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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXX.

In a flash Heroncourt saw the object of the man's proceedings; but he kept up the farce—or was it the first act of a tragedy?

"Go and bury the dog, and keep a civil tongue in your head," he said, angrily.

David Jones got a spade and began to dig a grave, but he took his time about it; and Heroncourt, still growling under his breath, went upstairs, got the box, and cautiously looking round to see that he was unobserved, joined the grave-digger. David Jones did not turn his head as Heroncourt approached, but said in a whisper:

"Drop it in when I say 'Now!'"

He got between Heroncourt and the hut, straightened himself and wiped his brow, and looked round for any possible watchers; then "Now!" came sharply from his closed lips.

Heroncourt took the box from under his coat and dropped it in the hole; then he turned angrily on David Jones and swore at him.

"Look alive!" he said. "Anyone would think you were conducting a first-class funeral. Fill in that hole and get about your business. You and I will have to part, my man, if there's any more feeling of this kind." But as he strode past the little man, he whispered, "Good! That was clever of you!"

A faint streak of colour came into the little man's face, and his eyes glistened with pleasure; but he continued to grumble audibly enough for anyone about the house to hear.

Heroncourt went into the parlour and threw himself back in a chair, and laughed silently. It certainly was a clever trick, and it was providential that the evil cur had turned up at that moment, for, as Jones had said, he had been worrying the sheep for days past. Heroncourt felt encouraged by the presence of such an ally, for, small as he was, he had evidently more brains than many a bigger man.

For the rest of the day, Heroncourt remained near the hut, apparently quite at his ease, and singing and whistling as he went to and fro; but that most trying of all emotions, suspense, was tearing at his heart. The coming trouble, if coming it were, would not have weighed upon him so much if the women had not been present; but when he thought of them, of the child-like Little Lucy, in the hands and at the mercy of such a man as Black Jake, his heart was racked with an unpleasant mixture of fear and rage; and, as often happens, the girl innocently sharpened the barb for him, for she, too, was singing and

with a real and not assumed cheerfulness and gaiety. The fact was, she adored her master with that almost dog-like love which asks no reward and does not dream of any return for its devotion; and hearing him so apparently blithe and jolly her spirit moved in unison, and out of sheer sympathy she sang in and about the house as he whistled outside. All unconsciously, she piled up the agony for him as she hovered about him during dinner. She had a way of standing with her hand upon her hip, a picture of rustic grace, watching him with a faint, slow smile parting her girlish lips, as if it were a happiness to her to see him eat and to be able to wait upon him; and every now and then she would address a word or two to him, with a kind of shy boldness which, notwithstanding its seeming freedom never verged upon disrespect. The dinner was a good one, but, as may be supposed, Heroncourt was not capable of doing justice to it. It is only the man in the condemned cell, apparently, who can make a hearty meal on the eve of his execution; Heroncourt could not help thinking, as Lucy placed before him the dishes on which she had bestowed such care, that it was probably the last meal he and those who stood by him, would require, and the reflection destroyed any appetite which he might have had. "You don't seem to care for anything to-night, Mr. Tudor," said Lucy, as, after futile attempts, he laid down his knife and fork and leant back. "And I took such a lot of trouble over that stew; for you generally like it! You scarcely touched the chops, and now I suppose you don't want any pudding? It's a new kind of pudding, too; one that my brother John used to be very fond of. He used to give me a bit of ribbon or something of that kind whenever I made it. Now, do you try and eat a bit when I bring it in; I'm sure you'll like it, if you will only taste it."

She brought it in and set it down and stood close by his elbow looking at him with smiling anxiety; and as Heroncourt smiled up at her, something seemed to grip his heart. The child was not a bit like Malda, but still she reminded him of her. Thank God that Malda was not out in these wilds, was not exposed to this poor girl's peril!

He forced himself to eat some of the pudding and nodded approvingly. "It's first-rate, Lucy!" he said. "You're a cordon bleu—that means a blue ribbon of a cook—and, by George you shall have your blue ribbon!"

