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## Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXI.  
(Continued.)

"AND you're my own little girl! And you're married! Think of it! And me in the theatre looking at you, and wondering how you come with that fine dress and them jewels—the beautiful and sweetest lady in the theatre. And so, you've married well. Never mind; you'll find my money come in useful. It's a big sum, and will grow to more. Where's your husband? I want to see him."

He had seated himself on the sofa beside Rachel and was holding and pressing her hand. She was overwhelmed with surprise; but not so overwhelmed as to forget that this newly found father of hers was a rich man. He was not quite a gentleman indeed, he was rather vulgar—but, all the same, he was rich.

"My husband is away at present," she said. "On business. But I am expecting him every day. I ought to tell you that our marriage is a secret one—father, she added.

"How strange it seems having a father, seeing him after all these years!"

He put her hand to his cheek and kissed it in a shamefaced way.

"Yes, I'm your father, my dear," he said. "Lord! how beautiful you are, how sweet! Dashed if I ain't half out of my mind with pride! But this marriage—why was it secret?"

Rachel glanced at the door as if she were afraid of being overheard.

"Well, you see," she said, with a satisfied air, "my husband is the heir to the title and great estates. He will be a nobleman, an earl, and I shall be a countess. But his people—you can understand that his people wouldn't fancy his marrying a mere

**RETURNED TO WORK IN A WEEK**

Mr. P. M. Shannon Cured of Catarrh by one Single Treatment of "Father Morrey's" No. 26.

Dalhousie, N.B., Nov. 23, 1900.

FATHER MORREY'S MEDICINE CO., LTD.

For three years I had suffered from Catarrh in the head until March, 1900, when I had to leave my work, then in single pills, after trying 4 different so-called catarrh cures, and two doctors who claimed there was no cure. One single treatment of Father Morrey's prescription cured me and I returned to work in a week after starting to take the treatment, and have never had so much as a cold in the head since.

P. M. SHANNON.

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What do you mean! Let me go!

With a cry, so full of anguish that it struck to her heart, he flung her from him and rushed from the room. She fell on the sofa where he had hurled her, and he tore down the stairs like one demented, fumbled at the door, and, at last, opened it. Out in the air his maddened senses, stretched upon the rack which Nemesis had provided, gave way, and he staggered and fell against the railing of the house. He lay there for a minute or two in helpless agony; then he rose and staggered towards the sea-front.

Retribution, in its most direful and awful form, had taken full possession of him. The girl he had helped to her ruin was his own daughter. His own daughter! He was nearly mad at that moment, mad with remorse, with blighted hopes and ambition, with a searing of natural affection. He staggered his way towards the sea; but as he neared it he saw a tall figure standing near the entrance—a tall figure dressed in a serge suit, and smoking a cigar. It was the Melbourne detective. He shrank back, breathing hard and with difficulty, as a man breathes when he is hunted to death. He turned away, and, half-unconsciously, half-mechanically, dragged his feet towards the railway-station.

His only thought, his only desire at that moment, was to find Sidney Bassington and—kill him.

He hung about the railway-station, trembling and shaking, parched with thirst, until the morning train. But when it steamed up and he took his seat, he fancied that he saw the hated form of the detective hovering about the platform, and he shrank into a corner of the carriage, cursing the man, cursing himself, and, more than all, cursing the daughter whom he had helped to ruin.

When he reached London he slunk off to one of his old haunts, a disreputable street in a disreputable quarter. He knew the detective might get upon his track at any moment, and he was afraid to marry and yet his thirst for revenge on Sidney Bassington was almost as fierce and strong as his dread of capture. The perpetual reflection that he had been the instigator and agent in his daughter's destruction drove him nearly mad.

"There is always one thing to which such a man under such circumstances flies—drink. He drank heavily of the poison which the low public-houses in the neighbourhood called by the names of gin, brandy, and whiskey; and in this attempt to drown remorse and still the maddening gong of his feelings he fell ill. The fit of delirium tremens held him in its grip for some days, and when he recovered sufficiently to move about, his mind was shattered and he was a mass of weak conflicting emotions. But gradually from the confusion there awoke the old idea of revenge, and with it that of setting matters straight by forcing Sidney Bassington to marry Rachel. With the cunning of the half-insane, he stole from his hiding-place, and still weak and feeble, but animated by the desire which burnt like a fire in his breast, he cautiously and stealthily made his way to Starborough.

He rose and staggered away from her, and, clutching the mantel-shelf, leaped against it as if every ounce of strength had left his body.

"What name did you say?" he asked; his face so white and drawn, his voice so hoarse that they struck terror, a vague, indefinable terror to Rachel's heart.

"What is the matter?" she asked, breathlessly. "The name my husband and I go by is 'Richards.' But his right name is Bassington—Sidney Bassington. He's heir to the Earldom of Starborough; he'll be the Earl of Starborough, and I shall be the countess."

He sprang at her, seized her by the arms, and dragged her from the couch. His face was white, his eyes seemed starting from his head, the foam gathered on his lips.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "You're telling it to me to tease me, to punish me for neglecting you—it's not true! Tell me it's not true! It wasn't you that I—Nor Richards, any name but Richards! Look at me—I'm your father!—tell me the truth, the truth this time. It's not Richards, it's not Sidney Bassington! You're not married at all—say you've only said it to punish me! Richards! Richards! Not that—my God, not that!"

His voice rose almost to a shriek. He gripped her so tightly that he hurt her.

"Let me go!" she screamed. "I don't know what you mean. My name is Richards—Bassington. I shall be the Countess of Starborough!

nobody like me; and so we've had to keep the marriage quiet; but when his uncle dies I shall come out in my right name; I shall be a countess."

Lane gasped for breath.

