

**A RICH FINE FLAVOR**



Sold in four Qualities

**The Imprisoned Heiress**

**The Spectre of Egremont.**

CHAPTER XXV.

"We had a child of our own, of the same age, a healthy, active little creature, and when the little heiress grew so ill that we thought she must die, we sent away our servants, who went gladly for fear of contagion. We were thus left alone at Egremont, with two children and Toplift, our own child's nurse. I need not detail how we did it, but it is enough to say that in our fright lest the child should die, we sent our own little one with Toplift to one of the farms belonging to the estate—sent her as the little Lady Alexina. The little heiress recovered from the fever, but for a long time was so drooping that we expected her to die every moment. We congratulated ourselves on our foresight: We recalled our servants and our child, who returned as the heiress, and we fitted up in secret the haunted rooms for the occupancy of the rightful heiress. To account for the supposed absence of our child we stated that she had been taken abroad by a relative. Afterward we gave out that she had died abroad."

He put his hand to his side to press back the slow but steady jets of the life-fluid, and then resumed, gasping:

"So it was thought our Emily was dead. And our child was called the heiress, while the true heiress was shut up in the haunted rooms, with Toplift to wait upon her. It was a cruel wrong, but we did not mean it to be so. We meant to save ourselves, not to injure a hair of her dear head. She grew in health and strength, and then how we longed to undo our work! But it was too late. I can't talk much more, Alexina," and he pointed to the Lady Alexina, "is not the heiress. She is my own and only child. There stands the rightful heiress of Egremont, the true Lady Alexina, and he looked at Almee. "We called her Almee because we loved the little being we had wronged. Forgive me, both of you."

The deposed heiress drew back from her parent, regarding him with aversion, but Almee knelt beside him and kissed his damp brow, and assured him of her forgiveness. "Kiss, forgive your father," begged the countess, wildly. "He is dying. You have not been so wronged as Almee, and she has pardoned him."

Thus urged, the Lady Alexina pressed a cold kiss upon the earl's face, and he did not notice the manner with which she did it.

When Almee arose from her knees beside her guardian she found herself in Lord Ashcroft's arms.

"Heaven bless you both," whispered the earl. "Almee has passed through the sorrows that befall every Lady of Egremont, and Alexina has now to bear hers. Almee, darling, when I am

gone will you not provide for my wife and daughter?"

Almee promised, and he grew easier. "We will not dwell upon the death scene."

The earl lingered until the arrival of the physician, and soon after his soul passed out upon the ocean of eternity.

The Lady Almee was immediately acknowledged as the rightful heiress of Egremont, the countess, penitent, and grief-stricken, desiring to atone for the past. The poor widow could hardly believe her senses when Almee ordered that every courtesy should be shown to her, and set the example by treating her with affectionate deference, such as became a daughter.

Almee proved a far greater comfort in her hour of sorrow than did her own daughter.

It was Almee who soothed her grief, who read the Scriptures to her, who talked kindly of the dead earl, while Alexina lay in her bed, inconsolable for the loss of her beloved wealth, as well as for the awful fate of Lyle Indor.

The days and weeks passed. It was in the early spring when the betrothal of Lord Ashcroft to the Heiress of Egremont was consummated by their marriage.

There was a host of fashionable friends of the Ashcrofts up from London, among them Captain Challoner, who had come up to claim his reward for his years of patient waiting.

**The Heir to Beecham Park**

CHAPTER II.

"I will do all in my power for her," returned the younger woman; "but do not let me keep you from your dinner—indeed, you must want it."

Mrs. Graham rose and seated herself at the table. She felt weak and faint, but eating was almost an impossibility. Mardie, her food finished, her hands together and whispered a grace, then wriggled down from her chair and went to the fire.

"She must go to bed," said Mrs. Graham, rising again and ringing the bell; "she is growing tired now."

The words were quickly verified, for the little head suddenly began to droop, and the beautiful eyes to grow misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton her frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

"Where's Mardie's mamma—where is mamma?" she murmured.

"Mamma is asleep," said Mrs.

Graham, soothingly, dreading a fit of terror.

"Mamma sleep? Mardie want a mamma. Mamma come a Mardie, come a Mardie!"

She ran to the door of the room and tried to reach the handle. Lady Coningham picked her up.