Her pretty face flushed crimson and her eyes rested on him with a dog-like gratitude and love; but she shrank back a little as he took a half sovereign from his pocket. "Oh, no, no, I don't want that, sir!" she said. "It's quite enough for you to be pleased with it."

"Never mind, take it, Lucy," said Heroncourt. "Just try and imagine that I am your brother John." She laughed and shook her head as she reluctantly took the coin. "Ah, no; you are very different to John," she said. "He's a good sort, and he's been a good brother to me; but he's not a gentleman like you. And I never want you to give me any money for anything I do. If you'll only say, 'Thank you, Lucy,' as you always do, and smile—"

The colour slowly waned in her face and her eyes grew moist; but she turned away with a laugh to hide the emotion which puzzled and troubled her own innocent breast. Meanwhile, in the adjoining room, the men were talking and laughing loudly, as if no conspiracy were afoot; but Heroncourt was listening to them and fancying that he could detect an artificiality in their noise, when Gosford came into the parlour clutching David Jones by the collar. The little man looked at Heroncourt meaningly, and growled to Gosford, in an undertone:

"Speak up!"

Thus adjured, Gosford, who was about as bad an actor as could be imagined, said, loudly:

"I brought this man in to you, Mr Tudor. He's always lurking about the place; and just now I found him trying to get into the larder."

As Gosford's voice rose, the men in the adjoining room ceased talking and were evidently listening.

"Found him in the larder, did you?" said Heroncourt, loudly and distinctly. "Seems to me that you are rather a troublesome customer, Jones; this is not the first time I had to complain of you. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I was only sharpening my knife on the stone outside," said Jones.

"He was cutting away at the lard," Mr Tudor," said Gosford.

Obediently a jerk of David Jones's head, Heroncourt said, angrily:

"Here! I'll go and see for myself. Bring him along, Gosford. If I find you've been up to any hanky-panky tricks, Jones, I'll discharge you to-morrow morning."

Gosford lugged the little man out and Heroncourt followed; and the voices of the men in the shed rose and mingled with the laughter over David Jones's discomfiture.

When the three men had got out side, David Jones whispered:

"Keep hold of me still; they may come out." Then he added, in a quick whisper: "They mean trying to get to-night. I overheard 'em. Black Jake and his mate will join them a midnight. When we get within hearing of the shed, give me a cuff over the head, and send me packing, and I'll come round and get into the house and hide away quiet."

He was dragged round to the little lean-to, which served as a larder, and Heroncourt made a pretence of examining, by the aid of Gosford's lantern, some marks on the door; then he said, angrily:

"You are right, Gosford. He's been tampering with the lock."

He dealt David Jones a cuff and a push. The little man stumbled and fell against the log wall.

"Now, take your discharge. I won't have such a man as you about the place. Off with you at once, and don't let me see eyes on you again. Watch him off the place, Gosford."

Then he went to the shed and opened the door and looked in and nodded. The laughter and the talk stopped dead at his appearance, all the faces were turned towards him, several of the men rose awkwardly to their feet.

"All right, men," said Heroncourt. "I've just been sacking that fellow David Jones; thought you'd hear the row and wonder what was up. You're going down the river to-morrow, Johnston, aren't you? Well, good-night. Here, some of you like to try 'bacca'?"

He tossed the large pouch on the table in an off-hand way, nodded again, and went out. He had only been in the room a minute or two, but his quick eyes had caught the gleam of a revolver stuck in some of the men's belts, and he felt, rather than saw, that there were rifles under the heap of coats which had been thrown down with apparent carelessness in the corner. He returned to the parlour and called loudly to Lucy for a glass of ale. As he took it from her, he whispered:

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"Close the shutters of your room to-night, Lucy."

She started, and the colour slowly left her face and her eyes flew towards the partition. Heroncourt's hand fell upon her arm and closed round it gently but reassuringly, and he smiled at her—the smile which a man turns upon a woman when he is asking her to nerve herself for an ordeal. Her lips shut tightly, her eyes dwelt on his with a strange look, then she nodded, and, without a tremor in her voice said:

"Won't you have another glass, sir?"

