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## "KYRA,"

OR,  
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

### CHAPTER XXVIII. The House Party.

The fact was that Charlie was too much occupied with his own affairs to pay much attention to Lord St. Clare.

"Mary," he whispered, under cover of the general buzz of conversation. "Percy knows all! He had half guessed it, and I made a clean breast of it."

"Indeed!" retorted Lady Mary, elevating her eyebrows with such innocence, though her color was raised a little also. "And pray what does he know? And what crime have you confessed, Mr. Merivale?"

"Oh, come!" said Charlie, with a wicked smile; "you know! Who have I got to tell him about but you! What is there to confess but my love for you—our mutual love, my darling!"

"Indeed!" retorted Lady Mary, who was very happy, and consequently in the mood to tease her adorer. "You must have drawn upon your imagination, sir! Poor Lord Percy, how bored he must have been with such an improbable story! You say mutual—ahem!—wasn't that rather premature?"

And she smiled with bewitching gravity.

"You're a torment!" said Charlie, admiringly, fumbling for her hand under the table and pressing it.

"Bored did you say? Why, dear old Percy was delighted, and promised to help us—"

"Say 'me,' please," murmured Lady Mary.

"No, 'us!'" said Charlie, emphatically, "for I can tell you when it comes to the point you'll want as much help as I shall! Don't you think I know what the earl means? What is the wooden-headed St. Clare at Bexley for?"

And he growled.

"Dear me, why should he not visit papa? Lord St. Clare is very nice, let me tell you, sir; very nice, indeed, and is well-mannered and modest."

"That will do; or I'll get him round the shrubbery and pitch into him," grumbled Charlie. "But—there, I'm not jealous! Look at him now making eyes at Kyra, and chattering away like a blue-nosed monkey."

"How complimentary. I don't think Lord St. Clare talks more than some people I know."

"Indeed!" mocked Charlie. "So I'm to be silent, am I, miss?"

"Why should you?" retorted the young coquette. "It surely can make no difference—Thank you, you'll spoil my glove; and look! there's the earl glancing this way—be quiet, sir!"

Percy was looking that way, half angry, half bewildered by Charles' palpable attention to Lady Mary and

Indifference to Kyra. What did the young jackanapes mean?

With silent and noiseless assiduity the well-trained servants moved to and fro, ministering to the wants of the guests; young as some of them were they thoroughly appreciated Monsieur Bertrand's efforts on their behalf; one dish, a combination of ice and conserves, meeting with various expressions of approval from Lady Mary and her schoolfellows, who declared that it was worth all the other dishes put together.

"Don't say so, my dear children," laughed Lillian—"or you will break Lord Percy's chef's heart!"

"The whole thing is superb!" murmured Lady Devigne, in her low, suppressed fashion, as the luncheon finished at last, she rose.

All rose with her, and, laughing and talking, sauntered on to the lawn.

### CHAPTER XXIX. Bygone Days.

Then Lady Mary went up to the earl—of whom, by the way, she was rather afraid, and to whom, as a natural consequence in her sex, was rather audacious.

"I hope, Lord Percy, you won't forget the main object of our visit," she said, smiling up at him. "You promised to show us all the curiosities Mr. Merivale talks so much about."

"So I will," said Percy. "Come along," and he led the way toward a low, oak-paneled room which ran behind the library.

Lady Mary was enraptured at the first glance.

"What a delightful room! and this is yours, Lord Percy? Your very own—den, don't you call it? What beautiful stained windows, and the old furniture, too! Why, it is a bit out of the middle ages."

"It is almost," said Percy, smiling. "Some of the furniture was used by those old folks—there!" and he pointed to portraits of a bygone earl and countess, which were let into the paneled wall.

"How delightful! and perhaps they step out of their frames at night, and sit in the chairs and dine on ghostly dishes—off the old tables," and, chattering light-heartedly, she went closer to the pictures. "Why, look here, Kyra! Where are you? Isn't he a dark-haired, frowning gentleman! What you would call a warrior, dear."

