

# THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

## OR THE STEWARD'S SON

### CHAPTER V.

When Norah woke the next morning, and, raising herself on her elbow, looked round the luxurious room, she felt bewildered and confused; it was all so different to the small and plain, though neatly furnished, little room at Cliff Cottage. Then it flashed upon her that she was in Santleigh Court, and that she was Lady Norah Arrowdale.

Instantly another remembrance sprang into her mind—the mysterious voice she had heard on the terrace. She got out of bed and peeped through an opening of the window curtains, certainly not expecting to see the owner of the voice, nor to revive her memory of the incident every phase of which was strangely impressed on her mind.

Norah was not a sentimental young lady, by any means, but she was not without a natural sympathy for romance, and the mystery of the unseen, unknown visitor who had been, all unconsciously, so close to her, affected her more than she would have liked to admit.

A knock at the door caused her to hurry into her dressing gown. It was Harman, who had come to help her dress.

"Good-morning, my lady," she said in her subdued manner; "I hope your ladyship slept well."

"Oh, yes," replied Norah; "I always sleep well."

"Yes, my lady; will you have hot water?"

"Oh, cold, please," said Norah promptly.

"The bath is ready, my lady. I will come when your ladyship rings," and she went into the next room, where Norah heard her at the wardrobe.

It seemed strange to be so waited upon, hand and foot, and Norah thought with a smile what a helpless creature a fine lady must become in course of time.

When she rang Harman appeared with a couple of morning dresses on her arm.

"Which will you have, my lady?" she asked, as if the question were of the deepest importance.

"Oh, I don't care," said Norah; "you shall choose for me."

Harman considered the matter with evident conscientiousness, and at last selected one of white pique, with small black leaves.

"If your ladyship were not in deep mourning a lavender sash would be a great improvement," she suggested.

Norah nodded, and took up the hair brushes forgetfully, but was reminded of her "fine lady" condition by Harman gently and respectfully taking them out of her hand.

"I can brush it so much better, my lady," she murmured.

"Yes, that I am sure you can," assented Norah, sinking into the comfortable chair and resigning herself. "I'm afraid I confuse you terribly, but I am accustomed to doing everything for myself; but I shall get used to it, I dare say."

"Oh, yes, my lady."

Norah was silent for a minute or two, marveling at the ease and skill with which the maid brushed the long thick hair without inflicting the least pain or inconvenience. Then, still thinking of her last night's adventure, she said:

"Who sleeps in this part of the house?"

"No one usually but your ladyship. Mr. Petherick slept in this wing last night, and my room is next your suite."

"There was no one, no gentleman, I mean, sleeping in the house excepting my father—she hesitated a little at the novel word—"and Mr. Petherick?"

"No, my lady," replied Harman, with a faint expression of surprise in her face, which Norah saw in the glass. "We have very few visitors. Mr. Guildford Berton used to come and stay, but he has got a cottage in the village, just outside the gates."

"Is Guildford his only Christian name?" asked Norah.

"Yes, my lady, I think so. I never heard of his having any other."

Then it would seem that the two men were absolute strangers! It was strange and mysterious! Harman wound the beautiful plaits of hair in a thick coil at the back of the shapely head, and finished dressing her mistress, and Norah got up and walked to the window. Harman was there before she could reach it, and opened it for her, and Norah stepped out onto the terrace. She was looking down, recalling the singular incident of the preceding night, when a bell clanged out so sonorously and suddenly that it startled her.

"The breakfast bell, my lady," explained Harman, and she opened the dressing-room door, and stood holding it just, as Norah thought, as if for a princess to pass out.

The sun pouring through the painted window flooded the great hall with splashes of many-colored light, and Norah looked round with an admiration approaching awe.

A footman stood at an open door,

and guessing it to be the breakfast-room, she entered.

The earl, in a suit of gray tweed, loose but perfectly fitting, rose from his chair, and, approaching her, took her hand and kissed her forehead as he had done the night before, and led her to her seat at the head of the table.

"I trust you slept well?" he said, his eyes glancing over her quickly. "Are you looking for Mr. Petherick? He departed by an early train to return to his business, and left his compliments. He is an excellent man."

"He was very kind," said Norah.

"Yes," Norah, feeling terribly shy, but struggling hard to conceal any signs of it, poured out a cup of coffee and passed it to him, for there was no footman.

"I dispense with servants in waiting at breakfast," said the earl, "but if you wish it the butler shall be in attendance."

"Oh, no," she said promptly. "I have been used—"

"I hope they have served something that you will like," he said, indicating the silver covered dishes with a wave of his white hand. "The cook will learn your tastes very quickly. Thank you, no," for Norah had offered to help him to some mysterious dish. "I only take toast for breakfast."

