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CHAPTER VIII. THE SON OF AN EARL.

They are so far from the rest that they cannot be overheard in the din which Georgina is making at the piano.

"Not at all," he answers. "It was very kind of Miss Lambton to ask me."

Jeanne looks at him with her questioning gaze.

"And still you are sorry that you came. Why did you come?"

It was one of Jeanne's straightforward questions; that is, Vernon Vane finds it difficult to answer as he looks into the frank eyes expectant of a reply.

Jeanne looks around the room, thoughtfully.

"It is a change for me," she says. "It is all so bright and gay, and it is so quiet at home."

"You like brightness and gaiety—it is only natural," he says.

"There is something in his tone, a twinkle of regret, that brings Jeanne's eyes upon him again."

"Is it wrong?" she asks. "If you had lived all your life at the Gate House, would you not like a change? Is it wrong to wish to be rich?"

"Do you wish to be rich?" asks Vernon Vane, watching her face.

"Yes," said Jeanne, with a little candid laugh. "It must be delicious! Think of all one could do if one had money. Oh, yes, it must be nice to be rich."

A slight shade, almost too slight to be perceptible, crosses Vernon Vane's handsome face. Is the child already grown into a woman?

"Well, no," he says, "what would you do if you were rich—as rich as Mr. Lambton, say?"

Jeanne laughs softly. It sounds like an idle question, and she answers idly:

"What would I do? Oh, I think I'd have the Nancy Bell painted, and get her a new sail; then I'd build a big house with a laboratory for Uncle John—and then, think where one could go and what one could see. Do you know I have never been to London?"

Vernon Vane smiles.

"No," says Jeanne, and she leans against the half-open French window, and turns her face up to the moon that is smiling serenely on the soft spring sky. "No, I have not lived yet—at least, Mr. Fitzjames says so; he says that I have been asleep, and living in dreamland here at Newton Regis; is that true? Is the world so very different from what I know of it?"

Vernon Vane folds his arms and leans back, with a frown on his forehead.

"Mr. Fitzjames appears to think

so," he says, quietly; "and, at any rate, he is not asleep."

Jeanne looks up with faint surprise at the touch of sternness in his voice.

"But go on," he says, "you have not told me half of what you would do if you were rich."

"Well," says Jeanne, with a smile, "there was the big house—ah, then I would get some tresses. Do you know?"

—and she holds out her arms toward him with a frank little smile—"that is my best frock!"

He looks at, takes in at a glance the exquisite, supple grace of her attitude, which, unknown to her, has thrown that dark, soft dress into clinging, graceful folds; and his eyes light up and soften.

"It is a very pretty dress," he says. Jeanne laughs.

"But one gets tired of it, you see, just as one gets tired of Newton Regis, pretty as it is. Oh, yes, it must be nice to be rich—don't you think so?"

He smiles.

"How should a poor artist know anything about it, Miss Jeanne? Now, Mr. Fitzjames could tell you, perhaps—he is the son of an earl!"

"Oh, yes," says Jeanne, musingly; "he has been telling me about Castle Fort, his father's place, and about the opera, and the London balls, and the theatres; all of which I must see, he says, before I wake from my dream life."

She laughs softly, unconscious of the dark cloud which has settled upon her companion's brow.

"Mr. Fitzjames' words are the words of wisdom, doubtless," he said, "and in due time you will see London, and find—happiness."

Jeanne laughs and shakes her head.

"That is not at all likely. Hal will go to London and to college, because he is a boy, and will be a man; but I shall remain at Newton Regis, asleep all my life, making Uncle's toast and calling the Nancy Bell."

Vernon Vane looked at her with a curious, prolonged scrutiny. There was a wistful, almost sadly restless expression on her beautiful face. What had come over the spirit of her dream? What did the sigh which escaped her half-parted lips portend?

Vernon Vane stepped out on the balcony and paced up and down in silence, asking himself these questions. A few weeks ago he had found her a girl—a child, playing at snow-balls with her brother, with the bright laughter of a restful heart upon her lips, and now—Had the idle chatter of a London flirt changed her?

A voice sounded behind—the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames had come up behind Jeanne.

Vernon Vane heard the exquisite's soft, drawing tones murmured in the girl's ears, and they filled the listener with annoyance and irritation. Suddenly Jeanne went back into the room, and the Honorable Fitzjames stepped out on the balcony with a yawn.

"Halloa!" he said, catching sight of Vane's tall figure leaning over the

falling, "getting a breath of fresh air, or resting your eyes, Vane?"

