

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide Was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAVELLERS ARRIVE AT CASTLE ETTICK.

The little party of travellers spent a pleasant forenoon in Edinburgh. Captain Winstanley and his little sister knew all the ins and outs of the beautiful city, and Colonel Lyndon, who had spent some of the best years of his boyhood in Scotland, was, Miss Browne said laughingly, as good as a guide-book.

To Letty Morrison, as well as to Miss Browne, the sights of Edinburgh were new, and in her quiet way she enjoyed looking about her. Now and then she was troubled by a pang of uneasiness as to what Lady Flora would say when she received the telegram; but the matter had been taken so completely out of her hands, and the colonel, who, without appearing to take any particular notice of her, was continually on the watch to save her sensitiveness from being alarmed, and inspired her with so much confidence, that she was able to shake off her timidity.

"You will say it is my fault," the colonel had said to her; and really, when Letty looked up at him, she thought him large enough and broad enough to bear a heavier burden.

As for Captain Winstanley, he was not so ready of speech as usual. It is to be feared that he was impressed, more than a person of his experience should have been, by the handsomely dressed girl, with the flashing brown eyes, who had virtually taken the conduct of the party into her own hands; and who, being in her element, showed herself to the best advantage.

The accidental meeting with some of those who were to be her nearest neighbours for the next few weeks had delighted her. It was one of those things, as she observed to her companions, that only happened to fortunate people. And Veronica, at this period of her career, had no doubt that she belonged to this category. Her good-nature and overflowing spirit of fun and happiness during that day were delightful to witness.

At Castle Etrick, in the meantime, the colonel's telegram had produced some surprise.

Lady Flora and her husband with General Mackenzie of Deep Deane, who had ridden over to see Mr. Winstanley on a little matter of business, were breakfasting together when it was handed in. They had just been talking of the colonel, to whose arrival in the neighborhood his old friend and comrade General Mackenzie was looking forward with great pleasure, and Lady Flora, who was a little puzzled by the telegram, handed it to him to read. The general took in his ideas as those who wish to live long should take their food—slowly and deliberately. He adjusted his spectacles, held the little piece of pink paper at the proper distance from his eyes, read the message to himself without any change of countenance, read it aloud slowly, put the paper down, and just as Lady Flora was going to ask him what he thought of it, broke suddenly into one of his tremendous peals of laughter.

It was no light thing, this laughter of the old general's as Lady Flora knew; and tapping her foot on the floor to repress her impatience, she waited till it had subsided.

"Pardon me, Lady Flora," he said "but"—wiping his eyes—"now, really you know it's irresistible. Lyndon, of all people in the world!—and Smith!—sly old fox!—his doing, you may depend—introduced them—asked him to help her on her way. Help her! Why, Veronica could take all of us in hand to-morrow—think nothing of it. She'd manage a province—an army."

"Are you speaking of the visitor you expect to-day?" asked Lady Flora coldly.

"Yes—yes; she's the Miss Browne of the telegram. Don't you see! I call her Veronica. Her father, poor lad! was in the same regiment with me once. Well I must be off. We expected her by an early afternoon train. We shall have to make different arrangements."

"So shall I," said Lady Flora; and then, feeling that she had been a little abrupt with her old neighbor, she said courteously that she would make a point of calling on Miss Brown's son, and that she hoped she would enjoy her visit to the North.

A curious old man, and as shrewd as he was slow, was General Mackenzie, of Deep Deane. When, jogging along quietly on his strong chestnut mare, he reached the bend of the avenue, he pulled up, and gave way to another of his gusty fits of laughter—laughed until his eyes were red and his cheeks purple.

"Ha, ha! my lady!" he muttered delightfully. "Caught out, are you? Janet Mackenzie is good enough for you in the North, but not in the South. Janet Mackenzie's friends are a different matter."

