

Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

"You are a foolish child," she said. "I am your guardian. You have nothing to do with your trustees. They exist to help me, not you. Everything that you wish to know you must learn from me. It is not until you are of age that any measure of control passes from me. Give me that letter."

Jeanne hesitated for a moment. Then she turned toward the door.

"No," she said. "I am going to post it."

The Princess rose from her chair, and crossing the room locked the door. "Jeanne," she said, "come here."

The girl hesitated. In the end she obeyed. The Princess reached out her hand and struck her on the cheek. "Give me that letter," she commanded. Jeanne shrank back. The suddenness of the blow, its indignity, and these new relations which it seemed designed to indicate, bewildered her. She stood passive while the Princess took the letter from her fingers and tore it into pieces. Then she unlocked the door.

"Go to your room, Jeanne," she ordered.

Jeanne heard the sound of people ascending the stairs, and this time she did not hesitate. The Princess drew a little breath and looked at the fragments of the letter in the grate. It was a victory of the ultimate issue was more doubtful than ever. In her room Jeanne would have time for reflection. If she chose she might easily decide upon the one step which would be irrevocable.

CHAPTER V.

The Count de Brensault was a small man, with a large pale face. There were faint little lines under his eyes, from which the color had departed. His hair, though still thickly arranged, was very thin at the top, and his figure had the lumpiness of the man who has never known any sort of athletic training. He looked a dozen years older than his age, which was in reality thirty-five, and for the last ten years he had been a constant though cautious devotee of every form of dissipation. Jeanne, who sat by his side at dinner-time, found herself looking at him more than once in a sort of fascinated wonder. Was it really possible that any one could believe her capable of marrying such a creature? There were eight people at dinner, in none of whom she was in the least interested. The Count de Brensault talked a good deal, and very loudly. He spoke of his horses and his dogs and his motor-cars, but he omitted to say that he had ceased to ride his horses, and that he never drove his motor-car. Jeanne listened to him in quiet contempt, and the Princess fidgeted in her chair. The man ought to know that this was not the way to impress a child fresh from boarding-school!

"You seem," Jeanne remarked, after listening to him almost in silence for a long time, "to give most of your time to sports. Do you play polo?"

He shook his head.

"I am too heavy," he said, "and the game, it is a little dangerous."

"Do you hunt?" she asked.

"No," he admitted. "In Belgium we do not hunt."

"Do you race with your motor-cars?"

"I entered one," he answered, "for the Prix des Ardennes. It was the third. My driver, he was not very clever."

"You did not drive it yourself, then?" she asked.

He laughed in a superior manner.

"I do not wish," he said, "to have a broken neck. There are so many things in life which I still find very pleasant."

He smiled at her in a knowing manner, and Jeanne looked away to hide her disgust.

"Your interest in sports," she remarked, "seems to be a sort of second-hand one, does it not?"

"I do not know that," he answered. "I do not know quite what you mean. At Ostend last year I won the great sweepstakes."

"For shooting pigeons?" she asked.

"No," he admitted, with content. "I shot."

"I see that I must beg your pardon," he said. "Have you ever done any big game shooting?"

He shook his head.

"I do not like to travel very much," he answered. "I do not like the cooking, and

I think that my tastes are what you would call very civilized."

The Princess intervened. She felt that it was necessary at any cost to do so.

"The Count," she told Jeanne, "has just been elected a member of the Four-in-Hand Club here. If we are very nice to him he will take us out in his coach."

"As soon," De Brensault interposed hastily, "as I have found another team not quite so what you call spirited, I do not like to drive them. They pull very hard, and they always try to run away."

The Princess sighed. The man, after all, was really a little hopeless. She saw clearly that it was useless to try and impress Jeanne. The affair must take its course. Afterwards in the drawing-room the Count came and sat by Jeanne's side.

"Always," he declared "in England it is bridge. One dines with one's friends, and one would like to talk for a little time, and it is bridge. It must be very dull for you little girls who are not old enough to play. There is no one left to talk to you."

Jeanne smiled.

"Perhaps," she said, "I am an exception. There are very few people whom I care to have talk to me."

