

# THE HEIR OF SANDLEIGH

## OR THE STEWARD'S SON

### CHAPTER VII.

Cyril Burne stood looking after Norah and the earl for some moments, then he went back to his easel. But he could not work. The beauty of the scene which he had so revelled in a short time ago had mysteriously fled; the sun was still shining, the trees still in their summer beauty, but the joyous light had somehow disappeared at the moment Norah had passed from sight.

He sat and gazed absently at the sketch, but he saw not it, but the lovely face, with its expressive eyes and the wealth of golden-brown hair. He had been smitten by her beauty on the preceding afternoon, but now that he had talked with her, basked in her smile, watched the thousand expressions that flashed in the lovely eyes and seemed to dance on the sweet lips, his admiration had grown into—what? That aching in the heart, a craving to see more of her, to hear her, to be near her, which we call love.

His face grew pale in the intensity of his thoughts, and unconsciously he murmured:

"Lord Arrowdale's daughter, and I—am a poor painter! And it was she whom I heard last night! I knew it! Lord Arrowdale's daughter! Will he be angry with her for staying to talk with me? For letting me paint her? Perhaps he will tell her that she sinned against the fetishes, Conventionality and Propriety—will forbid her to recognize me when she sees me again. And I must see her! I must! I must! Norah! I never thought the name so beautiful before! Oh, Jack, Jack, you didn't call me a fool last night, but I deserved that you should! Norah!"

He murmured the name as if it were the sweetest music in his ears; then he looked at her figure in the sketch and, as if it cost him a tremendous effort, he gently and softly drew the wet brush over it and effaced it.

"I stole that," he murmured. "It was not fair. It was sacrilege! But some day—"

He broke off suddenly, becoming conscious that he was not alone. At the right of him among the trees flickered a patch of pink. It was a woman's dress. He looked at it with some surprise, and saw a tall, slim girl, with black hair and dark, melting eyes, which were fixed on something in the distance. She had not seen him, and he had sat too motionless and quiet for her to have heard him. He wondered vaguely what she was looking at until he saw a waiting, impatient look.

A lover has no eyes for any other woman than the mistress of his heart, but Cyril Burne was an artist and he noticed that the girl was more than pretty, and he watched her as she stood tapping her small foot on the ground and plucking at the cheap but neat lace on her dress—watched her absent-mindedly.

Suddenly she turned her head, as one instinctively does when one is watched, her dark face flushed and she made a movement as if to conceal herself behind the trees, but as Cyril mechanically raised his hat she stepped forward and stood looking at him half-shyly, half-defiantly.

"It is very warm," said Cyril, for the sake of saying something, wondering whether she was a servant, and inclined to decide that she was a farmer's daughter.

Becca inclined her head.

"Yes," she said. "What are you doing?" and her dark eyes wandered curiously to the picture.

"Painting," he replied, checking a smile.

She came up to him and looked at the sketch, and the thought crossed Cyril's mind that he had quite a grand private view that day.

"It's very pretty," she said; then, as she looked at him again she made a half curtsey and said, her face crimson: "I—I beg your pardon, sir. I—I didn't know you were a gentleman."

"Didn't you? Well, that's a mistake other people often make. And, after all, perhaps I'm not. But we won't argue the question; you have done nothing that requires my pardon. Are you waiting for some one?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "I was looking at the deer."

He nodded. He was sure that he had not seen her before, and yet somehow her voice seemed familiar to him. Suddenly there flashed upon him the recollection of the fragment of conversation he had heard by the horse pond last night, and he looked at her with more interest.

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

"In the village, sir."

"Well—I suppose I mustn't ask you your name?" he said, with the frank smile in his eyes and about his lips that was so characteristic and irresistible.

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm Becca South."

"Becca? That's short for Rebecca, I suppose? Well, it's a pretty name, and—you're a pretty girl!" he was going to add, thoughtlessly, but it struck him at the moment that it was scarcely a wise thing to add

to the vanity already existing behind the pretty face—"and now I must be going," he said instead, and he began to pack up his things. In doing so he dropped his box of colors, and Becca quite naturally went down on one knee to help in their recovery.

"You are very kind and I am very clumsy," he was saying, with a laugh, when, as if from the ground, Guildford Berton and his black horse stood before them.

Becca uttered a cry and let drop the box, and Cyril, looking up, fancied he saw, if not fear, a look of recognition in her face, which had grown suddenly peony-colored; but Mr. Guildford Berton glanced at her in a cursory sort of way.

