THE DESBOROUGH CONNECTIONS. BY BRET HARTE.

(Copyright, 1898, by Bret Harte.) PART I.

"Then It isn't a question of property of next of kin?" said the consul.

"Lord! no!" said the lady, vivaciously. "Why, goodness me! I reckon old Desborough could at any time before he died have bought up and bought out the whole lot of his relatives on this side of the big pondno matter what they were worth. No-it's only a matter of curiosity and just sociable-

The American consul at St. Kentigorn felt much relieved. He had feared it was only the old story of delusive quests for imaginary estates and impossible inheritances which he had confronted so often in nervous wan-eyed enthusiasts and obstreperous claimants from his own land. Certainly there was no suggestion of this in the richly dressed and bediamonded matron before him, nor in her pretty daughter, charming in a Paris frock, alive with the consciousness of beauty and admiration, and yet a little ennuye from gratified indulgence. He knew the mother to be the wealthy widow of a New York millionaire, that she was traveling for pleasure in Europe, and a chance meeting with her at dinner a few nights before had led to this half-capricious, half-confidential appointment at the consu-

"No," continued Mrs. Desborough, "Mr. Desborough came to America when a small boy with an uncle who died some years ago. Mr. Desborough never seemed to hanker much after his English relatives as long as I knew him, but now that I and Sadie are over here why we guessed we might look 'em up and sort of sample 'em. Desborough's rather a good name," added the lady, with a complacency that, however, had a suggestion of query in it. "Yes," said the consul, "from the French,

I fancy." "Mr. Desborough was English-very Eng-

lish"-corrected the lady. "I mean it may be an old Norman name," said the consul.

'Norman's good enough for me," said the daughter, reflecting. "We'll just settle it as Norman. I never thought about that

"Only you may find it called 'Debbor ough' here, and spelt so," said the consul,

Miss Desborough lifted her pretty shoulders and made a charming grimace. "Then we won't acknowledge 'em. No Debbor-

ough for me!' 'You might put an advertisement in the papers, like the 'next of kin' notice, intimating, in the regular way, that they would 'hear of something to their advantage'-as they certainly would"-continued the consul with a bow. "It would be such a refreshing change to the kind of thing I'm accustomed to, don't you know!--this idea of one of my countrywomen coming over just to benefit English relatives! By jove, I wouldn't mind undertaking the whole thing for you-it's such a novelty." He

was quite carried away with the idea. But the two ladies were far from par ticipating in this joyous outlook. "No," said Mrs. Desborough promptly, "that wouldn't do. You see," she went on with superb frankness, "that would be just giving ourselves away and saying who we were before we found out what they were like Mr. Desborough was all right in his way, but we don't know anything about his of stopping and staring straight ahead, at say of her cook-for I can't stand these peo- of last night's eyes unattended. folks! We ain't here on a mission to imany 'lost tribes.' "

of the situation and the levity of the ladies at the bent figure-not fifty yards awaythere was a characteristic national practicalness about them and the consul, with a sigh, at last gave the address of one or two lifted his rake and began his monotonous responsible experts in genealogical inquiry, as he had often done before. He felt it was impossible to offer any advice to ladies the fame of his fair countrywoman had inas thoroughly capable of managing their own affairs as his fair countrywomen, yet he was were quite as anxious to see Miss Desbornot without some curiosity to know the result of their practical sentimental quest. That he should ever hear of them again he doubted. He knew that after the first loneliness had worn off in their gregarious gathcrings at a London hotel they were no likely to consort with their own country peo ple, who indeed were apt to fight shy of each other or even indulge in invidious criticism of one another when admitted to that so ciety in which they were all equally strangers. So he took leave af them on their way back to London with the belief that their acquaintance terminated with that brief incident. But he was mistaken.

