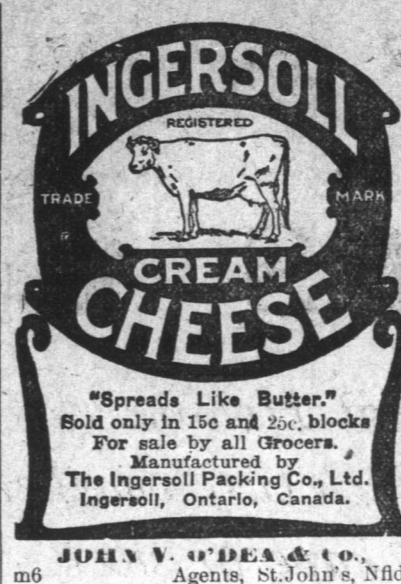


UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to MARCH 7, 1910.

A Armer, I. C. Anderson, Sophie Miss Andrews, Thomas, card Ase, G. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Bennett, John, card Bennett, Mrs. T. Beer, Wm., Neagle's Hill Byrne, Nellie, retd. Brine, John, care General Post Office Brown, Wm. J., care Empire Wood W. Co. Brown, E. C. Butt, Wm., Water St. West Burden, John M., Brazil's Square Butt, Levi, card Blowett, Mrs. F. M. Budden, W., Hamilton Street Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road Butler, James T., late Pilley's Island Burns, Bridget, retd. Cameron, Mrs., King's Road Clarke, Robert Carter, Wm., Belyedier Street Clarke, Wm., late Glace Bay Clarke, A. retd. Carnochan, Dr. W. L. Crawford, A. G. Clarke, Robert, care G. P. O. Critch, Matilda, Wtaer St. Collier, Miss Mollie Courtenay, Mr., late Globe Laundry Collins, Miss Signal Hill Rd. Copeman, Mrs. P., Quidi Vidi Costello, Miss Annie, care Mr. Rendell Coombs, Eli Conway, M.P., Gower St. Chute, Miss Carrie Dalton, Peter, Water St. Dwyer, Mr., Mt. Scio Pryke, Miss Hannah, card Jenmore, F., card Dewling, Mrs., Golf Avenue Dermody, Marc, retd. Dicks, Windsor, late Grand Falls Danson, Miss Florence, card Dodd, Charles Drover, James, care J. J. Treleagan Donohue, Mrs. Bridget, Water Street Earle, Chas., George's St. Edwards, Miss Clara, Colonial Street Edelston, Ale., Bond Street

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.) I am sorry you are not on friendly terms with them, my lord; Sidney ventured to stammer. The earl shrugged his shoulders and smiled. 'My dear sir, that fact need not militate against any matrimonial idea which may be forming in your mind,' he said, coldly. 'In all probability I shall be in the family vault before you are married, unless you are very precipitate; and I should therefore not be called upon to associate with these people. On the other hand, I should infinitely prefer Miss Eva Rashleigh as a future countess to some—er—youth person with neither birth nor position. But I fear this extremely personal topic must seem painfully intrusive to you. Will you take some more wine? This port has been in the castle cellars for thirty years. It may seem too thin to you; if so, pray tell Yates, who will serve a fuller-bodied wine. If you will excuse me, and will kindly ring for my man, I will retire, for I fear I must



CHAPTER XIV. SIDNEY BASSINGTON stood in the room glaring sullenly at the door which had closed upon his angry relative. The sarcasm of every pointed word rankled like a poisoned barb in his breast, and wounded his vanity. His teeth—they were white and even—shut tightly and gleamed through the lips, parted malignantly. 'Curse him!' he muttered. 'He sneers at me because I'm not as classy as he is. The old—old wolf! I hate him! Yes, I hate him! I wish—the expression of the wish faltered, then burst out—'I wish he was dead! I'm as good as he—should be the same as he is, the earl and master here, if he were—were dead! I've read about these aristocrats with their sneers and their insults. But I'll raise myself! he broke off, raising his head and looking round defiantly. 'It's only because I've been kept out of my rights that I'm—I'm different to him and Sir Edward and their sort. Yes, that's it. I've been robbed of my rights. Why didn't he send for me before? why did he leave me to live with the scum of the earth? With a snarl he caught up the decanter nearest his hand—it happened to be yellow Chartreuse—and filled a wine-glass and drank it at a draught. The generous liquor ran through his veins like quick-silver, and added fuel to the smouldering fire of his resentment. 'Curse him!' he muttered, again; then he glanced round him as if he feared he might be overheard, and his eyes took on their cunning, shifty expression. 'But I must keep a check on myself; I mustn't let him see it