"Ah, Becca," he said carelessly. She stood for a minute, her eyes fixed upon the ground; then putting the box on the edge of the easel, turned and disappeared among the trees.

Cyril expected Guildford Berton either to ride on or to commence a verbal, perhaps a physical, attack upon him in continuation of that of the morning, but calmly went on arranging his painting tools.

But, to his surprise, Guildford Berton dismounted, and coming up to him, said:

"Mr. Burne—for I have learned in the village that that is your name—I have come to offer you an apology for my—discourtesy this morning. I was engaged in deep thought when I came upon you suddenly, and, being quite unprepared for your presence, I—I candidly admit—lost my temper. I beg to tender you an apology."

"I accept it, Mr. Berton," he said. "I fancy we both lost our tempers; didn't we? At any rate, I am sure I did. But, you see, I disliked being disturbed at my work as much as you did at your thinking. And, after all, it was I who was in the wrong, thought I am glad to find that I was not quite such a criminal as—as well as I supposed," he said, good-naturedly, for he was going to say, "as you tried to make me out."

"I hear that you are staying at the rooms at The Chequers?"

"Yes," said Cyril, "and very jolly little rooms they are."

"Yes, I am living in a small cottage in the lane close by; any one will show it to you. Perhaps if you are not more profitably or pleasantly engaged you will come in and smoke a cigar with me this evening?"

He gave the invitation almost in the same tone as that in which he had offered his apology, and Cyril would have liked to have declined, but, thinking it would seem ungracious, he accepted at once.

"I shall be very pleased," he replied.

"Very well, then," said Guildford Berton.

"I am going to the Court," he said slowly, "and shall see the earl. I am sure that he will permit me to convey to you his permission to go about the estate."

"Thanks very much," said Cyril. It's very good of you. But I saw the earl this afternoon and he was kind enough to make me free of the place."

"You saw the earl? I'm very glad. Then—this evening?"

"Yes, about nine o'clock, if that's not too early," and Guildford Berton rode off slowly in the direction of the Court.

Some feeling that he could not explain caused Cyril to glance back after he had gone a few hundred yards, and he did so in time to see the pink dress flit close up beside the black horse. It was there only a moment, for Cyril saw, or fancied he saw, Guildford Berton raise his hand with a warning gesture and Becca disappeared again.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cyril worked at his sketch all the afternoon with a keener delight than he had ever before experienced; for, though he had painted out Norah's figure, the picture was so closely connected with her that her presence actually seemed to be in the room as he painted; and he paused now and again to lean back and recall the morning, which she had made so delicious a time for him. Then, when he had finished his dinner—a simple affair of chops and a tart, but which he enjoyed with the zest which youth and a good appetite alone can give—he lit a pipe and bethought himself of Mr. Guildford Berton's invitation.

If Cyril had followed his own inclination he would have avoided any further acquaintance with the gentleman who could be offensive one hour and conciliatory the next; but he had accepted and intended going, though there was something about Guildford Berton which repelled Cyril. For one thing, he did not like a man whose eyes so continually sought the ground instead of those of his fellowmen; and there was a certain turn of the lips and the chin which offended Cyril's artistic sense.

Had the face been positively ugly he would have forgiven it, but it was the expression which marred it and of which he complained to himself.

Just before nine he put on his hat and started in search of the cottage. Following Mrs. Brown's directions, he walked up the lane behind the horse pond and presently came upon a door in a high wall, behind which he could see the upper windows and chimneys of an old cottage.

As this was the only house in the lane, Cyril concluded that it must be Mr. Guildford Berton's abode, and he was as unfavorably impressed by it as he had been by its owner. One expects a country cottage to be light and cheerful; Mr. Guildford Berton resembled a small lunatic asylum, and had a morose and forbidding appearance, singularly out of place in the pretty green lane.

He tried to open the door, but it was locked apparently, and he touched a bell handle, which hung high up in the wall, above the reach of infantile hands.

The bell clanged harshly and quite in keeping with the gloomy appearance of the wall, and, after a few minutes, the door was opened by an old woman, who eyed him with an expression that puzzled him; it was not exactly one of suspicion, but rather the concentrated look of a person who lacks one of the five senses and is endeavoring to make up for its loss by more than ordinary acuteness of the remaining four.

"Is Mr. Berton at home?" asked Cyril.