In the year following he was spending his autumn vacation at a country house. It was a historic house and had always struck him as being-even in that country of historic scats-a singular example of the vicissitudes of English manoral estates and the mutations of its lords. His host in his prime had been recalled from foreign service to un expectedly succeed an uncle's title and estate. That estate, however, had come into the possession of the uncle only through his marriage with the daughter of an older family whose portraits still looked down from the walls upon the youngest and alien branch. There were likenesses, effigies memorials and reminiscences of still older families who had occupied it through for feiture by war or the favoritism of kings and in its stately cloisters and ruined chapel was still felt the dead hand of its evicted religious founders which could not be shaker It was this strange individuality that af-

fected all who saw it. For, however changed were those within its walls, whoever were its inheritors or inhabitors, Scrooby priory never changed or altered its own character. However incongruous or illassorted the portraits that looked from its walls, so ill met that they might have any allusion to it to the young lady herself. flown at each other's throats in the long nights when the family were away-the great house itself was independent of them all. The bewigged, belaced and befurbe lowed of one day's gathering, the roundheaded, steel-fronted and prim-kerchiefed congregation of another day, and even the black-coated, bare-armed and bare-shouldered assemblage of today had no effect on the austerities of the priory. Modern houses might show the tastes and prepossessions of their dwellers, might have caught some passing trick of the hour, or have recorded the augmented fortunes or luxuriousness of the owner, but Scrooby priory never! No one had dared even to disturb its outer rigid integrity; the breaches of time and siege were left untouched. It held its calm, indifferent sway over all who passed its low-arched portals and the consul was fain to believe that he -foreign visitor-was no more alien to the

house than its present owner. "I'm expecting a very charming compatriot of yours tomorrow," said Lord Beverdale as they drove from the station to-"You must tell me what to show

"I should think any countrywoman of mine would be quite satisfied with the priory," said the consul, glancing thoughtfully toward the pile dimly seen through

"I shouldn't like her to be bored here." continued Beverdale. "Algy met her at never head of, nor wanted to hear of. Maw to look along the stretching facade of the Rome, where she was occupying a palace once thought she'd got on the trail of a main building, with the high stained winwith her mother—they're very rich, you Plantagenet and followed it keen until she dows of its banqueting hall and the state railway which the uncle of the present earl be roight—how'siver, sarten—sewer 'si

went over and invited her with a little party. She's a Miss Desborough." The consul gave a slight start and was aware that Beverdale was looking at him. Perhaps you know her?" said Reverdale. 'Just enough to agree with you that she is charming," said the consul. "I dined with

them and saw them at the consulate." "O, yes; I always forget you are a consul. Then, of course, you know all about them. I suppose they're very rich, and in society over there?" said Beverdale, in a voice that was quite animated.

It was on the consul's lips to say that the late Mr. Desborough was an Englishman, and even to speak playfully of their proposed quest, but a sudden instinct withheld him. After all, perhaps it was only a caprice, or idea, they had forgotten-perhaps, who knows?-that they were already ashamed of, They had evidently "got on" in English society, if that was their real intent, and doubtless Miss Desborough, by this time, was quite as content with the chance of becoming related to the earl of Beverdale, through his son and heir, Algernon, as it they found a real Lord Desborough among their own relatives. The consul knew that Lord Beverdale was not a rich man, that like most men of old family he was not a slave to class prejudice; indeed, the consu had seen very few noblemen off the stage or out of the pages of a novel who were. So he said, with a slight affectation of authority, that there was as little doubt of the young lady's wealth as there was of her personal

attractions.

They were nearing the house through long avenue of chestnuts, whose variegated leaves were already beginning to strew the ground beneath, and they could see the vista open upon the yellow October sunshine lightening up the mullioned windows of the priory. In the sunshine, dressed in a shootng suit, stood a tall, clean-limbed young fellow, whom the consul recognized at once as Lord Algernon, the son of his companion As if to accent the graces of this vision of youth and vigor, near him, in the shadow, an old man had halted, hat in hand, still holding the rake with which he had been gathering the dead leaves in the avenue, his back bent, partly with years, partly with the obelsance of a servitor. There was some thing so marked in this contrast, in this old man standing in the shadow of the fading year, himself as dried and withered as the leaves he was raking, yet pausing to make his reverence to this passing sunshine of youth and prosperity in the presence of his coming master, that the consul, as they swept by, looked after him with a stirring

