A Thrilling Story of Romance and Adventure.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADAME WOLENSKI.

It is a treacherous peace that is purchased by

indulgence. When Trevor had disappeared behind the curve of the staircase, Ethel Dennis turned to Madame Wolenski. "Which floor are you on. Madame?"

"On the floor above." "Oh, really-then you are like me. You

don't like to be too high up.' "I do not like to be very high up. They tell me the air is the most pure at twelve storeys-I prefer to have a little worse air and not to have to climb so high for it."

"Of course there is the lift," said Ethel, who wanted to be polite but whose thoughts were with Trevor.

"Yes, but I do not like the lift-at least I do not like the feeling that the place might get on fire and the lift would probably stop working and-and we should all be frizzled alive."

"Ah! that would be dreadful," cried Ethel, with a skudder, "but do not let us stand here. Come in and pay me a little attach so much importance. visit, Madame."

Madame Wolenski looked hesitatingly at her morning garments. "I have been out -I am not dressed-I have been visiting a poor woman who is sick," she said.

out," Mrs. Dennis urged. "Oh! do come in just for a few minutes. I will show you

"I cannot resist that. Is the dog a beauty the lady asked. "Oh ! a beauty-a pure bull dog-come

and see him," and then Ethel turned round and led the way into her own domain, Madame Wolenski following her. "Oh! what a pretty flat, what a sweet room," she cried. "Ah! it is much larger

than mine and the decorations are lovely. "But we took it furnished," said Ethel. "Yes. I think we were very lucky." "Ah! its such a chance when you take a house in that way," said Madame Wolenski -" I have not been so lucky : but there I did not know that I should like living in an

establishment of this sort, indeed I am not yet quite sure whether I do or not. But tell me, Mrs. Dennis, where is the dog ?" "I will bring him," and she went into the next room returning in a moment with

the majestic Crummles behind her. "Oh! he is quite a beauty-a love," cried Madame Wolenski enthusiastically-" And his name?"

"Crummles," answered Ethel delighted to find her favourite so highly lauded. "K-chrummles-Why, what a name,"

Madame cried. "Crum-mles," repeated Ethel smiling. "K-tchrummles," said Madame again, but after several most valiant attempts, she

had to give up the effort, for say the word properly, she simply could not. "But he is quite a beautiful person—quite beautiful. Well-" to the dog, who was eyeing her, in a most suspicious manner-" are you not going to speak to me? How do you do, Mr. K-chrummles?"

She held out her hand to him and Crummles went a little nearer to her and began to sniff at her gown in a way that was anything but friendly. Madame hoping to propitate his majesty further ventured to smooth down his silken satin coat, but Crummles lifted his head and raised his upper lip in a voiceless snarl of such venom, that the lady made haste to put herself out of harm's way.

"He does not like me," she said in alarm. "Crummles-Crummles. You are dreadfully rude," cried his majesty's mistress reprovingly. "That was because you ventured to touch him before he had made up his mind whether you were to be trusted or not."

"What a dreadful creature! Do you always have him about. Does he ever fly at any one?"

"No-he would if I told him to do it. He would fly at your throat this instant at a single word from me," Ethel answered-"but he is very good tempered really. He has always disliked my husband very much, but he has never done more than treat him to that voiceless snarl. Oh! no, really-when | ski." you once get to know him and he to like you, Crummles is the dearest fellow in all the world."

"And your husband-does he like him?" " Not much-he puts up with him because I have always had him. By the bye-are you going to Mrs. Maravin's to-morrow?"

"Yes-I think so."

"Shall we go together? "Oh! I should like to very much. But your husband, does he like going three any-

"He is not going-he never goes to afternoons : in tact, he scarcely ever goes out Valerie's." with me. He always declares that he is not a Society man in any way. We might go for a drive before we go to Mrs. Mara-

"I shall be delighted," said Madame with evident pleasure. "You are most kind to

good night.' She rose from her chair and Crummles expressed the voiceless snarl which had so dis-

turbed the lady before. However, she did her, of course," said Mrs. Dennis, whose ex- ried and have come to tell me about it." not seem much frightened and stopped before perience of Mademoiselle Valerie had been the chimney shelf. "Is that your husband, quite disagreeable enough to make her wish Mrs. Dennis?" she asked, pointing to a pho- to be very careful lest she should betray ograph in a silver frame.