The woman nodded and, opening the door wide enough for him to enter, let it go and it fell to with a sharp clang. Then, with a slight gesture, she beckoned Cyril to follow, and, leading the way up a path which was lined on each side by thick shrubs and wound so that it hid the cottage, she stopped before a door and motioned to him to enter, instead of preceding him and announcing him in the usual way.

Cyril found the door ajar, and, pushing it, entered a small hall. The place was remarkably quiet, and after waiting for a minute to see if his host would come out from some room to receive him, Cyril knocked at a door which he thought might be that of a sitting room.

No response came, and, after another spell of waiting, he walked to the front door and looked about for the woman who had let him in; but the winding path, with its thick shrubs, effectually hid everything from view, and, not liking to shout out "Mr. Berton, where are you?" he returned to the hall and gently opened the door of the room at which he had knocked.

It was a sitting room, as he had suspected, but so dimly lighted by a small petroleum lamp that at first he could scarcely distinguish anything distinctly. Then suddenly, as he grew accustomed to the light, he was startled to see Guildford Berton's figure lying back in an arm-chair. It was placed with its back to the window, and Cyril, thinking that he had fallen asleep, wondered whether he had not better return as quietly as possible and refrain from waking his host, who had apparently so completely forgotten his visitor.

But as he turned to go, with a sense of relief, something in the attitude of the figure struck him, and he noiselessly drew a little nearer.

Guildford Berton, if he were asleep, had fallen into slumber very suddenly and in a very uncomfortable position; his head lay all one side of the chair and his legs were stretched out with a peculiarly helpless expression about them.

As Cyril looked he experienced a sudden shock, for the thought flashed upon him that the man was dead! The stillness of the place hung over it like a pall, and, for the first time, he noticed a faint and peculiar odor in the room, that reminded him of the smell hanging about a chemist's shop.

He went up to the motionless figure and bent over it. The eyes were half open, the lips tightly compressed, but, whatever else was the matter, Cyril saw by the slow and labored breathing that Guildford Berton was not dead.

Considerably alarmed, he looked round for a bell, but, not seeing any sign of one, he went to the door and called to the woman, "Hi!"

No response came, the stillness was unbroken, and, hurriedly returning to the unconscious man, he shook him gently by the shoulder and called him by his name. This failing of effect, he searched the room for some water, and, seizing a carafe from a side table, poured out some of its contents into the palms of his hands and bathed Guildford Berton's forehead.

After a few minutes, which seemed years to Cyril, Berton opened his eyes and heaved a long sigh; then a gleam of returning intelligence came into his face and, making an effort to sit up, he said, staring at his visitor:

"The bottle—Put it away!"