And thereupon he touched up his mare with the whip, and she started off at a gallop, taking him for a clear two miles across the moor at a single stretch. After which, having given sufficient vent to his youthful exuberance, he drew up, and trotted on steadily to his pretty old home in the Deep Deane Valley.

The evening of that day arrived in due time. The general took his village cart to the station, and Mr. Winstanley his wagonette. As for Lady Flora, who had been unusually depressed all day, she dressed herself in a black velvet gown, trimmed with lace, and put on a becoming little matronly cap, and sat out on the terrace in the soft evening light to watch for the return of her guests.

Nothing could have been more bewitchingly beautiful than the prospect from the terrace: no position, we should have said, at first sight, could have been pleasanter than Lady Flora's and yet, as she sat watching, she sighed. She was thinking of her son, her young soldier, whose handsome face and delightful frank boyishness of manner won all hearts—thinking, and regretting that she had let him leave her. Her husband had thought it well that he should go on foreign service; Colonel Lyndon had advised her strongly not to press for an exchange; every one of their military friends had given the same advice, and she had yielded. She had let him go. If she had only been more forthcoming with events, she would have insisted on having her own way. The Mackenzies, if they had been really friendly, would have told her of their expected guest.

Lady Flora was sitting alone as we have

said, upon the terrace, but a faint pink blush tinged her cheek. It is curious how even our small social sins find us out. The Mackenzies' youngest daughter, Janet, had been in London that season. She was a pretty, lively, and amiable girl, but she was poor; she was staying also with people who did not move in quite the same circle as Lady Flora. For Percy's sake—Percy, who was so romantic—Lady Flora was careful to see as little of Janet Mackenzie as possible. She felt now that she had been mistaken. Poor Lady Flora! She meant well, and she was angry with herself when she made a mistake; but only those who have tried know what it is to steer one's bark safely through rocks and shoals of a London season.

It was very still up here above the moors, and long before the carriage was in sight Lady Flora heard the rolling of the wheels. Then the ring of voices came towards her on the air. That was Milly's laugh. How gay and pleasant it sounded! She was listening with a smile, when a sound for which she was wholly unprepared fell upon her ear. Percy's voice! But it was impossible! He would be leagues away from England by this.

She stood leaning over the parapet of the terrace, with her hand pressed to her heart to still its beating. If she had believed in phantom voices—but she did not; and if she did, what would it—what could it mean? It came again—subdued this time, and mysterious, as if they were travelling away from her. Feeling almost sick with expectation and surprise, she looked out. The carriage came in sight at last. She saw it winding slowly up the long avenue. Yes: there was one figure more than she was expecting to see—a figure that, even in this dim light, she could not mistake.

"Percy!" she cried out—"Percy!"

At the sound of her voice the young soldier sprang from the carriage, scaled the side of the hill round which it was winding, raced up the steps that led to the terrace,

and, before his mother had fully realized what had happened, caught her in his arms, and kissed her pale face again and again.

"Why, Percy," she cried out breathlessly, "is it you, or is it?"

"Not a wraith, mother, I can assure you. Come into the drawing-room and have a good look at me, and I'll tell you all about it. I haven't really startled you too much, have I?" he said anxiously, for there was a curiously bewildered look on her face. "I should have telegraphed or written, but I couldn't resist the temptation of dropping down on you like this."

He told her rapidly about the accident to the Samaritan and his consequent leave, and by the time he had come to the end of his story Lady Flora was herself again.

"So that I have you home, she said, home safely, what does anything matter? You know it was never my wish that you should go."

"But I must go sooner or later, mother."

"Well, we shall see about that. We need not begin to talk of it yet, and there is the carriage drawing up. Come down with me to the hall."

As, leaning on her son's arm, Lady Flora went down the old oak staircase which led to the inner hall, she looked so comely and young that Colonel Lyndon could have imagined that time had stood still since, long ago this beautiful woman had captivated his boyish fancy.

