



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
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SYNOPSIS

Lord Bazelhurst's servants, ordered to throw Randolph Shaw into a brook marking the boundary lines between the Shaw and Bazelhurst estates, are thoroughly ducked by Shaw himself.

Lord Bazelhurst, incited by his ill-natured American wife, invades Shaw's land, but runs when Shaw appears.

Shaw, more in jest than earnest, ejects from his premises Penelope Drake, Lord Bazelhurst's sister. Penelope admires him very much.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which the Truth Trespasses.

Lord and Lady Bazelhurst, with the more energetic members of their party, spent the day in a so-called hunting excursion to the hills south of the villa. Toward nightfall they returned successfully empty handed and rapacious for bridge. Penelope, full of smoldering anger, had spent the afternoon in her room, disdaining every call of sociability. She had awakened to the truth of the situation in so far as she was concerned. She was at least seeing things from Shaw's point of view. Her resentment was not against the policy of her brother, but the overbearing, petulant tyranny of her American sister-in-law. From the beginning she had disliked Evelyn; now she despised her. With the loyal simplicity of a sister she absolved Cecil of all real blame in the outrage of the morning, attributing everything to the cruelty and envy of the despot who held the purse strings from which dangled the pliable fortunes of Bazelhurst. The Bazelhursts, one and all—ancestors thrown in—swung back and forth on the pendulum of her capriciousness. Penelope, poor as a church mouse, was almost wholly dependent upon her brother, who in turn owed his present affluence to the more or less luckless movement of the matrimonial market. The girl had a small, inadequate income—so small that it was almost worth jesting about.

Here was Penelope, twenty-two, beautiful, proud, fair minded and healthy, surveying herself for the first time from a new and an entirely different point of view. She was not pleased with the picture. She began to loathe herself more than she pitied her brother. Something like a smile came into her clouded face as she speculated on Randolph Shaw's method of handling Evelyn Banks had she fallen to him as a wife. The quiet power in that man's face signified the presence of a manhood that—ah, and just here it occurred to her that Lady Bazelhurst felt the force of that power even though she never had seen the man. She hated him because he was strong enough to oppose her, to ignore her, to laugh at her impotence.

The smoldering anger and a growing sense of fairness combined at length in the determination to take her brother and his wife to task for the morning's outrage, let the consequences be what they might. When she joined the people downstairs before dinner there was a red spot in each cheek and a steady look in her eyes that caused the duke to neglect woefully the conversation he was carrying on with Mrs. Odwell.

Dinner was delayed for nearly half an hour while four of the guests finished their "rubber." Penelope observed that the party displayed varying emotions. It afterward transpired that the hunters had spent most of the afternoon in her ladyship's distant lodge playing bridge for rather high stakes. Little Miss Folsom was pitifully unresponsive to the mirth of Mr. Odwell. She could ill afford to lose \$500. Lady Bazelhurst was in a frightful mood. Her guests had so far forgotten themselves as to win more than \$1,000 of the Banks legacy, and she was not a cheerful loser, especially as his lordship had dropped an additional \$500. The winners were riotously happy. They had found the sport glorious. An observer given to deductions might have noticed that half of the diners were immoderately hilarious, the other half studiously polite.

Lord Bazelhurst wore a hunted look and drank more than one or two highballs. From time to time he cast furtive glances at his wife. He laughed frequently at the wrong time and mirthlessly.

"He's got something on his mind," whispered Odwell in comment.

"Yes; he always laughs when there is anything on his mind," replied Mrs. De Peyton. "That's the way he gets it off."

After dinner no one proposed cards. The party edged off into twos and threes and explained how luck had been with or against them. Penelope, who could not afford to play for stakes and had the courage to say so, sat back and listened to the conversation of her brother and the group around him. The duke was holding forth on the superiority of the Chinese over the Japanese as servants, and Bazelhurst was loudly defending the Japanese navy.

"Hang it all, Barminster, the Japs could eat 'em up!" he proclaimed. "Couldn't they?" to the crowd.

"I'm talking about servants, Cecil," observed the duke.

"And shoot? Why, they're the greatest gunners in the world. By Jove, I

read somewhere the other day that they had hit what they shot at 3,000,000



Penelope Started and Flushed.

times out of—or, let me see, was it the Prussians who fired 3,000,000 rounds and?"

"Oh, let's change the subject," said the duke in disgust. "What's become of that Shaw fellow?" Penelope started and flushed, much to her chagrin. At the sound of Shaw's name Lady Bazelhurst, who was passing with the count, stopped so abruptly that her companion took half a dozen paces without her.

"Shaw? By Jove, do you know I'd completely forgotten that fellow," exclaimed Cecil.

"I thought you were going to shoot him or shoot at him or something like that. Can't you get him in range?"

"Oh, I wasn't really in earnest about that, Barminster. You know we couldn't shoot at a fellow for such a thing."

"Nonsense, Cecil," said his wife. "You shoot poachers in England."

"But this fellow isn't a poacher. He's a gentleman, I daresay—in some respects—not all, of course, my dear, but"

"Gentleman? Ridiculous!" scoffed his wife.

"I—yes, quite right—a ridiculous gentleman, of course. Ha, ha! Isn't he, Barminster? But with all that, you know, I couldn't have Tompkins shoot him. He asked me the other day if he should take a shot at Shaw's legs, and I told him not to do anything so absurd." Penelope's heart swelled with relief, and for the first time that evening she looked upon her brother with something like sisterly regard.

"It didn't matter, however," said Lady Evelyn sharply. "I gave him instructions yesterday to shoot any trespasser from that side of the line. I can't see that we owe Mr. Shaw any special consideration. He has insulted and ignored me at every opportunity. Why should he be permitted to trespass more than any other common lawbreaker? If he courts a charge of birdshot he should not expect to escape scot free. Birdshot wouldn't kill a man, you know, but it would"

But Penelope could restrain herself no longer. The heartiness of her sister-in-law overcame her prudence, and she interrupted the scornful mistress of the house, her eyes blazing, but her voice under perfect control. Her tall young figure was tense, and her fingers clasped the back of Miss Folsom's chair rather rigidly.

"I suppose you know what happened this morning," she said, with such apparent restraint that every one looked at her expectantly.

"Do you mean in connection with Mr.—with Jack the Giant Killer?" asked her ladyship, her eyes brightening.

"Some one of your servants shot him this morning," said Penelope, with great distinctness. There was breathless silence in the room.

"Shot him?" gasped Lord Bazelhurst, his thin red face going very white.

"Not—not fatally?" exclaimed Evelyn, aghast in spite of herself.

"No. The instructions were carried out. His wound in the arm is trifling. But the coward was not so generous when it came to the life of his innocent, harmless dog. He killed the poor thing. Evelyn, it's—it's like murder!"

"Oh," cried her ladyship, relieved. "He killed the dog. I daresay Mr. Shaw has come to realize at last that we are earnest in this. Of course I am glad that the man is not badly hurt. Still, a few shot in the arm will hardly keep him in bounds. His legs were intended," she laughed lightly. "What miserable aim Tompkins must take."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Wm. Kahler, of Cedar Canyon, transacted business in this city last Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Blum and daughter Hazel, of near Gaston, were shopping in Forest Grove Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harris, of the Hillside neighborhood, were presented with a baby boy last Saturday morning.

Mrs. Carrie Wood and daughter Alice, of Eugene, are guests at the home of Mrs. Wood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shearer of this city. They will remain until after the Christmas holidays and assist in the care of Mrs. Shearer, who is quite ill with lumbago.

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