The Heir of Rosedene

OR,

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED

"I don't believe that's all the reason," she says; "and if it is, it's all nonsense! Fancy you wanting to keep quiet and all that! No, it won't do, Cyril; there's something else in the wind, I'm sure of it."

"All right," says Cyril, "I'm not going to contradict a lady—bad manners that, Molly; but give me your promise."

"What—that I won't mention your name? that I won't tell anyone, now or hereafter, that I saw you, or knew you were in this beast of a place—"

"Exactly," says Cyril.

"Well, I'll do that; I'll do more than that, Cyril, for you."

"Of course," says Cyril, with polite acquiescence; "and as that is all I want, you'll do that cheerfully. Good-by, Molly—enjoy your drive; you'll find the supper a good one, or they've lost their cook since I was there—good-by."

"Good-by, if you will go," she says, with a pout.

He takes the begloved and beringed hand, presses it for a moment, and raising his hat turns away. Scarcely has he done so than he sees walking slowly under the trees on the quay, Aunt Martha and Edna. Aunt Martha is looking cheerfully before her, with her amiable gaze on the lake, but Edna—yes, he sees in a moment that she has seen him, that she has still her eyes upon the over-dressed figure and powdered face of Miss Glitters, now she turns them to him; he raises his hat and passes on; it is all done in a moment, but Miss Glitters' eyes are sharp and she has seen the recognition—the salutation—nay, more, the faint flush that colors the lovely face of the young girl, and Miss Glitters colors in her turn.

"So Mr. Cyril—devil—that is the game, is it? Quiet and rest, eh? Quiet and rest, indeed! As if I was to be taken in by that! As if I didn't know you too well to believe all that! Now—I—wonder"—with intense curiosity—"who she is? Poor little thing!"

CHAPTER V.

A VILLAGE FETE.

THE scene is the drawing-room, or salon, as it is called, of the Pension Petre. Three days have elapsed since Cyril held his little conference with the overdressed young lady at the entrance to the Grand, and he is still in Lucerne, still at the pension, and for a wonder, perhaps the first time in his life, neither bored nor wearied.

Madame Petre is as liberal in the matter of light as she is in that of diet, and the room is both pretty and cheerful. Some of the visitors whom Sir Cyril saw on the first day of his arrival have gone, but others have come to fill their places, and the room is almost crowded.

The baron is still here and sleeps peacefully in a remote corner, half hidden by an india-rubber tree that grows in a huge majolica stand. Near him the authoress and an old sea captain are playing chess; a whist table is in full swing in an adjoining and smaller room, and through the open windows come floating in the voices of some young people who prefer the moon and the lake to the whist or go-bang.

Mingling with their voices, almost dreamily there at times are the strains of a new waltz by Strauss, which the German professor, with all a German's taste, is playing at the piano. And last, but not least, Edna Weston sits at a small table near the window, turning over some awful daubs, which the young lady, who has perpetrated them, and is kindly explaining them, calls "sketches." Cyril is nowhere to be seen.

"This," says Miss Robinson, the artistic criminal, "is Heidelberg Castle by moonlight. Do you like it? It is considered rather good. Capt. Sparker, who was staying at the pension at Heidelberg with us, admired it immensely; do you really like it?"

Edna thinks that it would be better if the castle were not quite so much out of the perpendicular, but she smiles her approval, and Miss Robinson turns complacently to sketch number two.

"And that is the Bay of Naples," which she has represented in the approved fashion, all pink and green and ultamarine. 'Oh, I see so love Naples. And that's the Coliseum at Rome; oh, isn't Rome lovely? Oh, I dote on Rome; don't you?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it," murmurs Edna.

"We had such a glorious time there," continues Miss Sophie; and she smiles with deep significance as she turns to the window: "didn't we, Josephine?"

Josephine thus addressed is another Miss Robinson, tall, fair, freckled and gorgeous in a pink dress with an enormous frilled collar. Why will every young lady with red hair and a long neck fancy herself like Mary Stuart, and so be tempted into wearing a huge frill?

Miss Josephine smiles with still deeper meaning, and Miss Sophie explains, in an undertone:

"You know, it was at Naples we met Mr. Slasher from Oxford."

And Edna, poor Edna, who has been already made recipient of the records of the many Robinson conquests, nods acquiescently.

"And that reminds me," goes on Miss Sophie, with a sudden eagerness, "we meant to ask you if you knew anything about Mr. Payne?"

Edna raises her eyes from the particular abomination in water colors which she is contemplating, with calm interrogation.

"Know about Mr. Payne?"

"Yes," nods Miss Sophie, dropping into the chair beside Edna, and twining her long, thin, grenadine-covered arm round Edna's waist, after the fashion of a schoolgirl, which Miss Sophie long since ceased to be; "yes, he always seems to be with you, and you appear to be so friendly, and to know him better than anyone else here."

