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**The Heir of Rosedene**

OR,  
**The Game-Keeper's Hut**

CHAPTER XX.  
MILITARY TACTICS.

"I have been looking for Mr. More," he said, "and have found instead—these," and he held out a small bunch of violets. "I would say, will you accept them, but that they are yours already. Why is it that flowers awaken so many memories?" he went on, as Edna took the flowers and half sniffed, half breathed on them, as women do. "Some one has said that there are more memories in a rose than in all the chronicles that were ever written. I never smell a violet but I think of a certain hospital tent in which I lay one hot day, looking hour after hour upon a poor fellow who lay next me; he was dying fast, and held in his hot, feverish hand a little faded violet, which I saw him take from a letter. From whom did the next little English flower come as a last message to the dying man—mother, sister, sweetheart? Tut, tut, this is not a cheerful subject, but on my word, Miss Weston, war is not all brass bands and glory. May I ask what you are reading?"

"A volume of poems," said Edna; "that is, I am trying to read them, but either they lack the power to charm, or I am impervious this morning."

"May I see?" said the captain.

"Certainly," said Edna, and he took the book and dropped down almost at her feet, and, thanks to his mother, the ballet dancer, looked graceful.

"Well," he said, "they are not bad—here is one that strikes me as being rather good. May I read it to you?"

Edna smiled her assent, and leaned back idly, sniffing the violets and looking down with unconscious admiration at the handsome face beneath.

Capt. Morton's voice has been spoken of already; it was ordinarily soft and musical, leading to the most commonplace gossip a charm not to be resisted; but who shall describe the witchery of it when he taxed it to its utmost as he did now?

Edna listened at first dreamily, indifferently; then, as the music of the voice gave life and utterance to the melody of the poem, her attention was attracted, then charmed.

The poem was one of the best in the book, and the captain had selected it as adapted to his purpose: it was nothing more nor less than the cry of a girl who has learned to love,

but to discover that her love can bring her nothing but an unsatisfied longing and desire which render her days an intolerable burden and her youth a curse. To others she seemed as free from care and anxiety as the birds that flew across her path, while she herself carried the secret of her love and its disappointment in her bosom, passing through life as a shadow and unreality.

Had Edna read the poem it would have affected her; but to hear it read by such a voice, every note of the wall emphasized and accented, it seemed as if the man at her feet had pried into her innermost heart, and was interpreting its unsatisfied desires.

Edna struggled with the effect that he was producing for some time, but at last her bosom began to heave, the tears rushed to her eyes, and she was about to beg him to stop when he stopped of his own accord, interrupted by the sound of horses' hoofs.

The next moment Lord Mersey and Grace Bromley, attended by two grooms, turned the corner of the drive and came in sight.

Edna had barely time to dry her eyes and get rid of the evidences of her emotion before Lord Mersey, having caught sight of her, leaped from his horse, assisted Grace Bromley to dismount, and the two came up.

They both looked hard at Capt. Morton, for there had been no time for him to get to his feet, and he was too skillful a tactician to rise hurriedly after he had been seen, but got up slowly and gracefully, just in time to take Grace Bromley's hand.

"Basking in the sun, eh?" said Lord Mersey, looking at Edna with his earnest eyes.

"And reading poetry," said the captain; "I am afraid you will say that we might have been better employed."

"That depends," said Lord Mersey, "on what you were reading."

The captain laughed.

"Miss Bromley shall judge," he said, and handed her the volume, but he took care to close it at first.

Grace took it and seated herself beside Edna. Lord Mersey stood flicking his legs with his serviceable whip, and looked at them, thinking of a blue rose and a damask rose, both beautiful flowers and hard to choose between. The captain eyed him with a serene but sharp scrutiny for a moment, then turned to the horses, which were being led up and down by one of the Rosedene grooms.

"Shall we go round the lawn?" said Edna; "what a lovely morning for a ride; that is such a beautiful mare of yours; Lord Mersey says that it is the handsomest he has seen out of Arabia."

"Does he?" said Grace, with a sudden light in her dark eyes. "He overtook me coming up the hill, and we came on together. He is going up to town to-night."

"I am so sorry for that," said Edna. Grace turned her eyes upon the pure, sweet face. Did the words mean no more than a polite regret? Her next question was a feeler thrown out to ascertain if there was anything hidden behind the polite indifference. "Are you not going up yet?"

"Not yet, I think," said Edna, with some little hesitation; "I seem to cling to the country, and to have a nervous dread of the presentation," and she smiled.

"It is nothing so terrible—after you have learned to walk backward. The crush in the anteroom is the worst. But you are fortunate in being presented by the duchess; Lord Mersey told me this morning that she was quite anxious for you to go to her."

Edna sighed. As she said, she seemed to cling to the country and the neighborhood of Rosedene.

"Who is this coming?" asked Grace, as Aunt Martha and a gentleman were seen approaching from the house.

"Why," said Edna, with a little glow of pleasure, "can it be?—yes, it is—Mr. Burdon."

"And who is Mr. Burdon?" asked Grace. "An old friend?"