"Rather an old man to be still at work." said the consul. Beverdale laughed. "You must not let him hear you say so; he considers himself quite as fit as any younger man in the place, and, by Jove! though he's nearly 80, I'm inclined to believe it. He's not one of our people, however; he comes from the village and is taken on at odd times, partly to please himself. His great aim is to be independent of his children-he has a granddaughter who is one of the maids at the priory-and to keep himself out of the workhouse. He does not come from these parts-somewhere further north, I fancy. But he's a tough lot, and has a deal of work in him yet."

"Seems to be going at bit stale lately," said Lord Algernon, "and I think is getting a little queer in his head. He has a trick times, when he seems to go off for a min-ute or two. There," continued the young man with a light laugh, "I say! he's doing it It was evident that in spite of the humor now!" They both turned quickly and gazed standing in exactly the same attitude as before. But even as they gazed he slowly

> At Scrooby priory the consul found that deed preceded her, and that the other guests ough as he was. One of them had already met her in London, another knew her as one of the house party at the duke of Northforeland's, where she had been a central figure. Some of her naive sallies and frank



'WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT OF MEETING YOU HERE!"

criticisms were repeated with great unction by the gentlemen, and with some slight trepidation and a "fearful joy" by the lalineal Desboroughs, and he resolved to leave She, however, availed herself of that 'Who'd have thought of meeting you here?" she said, sweeping her skirts away to make London.'

The consul hoped that it had proved suc-

"Yes, but maw guessed we didn't care to pippins, and I guess about as wormenten. an old Morse telegraph slip struck by lightning, then maw and I guessed that it made

"You know," she went on, opening her clear gray eyes on the consul, with a char- unattended and unciceroned, the aspect of acteristic flash of shrewd, good sensehrough her quaint humor-"we never reck- the mere accepting. Perhaps there was not only for the Desboroughs,

dren, and there were a lot of outsiders we'd through the low postern door she turned

not only following her with the intensest hamlet in themselves, and seeing every admiration, but had shamelessly abandoned where the same luxury. But it was a luxnaivete? There was a certain mischievous, much better.'

of thing?"

ee; their pictures on the walls, this elefrom the past all ready and settled for you, good" in her sphere.
you know—ages ago. Something you haven't It so chanced that, passing through to pick up for yourself and worry over."

title of his predecessors had passed away by one of those 'outsiders' you deprecate. a cousin?" he added.

"Better," said the young lady frankly.

wouldn't take any more stock in the family of its ivied battlements against the gold of the distant wood, it seemed to lie it During this speech the consul could not the languid repose of an eternal summer help noticing that although her attitude was | The hurried on down the other terrace into playfully confidential to him, her voice really the Italian garden, a quaint survival of past was pitched high enough to reach the ears grandour, passed the great grangery and of smaller groups around her, who were numerous conservatories, making a crystal their own conversation and had even faced ury that she fancied was redeemed from toward her. Was she really posing in her the vulgarity of ostentation, by the long custom of years and generations, so uneven aggressive, consciousness in her pretty like the millionaire palaces of her own eyelids. Then she suddenly dropped both land, and in her enthusiasm she even eyes and voice and said to the consul in a fancied it was further sanctified by the genuine aside. 'I like this sort of thing grim monastic founders who had once been content with bread and pulse in the crumb-The consul looked puzzled. "What sort ling and dismantled refectory. In the plenitude of her feelings she felt a slight rec-"Why, all these swell people, don't you ognition of some beneficent being who had rolled this golden apple at her feet, and gant room, everything that has come down felt as if she really should like to "do

