

**ROYAL BAKING-POWDER**

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## Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXXI.  
(Continued.)

"PRISON?" he retorted. "Who talks of prison? What do you mean? I should think you had forgotten about that years ago. I have, at any rate. Seems to me once a man is down some folks like to keep him down. But you needn't be alarmed. I'm not down any longer—I'm on my feet and very much so. You might say that you're glad to see a fellow—might pretend to, anyhow."

"I'm—I'm glad to see you," she faltered, "for—for her sake. You frightened me, coming so suddenly. If you'd let me know—"

"I couldn't," he said. "I've just come from—the other end of the world. Are you all alone here?"

"Quite alone," she replied. "Will you have something to eat—drink?"

She rose as she spoke, with her hands outstretched, and he saw that she was blind.

He whistled between his teeth and raised his brows.

"Here, I'll get it," he said. "I remember the pantry."

He touched her arm to motion her back to her chair, and she shrank away from the touch as if it were that of a leper. He scowled at her again as he went to the cupboard, and finding some bread and cheese, brought it to the table. He searched in vain for something to drink, and, shrugging his shoulders, produced a spirit flask from his pocket. As he prepared to make his supper, the woman kept her face turned towards him, with the same expression of fear and dislike upon it. She had the appearance of a person listening intently to the movements of some dangerous animal from which she could not escape.

"And so you're all alone here, eh, old lady?" he said. "Where's Rachel?"

She was quite a moment or two before she found her voice. Then she replied:

"Rachel is in London. She is at a big school—a college. She is going to a school-teacher."

"Oh, is she? I don't think she is," he remarked, with a touch of contempt. "School teaching isn't good enough for my daughter. I'm sorry she's not here; I should like to have seen her. I suppose she's grown a

strapping girl by this time? I must have her home—presently, at any rate. No, I don't think school teaching will be good enough for Miss Lane."

Mrs. Farren sighed as she noticed the self-confident tone of his voice.

"You have been prosperous, Henry?" she said.

"Yes, I have," he assented. "I am a man of position and means. He rattled some money in his pocket as he spoke. "I have done very well out there, and I've come back to look after you and Rachel. I've got a big thing on, so that it will make lords and ladies of us—or next to it."

"I am glad, for Rachel's sake," she said in a low voice. "I am contented to live on here in peace till I die. They'll bury me in the churchyard, near my old mistress, and near Rachel; the earl has promised that."

"Don't talk of death and churchyards, he said. "You've got ever so many years before you yet. I daresay you thought I'd forgotten you and the child; but I hadn't; I've been thinking and working for you; and now I've come home to make you comfortable, and to make a lady of Rachel."

There was doubt and incredulity on the woman's face, and she heaved a sigh which irritated the man.

He pushed the plate from him, gulped down some spirit and water, and lit his pipe. He sat smoking in silence for some time, glancing now and again at the silent figure beside him, with a curious kind of impatient interest.

"I'm staying at The Bull," he said at last; "thought perhaps you couldn't put me up here; seems that I was right; but I'll drop in and see you now and again; and I'll send you some things from the shops."

"I don't want anything," she said. "I have my pension from the earl, and I am content."

"Pension be d—d!" he retorted with a snap of his long fingers. "You won't want my pension. I tell you I've got plenty of money, and that I can look after you."

"Look after Rachel, that is all I ask," she said in a low voice. "She needs someone to look after her, for I am old and blind and helpless. She is young and somewhat flighty. They tell me she is pretty and much run after. It may have turned her head."

"Pretty, is she, eh?" he said, with a buckle and a touch of pride. "At the better; she'll make all the better lady. She must have got her good looks from her mother. I was never much of a Happpo." He chuckled again and puffed at his pipe with an air of satisfaction. "And so she's at college, eh? Getting a good education; quite the lady in style and manners already, eh? All the better. They won't be thrown away."

"He mused over the fire, smoking silently, but glancing furtively round the cottage with his small, alert eyes. Then he said in a casual fashion:

"The old earl—still alive, I suppose?"

Mrs. Farren nodded.

"Yes, the earl is still alive," she

said; "but I hear that he is very feeble. He must be getting old—but not so old as I am. Perhaps he feels lonely as I do. Rich and poor are alike in that."

"Oh, he's all alone at the castle, is he?" said Lane, with the same assumption of carelessness, but with his small eyes fixed intently and keenly on the woman's averted face. "He never married, did he? I've been away so long that I've forgotten."

She shook her head.

"No, he never married," she replied. At the mention of the earl, her face relaxed and her hands began to move over each other in an absent kind of way, as if she had forgotten the man's presence and her thoughts were straying far. "It would have been better if he had; there would have been a proper heir to Starborough."

"Who's the heir now?" asked Lane, with barely concealed interest.

"I don't remember. Let me think," she replied, putting her hand to her brow and rocking herself to and fro gently.

"You ought to know if anyone does," he said, encouragingly, in his soft, toneless voice.

"There was Master Edmund," she said, as if she were speaking to herself, her hands still going over each other in an absent-minded expression on her face. "He quarrelled with the earl and went abroad and got married. And then he was lost. I remember the news of his death coming to the castle."

