

MAGIC BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA READ THE LABEL CONTAINS NO ALUM

Stella Mordant - The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XII.

"Not ugly; that you never were; but when I left you were all legs and wings," he said, with the candour which women like—if only men would believe it!

"Yes, you appear to be," said Mary, with a half-shy, half-laughing glance at his handsome face.

"Have I? How sweet of you to say that!" "I didn't say for the better," she put in, demurely.

"Oh, it must be for the better!" he said, laughing at her thrust, and not wincing as a vain young man would have done.

"You also are older, and you've grown—so much that you—you startled me when you came in," she said, more gravely, and in a low voice.

"But I want to hear what you've been doing. You went away to make your fortune, you know."

"Yes," he said, gravely enough now. "It's a difficult thing to manufacture, Mary—Lady Mary—and I haven't succeeded; in fact, I'm a failure," he avowed, frankly, but with a sigh.

The beautiful eyes were full of sweet sympathy as they rested on him. "Tell me," she said in a low voice. He raised his head and laughed ruefully.

"Oh, it's soon told," he said. "I've been out in Florida trying to grow oranges. Mary, never look upon the orange with scorn, or even indifference; for a fruit that nearly breaks a man's heart in the growing is worthy of respect. I lost all my money—my poor little capital the poor governor had scraped together—in Florida, and I've just earned my living in any way that presented itself. I've been odd man and driver in a livery stable; outdoor help on a farm; I've broken stones at two-and-six, and packed oranges at five shillings a day. In fact, I'm a Prodigal Son in everything but the riotous living, for I've had nothing to riot on."

"I'm sorry," she murmured, her eyes suspiciously downcast. He laughed.

"Don't you waste your sweet pity on me, Lady Mary," he said. "Hard

work's not a bad thing for a fellow, and it won't hurt me."

"No, I'm sure it won't," she said, glancing at him with—ah, with only half-hidden admiration in her lovely eyes.

"No, not the hard work, or the roughing it, but the disappointment." He paused. "Mary—how sweet his voice now was in her ears only a woman can know—"you know why I went out, why I wanted to make money? You know! No, I can't say it. Not yet. I've no right to. But, Mary, all the time I've been away one thought, one hope has kept me going. There I am again. And I'd vowed to myself all the way home that I would not say a word. But, Mary, that thought, that hope still keeps me going. I'm off again presently. I've saved some money, and I'm going out again. I mean to make that fortune—yes, I've got to, and I shall do it! Do you know why? Shall I tell you? No; I dare not; I must not. I'm not so mean. Fancy the Prodigal Son coming home and telling the loveliest, sweetest, queenliest—Oh, here they all come! Mary, what do you think of Lord Rattton?"

he asked, breaking off, and speaking quickly and in a lower voice. They exchanged glances, and he was answered.

"Nor I. But it isn't fair. Poor chap, he too has had to rough it, I hear. I've asked him to come over to-morrow. Oh, look! some of them are going already—and I seem only to have had a minute, one minute with you. Never mind; if I never have another, it was worth coming from the other end of the world for. There I am again. Forgive me. Yes, duchess, it was very hot in Florida. Crocodiles, alligators, and all sorts of nasty things. Am I glad to get back to stupid old England? Oh, am I not! Don't ask me if I don't want me to weep aloud!"

He rattled on, covering Mary's retreat; but Ralph, the earl, had seen the two talking—whispering together, as it seemed to him—and as he went back to the Hall that night his face was dark and his temper savage, notwithstanding the fact that his introduction to the county had been a distinct success.

He had played his part very well; but the mask came off as he sat alone in the smoking room at the Hall and drank glass after glass of whiskey and smoked cigar after cigar; and as he went, rather unsteadily, up the stairs, he muttered:

"I am the earl and he's nobody. I'd beat him, if I were only free—only free!"

The next day he went over to the Court. Parkins dressed him in a riding suit correct to a button, and the new Earl of Rattton looked the complete horseman. The Bryan's gave him a pleasant, homely welcome, and Edward—clad in a well-worn suit of tweed—led Ralph to the stables.

"Now, if there is anything you fancy—" he said.

Ralph looked down the stalls. "That's not a bad nag," he said, patronizingly, and nodding at a bright chestnut.

"All right," rejoined Edward; "we will have him saddled. He's quiet."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," drawled Ralph.

"Why, of course not; but you said you were a little out of practice. But come along. I'll ride this old chap; he's steady, and won't upset you, gee."

The horses were saddled, and Edward flung his leg over his. Ralph

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mounted cautiously, and they rode out of the stable-yard and into the Court avenue.