"He is a lawyer—the first person to tell me of my good fortune," and she sighed, as she went forward with her hand extended.

"Mr. Burdon has just arrived," said Aunt Martha, with whom the genial lawyer was a great favorite; "he wished to remain in the library, but I told him you would much rather that he came to you."

"I should have been quite angry if you had not, indeed," said Edna, quite bright and beaming and girlish before this true friend.

"You are looking very well, Miss Weston," he said, with kindly respect. "Better than I expected to find you after the account of Mrs. Weston."

Edna laughed softly.

"A delicate compliment is that, Mr. Burdon? Oh, I am quite well, and very glad to see you; you must let me show you the crocuses and hyacinths. You will stay to luncheon," she said, turning to Grace. "Aunt will you ask Lord Mersey—oh, here they come," she added, as Lord Mersey and Capt. Morton still engaged on horseflesh, came sauntering up.

Just the slightest shadow crossed Capt. Burton's face as he recognized Mr. Burdon, but he welcomed him as an old friend with well-bred cordiality, and with perfect ease.

Lord Mersey knew Burdon, also, and liked him, and they got into conversation at once. They were all moving toward the house when Edward More came from behind the shrubbery, followed by two spaniels, who immediately roared toward Edna, and promptly ruined her morning dress.

Edward More did not look at all pleased to see the lawyer surrounded by such a group, and was on thorns, which grew into daggers, when Lord Mersey, who, of course, knew that Burdon was looking for Cyril, said in a straightforward way:

"By the way, Burdon, have you heard anything of Sir Cyril yet?"

The question falls on all ears with a certain unpleasant suddenness, but upon Edward More's and Capt. Morton's particularly so.

Mr. Burdon hesitated a moment, and looked at Edna, but seeing that she looked as anxious for his reply as any, he said:

"No, my lord, nothing; and I have left very few stones unturned, notwithstanding."

"Strange that," said Lord Mersey, pulling at his beard. "Sir Cyril is not exactly the sort of man to play hide and seek, eh, Mr. More?"

"Eh?" said Edward, uncomfortably. "No, I should think not."

"Quite unaccountable," sighed Mrs. More.

Mr. Burdon looked from one to the other gravely.

"It is unaccountable, and extremely inconvenient," he said, quietly. "Sir Cyril's estate has not disappeared, and demands attention, and provides a reason, if there was no other, for his discovery."

"Cyril always was—" commenced Edward, irritably, but paused, and Mr. Burdon filled it up.

"Eccentric. Yes, and I suppose we must make the best of it. I am glad you are here," he said, addressing

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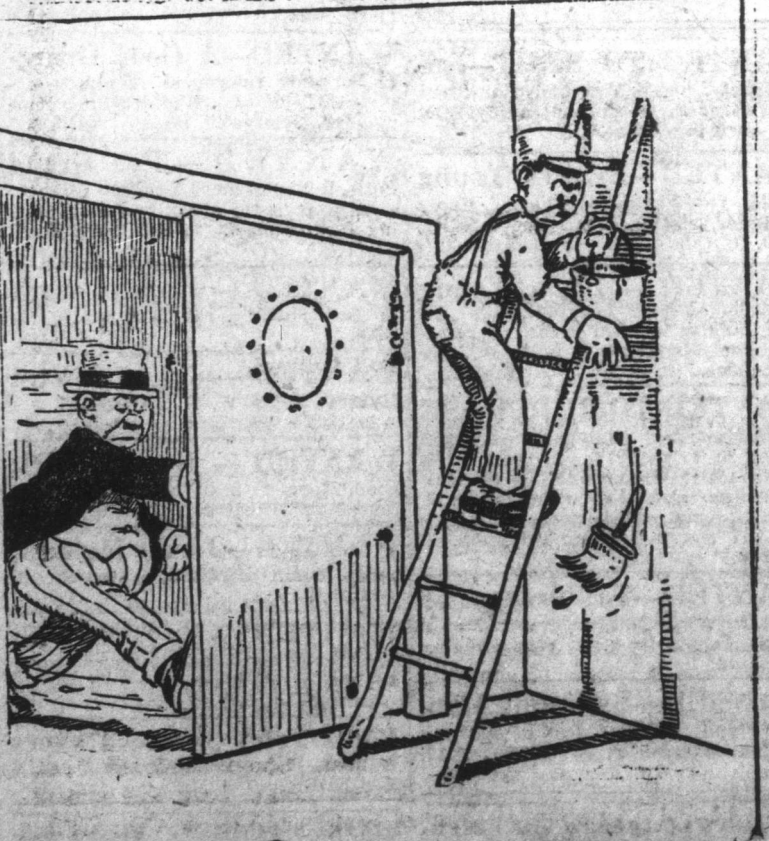
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Jan 25, 1919

**And the Worst is Yet to Come**



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Germany a  
to Euro

Robert Horn  
Views of Gov  
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PRESIDENT INTERPELLATED  
WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 27.  
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THE INDUSTRIAL PARLI  
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LONDON, Feb. 27.  
The Ottawa Agency  
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