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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XLII.
(Concluded.)

THE earl smiled. "The money does not trouble me," he said. "Do you let it trouble you?" His piercing eyes turned to Geoffrey. "May I ask your name, sir?"

Geoffrey bit his lip. "Geoffrey Bell, my lord," he replied, for he knew it was the earl. "I do not know the name," said the earl, "though your face seems somewhat familiar to me. I presume you are the brother of whom this boy has spoken to me. I hope you will take care of him; he is too young to be wandering about the world alone. Do you intend to remain in England? Pardon my apparently impertinent curiosity; but I am interested in the lad who has been good enough to visit me at the castle occasionally."

"No, my lord," said Geoffrey; "we intend returning to Australia, where we have—property." The earl inclined his head. "I congratulate you," he said. "I believe it is a delightful country and a prosperous one. Some members of my family settled there. I will not intrude upon you any longer. Will you be good enough to tell Mrs. Farren that I called to enquire after her? Stay! I think I hear someone coming; it may be her."

But it was not Mrs. Farren. A thin, emaciated, wild-eyed man stood in the door-way. He was unwashed and unshaven, and his clothes and boots were stained with dust and dirt; he looked like a tramp and half-insane, and his small, bloodshot eyes glanced from one to the other with a questioning, uncertain look and yet with a malignant, vindictive expression in them. He touched his forehead with a gesture half-sullen, half-defiant. "I want Mr. Sidney Bassington," he said in a strained, husky voice.

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Before the question had scarcely left his lips, a cry rose from Ronnie. "Sheeny!" she said, and she clung to Geoffrey's arm.

Geoffrey would have thrown himself upon the man; but the earl held up his stick with a gesture of command, and the three stood and looked at the man, who seemed fascinated by the earl's glittering, all compelling eyes.

"You want Mr. Sidney Bassington?" said his lordship. "He returned to the castle this morning. He is walking in the grounds somewhere. Is your business with him important?"

As he asked the question, an expression of recognition flashed into his eyes, and the thin lips curved with a cynical smile.

"So you have come back, Lane, have you?" he said.

Lane started, shrank back slightly,

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and glanced round him suspiciously. His hands went to his grimed forehead, and he plucked at his grizzled hair as if he were trying to collect himself, and he mumbled incoherently for a moment or two. Then he raised his husky voice so that it was audible.

"I want him," he said, with a kind of suppressed fury. "He owes me money—a lot of money."

"Then no doubt, he will repay you," said the earl; "but you can ascertain that for yourself. Mr. Sidney Bassington is outside there."

The earl's sharp eyes had detected Sidney slipping behind the bushes outside the cottage.

"I want him!" the wretched man rambled on, as if he had not heard the earl's rejoinder. "I've seen Rachel—he's got to marry her—marry her at once, or I'll kill him! She doesn't

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know—she needn't know—he's got to marry her and make an honest woman of her; then all will be right—he'll have the title and the property, and my daughter—yes, my daughter!—will be a countess! I tell you it will be all right; she needn't know—he can make some excuse—say the marriage wasn't regular—she needn't know that her own father let her into the trap."

He looked from one to the other cunningly and with an insane chuckle; then plucking at his hair again, he drew a little near the earl and sneered at him.

"Who are you? You're the earl! And who's that?" his wild eyes wandered to Ronnie. "Why, that's the boy! You two here together!" His voice broke, then, as he went on, rose to something like a scream; his face livid, his hands working convulsively. "So he's been before me, has he? He's been making terms with you behind my back—he's told you that the boy there is Ronald Bassington, the son of Edmund Bassington—the heir to Starborough!"

For a moment they were all too astonished to utter a word; then both Ronnie and Geoffrey uttered an exclamation; but the earl remained stonily silent, and with a gesture, commanded their silence also.

"He's a hound," Lane went on; "a vile, deceitful 'ound. He'd sell his own mother. He's sold me as he thinks; but I'm a match for 'im. Where are his proofs, where are his proofs?" His voice was broken by a wild harsh laugh. "You can't prove anything without me. I've got the evidence here, in my pocket," he struck his breast two or three times.

"And I don't part with it unless you come to my terms. He knows what they are, and I don't take less from one or the other of you. It's fifty thousand pounds and five thousand a year, and my daughter she'll be a countess, a real countess—he shall marry her, or I'll kill him!"

