

### The Hair of Rosedene

### The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXI.  
RUMORS.

"This," said the captain, taking from his pocket a gold-pencil case, and pretending to scribble on the piece of paper. "He has come to propose to her this afternoon. He will wait until she comes down; I know that she is dressing, for I saw the maid at the window. We, too, must wait at all costs. When she enters the room you must secure her and guard against a tete-a-tete between them. Get her into this room and keep beside her until I come. Do you see?"

"I see—but I do not understand," murmured Grace Bromley, her heart beating fast.

"Alas!" breathed the captain, "there is no time to explain. I will come to you here—you will go over to him, and then when you hear this book fall, so manage to call his attention to us. What he will see will be sufficient to cause him to reconsider the purpose of this afternoon's visit."

Grace Bromley thought with head bent low, then she looked up suddenly.

"You, yourself, will ask her to be your wife—before him?"

The captain smiled.

"No. Did I not say that I was not sure? Ah, that I could be! No, but if it has all the appearance."

Grace leaned back and stroked the forefinger of her left glove with her right, and for a moment her good and bad angels wrestled for mastery. The captain came to the aid of the bad one and won her.

"Can you hesitate?" he murmured. "Do you wish to see Edna Weston Lord Mersey's wife?"

As he spoke the door opened and Edna gilded in. The dark eyes were turned upon him for an instant, then Grace rose to play her part. Their hearts beat quickly, and to one the room seemed suddenly brightened and beautified as Edna entered. No

wonder, thought Lord Mersey, that the world has crowned her queen—but, ah, uneasy lies the head that wears fashion's crown, or why does she look so pale? She is changed—is changing every day. And as the conviction forced itself on him he was fain to admit that it was in no loss of beauty that the change consisted, but in something less definite.

There was a slight flush on her face as she entered, and the sweet, dreamy smile that characterized it was lost in a brighter and more girlish one, as she came forward and received her greetings.

"Idle, am I not? Yes, I have been accusing myself all day, but have only succeeded in making myself feel very wicked and not a bit more energetic. Have you any tea left, auntie? Have you had your cup, Grace? Is that you, Capt. Morton, in the shadow of the curtain?"

"Yes, modestly waiting for a word," said the captain, coming forward, and quite naturally in time to place her chair in the smaller room. "Will you not sit here?—It is cooler. I can speak with authority, for I have tried both rooms, have I not, Miss Bromley?"

"Yes," said Grace. "If you will get me another cup of tea I will thank you."

And she sank into the seat beside Edna, just as Lord Mersey crossed the room to take it. He stood looking at them both in his slow, grave way for a minute, and Grace Bromley, with a conspirator's guilty fear, trembled lest he would take another chair; but Capt. Morton had been watching him, and the soft voice was heard calling him by name.

Lord Mersey turned slowly, and looked at Edna as though he were about to speak, then walked reluctantly up to the window.

It was only to get his opinion on some sketches which Mrs. Weston had purchased, and was showing to Mrs. More, and in which the captain himself was so much interested that he carried one across to Miss Bromley and Edna to get their opinion. Miss Bromley was undecided as to its merits, and took it to the light in the other room.

"Is there not too much shadow?" she asked.

And Lord Mersey was in duty bound, being nearest, to help her to decide. Thus the characters were placed as the captain had arranged, and the scene commenced.

Edna leaned back in her low, luxurious lounge with her tea untouched, listening, and yet not listening, to the conversation. She had looked at the sketch with momentary interest, but had felt too languid to follow Grace Bromley to the window. She was scarcely aware that Capt. Morton had seated himself beside her, that he was bending toward her with more than his usual deference. His voice was as soft as usual—it always seemed to lull and soothe her—she could listen or not as she chose; he never demanded her whole attention—never looked displeased or hurt if he failed to get it. In a word, he was always in harmony with her mood, and never jarred. Lord Mersey, looking at the sketch a little, but looking toward the other room a great deal, noticed the humble, deferential and yet

familiar way in which the handsome face was turned toward the pale, sweet and strangely wearied one, and a sudden fear seemed to strike him. He stood and listened to Grace Bromley's voice, but he could not help listening also to that soft, musical one in the next room. What was he saying to her? Why did he look at her like that? For the first time Lord Mersey was roused to a sense of the power of his rival.

The captain talked on, about the ball of last night, about that last new waltz of Strauss, about anything for a few minutes; then, as he took up a book from the table, he said:

"Do you and Mrs. Weston think of running over to the Continent this autumn, Miss Weston?"

