

# ALL FOR RICHES.

## CHAPTER XXIV. THE MIDNIGHT MEETING. (Concluded.)

'Yes; cold and sick. Let us return to the house.'

Half an hour later this brother and sister returned to the mansion, having agreed to write to each other and meet as often as possible.

'He cannot help me to gain possession of my boy,' sighed Mrs. Grant, after Jean had admitted her once more to her room.

'Did you speak to me?' asked the maid.

'No; I was speaking my thoughts. Did Major Grant call at the door during my absence?'

'Yes. He came softly to the door and asked in a whisper if you were asleep. I told him that you would soon be asleep if nothing occurred to disturb you, and he went disconsolately away. I heard him close the door leading to his own private bedroom a moment after.'

'I wish to caution you once more in regard to secrecy about to-night's adventure,' slowly said Mrs. Grant.

'I have been lady's maid for fifteen years,' was the significant reply.

'And hold many family secrets,' responded Mrs. Grant.

'If you only knew what I know,' cried the little maid.

Mrs. Grant held her hands before her as if the very thought of secrets was like the coming of evil, and the maid went on:

'I serve my employers. It is not my business to ask if they do well or ill. You command me to keep the secret of your visit to the old willow to-night. No torture could force me to speak of it to any person.'

'And yet it was only the meeting of two long-separated relatives,' was the half-audible reply.

Jane glanced half incredulously across the table before which her mistress sat.

She had been lady's maid too long to believe that relatives met by stealth after midnight. But it mattered little to her; women of wealth and position would have secrets, and it was no business of hers to pry into them.

There was a general inquiry for Mrs. Grant at the breakfast-table the following morning, and Major Grant assured the family that she was rapidly recovering from the attack of the previous evening.

After breakfast, Mr. Mellen, counselor and attorney at law, took his departure from Laurel Glade.

Mrs. Whitney begged the loan of the carriage in which to accompany her brother to the station.

Major Grant graciously assured her that her wish had been anticipated, and the horses were already in the carriage.

Determined to make the most of this opportunity to see her brother alone, Mrs. Whitney hastened their departure, lest Mrs. Grant should suddenly appear and wish to ride with them, or her husband decide to accompany his brother-in-law as far as the railroad station.

Grant Whitney was too indolent to exert himself in the morning, and Mrs. Major Grant felt ill-inclined to meet her brother this morning, and so they departed alone for the station.

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## CHAPTER XXV. THE SUMMONS.

There had been a change for the worst in the health of Mr. Mellen. Doctor Brown had been called, and he candidly informed the patient watcher beside her father's couch, of suffering that his days were numbered.

'Farmer Mellen can live but a few days at the most,' he said to May, after a careful examination of his patient.

The gentle girl had been so long expecting this announcement that she had thought herself prepared for it; but after all it came like a sudden shock to her.

After Doctor Brown had taken his departure, May went to her little writing desk and wrote two letters, one directed to Mrs. Grant Whitney bearing only these words:

'Father is almost gone. Doctor Brown says he can live but a few days.'

The other, addressed to Christopher Mellen, was a faithful outpouring of her bleeding heart, and covered four pages. This letter (Christy found waiting for him upon his return from Laurel Glade.

During the ride from that place to the station, Mrs. Whitney had brought all her evidence to bear to prove to her brother that Major Grant's wife was their sister.

Had Christopher been other than a shrewd lawyer that he was, he would never have been able to convince her that she was totally at fault, and that Mrs. Major Grant had never been Goldie Mellen.

'I know that Christopher was right and I was wrong,' thought Mrs. Whitney, as she left the room. Pausing in the doorway, she said: 'I must go out to the farm this afternoon. Will you go with me, Grant?'

Grant Whitney shifted his feet from one position to another before he replied:

'Can't possibly, Belle. Should be glad to do so; but you see, if the Major goes South, somebody must be here to look after the place. I'll carry you over to depot, and meet you there when you return if you let me know.'

'Enough! I thought you might like to go. I can get along as well without you.'

'If you insist upon it, Belle.'

'No, indeed! Now I think of it, my brother told me that father was excited by the presence of strangers. I could not consent to take you there if your presence would be likely to cause trouble. I will go alone.'

With these words Mrs. Whitney went out and closed the door.

That afternoon saw Major Grant and Mrs. Whitney start from Laurel Glade—the one for the sunny South,

Yet he did this; and Mrs. Whitney rode back to Laurel Glade with a half-penitent feeling because of her steady persecution of the Major's wife, and for a while hostilities ceased, although Mrs. Grant firmly persisted in ruling her household.

The next morning after the departure of Christy, the mail brought two important letters to Major Grant's mansion. One was from the South, from a dearly loved friend of Major Grant's school days.

The friend was dying, and his son had been requested to write to his father's nearest and dearest friend outside of his own family, and asked him to come to his home.

Added to the father's request was an urgent note from the son, who was well known to Major Grant.

After reading this letter in silence, Major Grant passed it across the table to his wife, who glanced down its page and absently asked:

'Shall you go?'