Now, it was worthy of remark, that the tone and manner in which Clarence Fitzjames addressed men were very different to those which he used when conversing with the fair sex.

To Vane his manner was slightly patronizing, the earl's son to the im-

sometimes, although I am no artist. To you, who know all about proper colors and that sort of thing, this bias of rich metal and crimson must be quite too unendurable.

Vernon Vane's lips curled.

"I should scarcely have thought you felt the superabundance of color so keenly."

The Honorable Clarence looked around at him.

"Because I'm here so often, you mean," he said, coolly; "perhaps it suits my purpose, my good fellow; besides, it's rather amusing; the old boy is good fun with his bad grammar and his pomposity, and there's a decent look; the girls are a bore—"

an awful bore, but there's been some amusement lately since the other one put in an appearance. By Jove! she's a perfect find in a place like this. Who'd guess that such a hole as this could produce such a thoroughbred specimen? It's a shame she should be born to bluish unsex and waste her sweetest on the—what do you call it?—desert air, you know."

"Are you speaking of Miss Bartram?" said Vernon Vane, grimly.

"Of course," assented the Honorable Clarence. "You don't suppose I mean Maud or Georgina?"

"No, I wish, by George, they were either of them, a patch upon her! I'd make up my mind then. It's deuced difficult to do so while Jeanne is by. Jove, I almost wish I'd never seen her! It's rather hard on a fellow when he's trying to swallow a dose of medicine to have a glass of champagne stuck at his elbow. He's likely to toss down the sparkling, you know, and leave the medicine alone. By Jove, she's too charming, and I'm rather badly hit, my dear fellow!"

Vernon Vane still stares at the view

of his hands in his pockets.

The Honorable Clarence yawned.

"You don't seem to sympathize, Vane; don't go in for this sort of thing, perhaps? By George, I'm rather glad you don't, for I should be inclined to be jealous, for you seem to be rather a favorite—teaching her brother and all that sort of thing, you know, eh?"

"Still Vernon Vane does not speak, but he leans over the balcony and peers into the shrubbery lying some distance beneath.

"Might have a cigarette here, I suppose," mutters the Honorable Clarence, languidly. "Yes," he continues, watching the thin cloud of smoke as it floats out upon the great spring air; "yes, she's very tempting, and a fellow might do worse, than fling her his handkerchief and settle down. But, by Jove! what is a man to do when people have made up their minds that he's to marry for money, and have taken the trouble to find a rich pillmaker's daughters for him to choose from? Have a cigarette?"

Something that sounds like a curt "No!" is the reply.

The Honorable Clarence goes on again.

"Yes, a fellow might do worse; but, after all, don't you know love in a cottage is rather risky, eh? That's her singing now. By Jove, she's very tempting! I wonder what my people would say if I were to make \$500 of myself and marry her?"

Vernon Vane moves slightly and straightens his back.

"What are you looking at down there?" asks the Honorable Clarence. Vernon Vane looks at him with sterner set lips.

"I was wondering," he says, with quiet intensity, "whether if a man were pitched over the balcony, he would break his neck?"

The Honorable Clarence starts and strokes his moustache with an insolent wonder.

"Don't know," he says. "Let's go in," and he pitches his cigarette away.

"Yes, I think we had better," assents the other, with a significance which is entirely lost upon the self-satisfied Honorable.

Vernon Vane's handsome face looks grimmer than ever as he strides across the room. He looks, as Miss Georgina whispers in a sentimental giggle to Jeanne, who has finished her song and is saying good-night—"like an angry prince."

"He is very handsome, really, my dear Jeanne!" whispers Georgina, "and quite too charming, don't you think? It's such a pity that he's only an artist—and so poor!"

"Is he, is it?" says Jeanne, with a little start, and she raises her eyes to the face that looks, indeed, singularly handsome and noble in contrast with the commonplace countenance of the pillmaker opposite.

"Good-night, dear-dear Jeanne," slumbers Georgina and Maud.

"You are quite sure you won't have the carriage?" says Mrs. Lambton. "These spring nights are very danger-

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ous, don't you think so, Mr. Vane?"

"Oh, it is quite warm," says Jeanne; and so they take their departure, the Honorable Clarence accompanying them to the door.

"Let me arrange your cloak, Miss Bartram," he pleads, as they stand upon the balcony, and he leans over a little, and the Honorable Clarence's hand falls upon Hal's shoulder instead.

(To be continued.)

