

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
 The Home Remedy

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CRAMPS—COLIC—
DIARRHOEA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS
—SORE THROAT

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER IV.
A GOOD SAMARITAN.

For a full minute Jeanne, for the first time in her life, is too ashamed to look up; she almost fancies that if she does she will see him put his hand up to rub the snow from his neck as he did last night. Is it possible, she thinks, that he has not recognized her? Perhaps not. At last, she ventures to glance at him. Calm and serene he walks beside her, his handsome, slightly-haggard face as impassive as a Spanish Hidalgo's. Jeanne's heart rises a little, and she takes another glance. Yes, it is the same man, the same well-sewn hunting coat and boots, and he is walking beside her and carrying her skates! And last night she threw half-a-pound of snow down the back of his neck! It is just such a coincidence as would ordinarily cause Jeanne to laugh; but there is something about the stalwart figure—a grave dignity—something about the handsome face, with its grandly, almost sadly-set cheeks, which keeps the laugh in check. So they walked on in silence.

Presently he seems to awake or arouse himself from a reverie, and looks down at the dog.

"He seems better," he says; "perhaps he can manage to walk."

Jeanne makes a movement to put Master Terrier down, but he is far too wise to allow of any such proceeding, and howls immediately.

"No, indeed, he can't poor dog!" says Jeanne. "It would be cruel to let him try."

"You seem very fond of dogs," he says, regarding her.

"I am," says Jeanne. "But no one could be so heartless as to leave him lying there in the snow."

"Do you think the snow so very terrible?" he inquires, with polite gravity.

Jeanne colors her brightest carnation.

"I—I don't mind it myself; do you?"

It is an insane question, because it gives him the opportunity; but he does not take it.

"Not at all," he says.

Now, if Jeanne had been a woman of the world, she would have let things rest where they were, would have chatted demurely about things in general, and dogs in particular, would have skillfully steered clear of the snow topic until they reached the park lodge; then she would have taken her dog to the keeper, regained her skates, politely thanked her courteous companion, and let him drift away. But Jeanne is frank as a child; concealment hangs on her as heavily as the Man of the Sea did upon Sinbad, and with her usual directness, she says:

"It is very kind of you to carry my skates after—after—what occurred yesterday afternoon. I am sorry, I beg your pardon. It was a mistake. I beg I who threw the snowball at you," she says at last, desperately, her face crimson and her eyes set with a mingled defiance and contrition.

"I knew that," he says, with a quiet smile, almost weary in his gravity.

"I didn't think you knew me again," says Jeanne.

"I knew you in an instant," he responds. "Pray don't think any more about it. If I afforded you any amusement, I am quite content." There is something in his tone and words which irritates and exasperates Jeanne. If there is one thing which a girl of seventeen hates more than another, it is to be treated as a child, and Jean-

ne resents his cool, not to say indifferent, reception of her apology.

"But I did not mean it for you," she says, earnestly. "I did not know it was you who was coming."

"No?" he says, looking at her with the same contemplative smile. "May one ask for whom you intended the pleasant attention?"

Jeanne hesitates a moment. She would like to maintain a dignified silence but somehow this stalwart, handsome, and dignified stranger seems to absorb all the dignity himself, and, almost against her will, she says:

"I thought it was Mr. Bell."

"And who may Mr. Bell be?" he asks.

"He is the curate—my brother's tutor."

"I see," he says, stroking his mustache. "The clergy are greatly respected in Newton Regis."

Jeanne colors and looks angry.

"He is very good-natured," she retorts with significance, "and would not at all have minded."

"And you think I am not good-natured, and that I have taken it to heart?" he rejoins, smiling at her frightened lips and daintily-wrinkled forehead.

"I—I think you consider that I was very—very rude and un lady-like," says Jeanne.

"My dear child—" he begins, aroused at last by her persistence to something like earnestness on his side.

"I am not a child," says Jeanne, drawing herself up straight as an arrow. "I am seventeen."

"Your pardon," he says, and, with intense gravity, he raises his hat. "My dear lady, I am quite convinced that it was a case of mistaken identity, and I am flattered at being mistaken for anything so respectable as a clergyman. I rather like a snowball in the back of my neck, when it is thrown by so pre-gracious a lady as yourself, and I am not in the least offended."

"You are more offended than ever," asserts Jeanne, triumphantly. "I can tell by the way you speak."

"And you are never mistaken," he says. "Well, if you insist upon having it in so many plain words—I forgive you, Miss Jeanne."

"Jeanne looks up with a sudden surprise on her fair face.

"Yes, that is my name," she says. He nods.

"Yes, I know. I asked Mrs. Brown last night. You see I was curious."

"You told her—" begins Jeanne, with barely-concealed scorn.

"Nothing!" he says, solemnly; "simply asked who lived at the old red house, and she told me. Was that wrong?"

"No," replies Jeanne, musing.

And this, then, is the artist who has come to Newton Regis in the dead of winter for some mysterious reason known only to himself. Jeanne feels all the curiosity of her sex aroused. It is something to be walking beside a real live artist's neck. Somehow Jeanne is vaguely disappointed. An artist ought to wear his hair long, look thin and pale, and have a soft wavy, her companion's hair is cut short as a soldier's, he is broad-shouldered, his voice is deep and strong, though quiet and musical, and his face, though rather haggard, is neither thin nor pale.

