THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"Yes," he said, standing before her in his statuesque attitude, with his hands clasped behind his back. "All are well, and everythiag is going on all right. One of your ponies was a little off color the other day, but I gave it a powder and it all right now. And I ventured to give directions to the gardener to plant a bed of those pansies you admired at Ferndale on the lawn beneath your window."

Norah tried to feel grateful, and failing, made her response warmer by consequence than it would have been if she had really felt it.

"That was very kind of you, to remember that I liked the flowers," she said.

"Yes, I remembered it," he said, quietly. "You will have some fine specimens, I hope. I sent to Scotland for some. If you will excuse me," he went on, "I will find the earl. There are one or two things—" and he left her to think over his regard for her pony and her flowers.

Harman was more than grateful when Norah went upstairs to put on her opera cloak, and told the poor woman the news Berton had brought.

"I can never thank him enough, my lady. Mr. Guildford must have a kind heart to take so much trouble and thought on my account, and me only a servant. I didn't think, begging your ladyship's pardon, that he was that sort of gentleman; but it only shows how one can misjudge, my lady."

She had always disliked Guildford Berton, and treated him coldly; whereas she had loved Cyril Burne. And the one had taken pains and trouble to relieve the mind of a servant, while the other had proved base and false. Had she, too, not been guilty of an error in judgment?

When she reached the hall, the carriage was waiting, and beside it stood Guildford Berton with a wrap of soft fur.

"The nights are chillier here than they are at Santleigh," he said. "You will let me put this round you Lady Norah?"

Notwithstanding its being the off season, the dance was a big one, and Guildford Berton soon found that the Morning Post, though a little extravagant, did not exaggerate over much. There was a decided sensation when Lady Norah entered the ball-room, and he saw the men draw toward her as if magnetized. He was far too wise to hover about her, and betook himself to a distant part of the room; but there he heard her name quite frequently, and soon gathered that others beside himself were alive to her beauty, and the indescribable charm which she wrought.

His own clean-cut face, with its self-contained and somewhat sombre expression, attracted some attention, and he had the questionable satisfaction of hearing one lady ask another who and what he was.

"I am only a steward's son," he thought to himself; "but I shall soon be the husband of Lady Norah, and an earl's son-in-law, and then there will be no need to ask." and he encouraged himself with this while he looked on at Norah surrounded by her "throng of courtiers," as the Morning Post had it.

He did not dance. He did not ask Norah for even a square dance, though he would have been fully warranted in doing so. He knew instinctively that she disliked and distrusted him, and that he must, if he would win her, restrain himself—possess his soul to patience.

And presently he had his reward. In the middle of the small hours the earl came up to him.

"I find that I am rather tired, Guildford," he said, "and I think I should like to go home; but I do not wish to interrupt Lady Norah's enjoyment. Will you be good enough to escort her when she is ready?"

He spoke as he would have done to a superior servant, but Berton was satisfied.

"Go by all means, my lord," he said. "Oh, yes; I will take care of Lady Norah."

So it happened that an hour later, when Norah, weary beyond words, of the music and the laughter and the worship of her adorers—through all of which she had been thinking of Cyril, married to Becca South—looked round for her father, Guildford Berton glided to her side.

"The earl has gone, Lady Norah," he said, "and has been good enough to consign you to my care. Would you like to go now?"

Norah bit her lip, but she could show no open resentment. His tone of reverential respect made that impossible, and she put her hand upon his arm.

"Who the deuce is that pale-faced fellow walking off with the Lady Norah?" asked one man of another. "Her brother? No! the earl hasn't a son. Confound him! Who can he be?"

But though he felt, rather than heard the whispered comments, Berton bore off the belle with a calm, impassive countenance.

He wrapped her in the fur and closed the windows, but remained outside the carriage. Not yet would he force himself upon her.

"It is such a lovely night that I am going to ask your permission to smoke a cigarette on the box," he said.

That night he had a dream. He dreamed that he was standing before the altar with Norah, that the clergyman was droning the marriage service, and that he, Guildford Berton, was just taking the hand of his lovely bride, when the shadowy form of Becca South floated between them, and that it was her cold—and dead!—hand which clasped his fingers!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Guildford Berton was far too clever to force himself upon Norah at the ball, and he adopted the same tactics in Park lane. They met at meals, and he worked hard to amuse and entertain her. He had always some story, some pleasant jest or topic for conversation; and although he did not force his presence upon her, he endeavored to make himself indispensable to her.