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Only Three of the Greely Party Remain.

It is learned that the Danish expedition, sent at the request of the Norwegian government, succeeded in its efforts to establish Cape Columbia.

Grinnell Land, a 4600 ft. high island, was reached in his return, should his ship reach that part of the Arctic ocean. This work was done by Capt. Godfrey Hansen, Danish navy, who distinguished himself by extended sledge journeys when serving under Amundsen in his expedition to the North magnetic pole, 1908-1909.

Leaving Copenhagen in June, 1919, Hansen reached the permanent Danish station at Thule, North Star bay, Smith Sound, in August. After preliminary work in advancing provisions that autumn, he started on his northward journey on March 8, 1920, with an Eskimo party numbering 20 sledges drawn by about 200 dogs. The open condition of the sea, ice made it impossible to cross Smith Sound to the coast of Grinnell Land. It became necessary to follow the west Greenland shore, which was done by a reduced force of 16 sledges. This carried them in front of the towering ice wall of Hall Land, where they succeeded in crossing Kennedy Channel to Discovery Bay, Greely's headquarters—whence the coast of Grinnell Land was followed to its most northerly point, Cape Columbia, 83 degrees 7 minutes N. latitude, where the depot for Amundsen was left. At this point, 407 geographical miles from the pole, was found a guide post erected by Peary in 1909. Hansen safely returned to Denmark this autumn.

Greely Gets Earliest News.

It is of local interest to know that the earliest news of Hansen's success was contained in a personal message to General A. G. Greely from Iceland on October 7, 1920. It is perhaps the first message by wireless that ever reported an arctic expedition, which makes it interesting in addition to its tribute to the oldest living American arctic explorer. The message runs as follows:

"Radio, Steamship Fylia Thorshaven, Iceland, General Greely, War Department, Washington. A visitor to Fort Conger (Greely's headquarters in Lady Franklin bay) owes you much for some days good rest. Still more he owes to you for a word of manhood and endurance. (Signed) Godfrey Hansen, Commander Royal Navy, Copenhagen."

As the Greely Arctic Expedition of 40 years since antedates the present generation, a brief account thereof is of interest. It may be recalled that in this connection, Governor Coolidge last year arranged for General Greely's reception in the Senate and House where he spoke briefly in acknowledgement of the vote of thanks given him by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for his courage, ability and resourcefulness as commander of the expedition. The Greely expedition was not, as many suppose, a private polar search, but was one organized under the auspices of Congress, in co-operation with 13 other nations for a study of polar conditions in the interest of science. He established his station at Fort Conger, within 496 miles of the north pole, when, sending his ship back, his party was engaged in their scientific work from 1881 to 1883. It was the most northerly and dangerous of the international polar stations.

Work of Co-operation.

Although having his orders for field work, Greely felt that an American party should pass its spare time in exploration. This was carried out so assiduously that its sledge parties explored regions north of the 80th deg. of latitude, extending one tenth of the way around the globe. Its discoveries extended from western arctic Canada, northeast to the end of northwest Greenland, the most northerly land of the earth. The farthest point—within 12 miles of the most northerly land reached later by Peary's remarkable journey was 83 deg. 24 min. N., 396 miles from the Pole.

Greely thus gave to America the honors of the Farthest North which had been held for 200 years by the explorers of England. He also discovered the wonderful interior of Grinnell Land, where between two enormous ice-caps were found fertile valleys affording food for herds of musk-oxen and reindeer, adorned by masses of beautiful flowers and the polar willow, watered by open lakes and rivers fed by the towering ice-caps at the north and south.

The relief ships of 1883 both failed to reach Fort Conger, and in accordance with his orders, Greely retreated southward by boats making in open boats a remarkable voyage of about 400 miles travel, which brought him to Cape Sabine at the beginning of a polar winter. His party of 25 had done all its field explorations without any injuries or casualties. Now, without outside help, it lived on the country and a few shipwrecked supplies through the winter. With spring the party failed and died one by one of starvation. When Capt. Schley reached the party in a severe gale on midsummer day, there were but seven living, of whom one died during the return journey. The men had done their work well, and their records, instruments, etc., were all



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saved. Their scientific observations ended only 40 hours before the rescue of the remnant of the expedition.

Of the members there are but three living. 40 years after the organization of the expedition, Gen. Greely, living temporarily at 46 Shepherd street, Cambridge, Gen. Brainard, who made the farthest north in Washington and Sergeant Connell, who lives in San Jose, California. — Boston Sunday Herald.

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