"Yes-it is a very good portrait of him,"

Ethel replied. "And that is Mr. Trevor?" the other went on, looking at a large photograph of " Am I too early ?" she asked. that young gentleman which filled a similar frame and occupied the other end of the hat and coat. I shall not be a minute. You

"Yes." charming. Is he a relation of yours?" "Oh, no, not any relation, but my very paper.

oldest friend," Ethel replied. "We were children together, little children together." You'll come and see her won't you?" she other. "And you are friends during all these said.

Mr. Trevor to see me one day, won't you?' "but Madame, he is not Mr. Trevor now- Pray don't let her come in here, pray going down there in the morning." he is Lord Rosstrevor since his cousin don't."

died." "then that was why he looked so disturbed this evening? Ah! and well he might, well far. he might. Well, will you bring Lord Rosstrevor then one day? I thought him charm-

"I'm so glad," Ethel cried, with a gush of feeling as she took Madame Wolenski's firm outstretched hand. "Good-night, good-night.'

away when she was once left alone. She life before, sat down in a chair before the fire and "Valerie," she repeated, "no, I don't because of the dinner-party. He was tre-Crummles made himself a bed on the skirt of | think so. Is she a milliner or a dressher gown, and then her thoughts flew back | maker?" to the wonderful news which the day had "Neither," Mrs. Dennis replied. "I bebrought. Aye, and they flew back further lieve she is-a-alady." than that, back to the old days of her childhood when she and Jack Trevor had remarkable in any way? What is her other been all the world to one another, when the name-her surname?" dark shadow of her mother's great ideas had "It is Valerie—that is her surname," said not yet come between them. Then to the Ethel. first trouble of her life, when Mrs. Mordaunt had resolutely put a stop to her cor- ally,"she said, "Ah !that is very odd. I never set herself at once to think out all that she respondence with her old playfellow, the heard of such a surname before-except, as had ever heard in connection with the Trevor wretched day-and what is so unutterably I say, for a milliner or a dressmaker. No, family. wretched as the impotent stand of a child I do not know her. I never even heard of against the powers that be ?-when she had her.' left Jack's birthday unnoticed, his birthday or the feast of good S. Valentine or one of know of her," said Mrs. Dennis, who, havthose tender festivals to which young folks ing got the information she wanted, did

latter days, when Major Dennis had first that kind." marriage was coming very near and she had | cially." mockery, when she had been weak and mysterious acquaintance. yielding, when-when-Oh! she could hardly bear to think of it now-she had been weak enough out of sheer weakness and cowardice to let her mother, for ambition's sake purely, mould her life in a wrong shape, ruin her happiness and break her whole heart and spirit. What a fool she had been, and oh! how bitter, all bitter, her thoughts were then. Why, if she had held out firmly and obstinately and had positively re fused to marry Major Dennis, what could her mother have done? She could have given a large party they had not yet left the her an uncommonly bad time, she could have debarred her from any pleasures, she might even have shut her up on bread and water and have beaten her, though that course was not in the least probable. But even supposing the very worst had happened, if only she had held out firmly, it would have been all over now, for she knew that her mother would never have wished her to marry Major Dennis after old Lord Frothingham was married again.

"I will write and tell my mother," she said presently—" the sooner she realizes what a huge mistake she has made the better.'

wrote a letter to Mrs. Mordaunt.

"You will remember Jack Trevor, the Bishop's son," she said. "He came in today to tell me the great news, the great change which has come into his life. He is now Lord Rosstrevor of Rosstrevor, County | Lord Rosstrevor died last night and I suc-Antrim, and Trevor Hall, Norfolk, through the death of his second cousin, Lord Rosstrevor, who died yesterday. I don't think I told you that he was in the 15th when we joined, and is one of my greatest friends. He thinks of leaving the Service now."

She felt better when she had added a little general news and had given the letter to Judge to post; yet, after all, there is but poor satisfaction in stinging someone who ing and I've a dozen things to do before I had three children, Arabella, William and has managed to ruin your whole life for you. leave." And just as she was beginning to think again -and just then, poor girl, thinking was synonymous with being wretched-Major must know it at once,"Trevor said. "Dear married. And now I must be off, dear. show farm.

