### THE HEIR

## Lancewood

CHAPTER XV

"Sir Oswald Neslie, heir of Lancewood. Thank Heaven I have a son!" They brought the boy into the room for her to see. It was no sweet motherly instinct that prompted her strong?" "Is he healthy?"-no motherly instinct, but the longing that he might live to inherit Lancewood The moment that the little child cried and well. They wondered muchthose who were with her-that she so

day as she looked at the child's faceshe was recovering rapidly then.

"Why are you smiling, Valerie?"

"I was just thinking," she replied. "that after all I might have my own way, and see Lady Valerie's Drive she did as she held the child in her

fine views of the estate, and she saw amongst them one of the Dower House. She showed it to him with a

dreary old place now," she said.

"I am quite sure of it. I need nevson will be here, and there will be no

"But suppose he marries, Valerie-

She laughed the merry, happy, light laugh that had so long been hushed.

to come, at least," she said: "and when he does. I will choose his wife

dered which love was the stronger in her heart-the love of Lancewood, or the love of her child.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

The little Oswald lived and thrived The whole country seemed astir on Lancewood. The bells of Hydewell church pealed the whole day long; people talked of the grand event, some saying it was better always to have a man at the head of affairs. and how much pleasanter it would be to Sir Arthur to leave all to a son than to be succeeded by a daughter, while others sincerely lamented Vivien's loss, and said the estate could never have fallen into better hands

There was a grand ceremony at the young heir's christening. He was dressed in the most magnificent



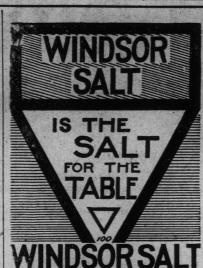
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on his robe, and never thought of mine can alleviate." kisong him. Sir Arthur had asked

little for the D'Estes, Arthur. Call lingered over it. him Oswald Neslie."

So the little heir was christened was made of the ceremony. Lady py forever." Neslie had never looked lovelier than arms, carefully posing herself in a most picturesque attitude.

little heir of Lancewood. His young "I shall never have to live in that for him. There were times even when Sir Arthur was compelled to remonstrate with her. She would have melted pearls for him to drink had it been possible. He had everyer leave Lancewood, because my own thing of the costliest. Sir Arthur exa young mother's natural pride in her first-born child-a mother's natural love for a helpless babe; but those who nursed him could have told a very different tale. Lady Neslie seldom took the child in her arms; she seldom kissed him; she could not endure the sound of his crying; she -she shall be one after my own took no trouble about him; she never denied herself any of her usual round And as he listened Sir Arthur won- of gayeties because of him. But anything that concerned the position of

> wood was quite another thing. "He will be Sir Oswald Neslie some

quitting the room as she spoke. were you, I should never say such

things before Sir Arthur."

looked the fact that the father must

"But Sir Arthur would know I was not thinking of that."

The birth of the child seemed .to change Lady Neslie's character completely. Before that she had been growing humbler; she had ceased in some degree to annoy Vivien-she had begun to conciliate her dependents, thinking always to herself that she would do wisely to make friends for the time when perhaps she would most need them. That had been when her position was insecure—when she saw reverses. Now things were different, and she told herself proudly more power and influence than the son would in all probability outlive ter-writing."

One who did not understand Lady Valerie might have thought her the most devoted of mothers. Nothing that could tend toward the preservation of the child's health was neglect ed. He had every possible care-every attention-everything in the house gave way to him. The mos oving mother in the world could not have done more than did miladi. The notive was not love for her child, but

ove for the heir of Lancewood. day the task of writing to Vivien. He knew that it must be done, that it would have to be told, yet he shrank from the telling. It was quite possi-

she might read the news in the

Let her hear the news how and has patience with her."

be surprised to hear of the arrival of thought only of her. a little brother. Valerie has presented me with a beautiful boy, whom we the loss-yet it will be a loss to you,

It was a short letter, but it said in seldom desired to have the child with her if she would like to add the name plain language all he had to say. Ev- sure, And I have one. Mamma en when it was finished, placed in the "No." she replied, laughing; "I care envelope, stamped and addressed, he

"I wish it were possible," he said. "to avoid sending it—to avoid telling her that which will make her unhap-

Arthur looked very unhappy; the sorrow that was to fall on his daughter himself. For the hundredth time he asked himself: Had he done well to marry again? Had he been justified in forming those new ties after the way in which he had brought up his daughter? Lady Neslie, who knew that he had written, saw that he was

"What does it matter?" she said to herself, laughingly, "All the gloom and depression, even all the repentance in the world, cannot undo what has been done."

