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For emergent ills, when the doctor isn't handy, there is nothing better than the 50c. family size bottle; trial size 25c., all dealers.

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER I.

Lord and Lady St. Just were out in the pleasant grounds of King's Rest walking under the shade of a grove of chestnut trees; the day was warm and beautiful, the sky blue and cloudless, the birds were singing gaily, the air was filled with the sweet breath of flowers. In the distance, where the grounds sloped, ran a broad, clear, deep river; the water seemed to sing as it ran, yet it was a deep, dangerous stream, with swift-flowing currents and whirling eddies. "How beautiful the river looks this morning," said Lord St. Just. "Vivien, we must have a new pleasure-boat, I find our present one not only leaks, but is unsafe. Ah, here come the boys!"

But there were only two of them, young Oswald and little Arthur, Master Francis having refused with great dignity to leave his nurse. Lord St. Just stood by laughing heartily—for the big boy had put himself "in harness," and the little one was driving him with the greatest glee, laughing as he flourished his little whip.

"Look at my horse, mamma!" cried little Arthur—his beautiful face was flushed with exercise, his curls were tossed by the wind.

He looked so beautiful that Lady St. Just caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"Do not stop me, mamma—look at my horse!" cried the child.

"Take care of him, Harry," said Vivien; "he is very little—mind he does not get into mischief. What a noble boy he is!" she said, turning to her husband. "And how strange it would be if, after all, Oswald left Lancewood to him!"

"Oswald must marry," decided Lord St. Just. "We have fortune sufficient for our children—we need not want his."

They both remembered the words. They stood watching the boys until they disappeared behind the trees.

"They will not go near the river, I hope," said Lady St. Just.

"No," replied her husband, "Oswald has more sense."

And then, with the sun shining on them, the song of the birds in their ears, the sweet perfume of the flowers floating round them, they re-entered the house.

For some hours on that bright sunlit morning no one suspected anything wrong. Lord St. Just rode over the estate—he had many little matters to attend to; Lady St. Just had letters of invitation to send out; the servants were busy. No one thought the absence of the two boys extraordinary.

Lady St. Just was more thoughtful than usual this morning—for, as they

dearly fear? He had seen the two boys running in the sunshine—where were they now? Great drops of agony stood on his brow. Strong man as he was, he stood with the door-handle in his hand, not daring to turn it; then he tried to reassure himself.

"How foolish I am!" he thought. "They are very likely here, and all right. Heaven have mercy on me!" (To be Continued.)

"ECHOES of the Past;

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER I.

"Harvey's getting at 'em at every sentence. How our chaps are cheering! And the House is filling up—look at them pouring in! By George, this man's got the right stuff in him! Cool as a cucumber, too. I congratulate you, Chesterleigh, on an acquisition. You and Graham have got a wonderful chap among your new men, anyhow."

Lord Chesterleigh nodded only; he was absorbed in the flow of eloquence, now pleading with deep notes in the musical voice, now bitter with the invective of reproach, now scornful as Clive Harvey taunted the government with past broken promises, and charged them with the pretense of keeping this one by offering a futile and deceptive bill. His opponents tried to howl him down, and interrupted almost every sentence; the House resounded with angry yells from one side, and ringing cheers, which rose to a perfect tornado, from the other, as Clive Harvey brought a brilliant speech to a close with a soul-stirring appeal for justice for the poor and homeless.

As he sat down slowly, his clean-cut face slightly flushed, his eyes still flashing, the great Mr. Graham rose from his seat and, amid renewed cheers from his party, went up to the young man, and, holding out a hand, spoke a few words of congratulation. Lord Chesterleigh leaned back and drew a sharp breath.

"That was fine!" he said. "A born orator. He will go far; how far, I wonder! Harvey? Harvey? Why, he must be a son of Rafterborough's!"

"That's right," said Lord Stanforth. "The third son. You remember old Rafterborough? 'Daddy Raff, you know! By gad, he'd have been frightfully wild if he had been here to hear this boy of his to-night! A Tory of the Tories to breed such an out-and-out Radical; for that's what he would call him, of course! Oh, ah, yes; I remember the whole business! 'Lucy'—he referred to his wife, Lady Stanforth—was telling me all about it the other evening. Old Raff has regularly quarreled with this young chap, and has cast him off. Fortunately for Clive Harvey he has his mother's portion; not much, if I recollect rightly; but enough to get him into the House and keep him going, I suppose. Here's the division. By George, they've only carried the bill by the skin of their teeth! Hark at our men cheering; and look how they are gathering round young Harvey! Let's go over to the club, Chesterleigh."