Dennis returned. He was very full of what he called tells me she is ill though." "Trevor's luck," and could hardly talk not want to think too much about the im- that was all." possible that night, tried to change the sub-

she had met that day. "Oh! Cosmo, she said, "Mrs. Maravin introduced me to such a nice woman to- well enough," said Lord Gascoigne easily. day, who lives in The Flat, just above us, fact; she is a Pole, a Madame Wolen-

"Oh!" suspiciously-"a Pole, are you

" No, for I did not ask her nor did she say anything about her nationality. But Mrs. Maravin said so, and that she had brought I want to see her for ten minutes on most her a letter of introduction from one of her important business," said Jack, seeing that master. "The carriage is this way. Sir, "he dearest friends in Vienna."

Major Dennis stood looking thoughtfully into the fire for a minute or two. "Look here, Ethel," he said, "I don't mind what you do in a general way as you very well "I beg your pardon, Sir. I did not know women in this off-hand sort of fashion, because | up. -oh !-well because she may be a friend of

"And I've promised to drive with her tomorrow. That is take her for a drive and then to go to Mrs. Maravin's," cried Ethel sitting near the fire. in dismay.

get into a way of running in and out of her think of it. And now I must be going up rooms. You see, foreigners get mixed up it ?" to my own apartments, so I will wish you a one with another, and-and-it's safer not to, don't you know."

" Very well. I wish I'd thought of it before. I never did or I shouldn't have asked

their whereabouts. The following day about three o'clock in the afternoon, Madame Wolenski arrived and was shown into the drawing-room.

"Not at all. I have only to put on my ly. will excuse me, won't you?"

She went off to get ready and passing the ing-room, saw Major Dennis reading a news- about ?"

"Oh! Cosmo, Madame Wolenski is here.

years-how strange. Well, you will bring "Not for the world," he answered hurriedly. "I don't like foreigners-never did. "I will, with pleasure," Ethel replied, My time to meet her will come soon enough.

"So," cried the other in astonishment, away, feeling that really he allowed his her own, then she broke out-"Oh! if my late lord had not ridden for many a year and

victoria which was waiting in the court. | worldly for that. But it would have been a with they took him up to a large and hand- | fat ; garnish with parsley and lemon slices.

know a woman called Valerie?" Madame Wolenski turned her head to-

that Ethel was convinced in a moment that | -so I went there first." But the little glow of pleasure soon died she had never heard of Valerie in all her

"Oh! a lady I see. What of her? Is she

not wish to continue the subject further. And then her thoughts wandered to the "She is not a friend of mine or anything of Trevor Hall as a young girl, and that it still shining of the pools. Instinct, perhaps,

crossed her path, when her mother had found | "I understand, I do not know her," an- will see all that to-morrow. You will let turtles that lie in the depths. See that out that he was rich and that he stood next swered Madame indifferently, " nor am I me have all the news as soon as possible, pair of woodducks wheeling and chattering to the Frothingham title, the day that he very likely to meet her. And my friends here won't you?" "But I am alone-my husband's dining proposed and she had not dared to say no, are English, or nearly all. And they are not because he had come armed with her moth- any of them likely to know anyone with such answered, then got up declaring that he in the soft rotten wood at the top of it. She er's consent, the days later still when her an exceedingly odd surname as Valerie, so must be off, it was getting dreadfully late has just hatched out a dozen balls of yellow

the sort of feeling that she couldn't go through And Ethel Dennis caught herself wishing with a ceremony which to her was but a that she had said nothing about her husband's

## CHAPTER XX. MURDER!

"Too sudden and great changes, though for

the better, are not easily borne. When Trevor went away from The Flats that evening, he jumped into a caband drove straight round to his uncle's house in Grosvenor Square. Lord Gascoigne was at home, but had company at dinner, and being rather

"I must see Lord Gascoigne to-night," Trevor said. "Is my grandmother dining

"Not this evening, Sir. Her ladyship was to have dined here but sent her excuses this morning, not feeling very well," the servant replied. "Well, I'll go into the library, and when

Lord Gascoigne leaves the table ask him to come to me for five minutes." "Very good, Sir. I will tell his lordship as soon as the ladies leave the dining-room.3

So Trevor went to the library and made use of his time by writing a couple of letters So she sat down to her writing-table and before the door opened and Lord Gascoigne "My dear Jack, I hope nothing is wrong,"

he began in an alarmed voice. "My dear Uncle," cried Jack jumping up. "I have come for your congratulations.

ceed him." " My dear lad, my dear lad !" was all that Lord Gascoigne could gasp in his surprise. "So you are Lord Rosstrevor-my dear lad,

I can't say enough to tell you how glad I "Thank you. Now I must go-I only wanted you to know it as soon as possible -I am going down to Norfolk in the morn-

"And my mother?"