She went forward to meet him with outstretched hands and beaming eyes. "A thousand, thousand welcomes, Colonel Lyndon," she said, "and a thousand thanks. I asked you to bring me my daughter, and you have brought me my daughter and my son."

There was a pleasant smile on the old soldier's face as he took his hostess's hand. "It gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to have obliged you," he said gallantly; "but as for this son of yours, I can take no credit to myself: he acted on his own responsibility entirely."

Milly, who came rushing in at this moment, heard what the colonel said, and called out to her mother not to believe him. "He brought Percy to the station himself," she said. "I was so surprised, mother, and we had the most delightful journey. Veronica Browne says—"

"Veronica Browne?" echoed Percy.

"She told me to call her Veronica; and she is the kindest and pleasantest girl I ever met," cried Milly. "Ask Letty."

"Where is Letty, by the-by?" asked

Lady Flora. "I suppose she has slipped away to the schoolroom. Just like her. Run up and bring her down, Milly. Bring her to the drawing-room. We will have a cup of tea there now, and supper in half an hour."

She led the way to the drawing-room, followed by Colonel Lyndon, Percy, and her husband.

This room, which had a sort of notoriety in the neighbourhood, deserves a few words of description. It had been lately re-furnished and decorated at immense cost, under Lady Flora's personal supervision, and was full of beautiful things. But that which made it really most lovely was the prospect that could be seen from its windows. These were four in number. Two of them commanded the terrace from which Lady Flora had been watching for her visitors, and faced to the sun-setting. The others were north and south. They let in, at this season, a marvellous, indescribable glory of color and light. Sweeping stretches of purple moor; lochs, large and small, a great multitude, now blue as the noontide sky, and now flashing bright as if paved with living fire; on this side the silvery bosom of a broad sea-loch, so encircled with heather-clad hills that it looked like a lake: on the other the sweep of a river whose serpentine windings, seen far across the plain, seemed to end only with the distant range of mountains—this, and much more than this, was to be seen from the windows of the Castle Etrick drawing-room.

On this July night the two windows that looked out to the terrace were open, and the solemn twilight, which lingered at this season all night upon the hills with the sweet, wholesome breath of the moorland, came into the lighted room.

"Better than London, isn't it?" said Mr. Winstanley to Colonel Lyndon, as they stood together near one of the windows, while Lady Flora, at the other, was continuing her interrupted conversation with her son.

"Better! I should think so," answered the colonel; "but there is no comparing the two. I wonder, as I look out, that I could have spent so many weeks of the summer there."

"Fashion is a queer thing—quite unaccountable," said Mr. Winstanley.

"Colonel Lyndon," called out Lady Flora from her window, "I wish you would come here and tell me something about your journey. Percy can tell me nothing; not

ought to be hungry after so long a journey."

"But it's a little exciting," said Letty, in a low voice. "All the others—Lady Flora, and Milly, and Percy, and Mr. Winstanley—were busy talking, and it was a relief to be able to pour out her feelings to some one. I have been thinking of them so much all day"—she went on, a little breathlessly—"Lady Flora, I mean, and her son. It must be so delightful for them to meet like this; and then, this is such a lovely place. Doesn't it look strange and solemn in this light?"

"You have been here before?"

"Yes—once—in my holidays. They were the best holidays I ever spent. Milly was quite a little girl then—the sweetest little creature in the world. And Lady Flora said that if I made as much progress as she hoped, I should be her governess some day. And ever since then I have counted the months and the years, and now the time has come, I can scarcely believe that it is true."

"You love them all, then?" said the colonel.

"Love them? Ah! if I could only tell you. But no one knows how good they have been to me," answered Letty, with a catching back of the breath. "I am only afraid sometimes—that I am too young and inexperienced—that it would be better for Milly to have some one older. However," brightening up, "one can only do one's best."

"And your best will be very good indeed, I am convinced of that," said the colonel, who felt curiously touched by these little girlish confidences.

