

A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"

What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disordered liver.

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Aug. 2, 1913

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needed.

"I saw a young lady in the carriage,"

Duncombe answered, "or, rather, I did not see her, for she wore a veil, and she scarcely looked at me, but she was introduced to me as Miss Fielding, and her father was with her."

"Fielding? Fielding?" Andrew repeated. "Never mind that. What was she like? What color was that veil?"

"I told you that she kept her veil down," Duncombe repeated. "Her hair was a sort of deep red brown—what I could see of it. But, seriously, Andrew, what is the use of discussing her? One might as soon expect one of my housemaids to change into Phyllis Poynton as to discover her with a brand new father, a brand new name and a guest at Runtun Place."

Andrew was silent for a moment. He touched his spectacles with a weary gesture and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose you are right. I suppose I am a fool. But the voice!"

"The laughter of women," said Duncombe, "is music all the world over. One cannot differ very much from the other."

"You are quite wrong, George," Andrew said. "The voices of women vary like the thumb nails of criminals. There are no two assumed exactly alike. It is the receptive organs that are at it. We who have lost one sense find others a little keener. The laughter of that girl, George, will you keep me a few days longer? Somehow I cannot bring myself to leave until I have heard her voice once more."

Duncombe laughed heartily. "My dear fellow," he said, "I shall bless your uncommonly sensitive ears if they keep you here with me for even an extra few days. You shall have your opportunity too. I always dine at Runtun House after our first shoot, and I know Runtun quite well enough to take you. You shall sit at the same table. Hello, what's this light waving up the drive?"

He stroled a yard or so away and returned.

"A bicycle," he remarked. "One of the grooms has been down to the village. I shall have to speak to the village."

"I will not have those fellows coming here at all sorts of times in the morning. Come along in, Andrew. Just a drink, eh? And a cigarette and then to bed. Runtun's keen on his bag, and they say that German Rothe's a fine shot. Can't let them have it all their own way."

"No fear of that," Andrew answered, stepping through the window. "I'll have the cigarette, please, but I don't care about any more whisky. The field mentioned your name only a few weeks ago as one of the finest shots at rarer birds in the country, so I don't

think you need fear the German."

"I ought to hold my own with the partridges," Duncombe admitted, helping himself from the siphon, "but—Come in, come in!"

A servant entered with a telegram upon a silver salver.

"A boy has just brought this from Runtun, sir," he said.

Duncombe tore it open. He was expecting a message from his gunmaker, and he opened it without any particular interest, but as he read his whole manner changed. He held the sheet in front of him long enough to have read it a dozen times. He could not restrain the slight start—a half exclamation. Then his teeth came together. He remembered the servant and looked up.

"There will be no answer tonight, Murray," he said. "Give the boy a shilling and some supper. If he goes home by the Runtun gates, tell him to be sure and close them because of the deer."

The man departed. Duncombe laid the telegram upon the table. He felt that Andrew was waiting impatiently for him to speak.

"The telegram is from Spencer," Duncombe said.

"He has discovered something?"

"On the contrary," Duncombe answered, "he is asking me for information, and curious information too."

"What does he want to know?"

"The telegram," Duncombe said slowly. "He is in French. He asks me to wire him at once the names of all the guests at Runtun Place."

Andrew struck the table a mighty blow with his clenched fist.

"I knew it!" he cried. "It was her laugh, her voice. Phyllis Poynton is there!"

Duncombe looked at his friend incredulously.

"My dear Andrew," he said, "be reasonable. The young lady and her father in that omnibus were introduced to me by Runtun himself as Mr. and Miss Fielding. They are going to his house as his guests. Naturally therefore he knows all about them. Miss Poynton, as you have told me more than once, is an orphan."

"Common sense won't even admit it as a matter of argument," Andrew said. "I know that quite well. But how do you account for Spencer's telegram?"

"Remember that he is a newspaper correspondent," Duncombe said. "He has many interests and many friends with whom he is constantly exchanging information. It is a coincidence, I admit. But the wildest flight of imagination could not make any more of it."

"You must be right," Andrew said quietly. "It all sounds and is so convincing. But I wish that I had not heard that laugh!"

"It's nothing but a farmhouse, of course," he said. "No pretensions at architecture or anything of that sort, of course, but it's rather a comfortable old place."

"I think it is perfectly charming," the girl said. "Do you live there all alone? You have sisters, perhaps?"

He shook his head.

"No such luck," he answered. "Mine is entirely a bachelor establishment. A great part of the time I am alone. Just now I have a pal staying with me—a awfully decent chap, from Devonshire."