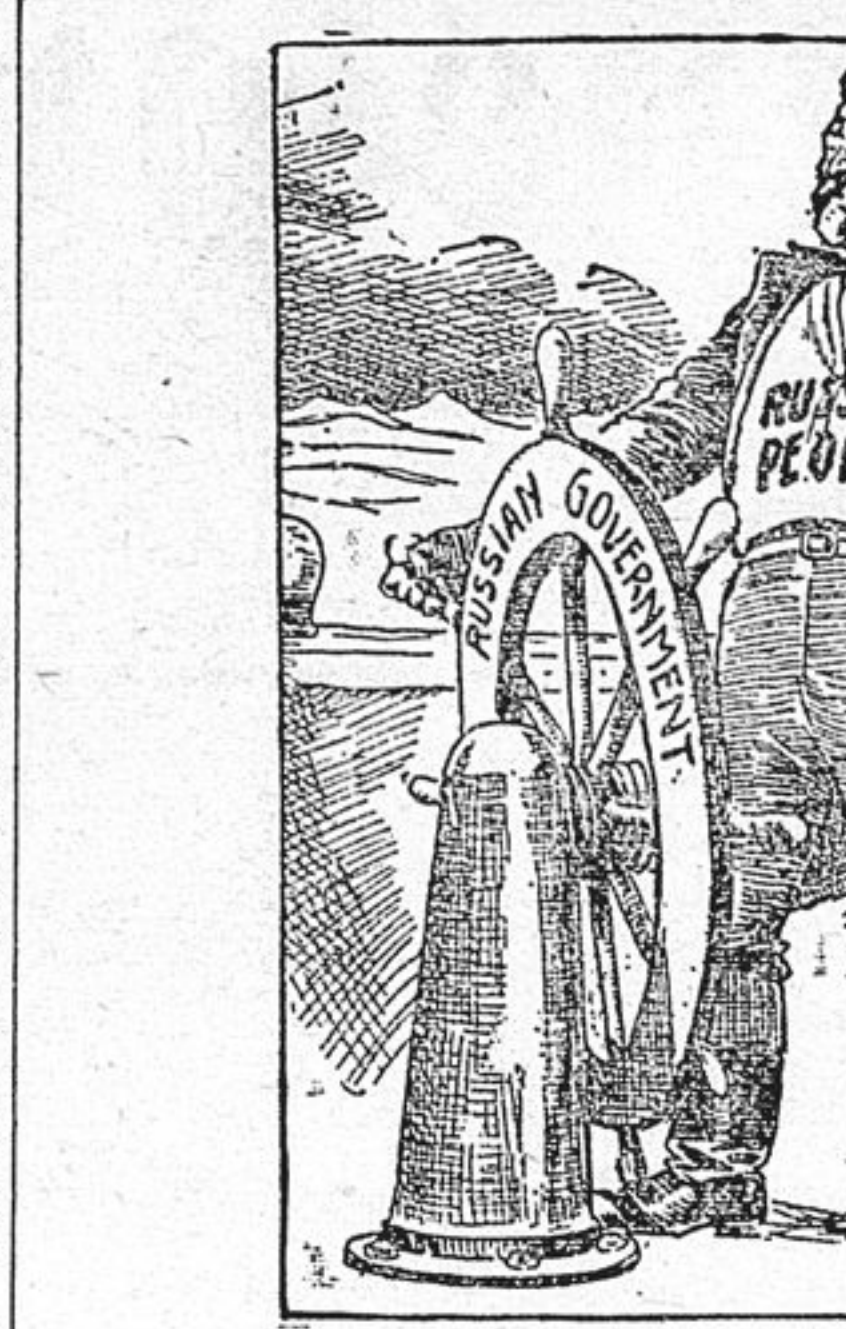
"What bottle?" Cyril asked anxiously. "I don't see any. What has happened? Are you ill?"

"I—I beg your pardon," said Berton with an effort. "I'm very sorry. The fact is—" His eyes wandered from Cyril's face to the table, as if seeking something, and a look of relief seemed to come into his face in its absence. "The fact is, I—well, I suppose I have had a fit."

"A fit!" said Cyril. "Are you subject to them, then?"

"Well, I've had one or two before," replied Guildford Berton, avoiding his questioning and anxious gaze.

"But—but," said Cyril more gravely still, "if that's so, is it wise to



WILL IT COME TO THIS?  
A new pilot for the Russian ship of state.

live in such an out-of-the-way place and so much alone? I've tried to call your servant, the woman who opened the door to me—all to no purpose; and I'm afraid that if I had not happened to come in it is likely you might have lain here until—"

"I died? There was no fear of that. It isn't fatal."

He dropped back as he spoke, and a shiver ran through him. Cyril, taking it as a sign of a relapse, looked round the room for some restorative. Behind the chair was a cupboard door, and, in the hope that he might find some brandy, he opened it. As he did so the pungent odor he had detected before came out to meet him strongly and he saw that the cupboard contained a number of bottles such as are used for chemicals. One—a small phial of blue glass, with a medicine measure beside it—stood at the extreme edge of the shelf as if it had been hastily placed there.

(To be Continued.)

## EMPEROR OF GERMANY

### KAISER WILLIAM IS POVERTY STRUCK.

Spite of Four Millions a Year He Has Difficulty in Making Ends Meet.

It is a popular delusion that the German Emperor is a very rich man. Inasmuch as the matter of money and of wealth is purely relative of the Kaiser should be placed in financial comparison and competition with some of the Kings of Europe, or some of the American captains of industry, he would be called a poor man, for he has the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet. It is true that he has an annual income of approximately \$5,000,000, but it should be remembered that he has tastes luxuriant and expensive as well as unique. People generally imagine that he receives a salary in his capacity as German Emperor. As a matter of fact Emperor William does not receive one farthing in his capacity as German Emperor, but fulfills the duties of this honorary position free of charge to the Federation of German States. The Kaiser draws his income, first as King of Prussia and second as private land owner.

