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CHAPTER XXIII.
STILL IN DOUBT.

For a few weeks all went smoothly at Laurel Glade. Then the domestic waters began to be troubled again. Mrs. Whitney could not decide whether Mrs. Grant was really Evangeline St. Clair or Goldie Mellen before she was married. Her face and form were certainly that of her sister; but then, instances had been known where two persons had so closely resembled each other as to deceive the intimate friends of both parties. In addition to this, Mrs. Whitney had used every means to throw Mrs. Grant off her guard, and cause her to betray herself if she was Goldie, but in every case she had failed in bringing about the desired result.

Mrs. Grant had never referred to the conversation in the nursery when Mrs. Whitney had made her acquaintance with the painful part of her family history; nor had she ever asked after Mrs. Whitney's father, brother, or remaining sister, as it seemed to Mrs. Whitney she would have done had she been Goldie.

This uncertainty so wrought upon Mrs. Whitney's mind that she finally determined to make it the chief object of her life to decide the question one way or the other. So she allowed Mrs. Grant to visit the nursery as often as she pleased, and to take the children to her own rooms, hoping by these means to surprise Mrs. Grant into some little expression of endorsement that should betray her as the mother of little Frankie.

But this was in vain, and after five weeks of this treatment, Mrs. Whitney resolved upon another course, and Christopher Mellen, seated in his office in Wall Street, received the following note:

"My Dear Brother: I think I have discovered our lost sister in a lady

who is visiting at this place. She will not allow me to surprise her into a confession of the truth, but my suspicions wait to be either confirmed or destroyed by your opinion. If you will come up to-morrow afternoon, I will have two or three ladies here and you shall judge for us both if either of them is Goldie. Believe me your affectionate sister,
BELLE WHITNEY."

"She writes as coolly as if nothing had ever happened to mar our intercourse," said Christopher, tossing the note into the wastebasket. Then, as the memory of May's words after her long illness returned to him, he again took the note, and carefully read it the second time. "What's the use of Belle is my sister, and I was somewhat to blame when we parted. Let me see, it was about this time that May was taken ill. I'll go down to Laurel Glade, and if Belle is willing to forget old sores, I am."

With this determination, Christopher Mellen left his law office and went home, where his wife, Ned Cameron's sister, was sitting in the comfortable sitting room sewing.

"I am going out of the city, to be away until day after to-morrow, Minnie," he exclaimed, as he hastily entered the room.

"Going out of the city, Chris? No coming home until the day after to-morrow? What takes you away so suddenly?" she asked.

"Business of importance. You wouldn't understand it if I were to explain," he replied.

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ALL DRUGGISTS 11-47

take the cars which were to leave him within a few miles of Laurel Glade, and Minnie, his gentle wife, was sitting with idle hands folded over her work, wondering, with tearful eyes, how she could live two whole days without her Christopher, who had never been twenty hours from home since their marriage, which had happened about three months previous. She thought her husband the best of created beings, and could compare no other wife to herself, she was so contented and happy.

The letter of Belle Whitney had been delayed one day upon the road. So that lady was expecting the arrival of Lawyer Mellen as she sat with two ladies in the parlor.

Mrs. Grant was up in the nursery, unaware of the presence of visitors in the house.

Lawyer Mellen had been correctly informed as to the way to Laurel Glade from the station, and glad of a chance to exercise his limbs, he enjoyed the five-mile walk hugely.

Ascending the marble steps, he rang a bell. A servant opened the door, who having been instructed beforehand, showed him at once into the room where Mrs. Whitney sat with the two ladies.

She arose from her seat as he entered, and with a slightly nervous voice, said:

"My dear brother! I am more than glad to see you!"

Turning to her visitors, she introduced them to her brother.

Lawyer Mellen swept his keen eyes over the face and form of each of the ladies as they were presented to him and a mental "Humph! I should think that any fool could tell that Goldie was not here," was the result of his gloomy glance of inquiry.

Conversation flowed pleasantly on, and presently Mrs. Whitney said, addressing her brother.

"Major Grant has returned, bringing with him a wife."

"Possible!" said Lawyer Mellen through whose mind a vision of some fat, middle-aged widow, who had entrapped the wealthy bachelor into marriage, floated.

"She will soon be down, and you will have an opportunity of judging of Major Grant's taste," continued Mrs. Whitney.