Kyra, who had looked round the room in silence, came up and put her hand round her friend's arm, looking at the picture.

Percy went to one of the windows and threw it open.

"We want more light," he said, letting a stream of it fall upon the portraits and the two girls.

"How is that?" he asked. "Now, can you see?"

Then he stopped suddenly, with his eyes fixed on Kyra's upturned face, with a look of troubled surprise and perplexity upon his own. Lillian Devigne, who stood near him, as she usually did, touched him with her fan.

He winced at the mute inquiry with something like a start, and directing her attention by a slight gesture toward the two girls, and, in a low voice, as if he were slightly ashamed by his sudden abstraction:

"Do you notice anything? Does nothing strike you?"

Lillian looked earnestly, then shook her head.

"I see nothing, except two very beautiful girls. What is it?"

"Nothing but an idle fancy," he said, then turned away. "Now, young ladies, let me play the showman," and he reached an Esquimaux harpoon from the wall. "The harpoon of the Esquimaux, and the seal that was captured by it. Observe the peculiar twist of the barbed end—"

"And observe the awful waste," whispered Lady Mary, "of keeping a seal skin outside a stuffed animal instead of having a jacket made."

"On the other side," continued Per-

cy, "a Bengal tiger, shot by your humble servant. The bullet holes just behind the right shoulder, and so close a number nine slug is very effective. On the left of it is a Malay crease torn from the hand by a sailor on board a friend's yacht. The owner amused himself by murdering the second mate, and was strung up at arm's length. The end of the crease is poisoned. Mr. Morley, take care. Elephant's tusks."

"What lovely purses and church service covers they'd make," whispered Lady Mary.

"A stout case made from hippopotamus skin. A stuffed rattlesnake, an old Spanish wine flask, which has been filled and emptied at many a jovial toast." And so he went round half seriously, half jestingly, answering all inquiries and making light of his own share in the exploits of which most of the curiosities were trophies. Presently they came upon a long case set apart and filled apparently with articles pertaining to North American Indians. By this time some of the young men had got out of the room, and had enticed various sympathetic young ladies—the click of the croquet balls explained the attraction—and only a few remained in the oak room. Among them were Charlie and Lady Mary. Kyra and Lillian, and one or two others.

When they came to the large glass case Percy showed an evident intention of shirking his showman's duties, but Lady Mary's interest seemed suddenly to increase, and she stopped before the case with bewitching obstinacy; of course Charlie stopped also.

"Oh, Lord Percy! these are the best of all—Kyra dear! we must have a look at these. What is that, Lord Percy?" And she drew near the case.

Percy glanced at Kyra, then looked straight before him.

"That is an Indian spear, Lady Mary—and that is a tomahawk with a pipe attached. It belonged to a great chieftain—a mighty warrior; these are his moccasins, and his headdress of feathers."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Lady Mary—"All the Bengal tigers in the world are a trifle to this! May I touch them?"

Percy took them out of the case and handed them to her. The others gathered round, all save Kyra; she stood a little apart—her face grave, almost pale, her eyes fixed on the relics of her old life.

"And that—what's that dark thing like a piece of seaweed?"

"That's a bundle of scalps," said Percy, grimly.

Lady Mary drew back with an unmistakable shudder.

"How horrible!" she said, with bated breath. "Really taken from people who were once alive? Isn't it dreadful, Miss Devigne!"

Lillian Devigne started. Her whole attention had been fixed on Percy; she knew by his face that he was laboring to suppress some intense emotion, and she was waiting and watching.

"Those," he said, rather quickly, "are some Indian cooking and eating utensils. That is a buffalo skin. He was a fine fellow, and kept five of us for six weeks. That is some Indian fishing tackle. And you are really interested, Lady Mary?" and he moved on with well-feigned acceleration.

"Oh, yes. But stop! pray stop!" exclaimed Lady Mary. "You have not shown us half in the case. Now what is that hanging up there in the corner?"

"That's a very uninteresting ob-

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fect. Simply an old traveling cloak of mine," he replied, laughing.