As he uttered the threats he drew nearer to the earl, and Geoffrey, fearing that the wretched man, in his madness, might strike the earl, sprang in between and caught Lane by the shoulders. With the yell of a madman, he closed with Geoffrey and tried to get his hands on Geoffrey's throat. The earl was about to go to Geoffrey's aid; but Geoffrey cried:

"No, no, my lord! Don't come near him; he may hurt you; and I can manage him quite easily. Stand back, sir!"

A madman, when his frenzy is at its height, seems possessed of the

strength of two ordinary men, and Geoffrey had his work cut out for him. It would have been easier if he had not been weakened by his recent illness. The two men struggled and writhed about the floor; now it seemed as if Geoffrey had overpowered him, then the madman would exert all his abnormal strength and get Geoffrey under. Once Lane got his hand free and whipped out a knife; but at that moment Cottie flung herself on the pair, and wrested the knife from the would-be murderer. This action of her stirred Geoffrey to the core, and, exerting all his strength, he caught the wretched man in his arms and threw him and held him down, kneeling on his chest; Lane ceased to struggle after a moment or two, and his head fell back.

"He has fainted," panted Geoffrey, removing his knee. "Get me some water, Ronnie; open the window wide."

He forced some of the water through the man's foamed-covered lips and bathed his forehead, and presently Lane opened his eyes; but they were absolutely vacant ones, and they looked up with a cunning smile into Geoffrey's face as Geoffrey raised his head upon his knee.

"So the earl's dead, the old man's dead at last!" he whispered, exultantly, and almost inaudibly. "And you're the earl and Rachel's a countess, eh, my boy? Well, here's the papers—I'm a fish-dealing man. I stand by my word—and she's my daughter, my own daughter, you know."

He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the pocket-book and shook it exultantly and triumphantly; then his head fell back and his eyes closed in a merciful unconsciousness.

Geoffrey stood, gazing at the pocket-book confusedly. The earl's voice broke the silence:

"Give that to me, if you please," he said, sternly, and he took the pocket-book from Geoffrey's hand and opened it.

Afterwards, and indeed, all his life, Geoffrey had a theory that the earl with his extraordinary shrewdness had had some suspicion of the truth of Ronnie's identity; but the earl never by word or look, then or afterwards, confirmed that theory.

"So this is my brother Edmund's son," he said, sternly, to Geoffrey, after he had scanned the certificates and the statement with legal rapidity.

"I cannot tell you, sir," said Geoffrey, looking up as he bent over the unconscious man. "I found him in Australia—his name is Ronald Lorton."

"So I see by these papers," but not Lorton; it is Bassington. This is my brother Edmund's son, and, as that man said, he's heir to Starborough! Geoffrey looked at Cottie, who was standing white and bewildered and trembling, not only at the revelation which she heard, but with the consciousness that they were speaking of Ronnie who lay asleep under the Australian pines.

"Why don't you speak, Ronnie?" said Geoffrey. "But never mind now! You must go for a doctor, Ronnie. You know where to find him."

