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The Imprisoned Heiress

—OR—

The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XI.

As he lifted his inflamed and tear-swollen countenance his lordship could detect no wickedness in it. It had no weak lines, no indecision, nothing sinister, but expressed exactly what he had always been reputed to possess—an active, honest, resolute character.

"Your mother says you are going to leave Egremont, Kepp," said Lord Ashcroft, abruptly, keeping a keen gaze upon the young fellow's face.

"Your lordship has seen her, then?" returned the under-forester, almost inaudibly. "I might have known that she could keep it so secret."

"Why should she?"

"I don't know, my lord, except that I don't care to have everybody know of my going. But it makes no difference," he added, in a crushed, heart-broken way.

"Where do you think of going?"

"I can't tell, my lord—to sea, I think."

Lord Ashcroft reflected a moment, and then said:

"Perhaps I may assist you to go, Kepp. Be perfectly frank with me, and tell me why you are my enemy."

"Your lordship's enemy?"

"Yes, Kepp. Tell me frankly why you hate me."

"But I don't hate you, my lord. Taint for the likes of me to be hating a nobleman like you."

"Why are you intending to leave Egremont?" inquired Lord Ashcroft, determined to change his course, and approach the subject more carefully.

"Because, my lord, and the poor fellow's face blushed again, and the tears sprang into his eyes, "Donald Kay has determined that I shan't have Jessy, and my good name, that I've always prized so, is gone, and the servants up at the great house turn their faces away from me and pretend not to see me, and my lord looks upon me as a murderer. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish I were dead!"

"But is not this state of affairs your own fault?"

"How my own fault, my lord? I

could not help my father running away from his family."

"True, but you can avoid doing wrong yourself. Behold this knife," and he drew the knife from his breast. "It is yours! Last night that knife was in your hand, and I saw it, as with it you strove to pierce my heart!"

An ashy shade passed over Kepp's features as he quickly started to his feet.

"That knife is mine," he asserted, "but I lost it in the park. Oh, what fearful mystery is this?"

"But tell me to whom you loaned the gun, as you have already said you lent it."

In answer to that Kepp led Lord Ashcroft to Donald Kay's cottage, and there openly stated that he had loaned the forester the gun. He, to the utter bewilderment of Kepp, denied the assertion.

At this juncture of affairs Jessy Kay entered the room, coming from an inner apartment. Seeing Gosman beside the man who had reason to suspect him of an attempt upon his life, she walked to the side of her lover, and extended her hand.

The under-forester was cheered in his misery by this assurance, and clasped the girl's hand as if by clinging to it he could escape the perils surrounding him.

"You refuse, then, to acknowledge the truth, Donald Kay?" he asked, loth to relinquish the subject.

"Of course I do—now and forever. There's no use in saying another word upon the matter."

Gosman turned from the contemplation of the head-forester, and then addressed Lord Ashcroft.

"Let 'em take me, my lord," he said. "They can try me, and hang me, if they will; but I am an innocent man."

"Go away from Egremont, Gosman—dear, dear Gosman!" cried Jessy, tearfully. "Do go. You can escape to some place. His lordship won't

prevent your going, and some time you can come back. I will be a daughter to your mother. Oh, go!"

"No, I will not see like a guilty wretch," returned Kepp. "I should be unhappy anywhere with this charge hanging over me, and my going away would make everybody think me guilty. I will not go."

"Not for my sake and your mother's?"

"No, not even for your sake, Jessy. The truth may come out if I remain—yet, no, I hope it won't," he added, distractedly. "I could not bear that the man whom I have always regarded as a father should be convicted of so awful a crime."

Kay covered before the glance that accompanied this remark, and ordered Jessy to leave the room.

The mandate was so harshly given that the girl dared not disobey, and sobbing bitterly, she caught her hood and shawl from the peg on which they hung and rushed out of doors.

The scene at the cottage was not prolonged.

Gosman Kepp made a last fervent appeal to the head-forester to confess the truth in regard to the borrowing of the gun, and it was answered as before by a firm denial, which was half refuted by Kay's shifting, uneasy glances.

And at last the under-forester left the dwelling.

