

# For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

**SYNOPSIS:** Poor brotherly Captain Despard goes to the aid of a stranger in Brookhaven's challenge. Two dark, silent figures attack him, knock him unconscious and push him into the deep pool. As they see another figure plunge into the water, finally, after a great struggle, Despard is dragged to safety by the gypsy-like youth, whose job is to ferry the young lady to the bridge. Despard is taken to the village, near South. There, tragically, he is killed. In the morning, on the very spot of Despard's murder, his enemies fall upon him, capture him.

## Chapter II A MISSING GARDENER

THE day being young, birds were carolling as Helen stepped forth. For my lady's sleep had been anything but dreamless; all night long she had been haunted of a face whose cheek bore a smear of blood, yet whose shapey mouth smiled. There had been a chin to this face also, square and strong, whose self-confident but reminded her of another chin indeed this chin had been the leading cause of so much after-effect, for, my lady had sat up in bed exclaiming:

"Oh, good luck—how blind a fool am I!"

And now, haunt, I'd say, of this extremely odd odd-maz and having debt of gratitude to speak, she made her way towards the kitchen garden, his usual haunt, but found it empty. Pensive my lady moved to the stables, where George was performing the Witch's morning toilette.

"Good morning, George!" said Helen. "Where is Ben?"

"A bottle of his breakfast, ma'am."

"I want, Jarge," cried Ben, popping suddenly into view. "Ere I be, and won't your ladyship's will of me?"

"The about the odd-man Fello-love, is he here, Ben?"

"Ay, ma'am, along of 'is cabbage, or should be."

"Well, he is not."

"The lady wanteth! Do 'ee want 'im, my lady?"

"I wish to thank him, Ben. Here while old Ben stared agape, and George, my lady described last night's terrifying adventure.

"Lordy!" gasped old Ben. "Lord save us all! An' 'twere Daffy Dick says you, as driv' 'em off! And 'im no better nor a looby, a poor, dod-dish clumpcamp!"

"But—is he, Ben?"

"Well—ain't 'e, ma'am! The way as 'e goggles!"

"How did you find him, and where?"

"Well, 'twere the mare—ay, 'twere The Witch as brought us 'quainted-like, for, daffy soft or no, Dick's got a way wif 'esses—ah, pretty nigh as good as me! And then, eod, ma'am, 'e ups and cloaks that their Oldcraft, arter which I took a likin' for the lad, and 'im la 'im' a job and us needin' a odd-man I brought 'e along."

"And my aunt engaged him?"

"She did, my lady, on the spot, and afore I could say a word for 'e."

"Well, when he comes, pray tell him I desire a word with him, Ben."

"Why so I will, ma'am, sorely!"

Slowly, Helen retraced her steps into the house, wandered upstairs, and now since dreams held so much more than barren wakefulness, to bed she returned. Falling asleep, she dreamed herself feeling very inadequately attired, from borders of relentless persecutors, and awoke in a tangle of bedclothes, and smiled at poor, woeful Betty.

"Oh, ma'am," she twittered. "I... oh, I had to wake your ladyship, you did so moan, ma'am."

"And small wonder, child—such horrors! For I dreamed fantastical and indecorous folly, come, dress me. And while I eat, I'll speak with the gardener."

"Ben, ma'am, be sever come sign here today."

"Oh!" said my lady musingly. "But the Viscount awaits you."

"Does he forsooth? Then go and tell him I'll speak with her."

"She's out, ma'am—went a-driving so soon as she'd read the letter."

"What letter?"

"One brought by John, the land lord."

So presently Helen descended to her solitary meal, and having finished went forth unwillingly to greet the Viscount.

## ENTHUSIASM IS EXPRESSED FOR COOKING SCHOOL

As they paced the lawn together she sensed in him such fevered agitation, that instinctively she drew away somewhat.

"You are ill, Viscount!" she began, then caught her breath, for in that moment he was on his knees before her, a wild, pitiful creature, looking up at her with fearful eyes.