Lady Ferndale had suggested that Norah should take to riding, but as yet Norah had been too listless about everything to fall in with the suggestion. If she could have had Cyril to ride with, it would have been a different matter. But Guildford Berton, without saying anything to worry her, went out and chose a quiet horse for her, and then told the earl what he had done.

"The Park is quiet now," he said, "and I know a capital riding master. As Lady Ferndale says, it will do Lady Norah more good than anything else."

"Very kind, very thoughtful of you. But I am not overfond of riding masters; and it is, alas! some years since I rode."

"If Lady Norah will permit me, I will go with them," said Guildford Berton. "I shall be able to help her, perhaps."

At first Norah shook her head, and said that she did not care about it; but the earl made a point of it, and she got a habit, and the lessons commenced.

She would infinitely preferred to have ridden with the master alone, but it seemed ungenerous, after all the trouble Guildford Berton had taken, to object to his company, and so he rode with them; and it was really he, and not the master, who did the instructing.

"These men are mere machines," he said, as he rode beside her, keeping a careful eye upon the horse, and allowing himself to glance only now and then at the beautiful rider. "They have a method which they apply to all; it never varies, though the pupil may be as nervous as a reed or as full of courage as you are, Lady Norah."

"I don't feel very courageous, but I don't think I shall fall off."

And, indeed, she had no such fears, and in a few times sat the animal as if she had been riding since childhood.

These morning rides undoubtedly did her good, and after a fashion she enjoyed them; though all the time she was conscious of a feeling that her enjoyment would have been greater if Guildford Berton had not been present.

As for him, the couple of hours he spent by her side were an intoxication and a delight, that soon wrought a change in him. His face lost something of its paleness, and all its haggardness, and his passion for Norah, growing upon this close companionship, assumed gigantic proportions."

But his ministrations did not end in getting her a horse and teaching her to ride.

Almost every hour of the day he found something he could do for her.

He had rendered himself indispensable to the earl at Santleigh, and he slipped into the life at Park Lane as easily as he had done at the Court.

It was he who suggested visits to the theaters or concerts, and he who got the tickets and secured the seats; and if the earl did not care to go, as was often the case, Guildford Berton was there to play escort to Norah and Lady Ferndale.

He was always satisfied to remain in the background, to sit behind Norah's chair, to hold her program or bouquet. He always got her opera cloak ready; his arm was always at her service.

"I wish I didn't dislike your Mr. Guildford Berton so much; or, rather, I wished I liked him better, Norah," said Lady Ferndale, one evening when Guildford Berton had been more than usually useful and unobtrusively attentive.

Norah gave a little start; she had been looking at the stage and watching the acting, but her thoughts were far away from the play, which was being admirably performed, and she replied, listlessly:

"Do you dislike him so much?"

"Y-es, I'm afraid so. 'Pon my word I don't know why, for he has really vastly improved, and I'm constantly hearing from people that they consider him a remarkably nice man."

"Yes. But why do you call him 'my' Mr. Berton?"

Lady Ferndale looked at her half curiously and smiled.

"Well, my dear, he really seems to belong to you as much as if he were a collar with your name engraved upon it."

Norah's brows came together, and a look half impatient, half troubled, passed over her face.

"He is staying with papa," she said, quietly. "He is his friend more—rather than mine."

"He is a very useful friend, anyway," responded Lady Ferndale. "Here he comes with our cloaks; and I'm sure he'll have the carriage close to the door, however great the crush may be. An extremely useful young man! We were just wondering how you contrived to manage things as you do, Mr. Berton," she said to him, as he entered the box, and annouced, in quiet tones, that the carriage was waiting; and her tone was more gracious than it usually was when she addressed him.

He smiled and glanced at Norah, but her face was particularly cold and unresponsive; and he guessed that Lady Ferndale had been speaking of him."

"We never have to wait for anything when we have you to look after us. Now, I'll be bound you have bribed or bullied the policeman to let our carriage get to the front."

"I don't like ladies hanging about in the lobbies," he said, gravely. "They are always draughty. It would not do for you—or Lady Norah—to catch cold."

"Especially Lady Norah," said Lady Ferndale, archly, and smiling; but Norah looked colder and more unresponsive than before, and having put them into the carriage, he walked off to a club to which he belonged, and going to the smoking-room, sat himself down in a dim corner and reviewed the situation.

Was it time to strike yet? Did he dare to avow himself? His face grew hot and then cold as he pictured Norah's start of surprise, and perhaps contempt, and anger, and scorn when he told her that he—loved her.