Lord Ashcroft lingered a moment to question Donald Kay, but no light was thrown upon the mystery, and he followed poor Kepp.

At a little distance from the cottage he came upon the young lovers clasped in each other's arms, and sobbing bitterly together.

Woman like, poor Jessy was whispering comforting words, and her lover leaned upon her, endeavoring to derive hope from her assurances, and reiterating his declaration to remain at Egremont.

Lord Ashcroft longed to say something to comfort him, but he knew not what.

Whenever doubts of the under-forester's guilt arose in his mind they were immediately succeeded by the remembrance of the discovery of the knife and its ownership and the mystery in regard to the gun.

"Kepp," he said, unwilling to go away in silence, "I think you are doing right to remain here, if you are really innocent. The case looks black against you, I must say, but the truth must eventually prevail."

The under-forester thanked his lordship fervently, and assured him that he would risk his life for him rather than deprive him of existence and Lord Ashcroft then wended his way back to the mansion, taking care to throw away the knife in the darkest portion of the forest.

As he emerged from the plantation in the midst of which he had encountered the first assault, he met Lord Egremont, who inquired the reason of his long absence.

"I was afraid, my dear Lord Ashcroft," he said, "that you had come to harm at the hands of that desperate young ruffian, Kepp. Your sister is fearfully alarmed about you, and Lady Egremont is almost in hysterics, while poor Xina does nothing but look anxious. Did you see the young scoundrel?"

"I saw Kepp, Lord Egremont," answered our hero, "and I want to talk to you about him. Help me to some conclusion, and then grant me a favor."

He linked his arm in that of Lord Egremont, and entered upon a narration of the events of the morning, keeping back Mrs. Kepp's admission in regard to the ownership of the knife, and carefully preparing the way so that at the most favorable moment he might make his request.

Again the shadows of evening had fallen around the stately mansion of Egremont. Lord Ashcroft had taken advantage of the moonlight to steal away from the drawing-room, and, in company with old Duncan Graham, he had taken a brief sail upon the neighboring waters in the hope of hearing again that unearthly music, or seeing the form of the Spectre of Egremont.

But no such good fortune occurred to him.

The windows of the haunted floor were all shrouded in gloom, not a ray of the ghostly light appearing, and, disappointed and troubled, he had given the command to return.

(To be continued.)

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The Couturier Overwhelmed

New York, Nov. 22.—(Canadian Press)—The Herald-Tribune has a very "French" account of a deluge of potential mannequins who almost overwhelmed M. Jean Patou, the couturier so elegant from Paris. The latter had come to the offices of Vogue to choose three mannequins

for his establishment in Paris. "Ah, mes enfants, such an assemblage as is there! Here is the M. Jean Patou and the Mme. Edna Woolman Chase, Mile. Elsie de Wolfe, the M. Steichen, who makes of the most beautiful women the photographs also the most beautiful, and the silent M. Benito, the artist so celebrated. These are to judge, mes enfants. Such happiness is theirs. But wait, The doors are opened and the most beautiful women enter.

But they do not enter, mes enfants. Mon! They—how do you say it here in America—they make a crash of the gate. The judges they are surrounded.

"So, mes enfants, there is such confusion, and Benito, the great artist, always so chivalrous, he is all the time engage upon helping the young American Women with their coats. They take them off, Benito, he also assist once more. Ho! In an hour and Benito is exhaust. He is, as you say, in altogether. So, And then, mes' enfants, Jean Patou, he is not. He is gone away from that place. He is hide. Most thoroughly, he is hide. Of a certainty he

will stay hidden until some day later, mes enfants, when, at the Ritz-Carlton, all the most beautiful girls are to arrive for the final judging!"

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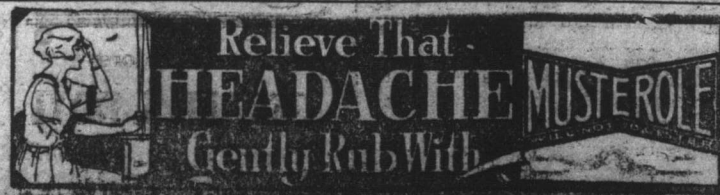
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