



"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER VI.
At The Wold.

Then as the man left the room he said in a low voice, and with a quiet smile: "I've some news for you, Charlie; news you'll be glad to hear."

"I knew," exclaimed Charlie, with a flush of delight, and springing forward with outstretched hand which grasped Percy's heartily; "I read it in your face."

"Astute Solomon!" laughed Percy. "Yes, I am lucky, Charlie! But softly, all is not settled yet, the letter—will you take it to her?"

"Will I? Won't I?" exclaimed the boy.

"And explain why I cannot call to-day; you can tell me more than I have written, if they want telling; she will not, I think," he added, quietly.

"Leave it to me," said Charlie, delighted and proud of his commission; "and I am so glad! I said so all along—to myself, of course—and she is the most lovely woman in the world; and you've cut all the other fellows out; though that's of course," he added, with supreme confidence in his hero's perfection and supremacy to any other man in the world. "I'm off my head with delight, Percy, and you are going down to the old earl! Don't you tremble, old boy?"

"Not much, as yet," said Percy, rising as he heard his private cab dash up to the door; "I may do so when I am in the cage, but meanwhile I feel quite brave. It is rather a coincidence, the earl's sending for me just now; it will save me a letter," he added. "And now, Charlie, if I'm away more than a day, write a long letter, and—send me any message."

"I'll call every day if she'll see me," said Charlie, eagerly; "and I'll send you every word she says; I will by Jove! and I say, Percy, let me come to the station," he entreated.

"No, no; get to bed, you young vagabond!" replied his cousin, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Get to bed and dream, and don't forget my letter after breakfast."

And after these words he started. He caught the train, got a little sleep, haunted by a very beautiful face, with violet eyes; lit a cigar; and, by the time it was smoked out, had reached Vering station. Beamish had

telegraphed, and the Vering carriage was waiting; it bore the Vering arms on its panels, but was particularly plain, and almost grim, taken in connection with the dark, somber liveries of the servants.

The footman, with a subdued but reverential air, shut him in, and the thick, sluggish horses bowed off.

A drive of three miles, and the towers of the Wold are in sight. Then the carriage rolled up a long avenue, and suddenly the noble facade of his inheritance unfolded itself to Percy's view.

He would be less than man, and more than a stone, if a thrill of pride had not run through him at the noble view. The Wold was one of the handsomest seats in England, and, in the course of nature, the magnificence and the wealth he saw around him would be his!

The great hall door swung heavily open, and a footman, as subdued in manner, and clad in the somber livery, ushered him into one of the reception rooms.

"Would you like to go to your room, sir?" he inquired.

Percy hesitated.

"The earl is not up yet, I suppose?"

"His lordship is dressing now, sir; he desired me to attend you to your room, and have breakfast prepared. His lordship will be down about one, sir."

It was then twelve or thereabouts. Percy nodded, and the footman, leading the way, traversed the huge hall, with its dark oak, immense pictures, antlers, quill chandeliers, men in armour, trophies and cabinets, with its mosaic tiles and Gibbons' carving—ascended the broad staircase, up which a mad Vering had ridden a favorite hunter, and passing along a corridor lighted by a stained window, and hung every inch of it with pictures that the "Wild Jack," the present earl, had collected from all quarters of the globe, and were worth a king's ransom—bowed Percy, with all the reverence due to the heir of the Wold and a Vering, into a splendid chamber furnished a la Louis Quatorze. Old-fashioned as the furniture was, the appointments were replete with all the modern luxuries which were to be found in Percy's own chambers, and Percy's critical eye was satisfied.

"Breakfast will be served in the small courtroom, sir, and I will attend you if you will ring, sir," said the footman, and, closing the door with a labored noiselessness, he vanished.

Percy washed and removed the dust of travel, and then, not having forgotten his way to the small courtroom—so called because a king had lunched there on a hunting morning—though he had not entered it since he was a boy of Charlie's age, did not need to summon the footman.

A breakfast which partook of the character of a luncheon, was spread upon an oaken table, near some tall French windows of diamond pane, and a solemn butler bowed low in obeisance, and watched lynx-like for every opportunity of ministering to the guest. Percy, however, trifled with one or two dishes, and confined himself to some Lafitte, which the butler had handled and uncorked as if it were a precious treasure which he had just drawn from the hiding place of years.

"Good wine!" said Percy.

The butler glowed and warmed.

"It is, sir. There are two bins of it, Mr. Percy; two bins, and it is at its prime!" and he sighed.

Perce smiled and looked up in his frank way.

"And no one to drink it, eh?"

The butler shook his head.

"No, sir, his lordship drinks nothing," with a woe-begone face; "simply nothing, sir. Ah!" and he sighed.

"That is a pity," said Percy. "And there is no one else?"

"No one but Mr. Gringe, sir, who does not drink a bottle in a month."

The name of the steward recalled him to Percy's mind rather suddenly.

"Ah, Mr. Gringe," he said. "Where is he?"

"He always attends my lord until breakfast is over, sir," replied the servant, "and he told me to beg you to excuse him if you asked for him. He will be here, sir, as soon as he can leave his lordship."