Edna's clearly penciled brows come together, as is their wont when she is thoughtful, and then she shakes her head.

"No, I don't know anything about him, excepting that he is very kind and attentive——"

"Oh, do you think so?" interrupts Miss Sophie, with an upheaving of her eyebrows. "Why, it was only today that Josey and I agreed that he was almost rude!"

Edna turns to the sketches with a smile that is rather abstracted and incredulous, as she remembers Cyril's pointedly respectful manner to her—how he has turned from her side to fetch some trifle that Aunt Martha or she herself had forgotten or required—how he never let them leave the room without opening the door for them—how, ah! in countless ways, how polite and high-bred he was.

"Do you think so?" she says, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Sophie, decisively, "not at all polite. Why, it was only yesterday that he passed us without raising his hat, just as if he didn't know us! And then he's so unsociable; he never says a word to any of us, excepting you, unless he's spoken to. Not that I dislike the high-and-mighty style, but I do like to know whether people who've got it have anything to give themselves airs about. Josey stands up for him, but then that's because she admires him. He is very handsome, isn't he?"

Edna, who has listeneed in a sort of dreamy inattention, rouses with a little start.

"Handsome!" she repeats, and then turns her thoughts inward. It is not too much to say that she has never asked herself the question Miss Sophie has put to her; she has never considered whether he was handsome or ugly, short or plain; she knows that he is kind, that he never comes near her without giving her an indefinable, calm kind of pleasure—that there is something in his voice which makes it different to the voices of all the other people about her.

"Why, what a time you are deciding! Can't you decide? Do you think him better-looking than Mr. Jones?" and Miss Sophie smiles across the room at that gentleman, who is lounging against the wall, eyeing himself in the glass approvingly, while he drawls and minces through a feeble flirtation with a young lady who has just arrived with papa and mamma from London.

A smile, light and spontaneous, floods, yes, literally floods, Edna's pure face as she looks at Mr. Jones' commonplace countenance with its turn-up nose and insipid eyes.

Now she knows, and her smile is sufficient answer.

"Ah, I see," says Miss Sophie, sapiently, "Mr. Jones is no favorite of yours—oh, yes, I've see you snub him often. Now, we think he is very nice—quite the aristocrat."

Before Edna can confirm or contradict—neither of which she would do—by the way, the door opens and the other subject of Miss Sophie's criticism enters.

Surely no one could hesitate a moment over that question of good looks as the fair-haired giant comes in with the quiet, high-bred air of self-possession.

Edna looks up and sees his eyes go round the room searchingly and then light up for an instant as they rest on her, and for the first time a little tinge of extra color mounts to her cheeks, and her pure, clear eyes drop.

With his light, commanding step he comes up to the table and stands before them.

"Good-evening, Miss Robinson—good-evening, Miss Weston. Sketches, eh?" and he takes one up, to turn, after a momentary examination, to Edna. "Did you do these?"

"No; they are Miss Robinson's," says Edna.

"Very pretty," he says, politely, but with an evident sigh of relief.

"Are you fond of art, Mr. Payne?" says Miss Sophie.

"Very," was the reply, in a tone which would be appropriate to "not at all" equally well.

Miss Sophie rises and collects her sketches.

"I'm going on the balcony, dear Miss Weston; will you come?"

Edna, always amiable, half rises, but a hand, firm yet pleading, catches secretly at her skirt, and with a little blush she changes her mind, and Miss Robinson hurries off alone.

Then, very humbly, the audacious Cyril pleads for forgiveness.

"It was awfully cool of me, but I was filled with despair; I knew if you got on that balcony we should see no more of you to-night, and this place is so dull, and"—he stops and feels in his pocket—"I've been for a stroll in the town," he goes on. "Quite a nice old town, full of rum shops and quaint old houses. Funny thing, but just as I was passing one of the old places I came upon one of those Swiss carvings you spoke of yesterday—the chamois, you know," and with a timidity, which is most absurdly comical in the usually self-possessed Sir Cyril, he extends a delicate little carving of a chamois upon a piece of rock. It is a pretty little toy, of very little value, but Edna is delighted.

"How strange," she says, "that you should have happened to see it today, after our mentioning it yesterday——"

"Isn't it?" says Cyril, ignoring, or oblivious of the fact, that he had searched every shop in the town for one. "I thought you would like it."

(To be Continued.)

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GIBBONS—HALLERN.

Quite a pretty wedding took place on the 13th inst., when Mr. Ignatius Gibbons, son of the late Michael and Minnie Gibbons, led to the altar Miss May Hallern, daughter of Terence and the late Elizabeth Hallern. The bride looked lovely attired in blue silk, with wreath and veil, and was attended by Miss Cecelia Fleming, while the groom was ably supported by Mr. Austin Hallern, cousin of the bride. After the wedding ceremony the happy pair drove to the residence of the groom's mother where an enjoyable time was spent amongst hosts of friends. To Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons we wish every happiness and many years of wedded life.