But Lady Flora was calling out that they had spent time enough over the tea-table, and every one was sent off to dress, and when they met again—this time in the inner hall, on whose wide hearth a pine-log was burning—good spirits and lively general talk were the order of the day.

Before the little party broke up it was agreed that a visit should be paid to the Mackenzies and their guest on the following morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mean Man.

"Now, gentlemen," said the man with the checked suit on, as he briskly entered the waiting room, where more than twenty of us were sitting. "I have no time for foolishness. Life is short, and the man who expects to get there must hustle. I don't



"WHY, PERCY," SHE CRIED OUT BREATHLESSLY, "IS IT YOU?"

and, before his mother had fully realized what had happened, caught her in his arms, and kissed her pale face again and again.

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even if the rich Miss Browne is as handsome as people say.

"Miss Browne is certainly handsome," said the colonel, with decision. "Do you mean to say that Percy—"

"I could not describe her to my mother's satisfaction," said Percy. "I was never a good hand at descriptions. But here are Milly and Miss Morrison. You had better ask them."

Letty, who had thrown off her travelling hat and jacket, and brushed her pretty brown hair, looked, to the colonel's, more charming than ever, as timidly, and with a bright pink colour on her cheeks, she followed her pupil into the drawing-room. His impulse was to go to meet her, and lead her to the group round the window; but, thinking that to take any particular notice of her might embarrass her the more, he remained where he was. Lady Flora, who was exceedingly kind at heart, and to whom Letty Morrison was something more than an ordinary governess, soon set her at her ease.

"Come in, you foolish child," she said, taking her hands and giving her a kiss.

"Did you think I would forget you because my boy had come home?—hiding away upstairs as soon as you came."

"I told her she was silly," said Mildred.

"Letty must get over her shyness now," said Lady Flora, with a smile. "She has a very important position in this house, hasn't she, Milly?"

"I know I had rather she filled it than I," said Percy. "I ought to tell you, Miss Morrison—"

"Don't listen to him, Letty dear," cried the child.

"I've often tried to keep her in order," persisted Percy.

"Don't listen to him; he tried the wrong way. So did every one else, until my Letty came," said Milly. "Give her some tea, Percy, and don't talk so much."

But Colonel Lyndon, who had, in the meantime, found a comfortable chair for Letty near the window, was already at her elbow with a cup.

"Oh! thank you; thank you a thousand times," she said, looking up at him. "But why should I be helped first?"

"Because the rest of us can look after ourselves," he answered. "What else will you take—a biscuit? You must be hungry."

"I am not in the least hungry," answered Letty.

"That is because you are excited. You

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"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well."

"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Cure,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

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A Railroad on Tree Tops.

It may not be known outside of the neighborhood in which it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County, Cal., there exists an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of the county named, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed, in tree tops. Between the Clipper mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-

An Episcopal scribe's German Syrup. I can recommend it without

hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned two huge red wood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. These giants have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek. This natural tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for safety and security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.

Everybody looked at the opposite wall, and everybody wished he had that chap out in the woods for about three minutes.

"Oh, well," he continued, "if you are all built that way of course I can't expect to make any sales here. I thought there might be one or two of you with some straight jewelry, but as there isn't, and as I don't want to squeeze you too closely, I'll pass on."

It was a great relief to everybody when he walked out, and the next five minutes were spent in sly glances at each other. By and by I got up and walked out, stared at by all the others. I found the agent outside on a box laughing until he could hardly sit up.

"What kind of a guy is that?" I asked. "Best in the world. That's simply a little cold coffee in the bottle, but it never fails to work. Tried it from Maine to California and it always scares a crowd to death. Lands! but the whole convention of you turned whiter than snow—ha! ha! ha!"

And the man—the infernal wretch of a man—the hyena in human form—went off into such a fit of laughter that he fell off the box and rolled against a crate of cucumbers on their way to an early market.

106 Agnes Street, Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs' Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." Wm. H. MCCONNELL

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