Something in the ring of it drew Lady Mary's eyes to his face.

"I don't agree with you, Lord Percy. How soiled the cloak is."

"I slept in the snow in it many a night," said Percy, almost absently.

"And these are your revolvers, and bowie knife, don't they call it? There's some of those dreadful things!" and she pointed to the scalp.

There was a general, but rather hesitating laugh.

A great many people regarded Lord Percy with something like awe and dread.

"And that's my own particular tomahawk, my fur cap; in fact, my whole North American wardrobe," he said, lightly again.

"Ent here! Oh, what splendid furs! Are those yours? Why, they are too small!"

"No," said Percy, suddenly grave again, and keeping his eyes from a certain dark face near him. "They are the robes of a daughter of a great chief."

"Really!" said Lady Mary. "May I look at them? Oh, what superb furs! and those feathers and beads! Oh, Kyra, look here!—do explain, you know."

And she turned to Kyra, only to break off with sudden, regretful embarrassment—for Kyra's face was quite pale and her eyes downcast.

"Oh," murmured Lady Mary, "they were yours."

Kyra raised her eyes, and, letting them fall again, glanced at the handsome face near her.

"Yes," said Percy, quick, to relieve her—"yes, you are quite right, Lady Mary—they were Kyra's. Very beautiful, are they not?"

Then he looked at them; his mind went back to the little Indian girl, creeping to his bosom beneath that old cloak, looking up into his face with trustful tenderness, lisping broken assertions of gratitude and devotion. Oh, God! it was bitter to look back, in the light of the present—to remember that she was once his—his snow-white, his own by right of rescue from starvation and death—and that now another, his brother even, had stolen her from him! And she—she looked back, too; and if he could but have known how her heart yearned toward that past, and how, as she looked at that tattered, snow-stained cloak, she longed that she might once more creep beneath it! If we could but see each other's hearts, how much pain and misery would be spared us all!

"And these are yours!" exclaimed Charlie, looking from Kyra to Percy. "Why, Percy, you never told me! I did not know—"

"Why should you?" said Percy, almost sharply—then—"my dear boy, I did not know until to-day, that you would be so interested."

Charlie looked puzzled.

"Yes!" said Percy, stung and tortured with a word. "Yes, in these grand furs, I found Kyra, whom we all love so dearly, and under that cloak she struggled and starved to death—it was a bad time, was it not, Kyra?" he added.

(To be Continued.)

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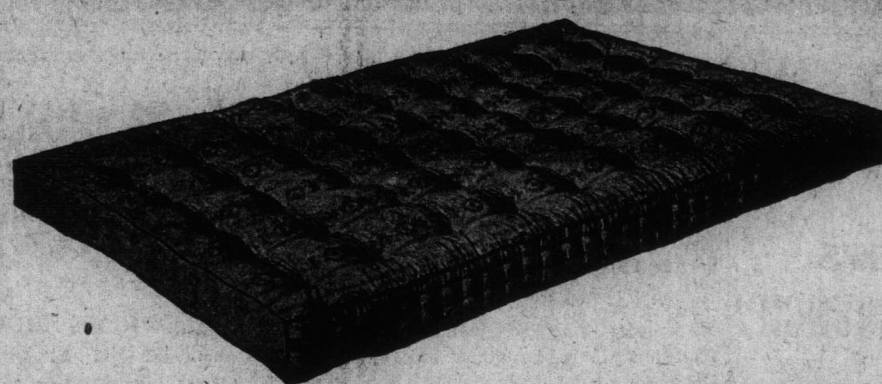
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We strongly recommend the celebrated NEW HEALTH MATTRESS, absolutely sanitary and made by first-class workmen who have spent their lives at the business.

Our CRESCENT FELT, equal to the Ostermoor, is a winner, as nothing can beat it. Remember our mattresses are built and not stuffed, so that the mattress comes out even all over the surface.

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We will show you to-day a grand selection of Wicker and Grass Chairs for the summer home, specially selected for this Sale. Prices very low from . . . . .