'I cannot refuse this last request of my old friend, although I regret being obliged to leave you for a few days. You will not miss me much, eh?'

'Indeed I shall. You must take me with you,' replied Mrs. Grant, now quite recovered from her slight illness.

'Not to the house of death,' gravely responded her husband.

'I should have known better than to have thought of such a thing. But you will be soon home again?'

'Probably less than a week will suffice for my journey, was the reply.

A slight scream from Mrs. Whitney attracted all attention to her. She had received a letter by the morning's mail, and had delayed opening it until this moment. 'It was the letter

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from May, and for an instant Mrs. Whitney was thrilled with remorse for her long neglect of her kind father.

Then came the thought that she would use this letter as a final test to determine whether Mrs. Grant had any interest in the name of Mellen.

'What is it, Belle?' asked Grant Whitney, extending his hand for the letter.

'My father is dying!' she replied, in a thrilling tone, at the same time fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Grant's face.

That lady bore the penetrating glance well, and as no one made any reply, she said:

'Of course you will go to him at once, and I shall be left almost alone, I will assist you in getting ready, Belle.'

Her voice was calm and passionless as she spoke, and that had never called Mrs. Whitney by her christian name before.

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the other for the humble home of her birth and the deathbed of her father who had been so cruelly neglected. Christy and Winnie were in the same train with Mrs. Whitney. They were going to the farm in answer to the summons from May.

A hurried exclamation, a rustling of silks, a waft of perfume, and Mrs. Grant Whitney floated down the steps of the car, and stood upon the platform at Riverbrook, with one of Christopher's hands and one of Winnie's in her own.

'You are going there?' she asked.

'Yes. Did May write you?'

'She did. Do you think we shall be in season?'

'It would have been better to have gone two years ago, Belle; but I hope God will restore his reason to him long enough for him to know that we stand beside him,' replied the lawyer.

'Mrs. Whitney made no answer to the remark, but said to Winnie: (To be continued.)'