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G. P. O. to JUNE 1st, 1910

A Andrews, Robert, late Reid Nfd. Co. Ash, Emma, slp. Allen, Edith, Wills' Range Andrews, Miss Alice, late Twillingate Anderson, Capt. Fred, Water Street Anthony, Robert, College Square	B Banville, Miss Maggie, Williams Street Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Blake, Sidney A., Gower St. Bray, A. W., retd. Byrne, Nellie, card Bell, W. T., Long Pond Road Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd. Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island Brown, Ell, Coronation St. Bowering, Samuel Bellows, Miss C., Queen St. Burse, Miss Susie Butler, Norah Mrs., Circular Road Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill Burke, Miss Jannie, Care Mrs. Fitzgerald Bullock, T. H., Miss Barker, M. A., Miss Callahan, Miss Lizzie, retd. Carpenter, A. W., care Post Office Carter, J., Belvidere St. Clarke, Miss Rachel, Dicks' Square Creedy, Daniel Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill Corbett, Miss Jose, Prescott Street Colford, Nellie, card, Hamilton Street Connors, John Curren, John, Alexander Street Curtis, Laura, Queen St. Cafe, Lizzie M.	C Dalton, Miss Jessie, Circular Road Drake, Miss, card, Queen's College Dicks, A. M., retd. Duggan, Miss Esther, card, Colonial Street Dunphy, Miss T., card Dyer, Mrs. Rebecca, retd.	D Elliott, John, Bond St.	F French, John, aWter St. Fife, Edwin R., late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, Eva Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly, Duckworth St. Footo, R., Pleasant St. Frlong, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isle Francis, Robert, retd.	G Gardner, Charles Gardiner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Greenberg, Miss May, card Gamb, Miss Leah, LeMerchant Rd. Gear, Nellie, retd. Greensaid, Miss Lizzie Goof, Richard, Prescott St. Good, John, Pleasant St.	H Hawkins, F. C. Harvey, Herb, card Harris or Hallis, Charles Head, Miss Theresa, King's B. Road Hiscock, Mrs. Diana, late Gen. Hospital Houseman, H. H., late Halifax Hogan, Mrs., South Side Hutchings, F., Hayward's Avenue Hunt, Lizzie Hawkins, Mrs. E. B., retd.	J Jenkins, William, Cottage Square Johnson, Chas. Henry, Jones, Herbert, card Jones, Herbert, card Johnson, Patrick, Bell St. Jones, Herbert, retd.	K Keough, Mary B., Duckworth St. King, Miss Fanny, Gower St.	L Lamb, T. F., late Toronto University Lamb, Mrs. Brazil's Field Lake, Mrs. Thomas Leonard, Patrick Leonard, Mrs. Casey St. Leach, W. H., late Bay de Verde Leary, Mrs. Mary, Blackmarsh Road Linegar, Thomas, New Gower Street Lynch, David, Linkletter, Miss Jennie Long, Miss Carrie, Water St. West	M Mahan, Mrs. B., card Martin, Samuel Martin, David Mahoney, Nellie, retd. Martin, Wm., late Devon Towers Martin, Mrs. Isabella Martin, Mrs. Moses, Blackmarsh Rd. Matthews, G. D. Martin, Miss Sadie, card Mercer, Wm., card Melvin, John Morris, Patrick, Prescott Street Moore, David, card Moses, Mr. Moyst, Mrs. Thomas, New Gower St. Mallett, Miss Alice, Prescott Street Murphy, Mrs. Michael Maloney, Valentine, Allan's Square	N Newhook, Charles, Pleasant St. Neil, Miss, Barnes Rd. Noel, Mrs. Bertha, Georgetown	O O'Neil, Miss Bridget, card Oer, Cecily, retd.	P Parsons, Duncan Palne, Clarence Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Pearce, Robert, Gower Street Perry, George C., Power's St. Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove Price, Mrs. Addie Power, Thomas, Munday Pond Rd. Porter, Samuel, Victoria St. Power, P., Victoria St. Power, Miss M. A., card Paddington, Miss Kate Power, Mrs. James, James Street	R Raine, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Rendell, Miss L., care Rev. Dunfield	S Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph, Monroe Street Sharpe, Abraham, Sheppard, Miss Mary, Sweetapple, Miss Mary, care Mrs. O'Driscoll, Prescott St. Stevenson, Mrs. Ann, Stewart, Mrs. Jessie H., Sweeney, P., Tub Factory Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Rd. Smith, Miss Rose, Cochrane Street Skiffington, Miss Beatrice Smith, Leonard B., Snow, William, cooper Scott, C. F. Squires, Stanley Squires, Andrew, New Gower Street	T Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm Aylor, Silby, Pleasant St. Taylor, Miss Winnie, Riverhead Taylor, Mrs. D., Southside Taylor, G. B., card Templeman, Miss P., card Temple, John, late Bell Isle Timman, Miss Lucy, late of London, Eng. Tizard, Mrs. G. H., card, Water Street Tobin, Mrs. Helen, card, Colonial St. Thomas, Miss, Hamilton St. Turpin, Mrs. William, Turrell, Miss Amelia Walsh, Mrs. C., card, Springdale St. Williams, Miss Ethel, care Gen. Delivery Wiseman, Martin, care Gen. Delivery Williams, Miss, Rennie Mill Road White, Orby Wiseman, John Webber, Arch, Pennywell Road Wheeler, Joseph Wheeler, John, Young St.	Y Young, Henry L., Cabot St. Young, Miss, Littledale.
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A Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. Alberta De Camba, Arthur, schr. Arthur H. White Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta	B Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson	C Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson Grant, Edward, schr. Britannia Wall, Edmund, schr. Bessie Lennex Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella	D Pynn, Francis H., schr. Loyalty	E Young Bennett, schr. Minnie Hickman Pike, Capt. Leander, schr. Marice Mason, Firth, schr. Margaret May Rampton, Wm., Moore St.	F Anster, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey Wiseman, Robert A., schr. Reginald Anstey Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale Pippy, Charles, schr. Springdale
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 St. John's, as seen from the R. C. Cathedral.
 View of St. John's West.
 Iceberg of the Narrows, St. John's.
 Iceberg, 200 feet high, aground outside St. John's.
 Dry Dock, St. John's.
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