The two men descended from the gallery. The corridors and the lobbies were filling with men pouring out of the House; Mr. Graham's tall figure towered above them; beside him walked the young man, Clive Harvey, the hero of the evening. He was pale now; but he bore himself modestly, and responded calmly but pleasantly to the congratulations which were still pouring in on him, and, strange to say, from his opponents as well as his own party. Mr. Graham saw Lord Chesterleigh, and, with his hand upon

Clive Harvey's arm, made his way to the two peers.

"Chesterleigh, Stanforth, I want to introduce my friend Mr. Harvey to you," he said, with the smile which had often soothed a stormy House, and turned uproar to peace.

The three young men shook hands, and all four walked into the Palace Yard. As they stood talking over the debate to which Clive Harvey had given so dramatic a finish, a beautifully appointed carriage with a pair of splendid horses drove into the yard and stopped beside them. The carriage was open, and its only occupant was a young girl. She was very beautiful, fair, with a mass of light golden hair, with hazel eyes, and a complexion almost worthy of the word perfect. The face was a trifle haughty for so young a girl; and both the hazel eyes and the well-shaped lips were spoiled by an expression of pride and coldness; and, as she saw Lord Chesterleigh, the voice with which she said "Father!" was marred in its music by the hauteur indicated by the carriage of her figure and the turn of her head.

Lord Chesterleigh raised his hat. "Coming, Edith," he said, with a smile of parental fondness. Then he turned to Clive Harvey and said: "I want to introduce you to my daughter. Edith, this is Mr. Harvey, a son of my old friend, Lord Rafterborough. He has just made a wonderful speech; a speech that has pretty considerably cut down the government majority. You would like to congratulate him."

Clive Harvey approached the carriage, Lady Edith bowed rather coldly; then, as Clive turned slightly, so that the light from one of the electric lamps fell on his face, her manner changed; she leaned forward, and, with her proud face melting with a smile, held out her hand.

"Of course I congratulate you, Mr. Harvey," she said. "I am sure it must have been a very great success, because my father looks so pleased and so happy. It is the first time I have seen him smile since our side was turned out. I not only congratulate you, but—I thank you."

Lord Chesterleigh laughed. "You must give my daughter a better opportunity than this for thanking you, Mr. Harvey."

Lady Edith took the hint quickly. "Wednesday is my day, Mr. Harvey," she said; "and Wednesday is tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Clive Harvey, speaking for the first time.

The girl smiled on him as if she had found his voice as much to her liking as his face. With a hearty shake of Clive's hand, Lord Chesterleigh got into the carriage, and it drove off. Clive put on his hat and followed the conveyance on his way out of the Palace Yard. There was a crowd of other carriages, and the Chesterleighs had to stop just outside the gate, so that the young man came up with it. As he raised his hat in response to the girl's smile and a little gesture of impatience, some one brushed against him, and a woman stepped in front of him. She was a middle-aged woman, dark, and flushed of face, her red and overfull lips were parted, and her eyes—they were almost black—were fixed angrily and threateningly on the face of Lord Chesterleigh.

Clive noticed that the woman's teeth were clenched, and that her bosom was heaving as if with excitement; and an instant afterward he saw her raise her hand—it seemed to him as if to throw something at Lord Chesterleigh. Instinctively, mechanically, he caught the upraised arm, and held it motionless. At the same moment the carriage drove on; with a gasp of rage and disappointment, the woman turned upon Clive and struck at him with her free hand. Clive released his arm, but let his hand slide down to hers, and, holding it firmly, drew her out of the crowd.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "What were you going to do?"

The whole incident, the woman's approach to the carriage and her threatening gesture, had only occupied a moment or two, and no one but Clive had noticed them, for the crowd was thick; Lady Edith's back had been turned to the woman, and Lord Chesterleigh had been looking in another direction.

(To be Continued.)

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