Granny, how delighted she will be. Barker Good-night."

friends for taking you away.'

Street, where his grandmother lived. "My lady is not very well. I am not he enquired touching his hat. sure if you can see her to-night, Sir," said

Lady Gascoigne's man. "Oh! yes—you tell Lady Gascoigne that the man was a stranger. "Say Mr. Trevor." said, so Jack followed him and got into the

"Very good, Sir." He showed him into the library and in less than two minutes came down again.

was taken to the drawing-room where his the door and in less than two minutes they grandmother with a voluminous white lace started for the home of his ancestors, at shawl covering her head and shoulders was least for one of the halls of his ancestors.

pened to me." "Yes - I know-you are going to be mar- tseying her welcome to the new lord. know that that would be anything so very

that-I am not Jack Trevor now." "No?" a suspicion of the truth began to huge portico and came to a standstill. dawn upon her-" but-tell me, my dear,

don't 'break' it to me."

how was it none of us noticed that you were was all so big, so stately, with all the dignity some. "What a nice face he has. I think him half-open door of the small study or smok- next to the title? What have we been of oak and armour and stained-glass. The

"When did Hugh Trevor die ?" "Only a few weeks ago." "And Lord Rosstrevor?"

dear girl, how overjoyed she would have in the sunniest hour of the day.

yard. They had driven some little dis- delight to her and would have, so to speak, some bed-room, which he fancied would tance through the mild, moist winter air justified her love for your father. You don't pleasant when he saw it with the blooms up. when some sudden instinct made Ethel turn | know, but I remember how Margaret gave | And after this he had plenty of work to do to her companion and ask her a question herself airs to Connie and, although Connie -to hear all the lawyers had to say-to so abruptly that, even to her own ears, her never said a word, it must have been hard to have interviews with the steward and all the voice seemed to have a threatening ring bear. However, I've no doubt Margaret will principal neighbours, then the ordeal of the and to carry a sort of challenge with be very civil to you now, only I do wish my funeral, during which he felt that he was darling had lived to see this day. You have not only the observed of all observers, but "By the bye," she said, "did you ever been to Grosvenor Square?" she asked in a also that the impression people, his future different voice.

wards her, but with such an indifferent air you told me you were to dine there to-night during his whole life. Then he had to write

"But you saw your uncle?" "Oh, yes-I only stayed a minute or two mendously pleased about it.

"Of course-of course." Jack stayed nearly an hour with the old lady and talked over the situation with her from every possible standpoint. He really knew very little of the family of which he estates, one in Ireland and one in Norfolk. Lady Gascoigne, however, was a woman Madame Wolenski looked surprised. "Re- blessed with a marvellous memory and she papers. "Evening News-Star-Globe-

"They are certainly rich-yes, it is a rich house. You see Lord Rosstrevor had lived "I thought you might know her, or the life of a recluse for so many years, that people had almost forgotten that he existed. But I know ; Lady George A'Court told me some years ago that she had stayed at was a very fine place. But, of course, you tells them of the greedy fish and big hungry

and that he had disturbed her quite enough down, and is setting about getting them for one night already without keeping her down to the water. Once there, they will

out of bed till the small hours. "My dear boy," cried Lady Gascoigne-"I shall not sleep at all. I shall not even go to bed for hours-and I daresay your uncle will come to see me when his guests bird poised with half spread wings just outhave gone. But do you go, dear ; you must have a great deal to do, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you made ducklings quite upon the middle of her back the old Granny very happy by bringing her the news as soon as you had it. Next, I suppose, you will be bringing me news of a mistress for Rosstrevor.'

shaking his head. 'Jack, my boy," she said gently, "I'm little ones are launched. afraid something has gone wrong with you in that way."

all; we can never tell. Only I'd rather not sinks like lead and takes with it the plumptalk about it, if you don't mind." dear. But tell me, Jack, have you a clear another, and still another.

idea of how you come to be next to this | The snapping turtle, which, once he has he went to a writing-table and quickly ness for ducklings. He would eat the whole

allow.