small gate in the park, she saw walking a But here the consul pointed out that the little ahead of her a young girl whom she place itself was not "ancestral" as regarded at once recognized as a Miss Amelyn, one the present earl and that even the original of the guests of the evening before. Miss Desborough remembered that she played from it. "In fact, it came into the family the accompaniment of one or two songs upon the piano, and had even executed a But I daresay you'd find the place quite as long solo during the general conversation comfortable with Lord Beverdale for a host without attention from the others and apas you would if you had found out he were parently with little Irritation to herself, subsiding afterwards into an armchair quite on the fringe of other people's conversation. "I suppose your mother participates in She had been called "my dear" by one or these preferences?" said the consul with a two dowagers and by her Christian name 15c linen collars, all styles 5c by the earl, and had a way of impalpably "No," said Miss Desborough, with the melting out of sight at times. These same frankness, "I think Maw's rather cut trifles led Miss Desborough to conclude that 65c shirts, all styles.... 25c



"WE'VE MISSED YOU AWFULLY."

take care of myself-while she went off to her pace and overtook Miss Amelyn. stay with the old dowager, Lady Mistowe, "Let me walk with you?" she said gra-who thinks maw a very proper womanly clously. person. I made maw mad by telling her The young English girl smiled assent, bu der if I was invited here as a 'most original

tation songs," and Miss Desborough, with good enough for me." scarcely a change of voice or manner, alher present visit was only an opportunity for a formal engagement was clear to every woman in the house-not excepting, I fear, panion's arm, even the fair subject of gossip herself. Yet she seemed so unconcerned and self-con-

loved him or not. It is highly probable that Miss Sadie Desborough had not even gone so far as to ask and wine to any extent," said Miss Desbor. herself that question. She awoke the next morning with a sense of easy victory and an universally accepted, "hall-marked" standard, the legitimate outcome of a highly ordered, carefuly guarded civilization, whose repose was the absence of struggle or ambition, and even whose regular features were know the priory very well, I guess?" not yet differentiated from the rest of his modify. She could slip without any jar or dislocation into this life which was just two lives, his two elder brothers, be saved from self-indulgence and sybaritic lux- poor Fred's, between, but they beth diedury by certain conventional rules of activity | We went to live in the doner house." and the occupation of amusement which, as obligations of her position, even to suggest the novel aspect of a duty! She erty."

could accept all this without the sense of being an intruder in an unbroken lineagethanks to the consul's account of the Beverdies. He was more than ever convinced that dales' inheritance. She already pictured hermother and daughter had forgotten their self as the mistress of this fair domain, the custodian of its treasures and traditions, and the dispenser of its hospitalities | title -but as she conscientiously believed, withprivilege the evening after her arrival. out pride or vanity, in her position-only an intense and thoughtful appreciation of it. Nor did she dream of ever displaying it osroom for him on a sofa. "It's a coon's age tentatiously before her less fortunate felsince I saw you-not since you gave us that low-countrywomen; on the contrary, she letter to those genealogical gentlemen in looked forward to their possible criticism of her casting off all transatlantic ties with an easy consciousness that was perhaps her in America?" nearest approach to patriotism. Yet again, she reasoned that as her father was an Enggo back to Hengist and Horsa, and when lishman she was only returning to her old they let loose a lot of 'Debboroughs' and home. As to her mother, she had already Daybrooks' upon us, maw kicked! We've comforted herself by noticing certain disgot a drawing ten yards long that looks like crepancies in that lady's temperament. a sour apple tree with lots of Desboroughs which led her to believe that she herself hanging up on the branches like last year's alone inherited her father's nature-for her mother was, of course, distinctly American! e took that well enough, but when it came | So little conscious was she of any charming o giving us a map of straight lines and snobbishness in this belief that in her sudashes with names written under them like perb naivete she would have argued the point with the consul and employed a wit and dialect that was purely American.

