicking prey, and puts him into the basket;—then raises his hat, blushing like—a boy.

"I'm—I'm very sorry," he says. "I hope I haven't hurt you; very clumsy and awfully stupid, but I was looking at the fish."

He stops short for lack of words, and stares at her in his old way.

Hal is not a lady's man, and the effect of beauty upon him is to make him as speechless as an oyster, and apparently as stupid.

And the face that looks up to him is beautiful enough to strike an older man. Suddenly, and yet slowly, a human figure emerges from the shadow of the forest, and comes into the red sunlight.

"I'm afraid," she says, looking down at her dress, "that I've torn your frock. If it hadn't been for this confounded trout I should have seen you—and—"

She looks up, striking him silent again.

"Does not matter—no, not in the slightest," she says, in very good English, but with an accent that serves to intensify the music. "I am very glad you have caught your fish."

"Ah! I'm very sorry I ever hooked him," says Hal, "if I've spoiled your dress."

She laughs, and just touches her torn skirt, with a good-natured contempt.

"It matters not—not in the slightest," she repeats. "Bring out your hat. Have you got any more?"

Hal goes down on his knees, and opens his basket.

"Five," he says.

And she bends forward and peeps in curiously, extending a finger and touching one of the trout, with a little, musical laugh.

"What pretty fellows," she says; "and you caught them all? I watched you coming around the valley, and wondered what you were doing. Is that little fly what you caught them with?"

"Yes," says Hal, and he places the fly in her hand, his shyness vanishing slowly under the charm of her frankness.

"What a little thing to catch so large a fish!"

Hal laughs.

"Here are some more!" he says, and opens his flybook.

As she takes it in her hand, Hal notices for the first time in his life how white and small it is. And she, if the truth must be told, wonders as much at the broadness of his; from his hand, it is very near her own as they both bend over the flybook—and she looks up, wondering again at the deep tan which extends from ear to ear, forehead to chin.

Quite unconscious of her gaze, Hal turns the leaves of his book—dearer to him, alas! than any volume ever printed—and points out the various flies.

"Ah!" she says, "it is interesting, this fishing. Will you not go and catch some more?"

"This seems so remarkably like 'You may go now,' that Hal jumps to his feet, and catches up his basket with a boyish flush.

"Yes," he says. "I'll go now."

"But not far, please," she says, with a natvete which is irresistible. "I should like to see you catch another."

"All right!" says Hal, immensely relieved, and, adjusting his line, he goes a little distance and begins again.

The girl folds her hands around her knees, and watches him with the pleased interest of a child, and yet with a certain gravity which does not properly pertain to her years. Hal goes on step by step, and is almost on the way forgetting his companion, when suddenly he hears a cry of pain, and feels his line caught—both at the same moment.

(To be continued.)

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