"No, thank you, Lucy," he replied. "Get off to bed now."

Five minutes after she had gone, Baxter entered the room, and, as if his entrance were a signal, Gosford and David Jones appeared from upstairs.

Heroncourt nodded towards the rack, and each man armed himself. There were six rifles; and they had their revolvers. Heroncourt placed Baxter at the foot of the stairs, signified to the other two to go upstairs, and when they had done so, he closed the shutters and bolted them, extinguished the lamp and followed. This upper storey consisted of three rooms opening on to a little lobby or landing. Heroncourt occupied the room facing west, the two women the room at the other end, and Baxter slept in the middle one, which was a mere slip. All the windows were shuttered, and to get at their prey the assailants would have to force their way up the rough narrow stairs.

"They've got their work cut out for them, sir," whispered David Jones, in his impassive voice. "There's three good rifles and three good men behind them, and there's ammunition to last—"

"For how long?" said Gosford, with a shake of the head.

"Long enough to enable us to sell our lives dearly," said Heroncourt. (To be Continued.)

A safe way to pack eggs in a hand grip is to first put them in a glass jar and pack tissue paper into the top to hold them firm.

To make jam or marmalade look clear without skimming it, add a piece of butter the size of an egg before removing the fruit from the fire.

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2156—Juniors' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Styles.

This model has simple but attractive lines and is good for organdy, lawn, gingham, voile, batiste, shantung, foulard and crepe. It is also nice for soft woollens, satin and messaline. The sleeve may be in wrist length with a deep cuff, or loose, in elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A CHARMING NEGLIGEE.



2146—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe.

This style is fine for crepe, dimité, lawn organdie, voile, challie, silk, cashmere or flannel. The waist portions are finished in Empire style and are made with kimono sleeves. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 7 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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To-Day's Message

HOSPITAL SHIP IN BAD STATE.

HALIFAX, N.S.—According to salvage experts it is still a chance to save the ship which ran ashore near Head on Wednesday morning was abandoned early this morning by the officers and crew after taking a list to starboard and crash that caused the great tremor from stern to stem. The tight bulkhead separating No. 2 holds was forced in by the water that had entered the ward part of the ship.

SUB. USES STEAMER AS BASE.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.—The members of the crew of the Norwegian steamship Bengtsson, which was captured by a submarine, arrived at Bergen yesterday. The submarine was captured by the crew of the Bengtsson on August 29th.

DOES NOT FAVOUR SOCIAL CONFERENCE.

LONDON.—It was made quite clear by Bonar Law in the Commons that no members of the Government would attend the proposed Social Conference of the Government had not decided its policy regarding grants to private individuals. He said the step would not without serious consideration probably not at all.

HEAT WAVES AND STORMS.

HALIFAX, N.S.—Last night and until 2 this morning a terrific storm of States and upper provinces. The storm between St. Montreal, which put the commission. The Eastern Provinces of Ontario are have been sweltering under the wave for the past two weeks. The electric storm to-night was

McMurdo's Store

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917.

We are now showing the assortment of celluloid toilet, have been privileged to see while. The individual items very wide variety, Trays, Pots, Manicure Paste Holders, Hat Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Brushes, Scissors, Cuticle Buffers, Nail Files, Sewing Dressing Combs, etc., in a considerable variety of styles. They are selling them either individually, each item being priced at its own value. For this class of prices are extremely reasonable. Should like you to see them.

BODY RECOVERED.

to the Department of Justice. Magistrate Hogan, of St. John's, states that the body of a man who was drowned a few days ago was recovered last evening brought to Broad Cove, the of the deceased for burial.

BOWINGS SHIPS.

Prospero left here at 12.30 day for northern ports. The thia left Burin at 9.40 a.m. ing west.

You may want to change your automobile, or your piano, or even your home—but you will never want to change the COFFEE, when once you taste the delectable flavour of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/4, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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