Edna looked up from her fan.

"The Continent?" she repeated, dreamy-eyed and listless. "I do not know. Why did you ask?"

"Because," said the captain, bending forward, and fixing his eyes on her with an anxious, imploring expression—"because Mr. and Mrs. More are talking of going to the south of France—to St. Jean de Luz, and Mr. More has kindly—so kindly—asked me to join them; he knows how I detest traveling alone, and one must go somewhere. We thought—

all three of us—that perhaps if you and Mrs. Weston had any idea of crossing the silver streak, you might be induced to allow us to make your route ours; we are not tied to the St. Jean de Luz plan."

Here he dropped the book, and Grace Bromley looked round slowly, and gazed so markedly that Lord Mersey felt his eyes drawn to follow her example. As he also looked, his face grew more anxious, for, framed by the curtains as in a picture, he saw those two sitting alone in the inner room; the one bending forward with entreaty in his looks, the other listening, with downcast face and lowered eyelids.

"No, we are not tied to De Luz; anywhere else you like to choose—Lucerne, perhaps?"

Edna started, and a brilliant flush rose to her cheek. Lord Mersey's eyes seemed fascinated.

"Perhaps you are tired of Switzerland? By the way, I heard the other day of Mrs. Weston's friend, Mr. Payne."

Edna raised her head; pale enough now was her face—pale and startled.

"You heard of—of him?"

"Yes," said the captain, stroking his mustache; "a friend of mine—a pretty friend, Capt. Morton, a discharged spy—a very particular friend of mine, met him in Italy. He was traveling—Mr. Payne, I mean—on his honeymoon trip; and, from my friend's description of the bride and the general happiness on both sides, I should think Mr. Payne is a man to be envied."

White, ashen white, to the very lips, Edna lifts her face to his, and smiles—actually smiles—bravely.

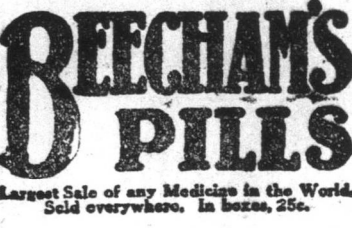
"Married!" she says, in a strange, metallic manner; "that is news. I am glad that he is happy."

"And will you consider my prayer—for it is nothing less?" continued the captain. "Any part of the world you like—as far as I am concerned, Siberia or Spain, if you only say the word."

And as he bent forward he looked so eager, so rapt, so lover-like, that the scene might have passed in a

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CHAPTER XXII.  
THE CARLIST UPRISING.

"GOOD gracious, Edward, what shall we do? Are we to be robbed and murdered? Let us go back—do let us go back! I knew what it should be!—did I not say so before we started? It is the maddest thing that has ever been attempted. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish we were back at St. Jean."

The speaker is Mrs. Edward More, and she addresses this plaintive wail of reproach and entreaty to her impatient spouse, who stands beside a ramshackle, broken-down chaise, which has drawn up in front of a wine shop which gleams white and dusty by the side of the long road that runs from Bilbao to St. Sebastian. It is four o'clock in the afternoon, an autumn afternoon in Spain, when to dream even of ice and a bath is hard work—when the very birds fall asleep as they watch the peasants harvesting in the vineyards—when none but those who are obliged by stern necessity and the mad English set foot out of doors.

The mad English are represented on this occasion by Mrs. Edward More, aforesaid, plaintive, but fearfully and unutterably miserable; by Aunt Martha, perplexed, inwardly troubled, but still amiable, though anxious; by Edna, pale and aggravatingly calm, not to say indifferent; by Edward More, hot—to match his spouse—ill-tempered, and impatient; and by Capt. Morton, outwardly suave and agreeable, but inwardly troubled and uncertain. He—the captain—stands at the door of the wine shop, in earnest colloquy with the landlord; Edward More sits between them and the carriage; in the carriage Mrs. More pours out her Jerusalem to the anxious ears of Aunt Martha and the listless ones of Edna; and on the box the driver—a red-faced Spaniard, with gold rings in his ears and a cigarette in his mouth—squats with an air of stolid nonchalance and contentment which, combined with Edna's composure, serves only to make Mrs. More more miserably ill-tempered.

