



**"KYRA,"**  
OR,  
**The Ward of the Earl of Vering.**

CHAPTER X.

"All Women Are False."

"I will wager fifty pounds to ten that the marquis proposes to her," said the count, in that quiet, boasting voice of his. And, if you will believe me, Percy, I couldn't keep my tongue still; I must stop, and I said: "Count Hudspiel, I can't take your bet, because I know for certain that you would lose, and it is no bet if that is certain; but I know that Miss Devigne will not marry the marquis, because she is engaged already."

"To whom?" asks the count—"not to your cousin, Mr. Merivale, although you may think so. Come, take my little wager."

"You know how he speaks, Percy, like a German, confound him!—and so I took it. It was wrong, I know, but I couldn't stand by and hear that bragging fool bounce like that, could I? So I took his bet, Percy."

Percy struck a light. "And you have lost it, Charlie!" he said, quietly, "for Miss Lillian Devigne will marry the Marquis of Orland."

Charlie opened his mouth, then closed it quickly, as he caught sight of his cousin's face by the light of the one wax candle which Percy had lighted.

"Oh, Percy, dear Percy! How white and ill you look! Oh, what is it? What has happened?" and his face grew anxious and concerned.

"Nothing much, Charlie," said Percy, smiling. "Never mind my white face. I'm tired, you know—no bed last night, a scramble of a dinner, and a long journey, to say nothing of bad news."

"But—but—something's the matter. Do tell me Percy. I will be careful and thoughtful. I can't bear to see you look like that!" and the boy's lips quivered.

"Hush, Charlie," murmured Percy. "It is nothing much—only a mistake. May you never meet with such an one. Only a slight mistake, old boy, which the lady you admire so much has made. She thought that she cared enough for me to be my wife, and found, after all, that it was the Marquis of Orland she was in love with."

"What that tottering old man!" gasped the boy, in horror.

"Hush; he is the Marquis of Orland, Charlie, and his kind are always

young and handsome and worthy of being young girls' husbands until they die!"

"Ah, I see!" cried the boy. "She has left you, Percy, for him? Perce, I hate her! Yes, I hate her! You for him! Perce, dear, dear Perce, I scorn and hate her! She is lovely, but she is a fool! Oh, Perce, to leave you, so strong and handsome, so—so great—for that limping, painted old skeleton! No; I won't say any more, not a word. Dear, dear Perce!" and with a great gulp the tender-hearted boy hid his face upon his cousin's broad shoulder.

"Hush!" said Percy, "not a word more for either of us, Charlie, old boy. I'm hard hit, as you see. Yes, I must own that, you know; but I can get over it—very quickly—out of her sight. Charlie, listen to me. You go to Oxford next week. Well, we will both of us cut London at the same time. We will keep the chambers on, and Beamish shall look after them, that when vacation comes round you can run up here and enjoy yourself while I am away. You can look after things, Charlie, and I know I can trust you to keep a straight heel! You won't forget that any mishap to you would hurt me more than if it had occurred to myself. You will keep straight, Charlie, for my sake! and when I come back we will meet to part no more, as the hymn says, at least on this side of the river."

"Yes, that's all very well—that's all for me, as usual," groaned the boy; "you never think of yourself! But where are you going, Percy?"

"Anywhere—somewhere where there are no Lillian Devignes, Charlie, boy! I'll go and seek communion with the wolves and the bears, out among the big game; they're wild and rather rough, but they are better than the women of our modern high-pressure civilization. Never fear for me, Charlie. Do you go on right, look after Beamish, and keep a straight heel, and I shall be satisfied. And now go to bed, dear boy, and sleep on it! There, there, my dear old Charlie boy! if all the world were false there is one true heart beats for me while you are in it! Good night!"

Then, as the lad wrung his hand and reluctantly left him, Percy Chester drew his writing materials toward him, and by the light of the one wax candle, wrote:

"My Lord:—It is only due to your superior knowledge and foresight that I should admit the truth of your prophecy. The woman I loved has proven false. Notwithstanding her treachery, however, I still remain firm in my refusal of your kind plan on my behalf, and quite content to abide by the consequences of such rejection. I am now, my lord, about starting for the New World, and I hope on a new life. I may not return for some years, but in whatever land I may be, I shall always find nothing in my heart for your lordship but gratitude and respect."

"I am, my lord, Yours most truly, "PERCY CHESTER."

A new world, a new life. Ah! Percy Chester, as you sit with your face hidden in your hands, all looks black and somber, hopeless to your mental gaze; but who knows! you may find in that same new world and new life, a new joy, in the light of which the somber clouds shall scud away as the mists of night flee before the morning sun. "All women are false!" you groan, thinking of the fair face and sweet wiles of her—she who has be-

trayed you. Wait! Behind the veil of the future there lies fate.

CHAPTER XI.  
**The Indian Maid.**  
Twilight—darkness, indeed, but for the snow. Snow on the wide-stretching plain, snow on the hills rearing their great, threatening heads in the distance, snow on the leafless trees of the prairie wood—such an evening as renders the glowing fires enjoyable, and the light of a pair of wax candles through the steam of a teakettle appear the epitome of comfort—such a scene of wide-stretching, snow, dreary mountain peak and grim forest as the poet who wrote the ode to Nature's solitude might have conjured up for inspiration. And yet there is human life animating the ghostly landscape, and heightening its dreariness by contrast; for, slowly approaching the forest, across the open glade, rides a solitary horseman.