There is an eloquent silence, during which they emerge from the wood, and near the village. He is the first to resume the conversation.

"A pretty wood; is it a short-cut to the station?"

"Yes," says Jeanne. "It is called the Home Wood, because it is near the village; there is a forest on the other side there, and she nods in the direction of a dark outline of trees. "That is beautiful! Perhaps you will paint the wood?"

"Very likely," he says.

"Then there is the river, and the old bridge, and the chapel on the hill; that looks best by moonlight—you must see it some night, and paint it." He looks down at her, struck by her frank candor.

"I will, by moonlight," he says. "I must get some one to act as guide."

"Oh, any one will show it to you," says Jeanne.

"Mrs. Brown?" he suggests, with a smile.

Jeanne laughs, softly.

"Mrs. Brown couldn't climb the hill; my brother will take you to it, if you like," she adds, ingeniously.

"I shall be very glad," he says, "if he would not think it too much trouble."

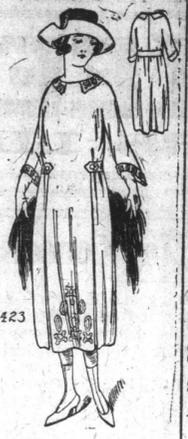
"Oh, Hal will not think it any trouble—and if he did, he would be too pleased to go if you will show him some paintings. He is very fond of drawing."

"And you?" he asks, concealing a smile at her remarks.

"Yes," says Jeanne, "so am I; but Hal is passionately fond of painting,

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and can draw. I can't. I've tried, but my houses won't stand up straight, and my trees look like mops."

"That is unfortunate," he says, gravely.

Jeanne laughs. She has got over her unwonted shyness and regained all her usual frankness. He seems so very grave and "staid"—though there is not a hue of gray in his closely-cut hair—that it is like talking to Uncle John in his most lucid moments.

"Isn't it?" she assents. "But girls are very stupid, Hal says, and I think they are—don't you?"

"Yes," he says, gravely.

Jeanne laughs her short, soft laugh again, not at all offended at this prompt and ungalant assent.

"This is the Park Lodge," she says, "where the dog lives. I will take my skates now, please."

"I will wait until you have got rid of your interesting patient," he rejoins, and opens the gate for her.

Jeanne runs into the lodge, and he hears her clear young voice recounting the discovery and rescue of the normal, interrupted occasionally by the whine of Master Terrier, who evidently does not like losing his soft couch on her muff.

Then she comes back, and finds him leaning against the gate, her skates over his arm, his hands thrust in his pockets, and with the same abstract look on his face.

"Seeing her, he slowly slips the skates off his arm; as he does so, the village postman passes, touches his hat, and suddenly stops short, and commences looking over his letters.

"Mr. Vane—Mr. Vernon Vane?" he inquires.

The stranger nods.

"Only one for you," says the postman, handing him a letter.

Mr. Vernon Vane drops it in his pocket, and hands Jeanne her skates.

"Thank you," she says. "Good-morning."

He raises his hat with a grave smile, and strides away, too well bred to accompany her, now that there is no excuse for it, and Jeanne follows after him more slowly, and quite at her ease.

It never occurs to her that she has been rather more free and communicative with a stranger and a gentleman than is conventional. In all the ways of the world Jeanne is still childishly ignorant. To have tramped by his side in silence would have been impossible to her, and she has only talked according to her nature—frankly and without reservation; her heart beats not one whit the faster, nor is her color a tone the higher for the episode in her quiet life.

But, nevertheless, she thinks a little of this artist, stranger, and finds herself wondering whether he is really old, and whether he is as good-natured as he said.

"At any rate," she says to herself, laughing, "it wasn't a hard snowball, and it couldn't have hurt him, and I've apologized!" and, with a clear conscience, Jeanne goes on her way.

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CHAPTER V.
ON THE ICE.

"Now mind, Hal," says Jeanne, warningly, as Hal strides by her side, swinging his skates to and fro and whistling, "you are to behave yourself this afternoon. Remember, you are to keep with us, and not to start off for the other end of the lake by yourself."

Hal stops his whistling, and looks rather guilty. Jeanne, with a thorough knowledge of Hal's ordinary behavior, has hit upon a very fair estimate of his intentions.

"Oh, you won't want me," he says, with ill-feigned carelessness.

"Perhaps not," says Jeanne, "but you are not to desert us. You wicked boy, I know what you are planning—you will skate off and leave me!"

"Poor helpless dear," retorts Hal. "As if you wanted any help! You skate better than I do, Jen."

"No matter," says Jeanne, firmly, "you must stay with us, and you must be attentive. Remember, you have promised to teach Maud to cut can-dies."

"Oh, I say, you know!" remonstrates Hal, "that's all nonsense."

"Nothing of the kind," rejoins Jeanne, severely; "you must keep your promise. And, Hal, you are to be careful and not knock anybody down—not even me."

"All right," says Hal; "you are awfully particular this afternoon, Jen—on your best behavior. You never used to mind a tumble."

"And I don't when we're alone, but I object to spectators."

(to be continued.)

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