"If Mardie will be a very good little girl, she shall have some goodies—such pretty goodies. See, here comes Mardie's bath! She is going to be such a clean little girl."

Mardie sat still, but her small hands were clasped together, and her little chest heaved with sobs. Then, as the bath was put before the fire, and, looking from one to the other, she could see nowhere the sweet, tender face that had smiled on her every day of her young recollection, she burst into a tempest of tears, and, struggling from Lady Coningham's hold, ran wildly round the room in a paroxysm of fear, calling for her "mamma."

For several minutes their coaxing tenderness was in vain; but after a while the maid succeeded in attracting her attention with a gaudily-painted sugar parrot, which she had purchased at a confectioner's shop near by. The tears were all spent, nothing but sobs remained, and the parrot came as a welcome bright spot in her small world of grief.

"Pitty—pitty," she murmured, clasping it to her breast and hugging it. Then she grew so sleepy that she was scarcely conscious of their hands removing her clothes, and her head drooped like a tired flower as they put on a nightgown borrowed from the landlady. She needed no lullaby to coax her to slumber now, and was lost in dreamland as the maid carried her gently into the bed-room.

Lady Coningham stood and gazed, as if held by some magnetic power, at the tiny face pressing the pillow, at the clusters of red-gold curls falling in such rich profusion around it. She was lost in the memory of the brief joy that had come to her only two short years before, and lived once again in the unspeakable happiness of motherhood.

Clocks were unknown on board Her Majesty's ships in those days, and official time was kept by half-hour sand-glasses. With the exception of the chronometer and the compass for steering, every instrument used in the ship was provided by the officers out of their own pockets. The surgeons had to find all medical instruments. Even the carpenter's crew had to bring their own tools. The Medea carried in her armament some dozens of boarding-pikes and a number of tomahawks and cutlasses.

In 1854 the young midshipman served at the blockade of Archangei, in the White Sea; in the Indian Mutiny year he was in the Bay of Bengal; at a later time he accompanied the naval brigade in Burmah. An important part of his career was passed on the Australian station, but his naval duties took him at one time or another to South America, Kamchatka, British

Columbia, Panama, Syria, China, and Japan. He became Rear-Admiral in 1892, Vice-Admiral in 1898, and Admiral in 1903. He was a member of the 1878 Committee on Heavy Guns, and of Committees on Explosives and on Armour, Plate and Projectiles. From 1888 to 1894 he was Director of Naval Intelligence; he was Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station from 1895 to 1898, and Commander-in-Chief of the China Station from 1901 to 1904, in which year he retired. He presided in 1904 over the North Sea Enquiry Commission; for a number of years he represented the Admiralty upon the Royal Patriotic Fund; and he was a member of the Mesopotamia Commission of 1916-1917. He was latterly well known to the public as a writer on naval affairs, and his published works include "The Art of Naval Warfare" and "Sea-Power and Other Studies."

Changes which are taking place in the bony framework of the human face were attributed by Sir Arthur Keith, conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a lecture to a diminished use of the jaws.

Mr. Walter Stoneman, who compiles the photographic record for the National Portrait College of the nation's most famous men, told a Daily Mail reporter recently that in general men's faces are becoming narrower and more refined.

"Comparisons between photographs of eminent men of 50 years ago and those of to-day show that modern men are much better looking than their grandfathers," he said. "The stain and hurry of modern life are doing much to alter the shape of faces. If the jaws are not being given so much hard work in eating as they were, increased talking is giving them plenty of exercise."

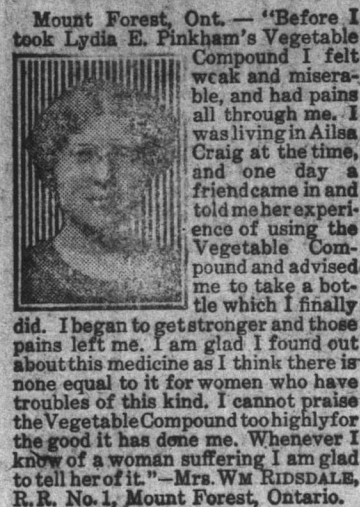
Mr. Stoneman described the "naval face" as the finest type to be found in this country.

They were discussing the marital affairs of a friend.

"Yes," said Phyllis, "she says he's a perfect husband. Why, he even sand-papers the firewood to save her from getting splinters in her hands!"