"She was a Miss St. Clair, wasn't she?" asked one of the visitors, and the vision of Lawyer Mellen changed from a fat widow to a lean, lank old maid, who had probably played the angel-upon-earth role, and gained Major Grant's heart in that way. Therefore, when the parlor door opened, and Mrs. Grant glided in, the astute lawyer was totally unprepared for the vision of loveliness appearing before him.

"My brother, Lawyer Mellen, Mrs. Grant," floated through his ears, and for one brief instant he was a boy again, roaming the fields with beautiful Goldie by his side.

He arose to his feet and extended his hand in blank astonishment. Something swam before his eyes; he could not see. It was as if a vision from another world stood before him. He gasped "Goldie," and sank back upon his chair half insensible.

Mrs. Grant ran for a glass of water, and held it to his lips.

"Too close application to business!" exclaimed Lawyer Mellen, recovering after having drained a goblet of water.

"I hope you were not alarmed? This is something unusual."

"I think you must have allowed your health to decline, while you have followed your profession too closely. Why not take your wife and come down to Laurel Glade for a few weeks of rest, dear brother?" asked Mrs. Whitney, with a great show of anxiety.

"I scarcely know how to spare even a day from my business," answered the lawyer.

Mrs. Grant sat pale and silent. For the first time since her coming to Laurel Glade, Mrs. Whitney had been able to drive the color from her face.

She felt more firmly convinced that Mrs. Grant was Goldie, since her brother had shown so much emotion upon meeting her, and waited with great impatience for the moment when they should be alone.

With her eyes fixed on Mrs. Grant's face, Mrs. Whitney asked:

"How was father's health when you were at home last?"

"Father is rapidly failing. He has lost all memory of past events, and I fear that his stay upon earth is short."



The ladies who had called now signified their intention to depart, and Mrs. Grant arose with Mrs. Whitney to bid them good-bye.

They had taken their leave, and the two ladies and Lawyer Mellen were alone in the showy parlor, with a fearful weight upon each heart.

"Mrs. Whitney remarked: 'I could not wait until after the ladies were away before I asked after father. Is May still at the farm?'"

"Yes. May is the mainspring of action there. May bears up wonderfully under her trouble. She was nearly broken-hearted when Goldie died, and you know how deeply she felt mother's death. Then, Ned Cameron refused to marry her in consequence of what he was pleased to term her 'disgrace,' and since then she has had the care of father to wear upon her. I pity poor May."

When Lawyer Mellen had spoken the word "disgrace," Mrs. Grant started suddenly; but quickly recovering herself, looked unconcernedly from the window.

As he ceased speaking, she arose from her seat, and excused herself from the room, saying:

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Whitney, and you, Mr. Mellen. I promised Major Grant that I would meet him at the station with the carriage this evening, and I have only time to dress," and she swept from the room.

(To be continued.)

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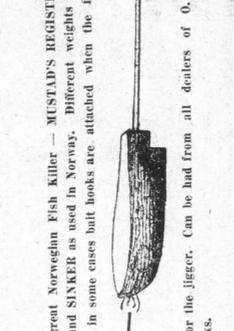
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In the Supreme Court

In the Matter of the Petition of John H. Bennett, of Bell Island, Merchant, alleging that Hugh E. Pynn, of Bell Island, Shopkeeper, is Insolvent, and Praying that he may be so Declared.

Upon reading the petition of the said John H. Bennett, and upon hearing Mr. McGrath for him, I do order that the said Hugh E. Pynn and his creditors appear before me in Chambers, in the Court House, at St. John's, on Thursday, the 9th day of November, 1911, at 11 o'clock a.m. to be examined and heard touching the alleged insolvency of the said Hugh E. Pynn; and that John H. Bennett, of Bell Island, Merchant, be appointed Trustee of estate of said Hugh E. Pynn in whom the same is hereby vested according to law.

Dated at St. John's this 28th day of October, A.D., 1911.
(Signed) GEO. H. EMERSON, Judge.

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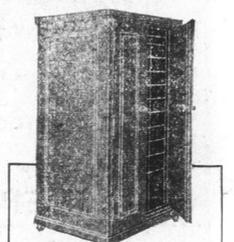
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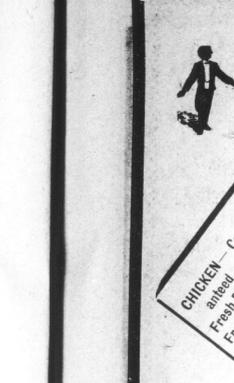
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