Vivien's dismay. "She will never triumph over me again," thought the young wife, "and how she will detest me!" The idea

The fatal letter that was to be almost a death-blow to the girl who loved her home so dearly went from one place to another, and reached her the child as the future heir of Lance- just as Lady Smeaton had decided upon remaining at one of the most picturesque of all the Rhine towns. They day," she remarked once, looking at were staying at the Hotel dey'Europe, the tiny face. Her husband was just a large and commodious hotel frequented by English tourists. The Sir Arthur had disappeared, "he will of the English letters and papersbe Sir Oswald some day, and master they were always impatiently waited of Lancewood. But, my lady, if I for. On this morning Lady Smeaton sat with her daughters and Miss Neslie in one of the pretty sitting-rooms "Why not?" asked miladi, indiffer- that looked over a dark frowning ruin. Vivien was standing by the window, watching the quaint effect of It sounds as though you had over- the golden sunlight on the dark walls and the swift-flowing river, caring little enough about news from home. None would come likely to interest her, she thought. Caroline Smeaton

> went up to her impatiently. "How late the letters are, Vivien!

Are you not tired of waiting?" "No," said Miss Neslie, "I do not expect any letters-none that will in-

terest me." "If I were an heiress, Vivien, I should feel impatient enough." observed Miss Smeaton. "You seem so indifferent about letters—do you never expect an offer of marriage in

"That I do not; the only news that interests me is news of Lancewood.

and my father writes but seldom." "Ah, my dear," interposed Lady Smeaton, "when you have the charge of a large domain like Lancewood, other. In the course of nature her you will find but little time for let-

> almost all the letters written at Lancewood were from the pen of the young secretary, Lady Smeaton con-

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papers. He had heard very recently most people. See how Lady Valerie from Vivien-she and the Smeatons keeps him occupied-incessantly ocwere just starting on a trip down the cupied-in attending to her whims and caprices. I often wonder that he

would, it would be a terri- It was perfectly true that Vivien ble blow to her-perhaps the sooner both disliked and suspected Sir Arshe knew it now the better. How he thur's wife, but she was quite above hated the task of telling her, no one discussing her faults or peculiarities knew but himself. His letter, when with others. She sighed as she lookhe did write it, was short and to the ed at the dark walls of the ruined "My dear Vivien," it ran, "you will time had been when Sir Arthur had

> "I cannot imagine," pursued Lady Smeaton, plaintively, "what induces

Vivien would not be drawn into the every one noticed that when he was a portion that you shall hardly feel discussion; her father had asserted

> "Here are the letters at last!" cried one for you-from Sir Arthur, I am "Read them to me, my dear," said

> Lady Smeaton; "my eyes ache this morning." Caroline quickly broke the seal of

the first "This is from that delightful, goshear all the country news-all about Lancewood and Greytown." She be-

"'Dear Lady Smeaton,-You will not be surprised to hear that-Then Miss Smeaton's voice faltered; she looked at Vivien, her face flushed, afterward, mamma," she said, with

meaning look at her mother; and

then they both looked at Vivien. Tall, slender, stately, the sunbeams falling on her fair, proud face, on her dark hair and on her dress of shining stood there, calm, silent, immovable like a statue; they looked at her She smiled again as she pictured again, and then at each other. Her face had grown colorless; there was a fixed, set expression in her eyes-a proud, cold, hard look. She held her letter firmly in her hands; but, if the gers, would have killed it. Lady they rose and quitted the room.

"Is there anything wrong, Vivien?" she asked-"anything wrong at

question; she was looking with dimer. She saw and heard nothing. How dy Smeaton could not tell; she watched her anxiously; and then

voice, "is there anything wrong a

"Lady Smeaton," she said, "I have had news from home. I am going out for a short time to think over my

Had it been any one save the proud haughty Vivien, Lady Smeaton would advised her to stay at home. But there was something in the girl's air and manner that deterred her-she did not dare even to remonstrate.

"Very well, my dear," she said-

"No," replied Vivien, "I will not b long."

'Calmly and quickly she quitted the room and went to her own apartment. She dressed herself mechanically, nothing betraying her emotion but the white face and set, rigid lips. She walked out of the hotel, through the grounds, down by the river, until she came to the dark mass of ruins. She walked quickly, whispering, with bitter, subdued sobbing .-

"I must be alone! I could not bear it there—I must be alone!"

(To be Continued.)

BOTH ON SAME MIND. It has come to light that when the European war broke out the United States War Department and Navy De partment each drew up a list of privately owned vessels which might b mmandeered in case we were drawn to the struggle. Then presently here came a shock, for it was disovered that both departments were reparing to commandeer the sam

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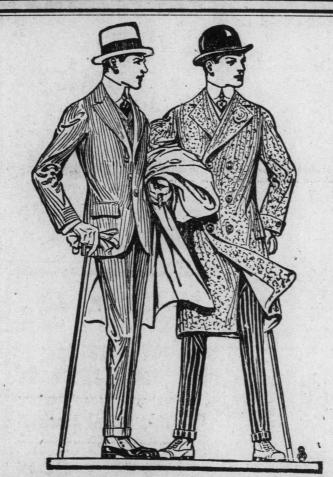
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ighting continues.

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ing, 6. The evacuat wounded from Nasir

officers killed, 4; wo

ranks, killed, 45; wou

THE STATES AND Bethmann Hollweg Imperial Chancello to the capital vester to the artillery head field, where he talke William, sent for Un bassador Gerard to ence between the Ar dor and the German expected to have an ing on the future de lations between Ge sults of the Chanc

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