She looked him in the eyes, but he was unfortunately a very spoilt young man, and he only stroked the waxed tip of a scented moustache.

"I am very glad to hear you say so, mademoiselle," he said. "That makes it the more pleasant that your excellent mother gives me one quarter of an hour's respite from bridge that we may have a little conversation. Have you ever been in my country, Miss Le Mesurier?"

"I have only travelled through it," Jeanne answered; "but I am afraid that you did not understand what I meant just now. I said that there were very few people with whom I cared to talk. You are not one of those few, Monsieur le Comte."

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He looked at her with half-open mouth. His eyes were suddenly like beads.

"I do not understand," he said.

"I am afraid," Jeanne answered, with a sigh, "that you are very unintelligent. What I meant to say was that I do not like to sit here and talk with you. I weariness, because you do not say anything that interests me, and I should very much rather read my book."

The Count de Brensault was nonplussed. He looked at Jeanne, and he looked vaguely across the room at the Princess, as though wondering whether he ought to appeal to her.

"Have I offended you?" he asked.

"Perhaps I have said something that you do not like," he said.

"No," he said, "that at all." Jeanne answered sweetly. "It is simply that I do not like you. You must not mind if I tell you the truth. You see I have only just come from boarding-school, and there we were always taught to be quite truthful."

De Brensault stared at her again. This was the most extraordinary young woman whom he had ever met in his life. Had not the Princess only an hour ago told him that although he might find her a little difficult at first, that she was nevertheless prepared to receive his advances. He had imagined himself dazzling her a little with his title and possessions, gracefully throwing the handkerchief at her feet, and giving her that slight share in his life and affection which she somewhat continental ideas of domesticity seemed to have. He had really meant to be rude to him, or was she nervous? He looked at her once more still with that unintelligent stare. Jeanne was perfectly composed, with her pale cheeks and large, serious eyes. She was obviously speaking the truth. Then as he looked the expression in his eyes changed. She was gradually becoming desirable, not only on account of her youth and dowry—there were other things. He felt a sudden desire to kiss those very shapely, somewhat full lips, which had just told him so calmly that their owner disliked him. Altered last year I won the great sweepstakes."

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



DINNER FROCK OF LIME GREEN AND GOLD.

Lime is a new shade of green which is somewhat like lime-green, though much colder in tint. The simplicity of this lime green satin dinner frock is its chief charm, the bolero bodice suggesting a little satin jacket over a waistcoat of lace. The lace in this case is a heavy Venise pattern darned with green and gold threads and the narrow gimp trimming on bodice and sleeves is also in pale green and gold. The skirt is extremely graceful, fitting the hips closely and then flaring out in full folds, which are caught in below the knee by a sloping shirring over a cord.

should certainly awaken some different feeling in her inexperienced heart. "I admire you very much indeed. I have seen you only once or twice, but I have thought of you much. Some day I hope that we shall be very much better friends."

He leaned a little toward her, and Jeanne calmly removed herself a little further away. She turned her head now to look at him, sitting upright upon the sofa, very slim and graceful in her white gown.

"I do not think so," she said. "I do not care about being friendly with people whom I dislike, and I am beginning to dislike you very much indeed because you will not go away when I ask you."

He rose to his feet a little offended. "Very well," he said, "I will go and talk to your step-mother, who wants me to play bridge, but very soon I shall come back, and before long I think that I am going to make you like me very much."

He crossed the room, and Jeanne's eyes followed his awkward gait with a sudden flash of quiet amusement. She watched him talk to her step-mother, and she saw the Princess's face darken. As a matter of fact, De Brensault felt that he had some just cause for complaint.

"Dear Princess," he said, "you did not tell me that she was so very farouche, so very shy indeed. I speak to her quite kindly, and she tells me that she does not like me, and that she wished me to go away."

The Princess looked across the room towards Jeanne, who was calmly and apparently oblivious of everything that was passing.

"My dear Count," she said, tapping his hand with her fan, "she is very, very nervous. She would like to have been a nun, but, of course, we would not hear of it. I think that she was a little afraid of you. You looked at her very boldly, you know, and she is not used to the glances of men. At her age, perhaps—you understand?"