A footman entered with the post bag, and laid it on the table. "Permit me," said the earl as courteously as if he were addressing an ordinary visitor, and he opened and read his letters with leisurely grace.

Norah was hungry after her sound night's rest and cold bath, and ate a good breakfast, looking round the handsomely-furnished room as she did so, and occasionally allowing her glance to rest upon the aristocratic face opposite her as it bent serenely over the letters and papers.

Presently, having finished with them, the earl laid them methodically in a pile, and looked across at her.

"I fear you will find it dull here at the court, Norah. I regret that I cannot go up to the house in town, but London does not agree with me, and I rarely remain there longer than a few days."

"I shall not be dull here," she said; "it is all so new and strange to me, and I do not wish to go to London."

"Of course you will have to go to be presented, but perhaps Lady Fendale will be kind enough to chaperon you. Do you play?"

"Yes. I have worked very hard at my music."

"There is a piano in the drawing-room—a grand of Erard's—and one in your own room. I trust everything was to your taste in your apartments," he added.

"Yes, indeed; everything is so beautiful. I was admiring the pretty furniture and things before I went to sleep last night."

"I hope that if there should be anything you desire you will at once express your wish; it shall be gratified. I will see that you have a suitable horse, and that some one be found to teach you to ride. I fear that I shall be but a poor companion for you, and that you will feel lonely at times."

"I am used to being alone a great deal. I have often spent days and days without speaking to any one excepting Catherine."

"Catherine? Ah, yes, pardon me, I had forgotten. Catherine Hays, your maid."

"And I am sure I shall be quite happy wandering about this beautiful place when it is fine, and on wet days there will be books and music."

"I am obliged to you for taking so cheerful a view of the prospect," he said. "I regret that the state of my health will not often permit me to accompany you, and I have also a heavy correspondence, as you see," and he waved his hand to the letters.

"Although I have long since ceased to take an active part in politics, my former colleagues pay me the frequent compliment of consulting me."

"Perhaps I could help you," said Norah, with a mixture of timidity and eagerness. "I—I write a plain hand for a woman, and I used to write all mama's letters—"

She stopped, warned by the sudden frown which darkened the earl's face that she had trodden on forbidden ground.

"Thank you very much," he said, dryly; and with icy courtesy, "but I could not dream of troubling you."

"It would be no trouble, but a pleasure," said Norah.

"Perhaps you would like to drive this morning?" he said. "The weather is particularly fine. If so, pray order the carriage. The groom of the stables will be in attendance to receive your commands whenever you send for him. And now I will ask you to excuse me," and he rose and left the room.

Norah sat for a few minutes thinking over all that he had said, with an aching pain at her heart.

It was evident that if her father,

the earl, did not actually dislike her, he did not entertain the slightest affection for her, and that he intended to keep her at arm's length.

It had been lonely at Cliff Cottage since her mother died, but she had some one to love there in the faithful and devoted Catherine; but here at Santleigh Court there was no one who cared for her, and she felt at that moment that she would exchange all the wealth and grandeur which had so strangely become hers for any condition, however lowly, in which there should be some one to love and love her in return.

She went to the window and looked out, and for a moment she thought that she would go for a drive, as the earl had suggested, but she shrank from the elaborate business of summoning the groom of the stables, and decided to go for a walk instead.

As she was passing through the hall on the way to her room to get her hat, a footman informed her that his lordship would be greatly obliged if she would go to him in the library, and opened the door for her.

The earl was seated at his writing table, and rose as she entered, and stood expectantly.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Norah," he said, "but I forgot to mention a matter at breakfast. You will need—money."

"Oh, but I have some," said Norah quickly.

"A small sum, no doubt," he said, "but scarcely sufficient for your purposes. I have opened an account for you at the bank at Ilchester, the town three miles distant, and here is your check book."

"I don't know what to do with it; I never had a check book before, papa."

"Permit me to show you. You have but to fill in the amount in writing here and the figures here, and the date at the top, and sign your name, and the bank—or, indeed, any one else—will pay you the sum stated on the check. That is, if you do not draw more than a couple of hundred pounds, which is the sum I shall pay in to your account at midsummer and Christmas."

"Two hundred pounds—four hundred pounds a year. Why, I shall not know what to do with so much money."

"Doubtless you will find it go quickly enough. Dresses and—female apparel generally—are expensive, I believe. I place this money at your absolute disposal, and you will understand, of course, that as I am ignorant of all such matters, you will procure your own wardrobe. If the sum is not sufficient, pray let me know, and I will increase it."