"And weren't there any children?" asked Lane, noiselessly dragging his chair a little nearer, for her drooping voice was not easy to hear.

She shook her head.

"No, there were no children—least ways, they could not find any; and they sent a man out to Australia to search."

Lane pricked up his ears and held his pipe from his lip in suspense.

"In Australia?" he echoed. "Big place, Australia; easy to miss anybody there. What was the name of Master Edmund's wife, as you call him?"

"I don't remember," she said.

"Oh, come!" he said, encouragingly. "You've got a good memory for everything about the castle folks. You try."

She knit her brows and her hand went more quickly.

"I remember. It was Bligh," she said at last.

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London some months ago and brought him down here."

"Oh, did they?" remarked Lane, puffing at his pipe and smiling significantly at the fire. "A cousin, eh? And he's living at the castle, is he? And he's the heir because Master Edmund has no boy? What sort of a man is he? You see, I'm interested in the castle folks because you've been connected with them so long—quite one of the family, eh?"

"He's a young man, a sort of clerk, they found in London," said Mrs. Farren, still with a vacant expression on her face, and in the dreamy, self-communing voice. They say—Mr. Goodley and Mr. Yates sometimes come up here and talk to me; they know I'm an old servant, and they are very kind to me—that he is not a gentleman—not like a Bassington; that he is wild and loose. He goes to the Hall and plays cards with young Rashleigh. No, he is not like a Bassington—not like the old family; but he is the heir, so they say."

"Oh, he's the heir, is he?" said Lane; and he's sprung from nothing, and he's a bit wild and reckless?"

He was silent for a moment or two, pondering over her words. Then he rose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

(To be continued.)

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### Snapshots Around the World.

(By the Man in the Moon.)

On the 13th of April the first keel-plate of H. M. S. Thunderer—the super Dreadnought—was laid in the shipbuilding yard of the Thames Ironworks at Canning Town. This will give a lot of much needed employment to the locality, and the event was hailed by general rejoicing. She will have a broadside of 8500 pounds.

Theodore Roosevelt is presenting to the British Museum a valuable collection of specimens obtained on his hunting expedition. He had received many kindnesses from the British officials during his tour in British territory, and the present to the Museum is intended as a recognition of the officials' courtesy.

Three thousand weddings are said to be solemnized every twenty-four hours "all around the world."

Jack Johnson recently sent Jaa. Jeffries a congratulatory message on the latter's birthday. It would be interesting to know what he will send Jeffries on the morning of the 6th July!

Here is something interesting. A wedding took place recently in New York between Mr. Lawrence Swift and Elizabeth Marie Hurry. The bride's father is a member of the law firm of Hurry and Gallop. One would be inclined to say the whole bunch are a smart crowd.

All grades of refined sugar were reduced 10 cents one hundred pounds recently in New York. The tendency in St. John's seems to be upward, however.

A man in St. Louis is seeking a divorce on the grounds that his wife had not spoken to him for five years. Lots of men would consider that woman above price!

A woman in Chicago wearing a hat pin two feet long punctured the cheek of a man from Wisconsin with the "weapon" and was arrested and fined \$1.00 and costs. It is likely if a hat pin three feet long can be procured, that lady will be more effectually armed next time the police try to arrest her.

Messrs. Richard Thomas & Co., Ltd., at Llanelli, Wales, are erecting eight new tripartite mills. This will bring the number of mills owned by the Co. up to thirty-eight. One would be inclined to say this company is possessed of much "tin" to use a slang phrase.

The race between sail cruising yachts from Sea Gate, New York to Bermuda, will take place on June 25th, and will be sailed under similar regulations as that of 1909. Entries are opened to any organized yacht club throughout the world.

The American Bank Note Company is giving the daylight saving plan a trial. The employees recently started going to work an hour earlier, and quit that much earlier in the evening. This is the first experiment in Canada, and if successful other companies will follow suit.

This is the way a French Journalist sizes up Col. Roosevelt:—"Certainly he is ambitious, no other man has such presumption, such energy, such force, makes so much noise or loves his own noise so dearly." Who will say that the wily Frenchman has not taken "Teddy's" true measure?

The Hon. W. S. Fielding has been presented with \$118,000 from his personal and political friends. This fund will be invested and the Finance Minister will receive the interest. The fund was started to secure the minister against reverses of political fortune, and in the meantime to help him to give his undivided attention to affairs of state.

The West Indian Royal Commission has declared that Canadian business methods are unprogressive and unenterprising. Hard on the native!

Scientists have declared that dogfish is a fine food. When served right it is as delicious as any other. The manner in which we saw it served in a nearby settlement a few years ago would not, of course, appeal to the palates of the gentleman who gave out the above statement.

### Commanded in Stirring Times.

Capt. Heard, of the S. S. North Britain, was in Japanese waters most of the time while the late Russo-Japanese war was in progress. The Japanese freight and passenger boats which ran between Tokio, Yokohama, and other Japanese ports to Great Britain before the war, were impressed by the Government of Japan at its outbreak and used either as converted cruisers or troop ships. Ships of other lines, notably the Aberdeen Line were chartered to fill the void, and one of these Capt. Heard commanded. He saw stirring times during the trouble and was in Japanese waters on several occasions when the fleet was laying for the Russian warships.

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