### NECESSARY ECONOMIES.

Many of the races regarding the poverty of the Emperor's resources were brought to light in connection with the recent marriage of the Crown Prince. In some respects in connection with this wedding, which one would have supposed would have been made one of the wonders of modern Germany, the strictest economies were practiced. And these economies were matters of necessity. Fortunately the Crown Prince married a woman with money—not always the case where marriage of State are sometimes brought about and when questions of geography and race and rank figure for more than the actual cash. It is estimated that the bride of the Crown Prince brought to the family a nice little nest egg of \$20,000,000—certainly enough to set any ordinary family up in housekeeping. And this addition to the income of the reigning family of Prussia, it may be observed in passing, was doubly welcome to the Kaiser, who has been hard-pressed for funds during the past year.

### AS KING OF PRUSSIA.

Though Emperor William receives no income as German Emperor his income as King of Prussia amounts to about \$4,000,000 per annum. The Emperor of Russia receives an annual allowance of approximately \$5,000,000, and the Emperor of Austria an annual allowance of more than \$4,000,000. Both of these monarchs receive additional allowances for certain definite purposes, and both of them own vast landed estates far superior in acreage to the German Emperor's possessions. The Sultan of Turkey receives an annual allowance of \$10,000,000, and the King of Italy draws over \$3,000,000 per annum, while the incomes of several monarchs of smaller States are nearly as large as that of the King of Prussia. The amount of \$4,000,000 granted annually to the German Emperor in his capacity of

King of Prussia is not taken from revenues from State dominions which were formerly the private property of the Prussian royal house. Crown lands were handed over to the State, and in return the State pays a fixed annual income to the monarch.

### BIGGEST LAND OWNER.

The Kaiser owns 83 landed estates, comprising a total of 250,000 acres. He is the greatest land owner in Germany, and his possessions far exceed those of the three land owners whose estates rank next to his own in acreage. These are the Prince of Plesse, who owns 125,000 acres, the Duke of Ujest, who owns 100,000 acres, and the Duke of Ratibon, whose estate is much smaller. Some of the land of the Kaiser's estates is rented to farmers, but the Emperor carries on business on his own account in several parts of the country. The Kaiser's workmen are all paid abnormally high wages, and all his employees receive liberal pensions in their old age or in case of sickness. He also provides liberally for their widows and their children out of his private purse. All these payments consume a large proportion of the profits, so that the Emperor's income from his estates is comparatively small. Practically speaking, therefore, the German Emperor is obliged to live on his royal income of \$4,000,000 per annum, which is altogether insufficient for his requirements. Though the Kaiser has many eccentricities he really has few personal extravagances, but lives a simple and strenuous life of hard work and little luxury. He spends little money on his table, for the cuisine of the German Imperial residence is notorious for its inferiority. The Kaiser is not a dandy and spends a comparatively small amount yearly on his clothes. The horses he rides are not of particularly good breed, and not unusually expensive. He is not a gambler, and does not indulge in other dissipation which would be excused in a person of his position.

### OYAMA, THE SILENT.

Commander of Japanese Army Who Wastes No Words.

In Moscow Military Hospital at present are 150 wounded Japanese soldiers, nearly all of whom fell into Russian hands during the early stage of the battle of Mukden.

A correspondent who has interviewed one through the medium of an interpreter obtained the following information about Field Marshal Oyama:

"Unlike General Kuroki, who always speaks encouragingly to his officers before a battle, our Commander-in-Chief says nothing. Nor does he say much after a victory. At the battle of the Shaho a despatch rider named Hiroto did a brave act which was contrary to the instructions he received. The Field Marshal sent for him, questioned him, and sent him away without praise or blame. Hiroto thought the Commander-in-Chief's silence meant that he was about to order some punishment and killed himself with his bayonet. Almost before he was dead a staff officer rode up with a hundred yen in money, which Marshal Oyama had sent the suicide in reward for his courage. The reward arrived too late.

"At the battle of Liaoyang the Marshal was slightly wounded in the left arm. He said nothing about it, and all the soldiers who knew also kept silence, fearing that if they spoke the news would spread in an exaggerated form and cause depression in the army.

"The Field Marshal is the most religious man in the whole army, and often complained that many officers when learning European methods also acquired European tendencies to unbelief. He believes in all the Japanese gods, and has a temple at his house in Tokio."

### GOOD AUTHORITY.

"You told me you had a diary. Where is it, old man?"

"Over there."

"Why, that is your wife."

"Well, she keeps account of all I do."

### A CHEAPER WAY.

If you are looking for trouble and can't afford an automobile, buy a mule.