Lord Rosstrevor.

Mary. George. Edward. Edward. Arabella. William. George Hugh.

"I believe it was like this, Granny. My grandfather was George, who was cut offhis eldest brother was Edward and Edward without children, and William, the Lord "I'm going round there now-yes, she Rosstrevor who died yesterday, was never

"No, not ill-a touch of sore throat and and in less than half an hour was in bed and bereft of their tails, a loss to which those about anything else. And Ethel, who did she thought it safer not to come to-night, asleep. He slept like a child or a top and woke in the morning in fair time, gave his sent into the burrow to root out the fox, "Then I'll go round there now. Good man directions to pack his things in time for which is their part of the business, their ject by telling him of the charming woman night. Please make my apologies to your the train leaving Liverpool Street at noon, tails would be in the way. and in due course he arrived at the station "Oh, yes-they're amusing themselves for Trevor Hall and found a servant in livery awaiting him on the platform, and a close Then Jack went out to his cab and carriage with a pair of very good horses the only one who did not give the visitor a directed the man to drive round to Brook standing just outside the station. The footman came up to him. "Lord Rosstrevor?"

"I am Mr. Trevor-yes," Jack answered, feeling a repugnance to be using his dead kinsman's name while he was yet unburied.

The servant took his cue from his new

comfortable brougham. "How is Vickers going?" he asked. " it far to the Hall?'

know, I don't like your picking up foreign you. My lady will see you if you will come answered. "We can manage very well out-So Jack fellowed the servant upstairs and "Very well." And then the man shut

-nothing wrong with you, I hope? What is the hall. Then they got out into the country road again, and after going about a quarter lies Datchet Mead. "Granny," said he, taking both her hands of a mile, turned to the right and went in his, "something very wonderful has hap- through wide iron gates and past a picturesque lodge where a tidy roman stood cur-

"No, dear, you are all wrong. I don't but without doing that he saw that he was day, for those who can take it, a beneficial passing under an avenue of magnificent addition to the night's sleep. It divides the wonderful. It is much more surprising than oaks, and then the corner of a pile of build- working time, gives the nervous system a ings came in sight and they swept under a fresh hold on life and enables one to do more

hall was like a great banquetting-room, the " I have been about nothing-I never staircase a picture gallery and you might troubled my head about it, one way or the have driven a coach and six up it with ease and have turned it on the great landing above, or at least, so the people who knew the place were in the habit of saying. Then there were drawing-rooms and bou-

"Died last night at Trevor Hall. I am doirs galore, and several conservatories opening one out of another and into the house "I see," she said. She sat for some at various points, and the stables were many "Very well," she answered, and went minutes gently stroking his hand between and filled with capital cattle, although the

However, she and Madame Wolenski went been. Not that Connie ever cared for Jack refused to have lunch but said that down the stairs together and got into the honours of that kind, she was far too un. he would like to go to his room, and forth-

neighbours, received of him that day would "Yes. I thought you would be there; greatly influence them for or against him a long letter every day to Ethel Dennis and a letter or two to his grandmother.

So a whole week went by. The king was dead, the new king lived, long live the king ! He began to get used to being called by his new name, he began to get more used to being the lord of all this grandeur and wealth; and after a week of it he felt as if he would like to go up to Town far a day or two and make his arrangements for leavwas now the head, only that there were two ing the Service. And on the way up to London, as he passed through Ipswich, he heard the news boys crying the evening 'Orrid murder of an officer in The Flats."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LITTLE WOODDUCK.

