## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9. 1899.

The Gamekeeper's Valentine. IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

Lord Ocar resisted no longer; he only | rester? Do you love her well enough to said in a voice of deep teeling-. O ton, this is very noble of you."

humanity. Now, it you feel well enough to well, Orton that it would never do to make be left here, I will go on to the Hall, and old Grey's granddaughter the mistress of fetch assistance.

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"For Heaven's sake dont leave me here alone !" entreated the other. "My right John Orton, musingly. arm is uselese, and what would become of me if those wretches were to return ? I might be murdered. Don't leave me Orton; stay with me till someone comes." Presently he stopped short before Lord

"It isn't very likely that anyone will pass | Oscar. along this road at such an hour. Do you think you could manage to walk if you were to lean on me ?

Lord Oscar attempted to rise but sank back with a groan of pain.

"It's no use." he said, "I must have sprained my ankle when I fell, for I can't stand. You'll have to leave me, Orton.'

"No, I'll stay with you, though I can'e be of much use."

".T.ke back your coat, then."

"Not so. You need it, I can do without" said Ortor, decisively. "How did this happen ? How came those scamps to at tack you ?" he asked, after a pause.

"They rushed out upon me from behind that tree, and demanded my mouey aud my watch. Of course 1 resisted; and 1 try with all my power to induce her to be warning? Just this-return that bankhad just knocked one down when the other s abbed me in the ar.a. I don't remember anything after that until I found you here."

There was silence again.

The gamekceper leaned with folded aims against a tree, and Lord Oscar lay on the ground with his head resting on his hand.

and intently regarded him.

you; but, to tell you the honest truth, I altogether depise me ?'

make her your wite ? "I love her well enough, if that were all "No such thing; it is only common that were required; but you know very

> Shirley Hall." .'And yet such things have been, said

> He left his position by the tree and began to pace up and down the road in the

moonlight.

"My lord, you say I have done you a service tonight. Will you do something for me ?"

" Whatever you like to ask."

"S mply this; promise me, upon your bonour, to give up all attempts to win the affections of Maude Forrester.

"I have already vowed that to my own heart," said Lord Oscar, very carnestly; "but I will gladly promise it to you as well."

"Thank you, my lord. You are right in thinking I love Maude Forrester; I love h r better than my life, and I hold her honour as dearly as my own. I love her so much that, were I a lord, I should still my wife."

Lord Oscar regarded his late gamekeeper intently for a moment or two; then he balt raised himself, and stretched out his hand

Orton, you're a good fellow-the most true and generous l've ever known. Peo ple think me a haughty young tool, I daresay; but at any rate, I'm not too proud to think it an honor to be allowed to shake of that inward conflict. 'Orton,' he said, at last, 'you must think hands with a man like you. Will you take me an ungrateful dog not to have thanked my hand, Orton, in token that you don't

There was a sheet of folded note paper on the table, apparently unwritten upon. He took it up, when, lo! a orisp bank note-a bank note for filty pounds-flatter ed on to the floor.

John Orion started back as though a serpent had stung him; then almost before he realized what he was doing, he had glanced at the letter- for it was a letterin which the note had been enclosed. Only one sentence he read-

"Acc pt this, then, my darling, as a token of my love-as an earnest of the wealth I mean to lavish on you soon.' Only that one sentence ; then he remembered he had to right to read the letter, and he put it from him with a flushed cheek and a trembling hand.

'Ah ! this, then, is the price he sets upon her. Does she think it high enough, I wonder ?' he muttered, very bitterly.

While his hand was still on the letter, the door opened and Maude entered.

Her cheeks were lightly flushed, her step and air were full of pride.

John Orton noticed this, and thought he knew the cause.

A corresponding-nay, an evin greater-pride awoke in his own beart, and his voice was supremely baughty, as well as frigidly cold, as uttered a formal saultation.

She returned his greeting, casting meanwhile, an anxious perturbed glance at the letter on the table.

He noticed this, and said, with quiet scorn-"! owe you a confession, Miss Forrester. You seem concerned about this letter'-touching it contemp uously with his finger-'and it is only f ir to tell you that I, not dreaming of its importance, have presumed to look at ft. I have seen its enclosure, and can guess from whom it came. May I, without adding very great- little, and Lord Oscar turned uneasily on feel proud to marry her. As it is, I shall ly to my presumption, say one word of his couch. note, Miss Forrester.'

'On the contrary, I shall keep it,' she retorted, 'and you will, perhaps, allow me to to see me, and I won't sbirk him. He'll be add that I am in no need ot advice, and most certainly can dispense with yours.'

silence.

Many emotions were contending in his breast, and reflecting on his face something

Love, anger, jealousy, and disappoint-Orton as he stood there in silence.



two without replying.