"Helen! You can give me life... or cast me for death!"

"Nay, but—how, how?" she questioned. "What seek you of me—?"

"Thyself... come with me... marry me!"

Instinctively she recoiled, and then he was on his feet. Yet his voice was gentle:

"Am I sudden? Seem I do so, indeed? Yet, dost know I dot on thee. Think, madam, think on this and be kind—a cruel Fate compels me suddenly hence—hence for good and all, I must away. But thou, Helen, thou art part of me, thou art the very heart of me, thou art my blood—then how may I leave thee? I'd part my very soul for thee—thou art my love, adored beyond life, beyond all fame and honour—then how may I go and leave thee behind? Wed me, Helen, wed me, and I'll be thy slave! Come with me and I'll be a god defying all!"

"Sir," cried she with imperious gesture. "Oh, my lord, say no more—for my answer you know already in your heart... now as you have ever known."

Viscount Brocklehurst drew a deep breath and stood with his hand to his forehead, while his restless fingers fidgeted with his cane.

"And so... farewell to Hope!" sighed he. "Will give me one of thy roses, Helen, to bear with me for thy sake?"

Smiling, she plucked and gave him a scarlet opening bud, and he stood awhile twisting it in his fingers.

"The fair garden, this!" said he. "You'll look for one to read it, now I other poor rogues is gone, and yet—"

"Gone, sir?" she repeated. "Who? Pray what do you mean, Viscount?"

"Why, that he's taken—but sure you've heard?"

"I've heard nothing. Pray, who is taken?"

"Why, the gardener worked here—called himself, I think, Fultimore. He straggled with his captors, it seems, and took some scathe in consequence."

"Ah, you mean he lies hort... wounded?"

"Somewhat. But God, madam, the poor rogue's humble welfare would seem to interest you—strange!"

"Being one of my servants, sir—not even the law touches him up challenged. Where is he?"

"I saw him lying at a little two some miles away."

"You saw him?"

"The fellow Oldcraft showed me the pitiful wreck."

"Then will I see him also?" said she and set off towards the house.

"Ah!" sighed the Viscount. "It's a rarely fortunate rogue he to find such potent champion as thyself, Helen. Good fortune attend thee, Helen, and so farewell, my chaise waits and—alas, I must be gone."

"Stay, sir," cried she. "You know where he lies; you shall carry me thither if you will, Viscount."

"Ah, Helen, 'twould be purer joy to serve you, but—"

"Nay—wait, sir!" she commanded. "I do but stay to cloak my and leave word for my aunt; wait, I beg!" And away sped Helen, forthwith, while the Viscount stood, sombre gaze sent earthwards again, twisting and twisting the rose in his fingers. Suddenly he uttered a stifled exclamation, and stared at the slow-welling blood where a thorn had pricked him. Deliberately he dropped the flower and, setting his heel upon it, crushed the rose deep into the soil.

He looked up smiling as Helen reappeared. Blinked, bright-eyed and so alluring in her glowing beauty that he drew a breath of stealthy rapture.

Then, side by side, they hurried across the lawn and so, presently were gone; and smiling to mark their passing save the broken petals of a crushed and falling rose.

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The Viscount's marriage plot is disclosed in tomorrow's chapter.

## BURTON SISTERS ON COPCO RADIO TONIGHT

Copco hour tonight over KMEED, is slated to be one that is chuck full of pep, occupation, and harmony. The Burton Sisters will offer a repertoire of popular dance music with several vocal numbers to add variety. Mary Burton, the popular saxophonist will play "Saxena" as a solo number. Lucie Burton will do "What Did I Wanna Make Me Love You For?"

Among other selections will be: "I Have a Feeling I'm Falling," "I'm the Last of the Red Hot Mamma's," "Pagan Love Song," "Louise," "I'm Just a Nagalond Lover," "Kiss Again," "Weary River," "Deep Night," "I'll Always Be in Love With You," "I'm Walking Around in a Dream," "Glad Rags Glad," "Whoopee Hat Parade" and a quartet medley.