She was certainly silent for a moment. He fancied, too, that there was a change in her face.

"From Devonshire?" she repeated, with a careless smile, which, if it was not natural, was exceedingly well assumed.

"I believe I knew some people once who came from there. What is your friend's name, Sir George?"

"Andrew Pelham," he said quietly. "He comes from a place called Rixensworth."

"He is staying here now—with you?"

"Yes," he answered gravely; "of that I was not sure. Her face for the moment had been the color of chalk; a little exclamation had been strangled upon her lips. She shot a quick glance at him. He met it steadily.

"You know the name?" he asked.

"The name, yes," she answered, "but not the person. A very old friend of mine was called Andrew Pelham, but he was an American, and he has never been in England. It startled me, though, to hear the exact name again from you."

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"Just in time, aren't we?" Lady Runtun remarked as she brought the horses to a standstill. "Help me down, Jack, and look after Miss Fielding, Sir George. By the bye, have you two met yet?"

Duncombe bowed—he was bareheaded—and held out his hands.

"I saw Miss Fielding for a moment last night," he said, "or, rather, I didn't see her. We were introduced, however. What do you think of our maligned English weather, Miss Fielding?" he asked.

She raised her veil and looked at him deliberately. He had been prepared for this meeting, and yet it was with a difficulty that he refrained from a start. The likeness to the photograph, which even at that moment was in his pocket, was wonderful. She looked a little older perhaps. There were shadows in her face of which there were no traces in the picture. And yet the likeness was wonderful.

"Today at least is charming," she said. "But, then, I am quite used to your climate, you know. I have lived in Europe almost as much as in America."

She certainly had no trace of any accent. She spoke a little more slowly perhaps than most young Englishwomen, but there was nothing of the

in her words or in her pronunciation of them to suggest a transatlantic origin. She stood by the side, looking about her with an air of interest, and Duncombe began to wonder whether, after all, she was not more beautiful than the photograph which he had treasured so jealously. He became conscious of a desire to keep her by his side.

"In your father shooting, Miss Fielding?"

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Duncombe laughed.

"When I am a friend of Mr. Fielding will find it rather hard to amuse himself down here," he remarked.

"Well, he's discovered the telephone," she said. "He's spending the morning ringing up people all over the country. He was talking to his bankers when we came out. Oh, here come the rest of them. How tired they look, poor things—especially the baron! Nature meant him to tramp over plowed fields in the distance. Miss Fielding, I am sure, was just saying how warm you look."

The baron took off his cap, gave up his gun to a keeper and turned a glowing face toward them.

"My dear young lady," he declared, "I am warm, I admit, but it is good for me—very good, indeed. I tried to make your father walk with us. He will be sure to suffer some day if he takes no exercise."

"Oh, father's never ill," the girl answered. "But, then, he eats nothing, Sir George. I hope you're going to devote yourself to me at luncheon. I'm terribly hungry."

"So we all are," Lady Runtun declared. "Come along, every one."

Luncheon was served in a large open barn pleasantly fragrant of dried hay and with a delightful view of the sea far away in the distance. Miss Fielding chattered to every one, was amusing and amused. The baron gave her as much of his attention as he was ever disposed to bestow upon any one at meal times, and Duncombe almost forgot that he had breakfasted at 8 o'clock.

"Charming young person, that!" said Lady Runtun's neighbor to her. "One of our future duchesses, I suppose?"

Lady Runtun smiled.

"Lady Runtun, Teddy," she answered. "What a pity you haven't a title."

The young man—he was in the foreign office—sighed and shook his head.

"Such things are not for me," he declared sententially. "My affections are engaged."

"That isn't the least reason why you shouldn't marry money," her ladyship declared, lighting a cigarette. "Go and talk to her!"

"To her sport?" he answered, shaking his head. "By Jove! Duncombe is making the running, though, isn't he?"

Her ladyship raised her glasses. Duncombe and Miss Fielding had strolled outside the barn. He was showing her his house, a very picturesque old place it looked, down in the valley.

"It's nothing but a farmhouse, of course," he said. "No pretensions at architecture or anything of that sort, of course, but it's rather a comfortable old place."

"I think it is perfectly charming," the girl said. "Do you live there all alone? You have sisters, perhaps?"

He shook his head.

"No such luck," he answered. "Mine is entirely a bachelor establishment. A great part of the time I am alone. Just now I have a pal staying with me—a awfully decent chap, from Devonshire."

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"Yes," he answered gravely; "of that I was not sure. Her face for the moment had been the color of chalk; a little exclamation had been strangled upon her lips. She shot a quick glance at him. He met it steadily.

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