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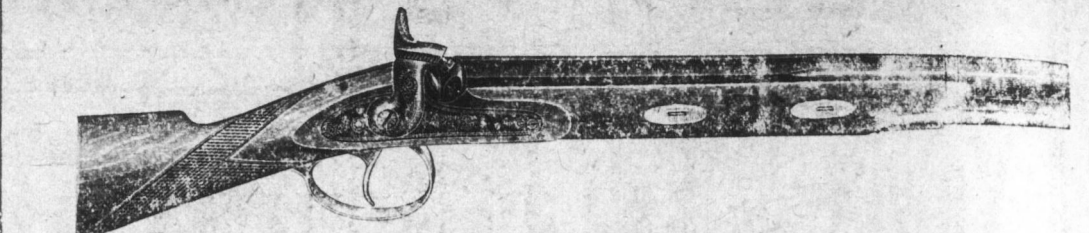
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Andrews, Albert E., Barter's Hill	Edwards, Margaret W.	Leonard, Master J. P., late Fox Cove	Marked Stamp Co.	Pike, Miss Helen, card, Alexander Street
Andrews, Robert, Duckworth St.	Flynn, Miss Ellen, card, care James Hicks	Lefrange, Mrs. Nathaniel, McFarlane Street	Martin, Benjamin, care G. P. O.	Pierce, Sam
B	Brazil, Lue, Baker, Sothe, West End	F	Martin, Tobias, late Upper I. Cove	Power, Miss Martha, LeMerchant Rd.
Baker, Sothe, West End	Brggs, Wm.	French, Mrs. Robert, of Charles	Mackey, Master E. L.	Polson, Miss E. B., Cathedral Avenue
Barter, Hilda, Gower St.	Barrett, Miss P.	Flynn, John, N. N. & W. Railway	Martin, Benjamin, care G. P. O.	Power, Mrs. Richard, Old Cove Road
Blandford, Mrs. Louisa, Alexander Street	Breen, Mrs. Patrick, card, care G. P. O.	Gyrene, T. J., Nagle's Hill	Martin, Augustus, care G. P. O.	Rowland, George, care Gen'l Delivery
Bell, Jas., Nagle's Hill	Bemisler, Chas., late Fortune	Bemisler, Chas., late Fortune	Martin, George, care G.P.O.	Robinson, Wm., Roll, James, St. John, N.B.
Brien, Mrs. Patrick, Alexander Street	Bird, Miss May, card, Belle Hill Road	Bright, Mrs. Wm., card, George's Street	Martin, George, care G.P.O.	Rowland, John T., Portugal Cove Road
Brown, Reuben, late Port aux Basques	Boyle, Miss Bridget, care Gen'l Delivery	Barrow, Mrs., Water St. West	Martin, George, care G.P.O.	Rowland, John T., Portugal Cove Road
Butt, Miss A. L., Water St. West	Butt, Winnie, Water St. West	Butt, Capt. George, card, Barron, Jack	Moore, Ernest, Stephen St.	Rowland, John T., Portugal Cove Road
C	Clarke, F. L., Caldwell, W. T., Mining Engineer	Chalk, John, Hamilton Street	Moore, Allan, Springdale Street	Robinson, J. F., Theatre Hill
Carew, Hannah, card, Chatman, Stephen, care George's Walters	Cassell, Miss Bridget, care Mr. D. Skinner, South Side	Crocker, Mrs. M., Flower Hill	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sawyers, Miss Thel., late Forteau
Connors, Mrs. T., Blackmarsh Rd.	Collins, L. W., Cobb, George, card, Colpitts, Mrs. Edw., care Mr. Penney	Colney, Miss A., King's Bridge	Moore, Walter D., card, Springdale Street	Stamp, John, Pleasant Street
Coombs, Miss Carolina, Cunningham, John, late Port aux Basques	Cunningham, George, late Truro, N.S.	Cummings, A., Tessler Place	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	St. John, Miss Mary, card, Duckworth St.
Carew, Mrs. Josiah, Clifford Street	Chafe, Miss Elsie, Telegraph Office	D	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sparks, J., Water St.
Davis, James, Dawe, W. J., Coronation St.	Dean, Thomas, Gilbert St.	Dawe, H., Marconi Co., Cape Ray	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Skeans, Mrs., Goodview Street
Darney, Charles, Chapel St.	Dawkins, G., card, Dwyer, M., Mundy P. Road	Dure, Miss F. J., Gower St.	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sheffman, Mr., Water St.
Dawkins, G., card, Dwyer, M., Mundy P. Road	Dure, Miss F. J., Gower St.	Delaney, Patrick, Water St.	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Stevenson, L., care Mrs. Wm. Stevenson
Diamond, Mrs., York St.	Donnivan, Patrick, Buchanan Street	Doherty, Henry A., care Post Office	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sheppard, Wm. P., Smith, Master A., New Gower Street
Drover, Eugene, Donnelly, John, Doyle, K., Downey, Master, Central St.	Duggan, J., Water St.	Dunn, Miss Clara, Water Street	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sidley, J. C., New Gower Street
E	Richard, David V., schr. Aldine	Taylor, H. Capt. A., s.s. Alpha	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Spinks, J., New Gower Street
Rogers, Beskye, schr. Arnold	Richard, David V., schr. Aldine	Richard, David V., schr. Arnold	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Sullivan Bros., Short, Mrs. Robert, Charlestown St.
B Penney, Wm., schr. Brothers	Flemming, James J., schr. Bonanza	C	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Show, James, Spencer St.
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Allen, Sandy, schr. Dictator	Glynn, Richard, schr. David Morris	Benson, R. G., schr. Empire	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Taylor, Henry, Brambrick Street
	Evans, Wm. J., schr. Ellen James	Chalk, Abel, schr. Eva M. F.	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Tapper, Miss Mary J., Taylor, Rev. P. H. G., Tilley, Mrs. C., Thistle, Miss Mary J., care Mrs. Power, Devon Road
	Nelson, E. A., schr. Elizabeth Elinor	Framant, Samuel, schr. Florence M. Smith	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Thornhill, Levi, care Gen'l P. Office
	Park, G., schr. Gigantic	Rose, Wm. J., schr. Gay Gordon	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Thorn, Miss Bertha
	Rose, Bessie, card, Rosefield, Jas. W., schr. Gay Gordon	Piercey, Stephen, schr. Golden Hind	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Tubbs, J., Water St.
	Robinson, Wm., schr. Garland	Bishop, Wm., schr. Garland	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Vardy, James, care Gen'l Delivery
	Martin, Willis, schr. Hero	Martin, Willis, schr. Hero	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Vardy, Edward, card
	Maccue, Thos., schr. Hilton	Seward, Richard, schr. Mayflower	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	W
		Cranford, Albert, schr. Mayfly	Moore, Miss M., card, Springdale Street	Way, Thos., care Jno. Davis

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Rogers, Beskye, schr. Arnold	Evans, Wm. J., schr. Ellen James	Purdy, Geo. D., yacht Intrepid	Garland, Alfred, schr. Mary G.
Richard, David V., schr. Aldine	Chalk, Abel, schr. Eva M. F.	Walters, Wm., schr. J. S. Morris	Currie, Emanuel, schr. Orange
B Penney, Wm., schr. Brothers	Nelson, E. A., schr. Elizabeth Elinor	Callahan, John, schr. John McGray	Parsons, George, schr. Protecto
Flemming, James J., schr. Bonanza	Park, G., schr. Gigantic	Callahan, Stephen, schr. John	O'ford, Samson, schr. Poppy
Mayos, Ivo, schr. C. William	Rose, Wm. J., schr. Gay Gordon	Perry, Master, schr. Jennie Armstrong	Renhardt, Edwin, schr. Protecto
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Yallis, Ernest G., schr. Corona	Piercey, Stephen, schr. Golden Hind	Warren, Joshua, schr. Lake Simcoe	Banjamin, Capt. G., schr. Shamrock
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Johnson, Henry, schr. Dictator	Martin, Willis, schr. Hero	Laurence, Capt. John, schr. M. Francis	Francis, Benjamin, schr. Tobatic
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