"Good Lord! It sounds like a fairy tale," he said, huskily. "My daughter married to a nobleman, or rather, a nobleman as will be! It's past belief! But never mind; you're equal to it; you look fit for anything! And you won't cast off your old father? I tell you, I'm rich. I sha'n't be a disgrace to you. Perhaps I can help you. You could have money, any amount of it."

She drew closer to him; the word 'money' was sweet in her ears. This was something like a father!

"But you haven't told me what your name is yet," he said, as he pressed her to him and kissed her.

She smiled and looked down with an air of caution.

"No, I haven't," she said. "I should have to give you two names. You see, we were married secretly by a clergyman in my husband's rooms. The name I go by, still, I can take the right one, is Richards."

The man did not move. There was a big ormolu clock on the mantel-shelf, one of those cheap, gorgeous affairs which ticks loudly and keeps indifferent time. It ticked so loudly in that pause that its hammer seemed to strike on the heart of the father—he was a scoundrel but still a father—ticked so loudly that it seemed like the knell which sounds in the ears of the condemned.

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Geoffrey, with his arm over Ronnie's shoulder, was so absorbed in his present joy at recovering the boy, and his plans for their future happiness with Cottie, that he did not notice that Ronnie was listening intently.

"Yes, that's what we will do!" he said. "We three will go out to the Western Hill and work those claims and make our pile; and then we'll build a big house somewhere and live happy ever afterwards, as the fairy-book says. What's the matter, Ronnie, boy? For Ronnie had risen and was looking towards the door.

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## UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G. P. O. to JUNE 1st, 1901

A Andrews, Robert, late Reid Nfld. Co. Ash, Emma, slipp, Wills' Range Allen, Edith, late Twillingate Andrews, Miss Alice, Water Street Anderson, Capt. Fred, Water Street Anthony, Robert, College Square	B Banyille, Miss Maggie, Williams Street Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Blake, Sidney A., Gower St. Bray, A. W., retd, Long Pond Road Byrne, Nellie, card Bell, W. T., Long Pond Road Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd.	C Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island Brown, Eli, Coronation St. Bowering, Samuel Bellows, Miss C., Queen St. Bursey, Miss Susie Butler, Norah Mrs., Circular Road Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill Burke, Miss Annie, Care Mrs. Fitzgerald Bullock, T. H. Burker, M. A., Miss Callahan, Miss Lizzie, retd. Carpenter, A. W., care Post Office Carter, J., Belvidere St. Clarke, Miss Rachel, Dicks' Square Creddy, Daniel Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill Corbett, Miss Jessie, Prescott Street Colford, Nellie, card Connors, John, Hamilton Street Curran, John, Alexander Street	D 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.	E Elliott, John, Bond St.	F French, John, aWter St. Finfield, Edwin R., late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, Eva Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly, Duckworth St. Foster, R., Pleasant St. Fryong, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isle Francis, Robert, retd. Gardner, Charles Gardner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Gamberg, Miss May, card Green, Miss Leah, LeMerchant Rd. Gear, Nellie, retd. Greenland, Miss Lizzie Goff, Richard, Prescott St. Good, John, Pleasant St.	G Gardner, Charles Gardner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Gamberg, Miss May, card Green, Miss Leah, LeMerchant Rd. Gear, Nellie, retd. Greenland, Miss Lizzie Goff, 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. Hunt, Lizzie Hayward's Avenue Hawkins, Mrs. E. B., retd.	I Jenkins, William, Cottage Square Johnson, Chas. Henry, Coronation St. Jones, Geo., Coronation St. 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 Lingar, Thomas, New Gower Street Lynch, David Linkletter, Miss Jennie Long, Miss Carrie, Water St. West	M Mallory, Miss Georgena, Springdale Street Loder, Harold Lindsay, Peter, card Mahar, Mrs. D., card Martin, Samuel Martin, David Mabony, 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'Neill, Miss Bridget, card Oer, Cecily, retd.	P Parsons, Dupcan Paine, Clarence Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Pearce, Robert, Gower Street Perry, George C., Power St. Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove Price, Mrs. Addie Power, Thomas, Munday Pond Rd. Porter, Samuel 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 Riggs, Miss Edith, Barnes Road Rose, Harold, Mrs., late Heart's Content Rockford, Mrs. Henry, late Heart's Content Rogers, R., card Ryan, Frederick, retd. 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, E., Tub Factory Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Rd. Smith, Miss Rose, Cochran Street Skiffington, Miss Beatrice Smith, Leonard E. Snow, William, cooper Scott, C. F. Squires, Stanley Squires, Andrew, New Gower Street	T Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm Taylor, Silby, Pleasant St. Taylor, Miss Winnie, Southside Taylor, Mrs. D., Southside Taylor, G. B., card Templeman, Miss P., card Temple, John, late Bell Isle Tinman, Miss Lucy, care Gen. Delivery Tizard, Mrs. G. H., card, Water Street Tobin, Mrs. Helen, card, Colonial St. Thomas, Miss, Hamilton St. Turpin, Mrs. William Turrell, Miss Amelia	W 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. Young, Henry L., Cabot St. Young, H., Cabot St. Young, Miss, Littledale.
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**SEAMEN'S LIST.**

Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. B. G. Anderson	Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson	Pyne, Francis H., schr. B. G. Anderson	Stacey, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey
De Camba, Arthur, schr. Britannia	Walt, Edmund, schr. Britannia	Young Bennett, schr. Minnie Hickman	Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale
Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta	Stuckless, B. C., schr. Grace Pike, Capt. Leander	Mason, Firth, schr. Margaret May	Quinton, Wm., Moore St.
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View of St. John's East.  
Iceberg off the Narrows, St. John's.  
Iceberg, 200 feet high, aground outside St. John's.  
Dry Dock, St. John's.  
Waterford Bridge and River.  
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