Their First Lesson in Swimming-The

Enemies They Meet. Oddly enough, when the wood birds go bathing they prefer the dancing ripple to the about the half dead sycamore that bends "Yes, Granny dear, of course I will," he over the stream. Mrs. Duck made her nest swim like ducks, indeed, says Forest and Stream. But flying is as yet beyond them,

and the nest is twenty feet in air. Look close and you will see the mother side the nest. Slowly, cautiously, with low cautious cries, her mate pushes one of the gives a sharp satisfied quack, and at once she sails down, settles herself in mid-stream, dives gently and leaves her baby sitting on the water without in the least knowing how "Dear Granny, I'm afraid not," he said, he got there. With a shake of the wings and a quack that says: " Take care!" she She recognised the sad ring in his voice. is off to the nest, and keeps it up till all her

As she brings the last a cruel thing happens. Right below her flock there is a swift "In a measure, yes, Granny," he answer- up-swirling of water. Something brown and ed, "but perhaps it will come right, after unwieldly comes almost to the surface, then est, downiest of all the yellow darlings. In-"No, no, I don't want to worry about it, side a minute another is dragged down, and

taken hold, "never lets go till it thunders," "Not very. I think it is like this"-and is greedy to-day. Anyway, he has a weaksketched out the best family-tree that his dozen of them if the distracted parents did

limited information on the subject would not hurry them ashore. There they will not be in a very much better case. Foxes live in caves all along the bluffs. Minks, too, and weasels and coons. Any night you may hear them splashing about in the water for mussels, crayfish and such small deer.

The Queen's Kennels.

Approach to the kennels is at once evident from the clamorous barking of the inmates. Here are handsome Scotch coolies, a favorite breed with the Queen; among them one of pure white, though not the superb creature presented to her Majesty from the Warwickshire kennels in the autumn of 1888. I was George Hugh. George Hugh died last year then in Warwick, and remember the outburst of loyalty on the occasion. I learned too late to see him that was then at the

The fox terriers were especially fine little She kissed him tenderly and he went away, fellows, and I was glad to see they were not used in the hunt are obliged to submit; when

A long-backed crooked-leg Dachshund kept up a barking remonstrance, and, together with a wild-looking Russian dog, was warm welcome. All the others pressed forward to caress and be caressed, leaping and bounding eagerly, one dearlittle skye-terrier twisting and wriggling into all manner of grotesque postures in his desire to be noticed.

There were a number of gentle little pugs, one of them a coal black tiny creature, with a nose of even deeper hue, if that were possible. A delicate white iox-terrier marked with a single liver-colored spot was pointed to as the pet of the nursery at Windsor Castle when the royal grandchildren are there; "About three miles, Sir," the servant he also came up to lick the hand of the visitor. Her Majesty's stag-hounds are kept at Ascot, of racing fame.

The dairy, aviary, and kennels are in the immediate neighborhood of Frogmore : and if the visitor feels that butter and eggs are somewhat prosaic objects of interest, he has It seemed a long drive, but when they but to recall the fact that the greater part of "My dear boy," she cried, "I'm so de- passed through a pleasant little village, Jack the action of "The Merry Wives of Wind-"Oh! well, that doesn't matter-but don't lighted to see you. But what is your news knew that they must be coming very near to sor" lay in this locality, that not far away stood Herne's Oak, and a little to the east

Rest as a Medicine.

A physician, writing of rest as a medicine, He did not like to look out too eagerly, recommends a short nap in the middle of the than make up for the time so occupied. A Jack Trevor always felt afterwards that caution is given against the indulgence in it was a blessed thing for him that he had too long a sleep at such a time, under a "I am Lord Rosstrevor," said Jack blunt- been accustomed to big houses all his life; penalty of disagreeable relaxation. There for assuredly had he not been so, the pala- has been much discussion regarding the after-Lady Gascoigne uttered a little scream- tial splendour of Trevor Hall would have dinner nap, many believing it to be injuri-"Jack-my boy, my own dear boy-Why, been enough to take his breath away. It ous, but it is, nevertheless, natural and whole-

> Providence has so ordered it that of al women only two have a right to concern themselves with a man's happiness-his own mother and the mother of his children. Beyond these two legitimate species of affection between the sexes all the rest is empty excitement, painful and ridiculous

SALMON CROQETTES. -Removeall the bone and skin from half a can of salmon, and break it into pieces, mash three mediumprejudices or his fears to carry him too dear Connie had lived to see this day my seldom if ever drove more than a mile or two sized potatoes, season with salt and a little cayenne and mix well with the salmon, form into croquettes, dip them into beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in a very hot