The Count was not quite sure that he did understand. He had a most unpleasant recollection of the firmness and decision with which Jeanne had announced her views with regard to him, but he looked toward her again, and the look was fatal. Jeanne was certainly a most desirable young person, quite apart from her dowry.

"It may be as you say, Princess," he said. "I must leave her to you for a little time. You must talk to her. She is quite pretty," he added with an involuntary note of condescension in his tone. "I am very pleased with her. In fact, I am quite attracted."

"You will remember," the Princess said, dropping her voice a little, "that before anything definite is said, you and I must have a little conversation."

De Brensault twirled his moustache. He looked up at the Princess as though trying to fathom the meaning of her words. "Certainly," he answered slowly. "I have not forgotten what you said. Of course, her dot is very large, is it not?"

"It is very large indeed," the Princess answered, "and there are a great many men who would be very grateful to me indeed if I were willing even to listen to them."

De Brensault nodded.

"Very well," he said. "We will have that little talk whenever you like."

The Princess nodded.

"I suppose," she said, "we must play bridge now. They are waiting for us."

De Brensault looked behind to where Jeanne was still sitting reading. Her head was resting upon a soft pillow, deep orange colored, against which the purity of her complexion, the delicate lines of her eyebrows, the slenderness of her exquisite mouth, were all more than ever manifest. She read with interest, and without turning her head away from the pages of the book which she held in long, slender fingers. De Brensault sighed as he turned away.

"Certainly," he said. "We will go and play bridge. But I will tell you what it is, my dear Princess. I think I am very near falling in love with your little step-daughter."

(To Be Continued.)

Black will be much used not only in day time, but evening toilets, during the coming season.

Looked Like Intended Suicide

The citizen who was brandishing a fierce looking razor says it wasn't suicide but came he was thinking about. Needless to say his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor—very wise, because Putnam's cures in 24 hours; try it.

PUTS AN END TO STOMACH MISERY

Heartburn, Gas and Indigestion Vanish and You Feel Fine in Five Minutes

Every family here ought to keep some Diapiesin in the house, as any one of you may have an attack of Indigestion or Stomach trouble at any time, day or night. This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a distressed, out-of-order stomach five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lay like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach. Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is a certain cure for fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is at any drug store, waiting for you.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to cure almost any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any other Stomach trouble.

THOMPSON SAYS HIS TRAIN WAS ON LINE TOO LONG

Saturday's Evidence in the Inquiry at Campbellton to Learn Cause of Fatal Train Wreck

Campbellton, N. B., Oct. 16.—The important feature of this morning's session of the inquiry into the fatal collision at Nash's Creek on Oct. 16, was the testimony of Conductor Thompson, who admitted that even though the collision had occurred at 2:38 his train was encroaching on the time of the Maritime express under the ten minute rule. The statement was brought out on Thompson's re-examination by Mr. Ralston. The ten minute rule which appears in the time-table reads as follows:

"No regular train shall leave or pass a station unless it has time to arrive at the next siding at least ten minutes before the time fixed by the time-table for the departure from that station. The train coming in the opposite direction and every station master is hereby authorized and required to stop any and every such train which is leaving or passing his station within these prescribed limits and to satisfy himself that the conductor and engine man are properly instructed or that it is safe for them to proceed before allowing them to do so."

Under this rule No. 33, running forty minutes late, was due at Nash's Creek at 2:45, his arrival, according to time table, being 2:48. Thompson, to allow the ten minute margin should have been on the siding at Nash's Creek at 2:33 instead of which, at his best calculation, it was 2:39 or three minutes over the time.

Trainsmen on the Maritime agree in the statement that it was exactly 3:40 when they passed Jacques River, 3.50 miles from Nash's Creek, and the night operator at the station reported they passed at 2:38. Allowing five minutes to cover that distance, according to the Maritime's schedule, would put the time of accident at 2:43, or at better time was made, possibly at 2:41 or 2:42.