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The prices at this Sale have placed Furniture buying within the reach of all. By buying at this Store you are assured the RIGHT GOODS at the RIGHT PRICES—DELIVERED IN THE RIGHT CONDITION RIGHT AT HOME.

### Outport People send for Catalogue and Price List.

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Did you guess the number of shot in the bottle? Come to-night and have a guess. On July 15 it will be given away absolutely free to the first person guessing the correct or nearest correct number of shot in the bottle.

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St. John's Newest Specialty Store.

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#### Ladies' Ready-to-Wear,

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## Going! Going! Going!

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Was \$18.50. Now . . . . .	\$15.15	Was \$3.80. Now . . . . .	\$3.15
Was \$19.00. Now . . . . .	\$15.85	Was \$5.50. Now . . . . .	\$4.40
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The above Carriages are in Sleepers, Roadsters, Sulkys, Go-Carts, Collapsible Carriages, etc.

Any mother requiring a Baby Carriage, now is her chance to secure a Bargain, for they cost more to land them to-day.

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### The Glorious Fourth.

Yesterday, being the Twelfth of July, the gala day for Orangemen throughout the world, was celebrated in a very quiet manner all over the country. At night the Orangemen in the city assembled in their Hall and listened to stirring and patriotic addresses from the following members:—

Councillor Tait, Hon. Donald Morison, Messrs. J. B. Giles, Jordan Milroy, J. C. Puddister, G. W. Gashue, W.

T. Penney, Sergt. Newman, a Gallipoli veteran, A. James, G. C. Bradley, C. T. James.

The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Hal Hutchings and seconded by Mr. J. B. Giles and carried unanimously:—

Be It Resolved:

That these two Lodges, 'Royal Oak' and 'Leeming,' now meeting together in the Victoria Hall, this 12th day of July, 1916, shall not only record, but tender both our loyal sympathy and condolence as well as our pride, to the parents and relations of our gal-

lant boys, who, in the recent battle of the 1st, not only fought with most conspicuous bravery, but called for a special message from their Field Marshal, but sacrificed and gave their lives, to their own honour and that of their native home and Empire.

That our grief for them is great, they must fully realize, that our pride in them is greater, even more justified.

Therefore, to the relatives and friends of those that have fallen, these two lodges beg to tender their sincerest sympathy.

### A Word

#### Carpet

We have play of Tapestry ever been

These are able for the perfect deep in a fine and restful Tapestry lovely Port subdued Old

There is some Axm for Den, D

### U. S. Pict

## War News

### Messages Received Previous to 9

#### GERMAN ATTACKS BEYOND

LONDON, July 12.—The Germans, heavily reinforced, delivered strong attacks against British on the Somme front last night. They gained ground in some places. An official statement issued here this afternoon that all German attacks were repulsed except in Mametz and Wicds.

#### LOST GROUND RE-CAPTURED

LONDON, July 12.—The day was marked by fighting in certain areas. Wood we recaptured all the lost last night, and now the whole wood. We also made progress in Trones Wood. A large number of German prisoners taken in the fighting shows the continued attack last night. Two German attacks against Combray completely broke down under

#### FRENCH OFFICIAL

PARIS, July 12.—The Germans delivered a last night on a French position in the neighborhood of Verdun. The Verdun front. A War announcement of to-day says these assaults failed, breaking under the French fire. Verdun the French retook ground won yesterday by Germans. In operations east of Verdun the French took 800 of whom one is an officer. There were no developments last night. The French continued successful raids in the Somme front, and in Lorraine.

#### "INFERIOR IN STRENGTH"

NEW YORK, July 12.—For the first time since the Prince initiated his siege strategy February, German striking less at Verdun than elsewhere their front in France, according to the correspondent of the Paris. "Their latest blow of the Meuse early morning was inferior in strength to the last."

#### Ladies

## SK

Newest Cut. Bought

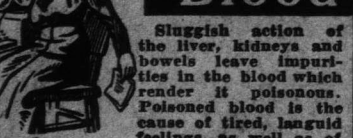
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