She had slipped out of the priory early that morning that she might enjoy alone, that vast estate which might be hers for where this thing would land us, and some instinct of delicacy in her avoiding found we were paying £100 Lord Algernon that morning; not wishing, but as she herself might have frankly put it children and children's chil- presence. As she passed into the garden

up at not finding a Desborough. She was ishe was some kind of dependent or poor re invited down here-but she's rather inde- lation. Here was an opportunity to begin pendent, you know-so she allowed I could her work of "doing good." She quickened

that's just what old Lady Mistowe would looked her surprise at seeing the cynosure ple's patronage. However, I shouldn't won- "Oh," said Sadie, answering the mute query, "I didn't want to be 'shown round

by anybody, and I'm not going to bore you But here Lord Algernon came up to im- with asking to see sights either. We'll just plore her to sing them one of "those plan- walk together; wherever you're going is "I'm going as far as the village," said Miss lowed herself to be led to the piano. The Amelyn, looking down doubtfully at Sadie's

consul had little chance to speak with her smart French shoes-"if you care to walk again, but he saw enough that evening to so far." Sadie noticed that her companconvince him that not only Lord Algernon ion was more solidly booted, and that her was very much in love with her, but that straight, short skirts, although less stylish the fact had been equally and complacently than her own, had a certain character, betaccepted by the family and guests. That ter fitted to the freer outdoor life of the country. But she only said however, "The village will do," and gayly took her com-"But I'm afraid you'll find it very unin

teresting, for I am going to visit some poor tained that the consul wondered if she really cottages," persisted Miss Amelyn, with cared for Lord Algernon. And having thus certain timid ingenuousness of manner wondered, he came to the conclusion that it which, however, was as distinct as Miss didn't much matter for the happiness of so Desborough's bolder frankness. "I promised practically organized a young lady if she the rector's daughter to take her place to day. "And I feel as if I was ready to pour oil

ough, "so come along!" Miss Amelyn laughed and yet glanced calm satisfaction that had, however, none of around her timidly, as if she thought that the transports of affection. Her taste was | Miss Desborough ought to have a larger and

satisfied by the love of a handsome young more important audience. Then she contin fellow—a typical Englishman—who is not ued more confidentially and boldly: "Bu exactly original nor ideal, was, she felt, of it isn't like at all like 'slumming,' you know. These poor people here are not very bad, and are not at all extraordinary. "Never mind," said Sadie, hurrying he

along. After a pause she went on: "You "I lived there when I was a little girl class by any of those disturbing lines which | with my aunt the Dowager Lady Beverpeople call character. Everything was made | dale," said Miss Amelyn. "When my cousin ready for her, without care or preparation; Fred, who was the young heir, died, and she had not even an ideal to realize or to the present Lord Beverdale succeeded—he never expected it, you know, for there were

> ouse?" repeated Sadie. "The de-, Lady Beverdale's separate prop-

"But I thought all this property-the priory-came into the family through

"It did-this was the Amelyn's place but the oldest son or nearest male heir always succeeds to the property and "Do you mean to say that the present

Lord Beverdale turned that old lady out? Miss Amelyn looked shocked, "I mean t she said, gravely, "Lady Beverdale

would have had to go when her own son her queer accent-they're from the northbecame of age, had he lived." She paused and then said, timidly: "Isn't it that way "Dear no!" Miss Desborough had a faint recollection that there was something in the

constitution or the declaration of independence against primogeniture, "No! the men haven't it all their own way there Not much!" Miss Amelyn looked as if she did not care to discuss this problem. After a few mo-

ments Sadie continued: "You and Lord Algernon are pretty old friends, I guess?" "No," replied Miss Amelyn, "he came once or twice to the Priory for the holidays, when he was quite a boy at Marlborough-for the family weren't very well off and his father was in India. He was a of the pot before the fire in tentative sivery shy boy and of course no one ever lence. thought of him succeeding."