And the earl? What reception would he give the news?

It was late when he reached Park Lane, and he let himself in by his latch key, and entered the house quietly.

(To be Continued.)

MODERN GIANTS ARE FRAIL.

Not So Strong As They Look and Unusually Short-Lived.

The young Russian stripling 9 feet 8 inches high who was found not long ago on the Siberian border and speedily introduced on European show bills revives interest in giants in general and directs attention to the literature of those placid and innocent Brobdignagians who seem to keep up the line of the order with unfailing regularity. There is a good deal of it when it is set in bibliographical array, but it is generally hidden away in dust bins of oblivion beyond the ordinary student's explorations.

In 1718 a French scholar named Henzoin published a work about giants, beginning with Adam, who, as he asserted, was 123 feet 9 inches tall, Eve being only five feet shorter. But Adam's descendants began to taper off from the beginning. When they came to Noah they had sheared down that celebrated navigator to the comparatively trivial stature of 27 feet. Abraham was only 20, and Moses stopped at 13, a dwarfish height in the comparison. After the great law-giver the stature of mankind came down to its present average, in which there has been no marked change except in individual cases since the beginning of the historical and statistical period. Now and then a colossus arises out of the generation of pigmies, like the young Russian referred to, and now and then a big skeleton is dug up, showing that nature has some obscure need of giants and has never allowed the race entirely to run out.

In life they are usually weak-minded, as well as frail of body, and, as a rule, they do not live long. Dwarfs, on the other hand, are often nimble-witted and stand a good chance of longevity. An Austrian empress in the seventeenth century took the whim to round up all the giants and dwarfs in her empire and turn them in together. Apprehension was expressed that the big ones would terrify the small ones, but it was the other way. The giants were compelled to ask for protection from the impish tricks of the dwarfs, and they had to be separated before peace reigned among them.

The ordinary giant of the circus, pretending to be 8 feet and more in stature, is likely to be a foot or so shorter than that, the rest being shako and boot heels. How much is added to the real height of the Muscovite Goliath to make up his asserted 9 feet 8 inches is a matter of conjecture so far, and perhaps the showmen may succeed in concealing it till post-mortem measurements are taken. But if he has anything near the stature claimed for him he will easily head the giant procession of all times, except the biblical ones, which for such purposes of comparison may properly be left out of the count.

FATHERLY CARE.

"So your daughter is having her voice cultivated?"

"Well," answered the perent, "that's the way her mother and the girl put it. But, between you and me, I engaged a professor in the hope of getting it cured."

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HEALTH

RHEUMATISM.

That there is no royal road to relief from rheumatism was proved afresh the other day by an April grandmother who had emerged triumphantly to health from a state of helplessness in which she had not been able to fasten her clothes or do her own hair. "How did you do it?" she was asked. And she answered by the one word, "Diet." Dr. Leyden, of Berlin, who is the leading authority on rheumatism in Europe, declares that while you never can eradicate it, you can control it by exercise in the open air, much bustling about, and hearty and fequent meals from which most of the things appearing in the ordinary bill of fare are left out.

Of meats you must deny yourself heavy, dark flesh. Under this head is itemized mutton, venison, goose, and anything that is cut off a pig. Devote yourself to chicken, lamb, game, sweetbreads, and the more delicate fish, when simply cooked and served without rich sauces. Avoid lobsters and every fried fish, but enjoy lobsters and clams.

Of vegetables never touch tomatoes, cucumbers, and all salads that have a vinegar dressing for an inadequate stomach is busy manufacturing more acid than the system can endure. Eat lightly of potatoes, dried beans, or peas, and raw onions, but indulge freely in green beans, and carrots, turnips, and well-cooked greens. For all the starch you need rice is the proper source of supply. An abundance of well-cooked rice is worth all the bread and beans and potatoes put together.

Strawberries, raw pears, and raw apples are cut off from the rheumatic, also grape and orange juice, but there is a divine healing quality found in the acid of lemons and limes. There is but one sentence to cover the use of sugar—and that is, don't eat it in any form whatsoever. Almost as sweeping a denunciation is made of all liquids, except water and milk, coffee, tea, beer, claret, port, and champagne acting as a sort of poison on the rheumatic system.

Six months of this diet was all the treatment followed by this young-old lady, who declared herself to be as good as new, except that she took four or five times a day if she felt the least twinge a few drops of oil of wintergreen. About this she had made the discovery that there are two grades of different efficacy, one of the manufactured and one the real, the latter being the only one which was really helpful.