He had managed to destroy all the pleasure Norah had felt in the gift, and her smile vanished as he bowed her out, for she understood that he intended to imply that he had disclaimed all concern or interest in her clothes.

With the check book in her hand Norah went up to her own room, where Harman was stitching fresh lace on Norah's best dress."

"I came for my hat," said Norah, looking round for it.

"Yes, my lady," said Harman, and she fetched it, together with her gloves. She seemed to have taken complete charge of Norah's wardrobe, and almost, as it seemed to Norah, of herself included, and she had expected to hear her say,

"Don't get your feet wet, my lady, and don't forget to keep the sun off your face."

It was almost with a sigh of relief that she found herself out in the garden, and she made her way across the lawn toward the park, looking about her as she went, and stopping to look back at the house, which appeared larger than ever in the bright morning light.

It was deliciously cool and shady under the great oaks, and with all a young girl's delight in the beauty of a summer morning, she wandered on, speaking to and patting the big dog, who still kept close beside her, as if he had undertaken to guard and protect her.

After a time the park grew more dense and more wild, and the ground broken into little hills and dales, and Norah climbed one of these, and, seating herself at the foot of a tree, took off her hat, and called the dog to lie down at her feet.

He coiled himself up obediently, and laid his head in her lap, when suddenly he sprang up and uttered a low growl.

At the same moment Norah heard the dull thud of a horse's hoofs upon the soft turf in the little glade below her.

She looked down, telling the dog to be quiet, and saw, not a horseman, as she expected, but a young man seated before an easel. He was almost immediately below her, and she could see him without being seen herself. He was evidently unconscious of her nearness, for he was painting with rapt absorption. It was also evident that it was not at him Casper had barked, for he glanced at him with perfect equanimity, and then kept his eyes fixed watchfully in the direction from whence the sound of the horse had proceeded.

Norah had just time to observe that the artist was young and handsome, and was wondering who he was, when Guildford Berton, mounted on a powerful black horse, came riding into the glade, and Casper rose erect, with a low, deep growl.

It was obvious that Mr. Guildford Berton was not a favorite of Casper's, but Norah succeeded in quieting him, and was going back down the hill again, feeling no desire to meet the newcomer, when she heard him speak, and instinctively stopped.

"Good-morning," he said, in a tone of cold displeasure.

The young man at the easel looked up.

"Good-morning," he responded.

Norah's heart leaped and her face crimsoned.

It was the voice she had heard on the terrace last night. With her hand upon Casper's collar to keep him quiet, she stood and waited to hear the voice again.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are trespassing?" demanded Guildford Berton, and with so overbearing and unpleasant a manner that, as Norah saw, the young painter looked up with surprise. She saw his handsome face flush, as if with resentment, at the other man's tone; but his voice was perfectly calm and self-possessed as he replied:

"No, I was not aware of it. I understood that this was the public wood."

"Nothing of the kind, sir. The public wood ends down at the gate there. This is private property."

"Then I have to apologize, which I do at once and sincerely," said Cyril Burne. "It is a mistake that only a stranger could make, and I am a stranger. All the same," and he laughed, "I am sorry you did not come up to warn me half-an-hour later, for I should have finished my sketch."

He spoke with perfect good humor, and a graceful ease which charmed Norah, but it seemed in some way to incense Guildford Berton.

"Having informed you that you are trespassing, I shall be obliged if you will retire, sir," he said.

Cyril Burne looked at him with mingled surprise at his discourtesy, and amusement at his peremptoriness.

"Certainly," he said; then, as he slowly wiped his brush, quietly he said, "To whom does this property upon which I am trespassing belong, may I ask?"

"To the Earl of Arrowdale," he replied, curtly.

Cyril Burne glanced at him.

"Am I addressing the Earl of Arrowdale?" he asked.

"No, sir!" replied Guildford Berton.

"His lordship's son, perhaps? Or nephew?"

"Neither, sir." And Guildford Berton's face darkened.

Chained to the spot by her interest, Norah looked down at them, with a sudden dawning of fear, for for with all self-possession there was something about the young artist that indicated a high spirit little used to brook the kind of treatment Guildford Berton was dealing out to him.

"No relation?" said Cyril. "An intimate friend?"

"I am a friend of the earl's, sir, if you insist upon an answer."

"Oh, I don't insist," said Cyril Burne; "but I was curious to know who it was, if you were not the earl himself, that he had authorized to treat the 'stranger within his gates' with discourtesy. Lord Arrowdale is not fortunate in his choice of friends."

The thrust was delivered so calmly, with such perfect ease, that for the moment Guildford Berton seemed too overwhelmed to resent it; then, either he must have touched his horse with his spur, or the animal had grown impatient, for he sprang forward, and was almost upon Cyril's back.