Then he said, with sudden decision-'Show Farmer Grey up; I will see him.' The servent departed, wondering not a

'Hang it! I won't be a coward, even though I have come very near being a thing. I was mid, but I've come to my scoundrel,' he muttered. 'He has a right a tough customer though.'

'Farmer Grey !' announced the servant, He giz d at the proud, beautiful face in as he softly opened the door, and Lord Oscar looked up, to find his 'tough customer' beside him

awe inspiring in the stern countenance of me see my own meanness as I had never the old tarmer as he fixed his eyes on the seen it before.' ment-these were the passions felt by John young lord-fixed them sternly upon his 'And who is he ?' questioned the farmer, face first, and then, rather contemptuously, | curiously.

sinner.

'Grey, only listen for a moment,' went on Lord Oscar, 'and I'll try and make you believe me. I won't attempt to excuse my impertinence in sending that trinket to Miss Forrester; I must have been mad, as well as wicked, when I thought of such a senses now. The irjury to my foot and aim came on me as a judgment, I verily believe, and the man who saved my life almost at the risk of his own, and all this in spite of the fact that I had both insulted and injured him, who returned me good tor evil, until I telt ready to sink into the There was certainly something rather | earth with shame-this man, Grey, made

teel so ashamed of myzelf, I don't know what to say.'

'You certainly needn't trouble to sy anything in the way of thinks. I don't know how I could have done less than I bave done.

'You have had a grand opportunity of returning good for (vil,' went on Lord Oscar, 'but I wonder whether you'd have done as much for me it you'd known what was my errand in the town to-night ?"

'I should have done my duty, I hope,' said the gamekeeper, bri fly.

Orton, mine was an unworthy errand, and retribution bas attended it. I owe it to you to tell you what that errand was. You were partly the cause of it.'

·15,

'Yes, you. When you spoke to me about Miss Forrester, you roused all the evil in my nature - roused it all the more effectually because, in my beart I knew that ever word you said was true. When you left me I vowed that I would have my revenge. Can you guess what I intended doing ?'

'Perhaps I could, but I don't choose to try,' was the calm rejoinder.

'Well, ther, I must tell you; I meant to strike at you through Miss Forrester. I guessed you loved her, and I determined to try to win her away from you. I remembered that tomorrow is Valentine's Day, and I sent her a present by way of a valentine. Don't reproach me. Ortordon't tell me I'm a scouedrel ! I feel it strongly enough without you telling me.'

"And you have sent this present ?"

"Yes. It was a mean, cowardly action, and I repent it with all my heart. Will you forgive me, Orton ?"

"Why should you ask me to forgive you ?"

"B. cause the injury was directed against you. If it had not been for my rage aginst you, I should never have sent that present-should never have thought of deliberately trying to win the girl's affections. You maddened me and I wanted to make you suffer. But I hope there's some little decency left in me; and, it I never telt ashamed in my lite before, I teel ashamed tonight."

"Tell me one thing," said John Orton, who had listened to this contession in grave rad silence. "Do you love Mand For-



John Orton took that white, aristocratic hand in his own sun browned one, and clasped it cordially.

'I don't despise you now, my lord,' he said, 'though I tell you frankly, I despised you enough, in all conscience, a few hours ago. But it isn't everyone in your rank of life who would contess his wrongdoing to one in mine, and I honor you with all my heart for the confession.

'Don't mention rark,' exclaimed Lord Oscar, with energy. 'As you rightly reminded me this atternoon, it would be a disgrace to me to remember it. You have saved my life tonight Orton. If it hadn't been for you I might have been murdered by those fellows or left there to freeze to

death You shan't find me angrateful. I won't ask you to return to your old posishall find me your sincere triend.'

sound of voices and approaching footsteps | too late-yes; it is too late !' and in a few iminutes three young men from the town came in sight.

Willing enough they were to lend assistence, and in less than an hour Lord Oscar was safe in his own home.

.Where is Orton ?' he asked, as his servants were assisting him upstairs.

The ex-gamekeeper emerged from the shadow of one of the doorways, and stepped up to him.

'Give me your hand sgain,' said Lor Oscar, heartily. 'Come to me tomorrow and I will try to thank you better than I can thank you now.'

CHAPTER VI.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's day dawned very brightly; the sky was blue and clear; the birds were singing merrily, almost deceived into the notion that spring had really come, and that it was therefore time for them to think about their own little love affairs.

Before the morning was halt over, Orton was on his way to the Hall Farm, anxious -painfully anxious-to know what fate his letter was likely to receive.