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curtain the pleasure which your companionship affords me. Fearful and timid as he was, Sidney Bassington, being human, writhed under the covert sarcasm of the cold and brutal but courteously worded phrases. He rose to ring the bell, with something like a scowl on his dark face. But the earl had not yet done with him. 'I perceive—pardon me—that you are fond of jewellery,' he said, the glittering eyes resting on the glittering ornaments, the diamond pin, the flashing ring and stud, and the massive watch-chain. Sidney's face burnt. 'I—I bought a few things—when I was in London,' he said, rather sullenly. 'I hadn't anything fit to wear.' 'Quite so,' said the earl smoothly, smoothly as ice clinking on glass. 'Permit me to express my admiration of your taste: it is, no doubt, the taste of the prevailing mode. I would have presumed to offer you some articles of jewellery, but though, I think I may say, they are equal if not greater value than those you wear, they are old-fashioned and quite out of date. And yet gentlemen—there was a cruel emphasis on the word—still wear them I believe. Some day, when you are not more agreeably occupied, I will do myself the pleasure of showing them to you. There may be some little thing you may select. Ah! here is Goodley. Good-night!

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There's too much at stake. Yes, I must play fox to his wolf. It mayn't be for long—he looked more like a dead man than a live one to-night—confound him! With the earl's sneers still rankling, he lit a cigar and sauntered into the grounds. It was a lovely night, with just enough moon to lend enchantment to the scene. Half-unconsciously he took the path leading to Mrs. Farren's cottage. The scent of his cigar preceded him, and stole gratefully to the sharply cut nostrils of Miss Rachel Lane, who was standing at the open door. She threw her head up and looked eagerly in his direction: and catching up the dainty and becoming shawl, drew it round her head and sauntered through the garden to a bench under one of the trees in the clearing. Here she seated herself, and leaning against the trunk of the tree, clasped her long hands round one knee, with her foot drawn up on the bench, and gazed dreamily up at the stars which peered between the branches. It was a charming attitude, full of girlish and unconscious grace, and little wonder that Sidney Bassington, com-

ing suddenly upon it, was smitten by it. He stood for a moment looking at her, then he raised his hat and said: 'Good-evening!' She started, the dainty foot slid to the ground, and she rose, clasping her shawl to her bosom and, after one timid, frightened glance stood with downcast eyes: a kind of E'er before the King. Her attitude, so full of deference, flattered and soothed him. It came like balm upon his wounded vanity. 'What a lovely evening, Miss Lane,' he said, with affable condescension. 'Yes, sir,' she murmured in her soft voice, and was preparing to fly as she had done on the preceding night; but Sidney said, quickly: 'Oh, please don't go, please don't run away!'

'I—I had better, sir,' she said, hesitatingly, and raising her eyes to him with a modest and deprecating glance. 'I—ought not to stay—I did wrong the other night to talk with you; but I didn't know who you were, sir; and—and I beg your pardon.' The balm of her humility was delicious, and he glowed and grew warm under it. 'Nay at all!' he said. 'There is no need to beg my pardon. Of course you didn't know who I was; we were both strangers to each other. And I'm sure you said and did nothing wrong.' 'Don't you think so, sir?' she said, plucking at the fringe in her shawl, her red lips sweeping the really exquisitely third cheeks. 'I'm afraid you only say it from kindness of heart. I know you are kind—you were so kind the other day.' Sidney smiled graciously. 'Let us sit down and talk for a lit-

tle while,' he said. 'May I sit here?' 'Oh, yes, sit—why, it is your own seat—everything here is yours,' she faltered. 'Not quite, not yet,' he said, colouring, as he sat down and with a gesture invited her to join him. She did so, but as far from him as the length of the bench would permit. 'How quiet it is. I am afraid you find it very dull here, Miss Lane.' 'Oh, yes, sir,' she assented, with a sigh and a dreamy gaze just beyond his face, so that he had a good view of the fascinating eyes with their peculiar red-bars. 'There is no one to speak to but grandmother; and sometimes she does not speak for hours together, sometimes for days. I quite long to hear the sound of a human voice.'

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G. P. O., March 7th, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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