Cyril turned aside with the swiftness of a practiced athlete, and, seizing the bridle, looked up at Guildford Berton's dark face.

"Take care, sir," he said.

"Take your hand from my bridle!" exclaimed Guildford Berton in a low voice, and he bent forward with his whip raised.

Without doubt it would have fallen on Cyril Burne's head or shoulders, but at that moment Casper, with a loud growl, broke loose from Norah's hand, and sprang at one bound toward the two men.

The horse rose on his haunches so suddenly that Guildford Berton was thrown, and Norah, with a cry of alarm, ran down the hill.

Guildford Berton sprang to his feet, clutching his whip, then stopped suddenly, and both men stood as if turned to stone and stared at her.

(To be Continued.)

### HUMAN HAIR MARKET.

The human hair industry is a very active one in France, the departments most frequently visited by the hair merchants being those of Correze, Creuse, Allier, Cher, Dordogne, and Haute Vienne. The average price given for a full, long head of hair is from \$2 to \$6.25 for the very best quality and color. The girls of the districts mentioned above, which are exceedingly poor, stipulate that their hair shall not be cut short in front, and conceal the shorn appearance at the back by a draped colored handkerchief. The best shades of light and blonde hair are obtained from Germany and Switzerland, and for these high prices are given.

### WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

The post of official shorthand writer in the Roumanian Parliament has for the first time been won by a woman. It was a competitive appointment, and the lady applicant beat all her male rivals. Since the new Government took up the reins women have made great strides in Roumania in the matter of competing with men. A short time ago the Finance Minister had no fewer than fifteen women employed as secretaries in the central offices. There is a great outcry against the Minister's manifest partiality for women clerks in his department.

### ELEPHANTS LUMBERING.

Remarkable Intelligence Shown by These Animals.

"The elephants round us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawn. They were harnessed for this with a broad breastband and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawn planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled."

"A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant, and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint, with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second, with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over, and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were none he would take his ease in the sun, and wait. Or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another; and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up, any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on casters."

"More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk around it, place it on the top of the pile, and then calculate its position, and push and pull until it was square in its place. The oddest, because the most reasonable thing, was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretch out one hind leg to give himself balance, and purchase. That seemed to bring him, somehow, very near to us; he was not only doing our work, but he was doing it in our way."

"Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds."

"That means it's eleven o'clock," said the foreman. "Dinner hour. Not for King Edward himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now till three. It's their off time. At three they begin again, and work till dusk, and they start about six in the morning, but they don't understand overtime."—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

### LIVE ON COCOA-NUTS.

Fruitarian Empire Founded by a German.

An International Fruitarian Empire has just been founded in German New Guinea by Professor August Engelhardt, a distinguished Teutonic authority on dietetics and London is being diligently searched for recruits, says the London Express. The professor is firmly convinced that the cocoa-nut is the natural food of man, and declares that it produces elasticity of body and mind and purity of thought, and cures all diseases.

Converts who are admitted into the "Order of the Sun," which is the professor's name for his new colony, are required to live on cocoa-nuts. In the beginning the cocoa-nut is eaten grated, with bananas and papayas, later it is chewed, and finally the colonists must live exclusively on cocoa-nuts.

The island of Kabaron—which he has purchased—belonging to the New Lauchburg group in the Bismarck archipelago has been selected by the professor for his experiment.

As yet the members of the "Order of the Sun" are all Germans. Herr Max Laxetow, the violinist and conductor, being one of them, but the founder is making efforts to secure English colonists, who will have to present high references before initiation.

### IRISH LEAVING HOME.

Emigration Figures Show Trend of Depopulation.

The emigration statistics for Ireland for the year 1905, issued recently, furnish melancholy reading, in that they show how Ireland continues to lose some of the best of her population. Last year 36,902 natives of Ireland, a number equivalent to 8.3 per thousand of the population, left their homes, the vast majority to go to the United States or Canada.

The total of 36,902 is a slight falling off as compared with several recent years, and is indeed the smallest aggregate since 1898. But unfortunately the outward flow has continued, for since 1850 no fewer than 3,997,913 of the Irish people have left their name land. A large proportion of these are among the poorer of the race, for it is almost an axiom in Irish history that the energetic and enterprising go, while the more helpless remain.

How the provinces have lost may be briefly stated:

Munster .....	1,406,452
Connaught .....	659,741
Ulster .....	1,121,871
Leinster .....	699,110
Unclassified .....	110,789
	3,997,913

This total is equivalent to 74.7 per cent. of the average population.

### GLOOM AVOIDED.

"Comparatively few of the Russians learn to read." "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "they are probably more cheerful for not being acquainted with the works of some of the Russian novelists."