The thought of the present Lord Oscar had set t was making him feel that he could not endure suspense-that he must know whether there was any answering love to respond to that which he had himself con-

tesse . No wonder that his heart beat quickly as he approached the old farmhouse.

He entered the kitchen, where one of the maids was busy cooking. 'Master's out,' she told him, 'and Miss Forrester is upstairs. If you'll go into the sitting-room, I'll tell her you're here.'

Into the sitting-room he went, teeling

But as minute after minute slipped by. serious a disease Erysipelas is. for me now. I've known the Shirleys, he grew impatient. and man-like, he took father. and son, and grandson, and honor- lord's daughter could have been more care-Can't rout it out of the system up the poker, and gave vent to his imed and respected them all; but when a fully guarded from harm." Like other dangerous blood Shirley comes sending diamond bracelets 'I'm sure of that, Grey. And now to my granddaughter, there's an end to all promise me one thing more. Never let patience by poking the fire most vigor with ordinary remedies. As he did this a scrap of charred paper. respect or kindly feeling. So I'd better Miss Forrester know of my folly in send-leave the farm, my lord, for I tell you ing her that valentine. the fragment of a letter, attracted his at diseases, though, B.B.B. can tention. plainly I don't choose to pay rent to, or till the ground for a man that I can neither 'She shall never know from me, my cure it every time. It was only a tiny scrap, but it was quite lord.' sufficient for John Orton-sufficient proof Read what Rachel Patton, At this moment the doctor was anrespect nor torgive.' of the reception his wooing might expect, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., nounced, and Farmer Grey took his depar-'Forgive us our trepasses,' said Lord for he knew the paper which had been so ture, leaving his landlord to muse on the Oscar, in a low, carnest voice; 'that's what ruthlessly committed to the flames was says: you repeat in church every Sunday. Grey, (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.) none other than the letter in which he had "I wish to state that I used Burwon't you forgive me mine ?' made his avowal of love. Farmer Grey was amazed, dumfounded dock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in SPEEDY 'And so that is how she treats it-with SILENT almost, by this appeal. my face and general run down state rudeness and contempt,' he muttered, very 16 Millions Made and Sold He himself was a religious man, although of my health. I tried many rembitterly. 'Ah ! I was a fool to send it. ] a somewhat stern one; but he had not ex-Always improving. edies but all failed to cure. I then might have known !' pected this humble appeal for pardon from Never better than now. He drew himself up with a decided air tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly the gay young nobleman, whom, if the truth must be told, he had been disposed See the Latest Model. or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book-free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario. of pride, and glanced round the room for cured me and four bottles completely **\*THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.** something on which to write a line or two to regard as a graceless and hardened cured me." \* Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Deminion. of farewell to the scornful beauty.

At length he took up his bat, saying-

'Good morning, Miss Forrester. I don't suppose you and I will ever meet sgain, gsze. but I shall always remember you as a proof how great a tool a man may be made by a

woman's beauty.' And with this bitter speech, he bowed,

and quitted the room. 'He is jealous !' thought Maude, as she stood by the window and watched him striding firmly down the garden. 'He is jealous, and no wonder, poor fellow !' letter.

'He was too honest to read it, I suppose; but I wonder whom he thinks it came trom P

'A gamekeeper,' she resumed, with a half sigh; 'only a gamekeeper. And yet ] tior, for you are above lit. I am not your almost wish he had been bold enough to master and never shall be sgain; but you | try to win me a month ago, a week ago, or even a day ago, so that it had been be-Before Orton could reply, there was a fore I knew what I know now. But it is

## CHAPTER VII.

## LORD OSCAR AND FARMER GREY.

Lord Oscar had passed a restless night Pain was a new sensation to him, and his sprained ankle and wounded arm had brought him into a state of feverishness which the bent of his thoughts did not tend to suppress.

As he lay on a couch and sipped a cup of cocos, he was reflecting very seriously on the events of the preceding evening, thinking of his own se fishness, and contrasting it with the nobly generous conduct of his late gamekeeper.

A flush of shame crossed his cheek, and, frankly enough, he owned his own unworthiness.

His musings were broken in upon by a tap at the door, tollowed by the entrance of a servant, who announced, with some hesitation-

'It you please, my lord, there's Mr. Grey -Farmer Grey of the Hall Farm-downstairs, and he wants to know it you will see him. I told him your lordship was ill; but he kept on saying he must see you-that his business was most important. What shall I say to him it you please, my lord ?' A hot flush mantled Lord Oscar's cheek,

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock

near at hand.

on his splendid dressing gown. Lord Oscar stirred uneasily beneath that

It was a relief to him when the farmer broke the silence, by saying-

" 'A guilty conscience needs no accuser,' my lord, so I suppose you can guess my errand here this morning ?