Though it is twilight, the air is so clear and keen that his figure and face can be seen at some distance, and once seen, they are not to be passed over by the most careless observer.

A tall, strong-framed, though thin, and somewhat depressed by evident lassitude, broad shoulders, muscular arms, and a leg that, clad now in tight-fitting gaiters of buffalo-skin, might have made its mark in the days of satin breeches and silken hose; a face—so much of it as can be seen for the fur cap and upturned collar of the horseman's cloak—cleanly cut, heavily mustached, dark-eyed; the hand that holds the frozen bridle is long, thin, shapely; and the air with which the rider looks about him is some what different to the sharp, ferret expression which distinguishes the ordinary fur-trapper.

And yet what man, other than a fur-trader or a lunatic, would be riding across the plains of the Snake River in a North American winter evening?

How is one to believe that this man slowly picking his way over this seemingly endless plain, miles away from civilization, food, fire, comfort—this man with the patrician face and bearing, clad in beaver skin and moccasins, and bestriding a horse as weary as himself? How is one to believe that he was, and might be again, if he chose, the pink and form of fashion, the beau of a London season, the well-beloved of aspiring daughters, the hope and aim of conspiring mammas, the pride of an ancient house, the friend of the noblest in the land, and—the enemy of himself? All this, and more, is Percy Chester, heir to an earldom and "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." Three years ago if any one had said, "Percy, my boy, you'll winter in North America, and spend the cheerful days among red skins, beavers and grizzly bears, often hungry, nearly always cold, generally dissatisfied," he would have laughed the prophet to scorn, and talked about what he meant to do with the Pythchley and the Quorne.

Yet, here he was, alone in a solitary waste, very tired, very hungry,



and tolerantly cold, while far away his old companions and friends were careering through a short London season, and wondering "what on earth had become of Chester, you know!"

Perhaps a similar kind of question he was putting to himself as he settled down into his saddle and pulled his cloak more closely round him: certainly with an impatient kind of shrug, that generally comes as a finale to self-communing, he checked the slow progress of the horse, with a word, and looked round him.

Apparently the landward or object for which he looked did not greet his aching eyes, for with a cursing of the lip and an emphatic shake of the head, he said to his sole companion—the horse:

"Something wrong here, old lady; we've missed the way, or Spotted Wolf has played us false. The tribe should be whereabouts or we made a mistake in the tracks."

The horse—who, of course, understood every word of the foregoing, raised his head, looked round with uplifted ears, then neighed.

"Exactly my opinion," said its master. "If I understood you rightly, old lady, Spotted Wolf is not—not to put too fine a point on it—to be relied on, or the tribe has gone; which is it, I wonder? Not that it matters, for whichever way it goes, we must camp out in the snow to-night. Let us get under the trees."

With a shake of the head, the tired horse put its best foot foremost, and again the silence, so weird and awful, fell upon the scene.

With that silence unbroken, man and beast entered the skirt of the wood, and there as if by mutual consent, made a halt.

Dismounting, Percy Chester flung the bridle over his arm, and with eyes, ears and nose—for the hunter and fur-trapper must follow that feature in more ways than one when he is roughing it in North America—on the alert, proceeded to a cautious reconnoiter.

After a few minutes of intense listening, his hero pitched upon a little hollow made by the meeting of the limbs of these trees, and which was comparatively free from snow; drew the saddle from his mare, rubbed her nose with a handful of snow-water, abstracted a like quantity of corn from his saddle-bag, directed her attention to some green leaves that sprouted from the winter shrubs near at hand, and while she was nibbling them with the keen enjoyment of a hungry horse, rubbed her down as carefully as if he himself had dined, rested, and was at ease.

All this done very quickly, and with every now and then a word or two of encouragement and good-fellowship, the traveler proceeded to clear a space in the snow, to pile upon it the dried boughs and twigs he could find, and to turn them into a good, roaring fire.

(To be Continued.)

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**War News.**

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH ARMY GOES INTO MOURNING.

LONDON, June 7. The British Army went into mourning to-day for the late Chief. Every officer wore crepe on his left arm. Throughout the country flags were at half mast. There was no suspension of activities having to do with the prosecution of the war, and at the War Office and other Government departments officials continued to work out the details of the scheme which Earl Kitchener formulated. From the Allies and neutral countries, Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies, came a flood of cablegrams expressing sympathy. The news was received in the South African assembly during the discussion of the estimates. Premier Botha, who was deeply affected, made an immediate announcement and moved adjournment, while members, Dutch and British, remained standing as a tribute to the man who had won the Dominion for Great Britain against forces in which many of the legislators had fought. Newspapers and many commercial organizations have taken up the demand for the immediate interment of all aliens from enemy nations, on the ground that the Germans may have been advised from England of Earl Kitchener's departure and that such have been responsible for the destruction of the Han-patrol.

U.S. PAPERS DEVOTE COLUMNS ON KITCHENER'S DEATH.

NEW YORK, June 7. Morning newspapers publish columns on the death of Kitchener, including sketches of his career, examples of his achievements and expressions of sorrow at his death. All

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