"As he spoke the door opened and a little, bent, strunken, weasoned old man entered.

Percy remembered him in a moment; the thin, parchment face had not changed a whit, the small eyes were just as bright and shrewd, the figure no more bent or aged-looking than when, as a boy, Percy used to torment and plague him.

"Ah, Stephen!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand, with a smile. "Glad to see you! You look as well as ever—younger than ever, I think. No, no, altered a bit since the days when you used to threaten to report my manifold sins to the earl."

The old man had shuffled across the room during this frank, hearty speech and with a gesture of respect and deference, had taken the young man's hand, and now stood looking up into his face with an admixture of affection, cunning, regret, and welcome that was curiously startling.

"Always the same!" he muttered.

"There's no change in you, Master Percy! No change in you, except outside, and, ah, me! ah, me! there's alteration enough there! Why, you be as tall as the earl, and the old face—the old Vering face—a true Vering, every inch of ye!"

Chuckling with a secret satisfaction, then, as if remembering his position and its duties, he glanced at the table, and then drew away a little.

"Have you breakfasted, sir? Is there anything you wish that I can get for you, sir?" he asked, with profound respect.

"Thanks, Stephen. I have all I want—no, nothing. And the earl, how is he?"

"The same as usual, sir," replied Stephen Gringe, looking at the carpet with a reserved, closed-up air—"the same as usual. If agreeable and convenient, sir, I am to conduct you to his lordship?"

"I am quite ready," said Percy; and he placed his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Old Stephen Gringe's face lit up for a moment at the good-natured familiarity, but the next instant it had sunk back into its close, reserved impassibility, and, with a gesture of self-deprecation, he shuffled across the hall, and opening a small door under the gallery, stood aside to allow Percy to enter.

The room was a half study, half library, lined with books, and filled with ebony cabinets and massive furniture of the same wood. Although the season was summer, and the day a hot one, a thick log burned on the steel bars in the wide grate, and the windows were closed.

Before the fire, and in a great chair of carved ebony, sat a tall, thin man, with white hair and face pinched and stern-looking, with thick, overhanging eyebrows, from under which a pair of restless gray eyes peered, commandingly. This was the Right Hon-

orable the Earl of Vering, Viscount Chester, baron, and the holder of half a dozen other titles and dignities. He wore a long, loose dressing-robe of some dark material, which, with his long, thin, white hands standing out from it in startling contrast, looked like the robe of a Venetian doge rather than the plain, matter-of-fact morning wrap of an English nobleman.

Stephen Gringe shuffled across the room, and in a thin treble said: "Mr. Percy, my lord."

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"Yes, yes; it is he. Did I expect to see a boy?" he murmured, as if irritated by his own surprise. "Yes, it is a Chester; I wanted no one to tell me that. You have come quickly. You are welcome."

Percy took the white, thin hand; it was deadly cold, and held it for a moment.

"Sit down," said the earl. "Are you cold?"

Percy with difficulty suppressed a start. Cold! The midsummer sun fought its way through the thick curtains, and joining issue with the fire, made the room like a baker's oven.

"No, my lord," he said; "it is a warm day outside."

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"You traveled quickly—must have done," he resumed in a low, dreamy voice, as if it were only by an effort he could bring himself from some distant past to the present. "Yes; by steam, of course. I used to come down the road behind four chestnuts—always chestnuts—eh, Gringe; the leader was a mare, I bought her—yes, I was a fool—" He broke off, staring at Percy with fierce, contemptuous eyes. "The men of the present day take a ticket for a seat behind a steam kettle—all smoke and coal fume—it is cheaper, but the chestnuts," again he broke off and roused himself. "I sent for you, Percy Chester; you are my nephew and next to the title—I said next to the title, and the Wold. I have something to say to you."

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A beauty specialist declares that any mother can make her baby have curly hair by always brushing the hair backward when it is damp and washing it from the forehead instead of the way the hair grows. She says ringlets and waves are trained.

Hands of cretonne make pretty trimming for a little girl's dress.

Straw and flowered linen makes a pretty combination for a child's hat.

Mole fur is in favor for summer furs—partly on account of its neutral color.

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Mr. Adams and the Churchill Complaint

We have received a statement from Mr. Adams in reference to the letter of Ambrose Churchill, in which the latter complained that his son left his work and volunteered, failed to pass the medical examinations and that he went back to his employer expecting to get his job again, but was refused any work or even wages due him at the time.

Nathan Churchill, son of Mr. Ambrose Churchill, Seward's Mill, worked with us last year. He didn't give us very good satisfaction. We decided not to have him any more. But this spring he came to us three times asking for a job, apparently as we were neighbors, and gave him work for the sake of his father, at \$1.50 per day. His pay day was when I'd get the money when lumber was sold, same as last year. There wasn't any time as how long I would give him employment. He worked twelve days and a half; he did not give me one minute's notice that he was leaving until he left. At dinner hour he came to me and said, what about my time. He said he was going to volunteer. I told him I couldn't help it. I had another young man here that had been down to volunteer a short while ago, but failed to pass. I had him engaged for a month, and to make disturbance he had been permitted to go with him, which was useless for him to go. I gave Nathan his time without any hesitation. I told him I couldn't give him any money for a few days as I had to have time to get it. He didn't say anything to me about keeping his place if he failed to pass. He stated the agreement for his father to collect but he came back shortly after and I had another man in his place. I collected \$10 for him which was the best I could do, until lumber was sold. I owe him the balance \$6.25.