.Yes; I think I can,' broke forth Lord Oscar, impetuously. 'You've come to tell me that I'm a false hearted scoundrel, who I had almost made up my mind to send for deserves nothing better from you than a you, and tell you what a studid fool 1'd she smiled a little sadly and took up the horse whipping. Say it out, farme-; you been, and to ask your pardon as well as can't say a word that's too bad for me.'

> by this most unexpected reception; his face by everything a man can hold good and relaxed slightly, but bardened again in a hely.' moment, as he said, coldly-

> Keep your protestations for those who will believe them ; no doubt they have some base purpose to serve; I have not come to bright blue eyes which inspired him confithink i, worth while to use such larguage sternness, and he said brieflyas your conduct des rves. I have simply come to bring you back the gewgay you sent my granddaughter.'

He laid a sealed package on the table as he spoke.

'Grey !' exclaimed Lord Oscar, very earnestly, 'I suppose you won't believe me-1 can't expect that you should-but all through the night I've been reproaching myselt for my tolly, and imperitence, and wickedness, in having dared to send that bracelet to Miss Forrester. I've felt as almost to have been able to recall it. Believe me or believe me not, I never meant | myself.' any serious harm by it. I sent it in a moment of pique, because,-well, because scmeone had annoyed me; but I never thought of it doing any real harm. I am ashamed of myself for having dared do such a thing at all, but I swear it was not meant in the way of temptation.'

'Temptation !' repeated the farmer, with a half angry, half-scornful look. 'I hope you didn't imagine my girl cculd be tempted by such trumpery as this ?' and he touched the packet contemptuously. 'As a matter of fact, she has not seen it-has no suspicion of your having sent it.

been 1 ke mine-nothing deeper than contempt. No, my lord; Maude comes of a stock as famous for its women's virtue as for the honesty of its men. No man, least | he heard of Sir William's death and he proudly, and not without a touch of emo-Greys of the Hall Farm. And this reminds me of the rest of my errand here. have come to give you notice to quit.'

Quit the farm !' exclaimed Lord Oscar, in dismay. 'Why, Grey, it's been in your family for centuries."

'Yes, my lord, I know that, and I'd Blood Bitters, anxious and ili at-ease now that the mohoped the old stock might continue there | but I wished to hand her over to her father ment which would decide his fate was no as long as ever the bricks and mortar held Most people are aware how together. But the Hall Farm is no place mantic fancies. She has been the very

'A young fellow who recently entered my service as under gamekeeper. His name is Orton.'

'Orton !' A sudden cloud, a shade of disappointment, of confusion even, rose to the farmer's brow but he made no comment.

'Yes. Grey; and I swore to him I would never go a step turther in my foliy, even should Miss Forrester accept my gift. Nay Miss Forrester's. I suppose its hard for Farmer Grey was somewhat taken aback you to believe this; b t I swear it's true

> The farmer looked keenly at his young landlord for a moment or two.

Apparently there was something in those call you names, Lord Oscar, for I don't dence, for his own face lost its look of

·Lord Oscar, I believe you." 'And forgive me-say that, too, farmer,' urged the young man.

'Ay, and forgive you.'

'Give me your hand upon it then. And Grey, just one thing more, and you'll set my mind at rest. Promise me you won't leave the farm.

'Not I, for I love it too well, my lord. And now I'll tell you something that I'm glad I didn't tell you till I'd seen for myself you weren't the man I thought you. though I would have given my right hand It will surprise you not a little, and not a soul in this place knows it but Maude and

'What on earth is it ?

'Why my lord, my granddaughter is the daughter of a baronet-her father is Sir Altred Forrester.

'What!' exclaimed Lord Oscar, in amazement. 'Is this true, Grey ?'

'As true as the gospel, my lord. I've never talked much about Maude's father, or let her talk much about him, either; but of course, I knew he was a gentleman, and highly connected though very poor. His cousin was Sir William Forrester; but it was never thought he would come in for the estates. However, Sir William was 'Had she seen it, her feelings would have | drowned a few weeks ago, and his son died last Friday, as I daresay you know; and Maude's tather is the heir.

He came over from America as soon as of all a Shirley,' concluded the old man, would be down here now if he were well enough; but he is confined to his house in tion, 'could ever say a word against the London by a severe cold. However, I have seen him, and I brought back with me last night a fifty pound note for Maude by way of a valentine.

'And so now, Lord Oscar, you will un. derstand why I thought it my duty to intercept your valentine to her this morning. It was not that I feared its effects on her, with a mind perfectly tree from even rospple of my eye for all these years, and no

And Tumo

cured to stay cured, at

home; no knife, plaster