Miss Desborough felt half inclined to be pleased with this and yet half inclined to tor's orders," said Miss Amelyn. resent this possible snubbing of her future husband. But they were nearing the village then said, without looking up, but as if and Miss Amelyn turned the conversation also continuing a train of aggressive people they'd married, and "to take stock" of his inheritance in his to the object of her visit. It was a new vil- thoughts with her occupation: "Eay, bu lage-an unhandsome village for all that it 'e's so set oop in 'issen ee doan't take orstood near one of the gates of the park. It ders from nobbut-leastways doctor. had been given over to some mines that Moinds'em now moor nor a floy. Says 'ee were still worked in its vicinity-and to the knaws there nowt wrong we' 'is 'eart. Mout found she had been reading the dreadful chamber where a king had slept. Even had resisted—but the railway had triumphed 'eads a' in a muddle! Toims 'ee goes off.

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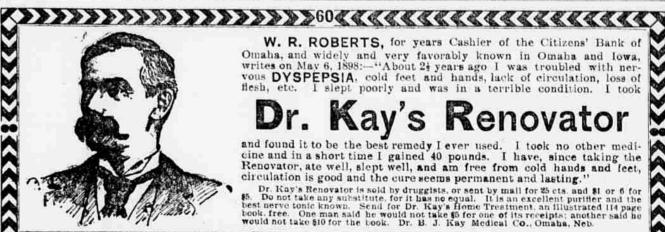
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there. There was a grim church on the hill, a naporth o' sense. How'siver I be doing of a blackened and weather-beaten stone, my duty by 'em-and 'ere's 'is porritch with a few grim Amelyns reposing cross- when a' cooms-'gin a' be sick or maad." legged in the chancel, but the character of the village was as different from the Priory | girl's speech and manner struck her as have as if it were in another county. They ing very little sympathy with either her

ful," she said. "More they wouldn't understand." "Then keep it and dole it out as you like," said Sadie, quickly. "But I don't think that-that Lord Bev-

erdale would quite approve-" hesitated Miss Amelyn. The pretty brow of her companion knit and her gray eyes flashed vivaciously "What has he to do with it?" she said pertly; "besides, you say these are not his poor. Take that £5 note-or-I'll double tion and hand 'em round to every man,

woman and child." Miss Amelyn hesitated-the American girl perhaps it was a national way of almsgiving! She took the note, with the mental drunken retired poncher somewhere in reservation of making a full confession to the rector and Lord Reverdate

She was right in saying that the poor of was very little squalor or degradation; their poverty seemed not a descent, but a condition to which they had been born; the faces which Sadie saw were dulled and apathetic rather than sullen or rebellious; they stood up when Miss Amelyn entere paying her the deference, but taking mide note of the pretty butterfly who was with broposed "going outside of Lord Bever-her-or rather submitting to her frank cu-dale's own preserves of grain-fed poor" and riosity with that dull consent of the poor,

as if they had lost even the sense of privacy or a right to respect. It seemed to se American girl that their poverty was more indicated by what they were satisfied with than she thought they missed. It is to be feared that this did not add to Sadie's sympathy; all the beggars she had seen in America wanted all they could get and she felt as if she were confronted with an inferior animal.

"There's a wonderful old man lives here," said Miss Amelyn as they halted before a stone and thatch cottage quite on the outskirts of the village, "we can't call him one of our poer, for he still works, although over 80, and it's his pride to keep out of the poorhouse, and, as he calls it, 'off' the hands of his granddaughters. But we manage to do something for them and we hope he profits by it. One of them is at the priory; they're trying to make a maid of her, bu is against her with the servants. I am afraid we won't see old Debs, for he's at work again today, though the doctor has warned him.

"Debs! what a funny name!" "Yes, but as many of these people cannot read nor write the name is carried by the ear and not always correctly. Some of the railway navvies, who come from the north

as he does, call him 'Debbers.' They were obliged to descend into the cottage, which was so low that it seemed to have sunk into the earth until its drooping eaves of thatch mingled with the straw heap beside it. Debs was not at home. But his granddaughter was there, who, after preliminary "bob," continued the stirring

has gone to work again, in spite of the doc The girl continued to stir the pot and