**ONTARIO WOMAN REGAINS HEALTH**

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**Crimean Naval Veteran**

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, who died at his home near Kingston-on-Thames in mid-August, was born in 1839, the son of Archdeacon Bridge, of Newfoundland. As a boy of fourteen he joined his first ship, the Medea, in 1853, and he gave in his published reminiscences a picturesque account of the discomforts of those days in the Navy. The officers provided practically the whole of their mess equipment. The Government allowed an unpolished table and one blue and red checkered tablecloth of some stout cotton fabric. In ward-rooms and gun-rooms enough chairs to go around the table were supplied by the Government. In the midshipmen's berth the only seats were lockers. The members of the mess could, if they would, purchase cushions for the locker seats, but this "was not common, being thought unduly luxurious."

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Keith, conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a lecture to a diminished use of the jaws.

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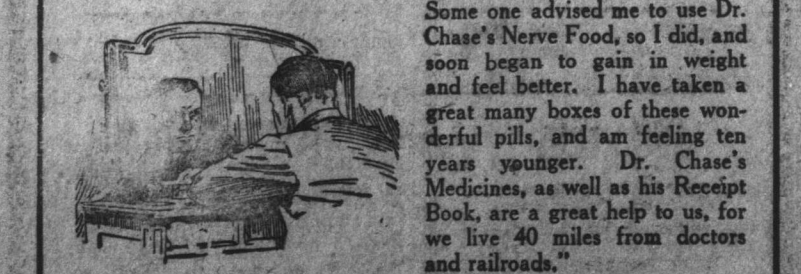
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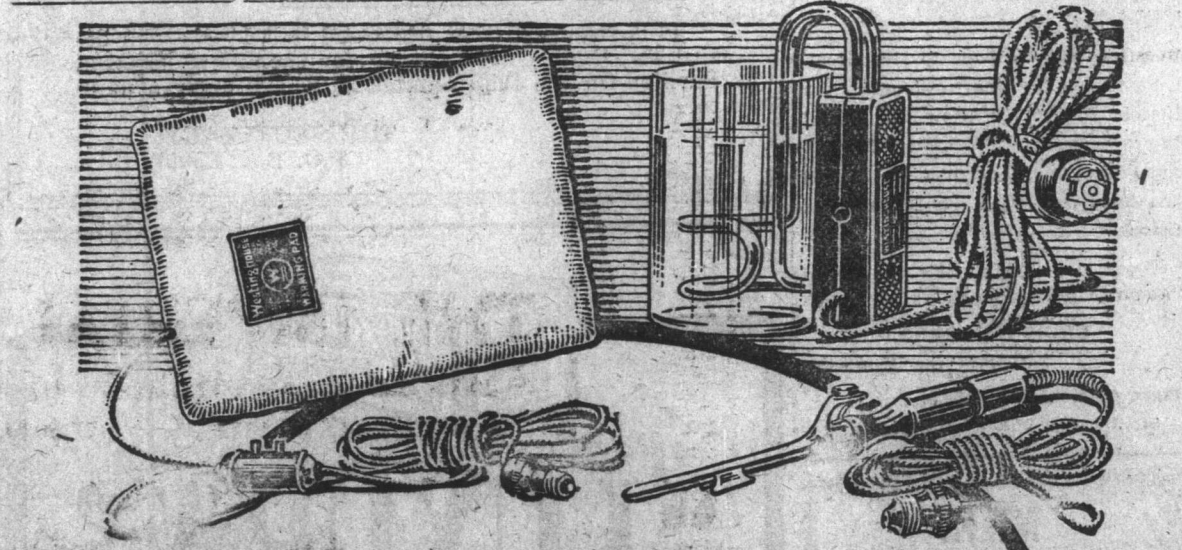
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**Westinghouse**

"I will take her to Hurstley. There is a poor young woman, the wife of one of my gardeners, almost heart-broken through the death of her baby. Her cottage is not far from the Weald. I pass it every day in my rides, and I could see the child very often. Let her come there to-morrow before you start. I will see Mrs. Morris to-night as I go home."

"That seems an excellent plan," agreed the elder woman—"at all events, for a time; but we must leave no stone unturned to find her relations."

"Will Sir Hubert like the arrangement, your ladyship?" asked Dr. Scott, as he rose to depart.  
(To be continued.)