We are also informed that there are at present in the Newfoundland Regiment, three of the Adams' family and one in the Canadian forces, out of 19 nephews of Mr. Adams, sr. It would appear therefore that the trouble about the wages and the non-taking back of Churchill, was not due to the latter enlisting.

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The lecture announced on behalf of Tasker Educational Fund for to-night, at which the Rev. Dr. Edgar Jones was to address the Masonic members, has been indefinitely postponed, also the various Lodge meetings called for to-night are adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mrs. (Dr.) Jones.

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The Crescent Picture Palace presents a bevy of movie stars to-day, in which the Rev. Dr. Edgar Jones was to address the Masonic members, has been indefinitely postponed, also the various Lodge meetings called for to-night are adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mrs. (Dr.) Jones.

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able the Earl of Vering, Viscount Chester, baron, and the holder of half a dozen other titles and dignities. He wore a long, loose dressing-robe of some dark material, which, with his long, thin, white hands standing out from it in startling contrast, looked like the robe of a Venetian doge rather than the plain, matter-of-fact morning wrap of an English nobleman.

Stephen Gringe shuffled across the room, and in a thin treble said: "Mr. Percy, my lord."

The earl held out his hand.

"Yes, yes; it is he. Did I expect to see a boy?" he murmured, as if irritated by his own surprise. "Yes, it is a Chester; I wanted no one to tell me that. You have come quickly. You are welcome."

Percy took the white, thin hand; it was deadly cold, and held it for a moment.

"Sit down," said the earl. "Are you cold?"

Percy with difficulty suppressed a start. Cold! The midsummer sun fought its way through the thick curtains, and joining issue with the fire, made the room like a baker's oven.

"No, my lord," he said; "it is a warm day outside."

"Ah," said the earl, "I am never warm. I am in my grave already, I think, eh, Gringe," and he turned his eyes upon the retreating figure of the old steward. "Stop, remain here," he said; and Stephen Gringe shuffled back and stood, half at the side, half behind the great chair.

"You traveled quickly—must have done," he resumed in a low, dreamy voice, as if it were only by an effort he could bring himself from some distant past to the present. "Yes; by steam, of course. I used to come down the road behind four chestnuts—always chestnuts—eh, Gringe; the leader was a mare, I bought her—yes, I was a fool—" He broke off, staring at Percy with fierce, contemptuous eyes. "The men of the present day take a ticket for a seat behind a steam kettle—all smoke and coal fume—it is cheaper, but the chestnuts," again he broke off and roused himself. "I sent for you, Percy Chester; you are my nephew and next to the title—I said next to the title, and the Wold. I have something to say to you."

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Adams and the Churchill Complaint

We have received a statement from Mr. Adams in reference to the letter of Ambrose Churchill, in which the latter complained that his son left his work and volunteered, failed to pass the medical examinations and that he went back to his employer expecting to get his job again, but was refused any work or even wages due him at the time.

Nathan Churchill, son of Mr. Ambrose Churchill, Seward's Mill, worked with us last year. He didn't give us very good satisfaction. We decided not to have him any more. But this spring he came to us three times asking for a job, apparently as we were neighbors, and gave him work for the sake of his father, at \$1.50 per day. His pay day was when I'd get the money when lumber was sold, same as last year. There wasn't any time as how long I would give him employment. He worked twelve days and a half; he did not give me one minute's notice that he was leaving until he left. At dinner hour he came to me and said, what about my time. He said he was going to volunteer. I told him I couldn't help it. I had another young man here that had been down to volunteer a short while ago, but failed to pass. I had him engaged for a month, and to make disturbance he had been permitted to go with him, which was useless for him to go. I gave Nathan his time without any hesitation. I told him I couldn't give him any money for a few days as I had to have time to get it. He didn't say anything to me about keeping his place if he failed to pass. He stated the agreement for his father to collect but he came back shortly after and I had another man in his place. I collected \$10 for him which was the best I could do, until lumber was sold. I owe him the balance \$6.25.

We are also informed that there are at present in the Newfoundland Regiment, three of the Adams' family and one in the Canadian forces, out of 19 nephews of Mr. Adams, sr. It would appear therefore that the trouble about the wages and the non-taking back of Churchill, was not due to the latter enlisting.

Masonic Notice.

The lecture announced on behalf of Tasker Educational Fund for to-night, at which the Rev. Dr. Edgar Jones was to address the Masonic members, has been indefinitely postponed, also the various Lodge meetings called for to-night are adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mrs. (Dr.) Jones.

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