ONLY HALF-WELL

It is the easiest thing in the world to fall into a fashion of semi-invalidism, and to declare oneself not up to the mark, when one has slept badly, or over-eaten, or worked too hard. Numbers of people do not work hard enough, with the result that they suffer from ennui, which, in itself, leads to disease.

It should be considered one of life's solemn duties to keep well if one can, and disease should be considered a great misfortune. To be half-well is to be half-equipped for the battle of life, to be only half-ready to do one's share of the daily task. People who are half-well are seldom in good spirits, and their melancholy acts as a wet blanket on the good cheer of others.

When it cannot be helped, this state of things must be accepted. When it can, to yield to it is almost a sin.

A QUEEN'S MOTTOES.

Here are some of the mottoes which are said to be held by the Portuguese Queen:—Keep out of doors all you can. Breathe outdoor air, live in it, revel in it. Don't shut yourself up. Build your house so that your air supply is good. Throw away your portieres and bric-a-brac. Don't have useless trifles around. Have a favorite form of exercise, and make the most of it. Ride horseback, if you can; cycle if you cannot get a horse; do something—anything—to get out in the open air. Don't get fat. Fat is an incubus which weighs you down. Fat is the sign of over-indulgence. Fat makes you old and ugly. Fat keeps you from being lithe, young and blooming. Don't over-eat. Drink little, and let it be pure. Don't try to dress too much. Yet dress as well as you are able—wear everything to make yourself lovely.

TREATMENT FOR OBESITY.

The only cure for obesity is self-denial in diet, combined with plenty of the right exercise. Anyone can reduce his or her weight by leaving off all starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, farinaceous foods, and never touching butter, milk, eggs, cream, pastry, or sweets, remarks a good authority. A glass of hot water should be drunk morning and night. Breakfast must consist of weak tea, an apple, and biscuits made of bran. Dinner, fish, chicken, or two slices of meat without fat, green vegetables, and fruit without sugar. One cup of afternoon tea and a bran biscuit. Supper, fish and an apple. One glass of claret may be drunk after dinner.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

After the hands have been in water they should always be thoroughly dried with a soft towel, then common oatmeal well rubbed into them. A bowlful of the latter should be kept in a convenient place for this purpose. Regularly applied, it will usually keep the hands delightfully soft and white. Warm gloves or mittens should always be worn when the hands must be exposed to the weather, and the hands should never be allowed to become thoroughly chilled.

VITALITY.

Keep up your vitality and you will never know disease of any kind. No disease can exist where there is an abundance of pure blood. To get the necessary amount, eat nutritious food; to circulate it perfectly, take proper exercise; to purify it, get fresh air and sunshine. If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained, it is impossible to catch cold. Cold-water baths taken every day will do much towards producing the former; proper food and exercise the latter.

GUARDING THE KAISER.

The Berlin Police Practice a Plan of Campaign.

Berlin, Germany, has made elaborate arrangements to suppress any popular demonstration that may be contemplated against the Government.

Owing to the effects of the Russian revolutionary movement upon the Socialists of Germany, the city has been divided into square sections, by the organization of which the police could put down effectually any attempt by a mob to march toward the Emperor's palace and the Government offices.

The plan of campaign is rehearsed as often as festive occasions attract immense crowds to the centre of Berlin. On such occasions the extraordinary skill of the police in disposing of the crowds, which they drive, block by block, out into the suburbs, has been commented upon. One side of each organized square is left open, and this is always the side facing the suburbs, so that the crowd may drift in that direction.

In the case of a popular uprising, the fourth side of each square would be left open or closed, according to the gravity of the situation.

If it became necessary to suppress the rising by the most severe measures, the fourth side of each square coud be closed, so that the rebels within it would be enclosed within inpenetrable lines of fire and steel, and could be shot down or bayoneted to the last man.

SILENT FOR SIX YEARS.

The case of Josephine Varillo has created a good deal of interest in Paris. Six years ago, in resentment at a sentence of imprisonment, she vowed she would never speak again. She kept that vow, and recently the doctors discovered that she had actually become dumb.

WHAT IT WAS.

Mrs. Wanterknowe—"I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions. Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?"

Mr. W.—"Great Scott, no! Yours is the most perniciously active, wide-awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

"That coat looks shabby," remarked Hicks to his intimate friend the poet; "why don't you have it turned?" "Do you think this coat has three sides?" asked the impecunious one, sadly; and nothing more was said on the subject.