## HUMANE SOCIETY TO HAVE BOOTH AT FAIR

The Jackson County Humane society will have a booth in the Educational building at the Jackson County Fair, Sept. 11 to 12th. Children are invited to send pictures, any size, uniforms, taken with their pets, or pictures of their pets alone. These pictures will be hung in the booth for exhibition together with Humane posters. Pictures should be sent to the Jackson County Health society.

## ASHLAND CHAMBER ELECTS WESTBROOK

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 6.—(Sp.) B. R. Westbrook, manager of the Luthia Springs hotel, has been elected a director of the chamber of commerce, to fill the vacancy made by the removal of W. P. Walker, who leaves soon to accept a position in the U. S. A. work in Portland. Mr. Westbrook, who was elected by the governing board of the chamber of commerce, will be chairman of the finance and membership division of the chamber.

Miss Elsie Buck, her mother, Mrs. Buck, and brother, Robert Buck, have arrived in Ashland to consult with the Southern Oregon Normal school authorities in regard to the work that Miss Buck will take up as English teacher. Her duties will begin with the fall term in September. Miss Buck is to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Lillian Graves.

Mrs. Marshall Hunt and her small son Bobby arrived in Ashland on Thursday and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Will M. Dodge on the Emulward. They are on the way home to LaPine after a visit to the Yamhill valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers of Santa Cruz, Cal., who are spending the summer at the Lake of the Woods, where they are building a summer cabin, were in Ashland recently. Mrs. Rogers was a former Ashland girl and will be remembered by old friends at Mrs. James Rogers' residence, a niece of Mrs. C. W. Nims.

Fall fairs in Plazo. BEAUMONT, Tex.—(Sp.) Fall-wag ramblers have a real mark to shoot at. Kyle Whellas claims 18 million straightaway on one marble shot. It landed in the pocket of a mail plane taking off for Houston.

Oregon Weather. Fair tonight and Wednesday; temperature above normal Wednesday. Gentle, variable winds.

# Experts in Fabrics and Style ... Department Buyers for 132 Great Stores

insist on Lux for their own things

92% of the department store buyers interviewed in 132 leading department stores insist on Lux for their own precious things!

IMAGINE what this means! These women are paid huge salaries because they know more about styles and fabrics than any other women in the country.

Interviewed in their own departments of leading stores in 31 big cities—their verdict was practically unanimous.

92 out of every 100 interviewed insist on Lux for their own things! For lingerie and stockings, smart sweaters, charming frocks!

And all New York musical shows, New York's famous dressmakers—all the great movie studios—use Lux to double the life of fabrics, whether sturdy or sheer!

Following their invariable rule of using Lux, you, too, can keep your own fine things beautifully new-looking so much longer!

Why Lux saves clothes and saves money. Because, made of the purest materials known—by a special costly process—Lux almost magically renews lovely clothes with each gentle cleansing.



DEPARTMENT STORE BUYERS IN PARIS (Above) An intimate glimpse into the salon of Poiret, famous couturier, showing American buyers (seated) viewing the distinguished creations of this famous House. These clever women know styles and fabrics from A to Z! And 92% of those interviewed insist on Lux!



NEW YORK MUSICAL SHOWS all find stockings give double wear, cleaned always in Lux! Charming Dorothy Stone (above), co-starred in "Three Cheers," agrees with her wardrobe mistress that "Lux keeps stockings divinely new!"



FAMOUS DRESSMAKERS such as Bergdorf-Goodman, Frances Clyne, Kurtman—find sheer lingerie and stockings worn by mannequins stay exquisitely new-looking twice as long with Lux! (Above) "Behind the scenes" in a Fashion Salon.

GREAT MOVIE STUDIOS in Hollywood all use Lux—to double the life of fabrics, whether of sheer or sturdy weave! (above) Beautiful Renée Adoree who exclaims, "I think Lux is perfectly grand—I wouldn't trust my nice things to anything else."

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