MARTIN—CRAWLEY.

On the 13th inst, St. Vincent's was the scene of many pretty weddings, Mr. Daniel Martin, son of Mr. William and the late Jane Martin, making one of the number, when he led to the altar Miss Lena Crawley, daughter of Mr. John and Veronica Crawley, of Gaskiers. The bride was dressed in white with saxe blue trimming and hat to match and looked lovely. She was assisted by her cousin, Miss May Williams, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Aiden Martin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. O'Driscoll, P. P., after which a sumptuous repast was partaken of at the home of the bride's parents, and towards the close of the evening the happy couple drove to their future home, where many friends awaited them, and a most enjoyable time was spent, and feasting and dancing freely indulged in. To Mr. and Mrs. Martin we wish many years of happiness in wedded life.

St. Vincent's, January 16th, 1910.

STAMP—MEEHAN.

On Monday, January 13th, after a hearty luncheon and an enjoyable morning spent at the home of the bride's parents, Miss Clara Meehan, daughter of Daniel and Ellen Meehan, Point La Haye, Gaskiers, was married to Mr. Jospeh Stamp, son of the late Thomas and Elizabeth Stamp. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. O'Driscoll, P. P. The bride looked charming in a travelling suit of saxe blue with hat to match. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Teresa Meehan, while the groom was ably supported by his brother, Mr. Arthur Stamp. After the wedding ceremony the happy couple drove to the residence of the groom's mother where supper was prepared. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Stamp hearty congratulations and many years of wedded bliss.

St. Vincent, Jan. 15th, 1918.

HAYWARD-PORTER.

On Tuesday, 14th inst., a very pretty wedding took place here when Mr. Patrick Hayward, soldier-son of Mr. Thomas and Bridget Hayward, was married to Miss Alice Porter, of Topsail. The bride looked charming, being attired in saxe blue silk with hat to match. She was assisted by Miss Stella Hayward, sister of the groom, who was also dressed in blue. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. James Hayward. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. O'Driscoll, P.P., after which the newly married pair drove to their future residence where a reception was held and a very enjoyable evening spent. About fifty couples were entertained and dancing kept up for many hours. To Mr. and Mrs. Hayward the whole community extends best wishes for the voyage down the matrimonial sea of life.

St. Vincent's, January 14th, 1919.

You Can't Find Any Dandruff and Hair Stops Coming Out.

Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking only one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing —your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A small bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

Household Notes.

Never uncover a steaming pudding.

Rice is an excellent breakfast cereal.

Poultry keeps best when it is undrawn.

Buy only the best bulbs for house flowers.

A good soap ought not to shrivel the fingers.

Dip house plants in clean water occasionally.

Parsnip stew makes a good main dish for dinner.

Before starching garments turn them inside out.

Plants in bloom need more water than those in leaf.

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White pepper is not so evident as seasoning as black.

Old spinach should be cooked in boiling salted water.

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VOTING IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, Jan. 19.

A.P.)—Only scattered re- from the election in Berlin can ble before Monday noon, as rity of the election officials to-night that they were too make a final count. In the precinct the Majority So- polled 1,028 votes and the In- Socialists seven. It is es- that no less than seven di- f troops were placed at the of the government for the of protecting the polling The voters everywhere turn- arly and the rush to the ulted in the formation of s of men and women await- turn to vote.

ERMAN ELECTIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 20.

s of the election of the Ger- ional Assembly for the third district of Baden show the Socialists to have won five e Centrist Party five seats, man Nationalist Party one d the German Democratic ts. The votes cast were, Socialists, 362,948; Cen- 0,644; German Democrats, In the Karlsrhue district the Socialists cast 34,887 votes, rists 14,570, the Nationalists the German Democrats 24, e Grand Duke of Hesse had inscribed on the lists under title showing, says the Ber- l Anzeiger, "that Louis of as he is called by the pre- ernment, does not recognize sition." For the purpose of r's election, Germany was into thirty-eight districts, eoretically would elect 443 atives to the National As- However, as elections were in Alsace-Lorraine, the was reduced by twelve from se, and it was still further by the fact that as Posen is by Polish troops elections ere impossible. The total of electors is given in round as 18,000,000 men and 21, women. Each party was d to nominate in each dis- many candidates as there uties to be elected. Electors mitted to strike out a name on a ballot but could not

BLOO

From just such simp ometimes develop. an a splinter into he he place became v er efforts, blood-po Writing about it M mes intense, and althoug y after remedy, it got n ventually turned to blo had suffered for several n he day I saw Zam-Buk ad ecided to give it a week's he end of that time my uch better that I was ab he splinter. I continued uk. Gradually the po rawn out, the pain wa elling disappeared, an

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