What the American understood of the

stopped at the rectory, where Miss Amelyn aged relative or her present visitor. And provided herself with certain doles and there was a certain dogged, selfish indegifts, which the American girl would have pendence about her that Miss Desborough augmented with a £5 note, but for Miss half liked and half resented. However, Miss Amelyn's horrified concern. "As many shil- Amelyn did not seem to notice it, and, after lings would do and they would be as grate- leaving a bottle of port for the grandfather, she took her leave and led Sadie away. As they passed into the village a carriage returning to the priory, filled with their fel low guests, dashed by, but was instantly pulled up at a word from Lord Algernon who leaped from the vehicle, hat in hand, and implored the fair truant and her com-

panion to join them. 'We're just making a tour around Wind over hill and back to luncheon," he said with a rising color. "We missed you awfully! If we had known you were so it, get it changed into sovereigns at the sta- keen on 'good works' and so early at i by Jove, we'd have got up a 'slummin party' and all joined."

"And you haven't seen half," said Lord looked capable of doing what she said- Beverdale from the box. "Miss Amelyn's too partial to the village. There's an old but in Crawley woods, whom it's death to approach, except with a large party. There's malignant diphtheria over at the South scrooby village were not interesting. There farm, eight down with measles at the keepers and an old woman who had been bedridden for years."

But Miss Desborough was adamant. though sparkling. She thanked him, but said she had just seen an old woman "who had been lying in bed for twenty years and hadn't spoken the truth once! She starting up her own game. She would return in time for luncheon-if she could: if net, she "should annex the gruel of the first kind incapable she met."

Yet, actually, she was far from displeased at being accidentally discovered by these people, while following out her capricious whim of the morning. One or two older ladies, who had fought shy of her frocks and her frankness the evening before, were quite touched now by this butterfly who was willing to forego the sunlight of society, and soil her pretty wings on the haunts of the impoverished with only a single companion-of her own sex!-and smiled approvingly. And in her present state of mind, remembering her companion's timid attribute toward Lord Beverdale's opinions, she was not above administering this slight snub to him in her presence.

When they had driven away, with many regrets, Miss Amelyn was deeply concerned. "I am afraid," she said, with timid conscientiousness, "I have kept you from going with them. And you must be bored with what you have seen, I know. I don't be Heve you really care one bit for me-and you are only doing it to please me."

"Trot out the rest of your show," said Sadie, promptly, "and we'll wind up by lunching with the rector." "He'd be too delighted," said Miss Amely:

with disaster written all over her girlish, truthful face, "but-but-you know-it really wouldn't be quite right to Lord Beverfale! You're his principal guest-you know! and-they'd think I had taken you off." "Well," said Miss Deaborough, impetuously, "what is the matter with that inn there, I guesa. I'm not very hungry."

Miss Amelyn looked horrified for a moreach the priory for luncheon. Do, please, 4

ough's purpose just as well to show her in- she believed, kept her own independence in Lady Minever at Hedham Towers and I thing upside down. Then we concluded we in that crisp October air and with the green and the station for Scrooby Priory was stamrin' and starin' at nowt, as if 'ee a'nt out, alone, she consented to go. Miss Amedependence by returning, as she had set the matter.

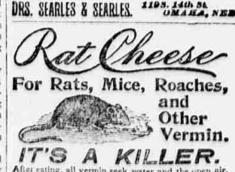
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and they separated-to meet at dinner. In this brief fellowship the American girl had the Red Lion? We can get a sandwich tion over the English girl, even while she was conscious of an invincible character in anent and then laughed, but immediately superior to her own. Certainly there was a Miss Amelyn entirely different from and ecame concerned again, "No! listen to me, difference in the two peoples. Why clasreally now! Let me finish my round alone! this inherited conscientious reverence for Lord Beverdate's position, shown by Miss It would be ever so much better for every- its practical benefits, could not understand. body. I feel quite guilty as it is and I sup- Would Miss Amelyn and Lord Algernon pose I'm already in Lord Beverdale's black have made a better match? The thought irritated her, even while she knew that The treuble in the young girl's face was she, herself, pessessed the young man's afamistakable and as it suited Miss Desbor- fections, the power to marry him, and, as

To bescontinued.