P. M. Anderson, a passenger on the Maritime, says his watch showed 2:45 about a minute after the crash, so he would look as if Thompson's watch must have been at fault. However, other members of the crew of his train support him in saying it was only 2:41 when they looked at their watches a minute or so later. The instructions to trainsmen regarding the "time order" or "wait order," as it is sometimes termed, read as follows:

"Under this order the designated superior right must not pass the designated point before the time given, unless the other train has arrived. The train of inferior right is required to run with respect to the time specified, the same as before required to run with respect to the regular schedule time of the train of superior right."

The train of superior right in this instance was the Maritime and having reached Jacques River at 2:40 was not required to wait as the inferior train would, according to the rules, be on the siding at Nash's Creek at the same point beyond. The inferior train, however, was on the main line several minutes later than it had any right to be according to Thompson's own testimony and the result is now well known.

Chief Train Despatcher Bray, of Campbellton, explained that the delay in sending the auxiliary train to the scene of the wreck was caused by the time spent in getting a crew together, as the men had to be roused from their homes.

The block system is used for all passenger trains to prevent rear-end collisions. Time orders such as were used in this case are in use on all large railroads, including the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk.

It was decided that adjournment should be made to Tuesday, Nov. 16, when Fireman Cook, now in the hospital, will be examined. Others who will be called are: Driver Willard Rushton and Conductor John Doyle, of Moncton, who were in charge of the auxiliary train from Campbellton to the wreck; Stewart McLaughlin, of Campbellton, first foreman; and John Devereaux, day foreman at the round house, Campbellton, and Clarence Brown, station master at Jacques River. Brakeman Jesulat, of the freight special, who was in the cab of the engine when the collision occurred, and who was seriously injured, will probably also be in condition to attend in two or three weeks.

POOR BUSINESS.

Mrs. Magnate—The milliner, as usual, is several weeks behind with my fall hat. Mr. Magnate—Serves you right. You women will deliberately place a big construction order without a sign of a penalty clause.

HYOMEI

CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds or money back. Solid and guaranteed by Chas. R. Wasson, Druggist, 100 King Street.

Sale of Ladies' Winter Underwear

Turnbull's Unshrinkable. White or Natural Color.

Vests and Drawers, all sizes 25c. Each
Extra Heavy Vests and Drawers 38c. Each
Out Size, Vests and Drawers 45c. Each
Heavy Fleece Vests, white only 50c. Each
Fine Wool Vests and Drawers 50c. Each
40c. Heavy White Knit Corset Covers 29c. Each

I. CHESTER BROWN

32 and 36 King Square.

INCOME OF \$250,000 FOR PIN MONEY

Chicago Man Settles \$15,000 a Year on Wife and Daughter

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Adolph J. Liechstein, of No. 2736 Michigan avenue, believes his wife and daughter should have plenty of "pin money" without waiting for his death. The idea of getting rid of wealth while alive and seeing how it is being spent caught Mr. Liechstein's fancy. He called upon his lawyer on the phone. Arrangements were made and soon after the idea was born Mrs. Liechstein and her daughter were the possessors of an annual income of \$15,000.

Mr. Liechstein had arranged that the income from property valued at \$250,000 be paid to his wife and daughter. "Love and affection for the beneficiaries" is the consideration mentioned in the declaration of trust filed today.

"I wanted to give them this property while I am alive," explained Mr. Liechstein. "They will begin to receive the money today. The trust specifies that they get this as long as they live. I have more money than I can use."

"I don't want my wife and daughter to have to beg me for spending money. I can now have the comfort of not being worried over woman's bills, and will have the pleasure of seeing my wife and daughter enjoy themselves. I count that infinitely better than holding on to my dollars until I lose my grip on all things earthly. What good would they do me then? It probably is selfishness in me wanting to see some of the spending of it myself before I go, but call it whatever you like, that's the way it stands. I am happy, my wife is happier, and you know happiness is contagious."

WENT SHOOTING AND WAS DROWNED

Sad Sequel of the Sunday Outing of Three Isaac's Harbor Men

Goldboro, N. S., Oct. 17.—A very sad drowning accident occurred this morning at 8 o'clock. Allen McMillan, Ashley Myers