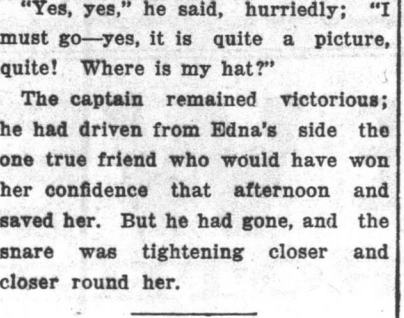
"What does he say, Edward? How I wish I understood this horrible language! Edna, my dear girl, I am surprised that you don't take more interest! Your composure seems almost—forgive me if I am too emphatic—unnatural!"

"Does it?" says Edna, raising her eyebrows slightly, and turning her eyes, with their calm and profound abstraction, upon the warm and perspiring face opposite her. "Is it more natural to bewail our misadventure and predicament to ears that don't understand a word of our lamentation? Had we not better wait until Capt. Morton tells us the result of his conference?"

(To be Continued.)

### Fashion Plates.

A NEAT DRESS FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

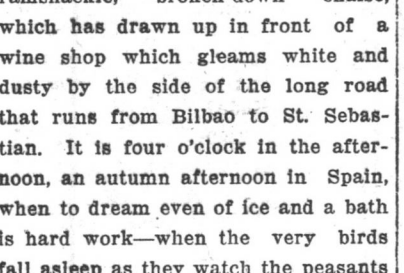


2732—This dainty little model could be made of percale, gingham or seersucker, with facings of pique or drill. The model is also good for lawn, batiste, repp, poplin, serge and gabardine. The sleeve may be finished with a cuff at wrist length, or loose in elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2682—This will be good for plaid or check suiting, combined with serge or jersey cloth. It is also nice for velvet, duvety or silk. The closing is effected in front, under the collar, at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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It may seem a bit early, but the Buying Season has started somewhat earlier of late years, and this year, we understand, we are going to have an Early Spring. We have opened the following goods during the past few days:

### LADIES' SHOWER & COVERT COATS

in the Newest and Smartest Trench Styles. These are priced from \$12.00 each upwards. Those that we were advertising a week ago are practically all sold. Styles plus value was what did it.

### Children's and Misses' SHOWER and COVERT COATS.

We have only received a few of these, as well as a few Ladies' and Misses' Mackintoshes.

### Ladies' Costume Skirts

in Navys, Blacks and Tweeds.

### Ladies' Moire Underskirts

in Black and Coloured.

### Ladies' Blouses in Blacks, Whites & Col'd.

Ladies' and Misses' Straw Hats.

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No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

### Harbor Strike at N Paderewski's Med shevism---Remaki Europe---South A alists Hold a Talk

WILL MAKE ENQUIRIES.

COPENHAGEN, March 3. Marshal Foch has informed the German armistice commission, according to a report from Berlin, that negotiations regarding the food supply of Germany and financial and shipping questions will begin at Spa on Tuesday. General Foch, the representative of Marshal Foch at the armistice commission that the French Government has decided to send a mission to Berlin to study the question of food supplies. The mission will be headed by M. Laquenin.

ARRANGING FOR GERMAN SHIPPING.

PARIS, March 3. Representatives of Great Britain, the United States, France and of the other Powers have departed for Spa to complete with the Germans arrangements for the release of German ships in neutral ports. Virtually all the details for the release of the vessels have been arranged and it is anticipated that they will be agreed over under the agreement without delay.

A QUESTION THE WORLD IS FACING.

WARSAW, March 1. "Can you oppose Bolshevism with the Bible? This is a question which the world is facing to-day," said Ignace Jan Paderewski, the Premier of Poland, somewhat nettled at an apparent American opposition to the Polish army which is being formed. It is not an individual permit but a peril for civilization, for the aim of the entire Christian civilization, peace and work will not kill Bolshevism as far as we are concerned, because you cannot have peace and organize prosperity with your next door neighbor, advising your agents not to work and paying agents to destroy your factories. Most people who get money without working, and that is what Bolshevism Russia offers. When asked if he was able to reconcile the 350,000 Polish army with the League of Nations' plan, M. Paderewski replied, "Yes, certainly, and I am quite in sympathy with that plan. Poland's army is to be recruited for such time as is necessary to restore order on our frontiers. It will be an army of peace and order, policemen if you will, called up to protect its borders along Mexico from outrage. We do not seek any quarrel, we shall be delighted to see this pacific plan worked out.

### STRIKE CALLED.

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