"Stirrups right?" asked Edward, who had seen in an instant that his man was a novice.

"Quite; thanks," replied Ralph, with the curtness of the nervous man.

"Well, then, we'll go quietly at first," said Edward. "Keep him on the road. I don't think I'd pull him quite so much; he's rather ticklish about the mouth. That's right."

He chatted pleasantly as they rode along; but Ralph, the earl, found it difficult to talk, for his heart was very near his mouth. Something within him whispered that he would come to grief, and the something was quite right; for, as they reached the cross-roads, a donkey cart came lumbering towards them from Market Rattton. Ralph's horse started and shied slightly, and even as Bryan called out, "Don't pull at him!" Ralph jerked hard on the bit, the horse rose, and—

"Hope you're not hurt?" said Edward, anxiously, as he dismounted and stood beside him companion who, minus his hat, stood, white-faced and sullen, brushing the dust from his clothes with a shaky hand.

"No, I'm not hurt, thanks. The brute reared so suddenly. Where is it?"

Edward laughed. It never occurred to him that a man would take a quiet tumble to heart.

"Oh, he's half back to his stable! Mount mine, won't you? It's as quiet as a sheep."

But to his amazement Ralph glanced at him with barely concealed fury; and without a word marched off in the direction of the Hall.

"Hi, Rattton!" Bryan called, and was on the point of riding after him; but feeling that his lordship would prefer to be left alone, turned and rode back to the Court; he would go after him to the Hall presently.

Ralph strode on, his face white, his eyes glowing with sullen rage.

"Curse him!" he ground out between his clenched teeth. "He planned it; it was a plan. He'll tell the whole county. They'll laugh and call me a coward—me, the Earl of Rattton! Curse him!"

He shook with the fright the fall had given him and his rage, and he stopped after a few yards; and leaning against the broken fence of a gravel pit, wiped the sweat from his face.

Last night he had, as he told himself, scored, had made a favourable impression; but now—He could hear the duke, Lord Parodel, all of them, laughing as that "young beast," Edward Bryan, told how the "new Earl of Rattton" had tumbled off his horse.

He-field, on every race-course, on all sorts of occasions. It was instanced this morning in the conduct of Ralph, Earl of Rattton. As the horse, mad with fright or temper came towards him, something rose within the man's shaken frame which impelled him to a deed which should belong exclusively to the brave and heroic. It was not courage; it was an impulse born of the desire to wipe out the craven tumble from Bryan's horse.

"Coward, am I?" he said to himself, with an oath. "I'll show them!"

As the tearing horse came nearer and nearer, Ralph pulled himself together, and at the very critical moment sprang into the road and flung himself at its head. He managed to grip the reins near the bit, to get hold of the bit itself—how, he knew not—and scarcely conscious of Lady Mary's pale and resolutely set face, he threw all his weight against the animal. He felt himself dragged in the dust for yards, felt the foam from the animal's mouth flicking across his face and eyes, almost felt the wheels touching him; then, with a sense of half-hysterical triumph, he knew that the horse's progress had been arrested.

He'd dazed, and still clinging to the bit, he heard Lady Mary cry, breathlessly:

"Oh, let go—let go! please—please! He has stopped! You will be hurt! Lord Rattton, you—you have saved me!"

From what, she did not say; but, half unconscious, he glanced to the right, and saw the broken fence of the gravel pit within a few yards of them.

(To be Continued.)

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Despite Death-Dealing Germans Three Times Through Wood— Seventy-two Hours

WOUNDED TELL OF THEIR GRADES BEING BAYONETTED TO DEATH.

London, April 27.—Harold Ashby, writing from Northern France to the Daily News, says that everywhere in the department of the Pas de Calais the praises of the gallant Canadians are being sung. Tried in a crucible of the intensest heat, they have been found wanting.

The wounded who came down to the base to-day, and there are many thousands of them, were in high spirits though many of them will assuredly never fight again. They respect the Germans as a fighting machine and simple, but over his humanity they just shrug their shoulders passively.

They found all their wounded comrades fight they had to retire far and all during the thick of the trench leaving their wounded there. The Canadians broke all conventional rules of warfare in their operations. They found the Germans wheeling all around them, behind and in front of their trenches; they adapted themselves to the situation and fitted up a double ended trench to meet the trouble.

They were surrounded, enfiladed, bayoneted to death. Their escape from this was swift and terrible, for the point of their bayonets they took two German prisoners and the Canadians broke all conventional rules of warfare in their operations. They found the Germans wheeling all around them, behind and in front of their trenches; they adapted themselves to the situation and fitted up a double ended trench to meet the trouble.

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