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## The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XIX. CASTLES IN SPAIN.

"The marriage-what marriage?"

placant smiling face as if it were a

"By Heaven!" he ejaculated at last. mad; you have impudence and brava- first-if-there are others." do enough for most things, but this is is work of time," wiping his forehead

reproachfully; "I have never joked ready gained her good will." about a lady in my life, and I never | "He is a worthy rival," said the devil; why not to poor me, eh?"

feet and standing with his back to friend, Miss Bromley." the fire, his handsome face suddenly grown serious, his dark eyes looking straight into Edward More's furtive

there are many beautiful women who would have come to me if I had bent sprung into existence, as it were, has chance of the baronetcy, neither you I will win her."

Edward More, listening half dazed, had still enough acuteness left to feel the power of the man who breathed glanced up at the calm face above the morning. Mrs. Edward More, out the bold declaration; for the life him with a malignant scowl. of him he could not help feeling a thrill of admiration for the beauty of you have to lose. Now, what have rose satin, was struck by the pallor the face above him, for the witchery are to-night, my dear fellow-tired, I this man put forth all his strength to thousand pounds, my dear Edward, daresay—we soldiers gain an advan- woo a simple, unsophisticated, un- for I will give you a bond for that too much for you; or it is because tage in return for all the dangers suspicious girl, fresh with the glam- little amount, payable two months it is rather dull for you down here, and hardships—we learn to do with- our of youth and all its susceptibil- after my marriage with Edna Wes- with only us two old fogles—of course holes. out sleep. What marriage? why, our ities to beauty, such as this man pos- ton." marriage-my marriage"- touching sessed, how could she resist him? his heart delicately-"with the beau- Edward More tightened his lips and pressed his feet against the ground.

think I have no chance?" and he "I-I-don't say that," said Edward

"this is too much. Morton, you are More, sullenly. "If you had come at Mores, to say that royal blood runs at the lawn, that seemed like an

too much. Do you think-pshaw!-it nodded the captain; "Lord Mersey." "The heir to an earldom," said Ed-"You wrong me," said the captain, and bowed—"and a man who has al- More Park, and the title, and twenty in the garden, getting ian appetite

captain;" I admit that. Do not think with you, that you'll entangle her-" than one, of wresting the prize from "Pshaw! to use your favorite inter- him. I have an ally who will join is-

Edward More bit his lin "Nothing escapes you." he said, be

troops. I know the worth of your aid,

en my determination, but now I have do you gain if Edna Weston remains seen her that resolve has become single? Nothing. What do you gain adamant. By Heaven, she is the if she marries Lord Mersey? Nothing. most bewitching creature I ever saw! What do you lose if she marries your That she is beautiful is nothing; dear brother, wicked Sir Cyril?"

And the Worst is Yet to Come-

"He has refused her."

bring them together if I have to ran-"What do you know of him?" ask alarm and anxiety.

ed Edward, stopping in the act of wiping the perspiration from his forehead to ask the question.

know that he is just the sort of im- she had awakened. pulsive fellow to give in before such beauty and such generosity as Edna's; my finger, but this girl, who has and then, phew! away goes your soul! She is worth the winning, and nor that fine little boy of yours, who ever be master of More Park!" Edward More bit his nails, and

> "You see," said the captain, "what Parisian morning robe of delicate you to gain if I marry her? By Hea-

of the voice, the bright, flashing eyes ven! I'd marry her if she hadn't a -the whole man. Great Heaven! if penny! You have to gain twenty

"Why do you hesitate?" asked the not go up to London yet?" captain, smiling sweetly. "Am I so "I know. I know of one at least," -he wound up, laying his hand on More's shoulder, and pressing him

> stay, Morton," he said, huskily, his furtive eyes shifting uneasily, and like some men, and never bored or avoiding the straightforward, mocking ones-"I hope you will be able to Edna, dear?" stay. Good-night, good-night."

"Good-night, good-night," said the captain, with a soft laugh-"goodnight. My dear Edward, how your hand shakes! You've drank too much tea, my dear fellow; you lawyers all my dear Edna!" exclaimed Mrs. Ed do it! Tea is worse than brandy for the nerves-take my word for it. Good-night!" and closing the door, the handsome captain commenced to undress, laughing softly to himself,

tossed about like King Richard himslept the sleep of the just, to wake in

did not get half enough sleep. In the hung over her young life, the secret which ever stalked beside her, separating her from her kind, forcing her to sense of deception and false position, which at times almost drove her mad. dreamily, "and yet it was inconveni-It was easy to cast something of this ently true, wasn't it, aunt? We were off in the midst of such society, in the presence of such a man as Lord Mersey, for instance, with such music as Grace Bromley's ringing through the ly. maid had left her, and the silence of little speech and sigh that you were ticking of the silver timepiece, then the past and all the emotions incident to it came back with redoubled intensity, and she lay tortured by her by her craving to know something of the fate of the man she was separated from, the man to whom she had been mated for one short afternoon.

wistful unhappiness, wreathed by her Fashion golden hair, which hung, like Ophe-

The night of Capt. Morton's arrival had been a particularly restless one; sack the two hemispheres for him, she had felt tired after the excite-Once he sees her—once he knows how ment of the evening, and had gone to sires to squander half her fortune on maid had left her. But it was a him, do you think he will be able to feverish sleep, broken by a dream, esist her? What I know of Cyril\_" from which she woke with a start of

She had dreamed that she had seen him standing by her bedside, his face whiter and more haggard than when "I!" replied the captain, dropping she had seen it last, under the shadow his eyelids and raising his eyebrows of the cathedral. He had seemed to you have told me, and I have heard imploringly, invitingly; and in the from hearsay, and that is enough to act of rising and falling into his arms,

ment, she could scarcely realize that

No wonder she looked languid in

I mean Edward and myself. You are Edward More looked across the never dull, dear Mrs. Weston. You room, biting his lip, pale and troubled, want a little change, and you will

hideous that a girl should shrink from the country now it is so beautiful?" ahem! We are proud enough, we the open French window, looking out in our veins. Why, man, you know" emerald, set round with the pearls of

back into the chair, while he fixed his morning!" declared Mrs. Edward, with a trembling hand; "you were ward More, "a scholar and a gentle- dark eyes mockingly and searchingly who had received her instructions man"—the captain showed his teeth upon him—"you know, to secure from her spouse; "he and Edward are thousand pounds, you'd sell her to the They are such great Triends, you Edward More rose and held out his a boy: indeed, I think they were schoolfellows I wish-I do wish that

boring. Shall' Mrs. Weston ask him.

Edward More went to bed, and thinking of Edward! But you are the morning, as placid and refreshed and I remember Edward saying when

talked of the Alhambra, aunt?" "Yes, my dear; we were going, you

Mrs. Edward More laughed.

"How amusing to hear you



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