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THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XXIV.

"In plain words," thought Valerie to herself, "she wants to have her share in the management of matters—and she shall not."

"I do not see any need for all this, Vivien," she said coldly. "I am willing enough to be on friendly terms with you, but you must understand quite distinctly that I will allow no interference. I will not yield one iota of my authority to you."

"I have no wish to usurp it. Oh, believe me, Valerie, the good of Lancewood, the honor of our name, is all I care for! I ask you in all good faith, in all truth and loyalty, to let me be your friend, your adviser, your counsellor, your right hand. I have no wish to take your place, and no wish to wrest your authority from you. I will be the first to set an example of obedience and submission to you."

Only a noble woman could have pleaded thus; but the woman listening did not understand.

"What is it you want?" she said coldly. "It is something quite new to hear you talk about submission."
"I will tell you what I want, Valerie. Will you let me have some share in the training of your boy? He is to be master of Lancewood—let him learn what will make a noble man; he is to be master of others—let me teach him self-discipline, self-control. He is quick to learn—let me teach him lessons of loyalty and truth, of good faith and honor. I would never be cross to him, Valerie—I would be patient and gentle; may I try?"

"No," replied Lady Neslie; "you shall have no part, no share in the training of my boy. I will make him what I like, not what you like. He shall learn no cant, no hypocrisy; he shall enjoy his life. Self-control is all very well for poor people—it keeps them honest; but it is not one of the virtues of a gentleman."
"Oh, Valerie," interrupted Vivien, "do not say such things!"
But miladi's anger was thoroughly aroused now.

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the music of her voice, until his love for her became a passion beyond the reach of reason or self-control.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I think," said Lady Neslie to her maid, "that I may safely lessen some of my grief now."
"In what way, miladi?" asked Marie.

"I may safely mix a little gray with my black, and then gradually subside into a becoming shade of lavender."
"I hope you will be careful, miladi. I have noticed that the English people are very particular about their mourning; any impropriety in that respect would be—"

"I do not want a lecture," said Lady Valerie, haughtily. "Do what I tell you. Relieve that sombre black silk with a little gray. It is six months since Sir Arthur died; surely that is long enough for grief."

There was wonderful familiarity between Lady Neslie and her maid. Marie took the silk dress in her hands and began busily to trim it with ribbons of soft shining gray.

"Marie," said Lady Valerie, "I am going to Paris."

The maid looked up almost in alarm. Her ladyship continued—
"My fortune is made and secured. I have plenty of money, and I shall be mistress of the Abbey for fifteen years. I think now I may enjoy my life."

"You have had nothing but enjoyment," said the maid.

Miladi laughed contemptuously.
"Do you call such a life as this enjoyment? I do not. English people do not even know what the word 'pleasure' or gaiety means. I call a carnival enjoyment; I call this life of restraint and conventional imprisonment."

I long to find myself in sunny Paris, where I can do more as I like."
Marie shook her head gravely.
"It is not my place to lecture, miladi, but I hope you will be careful."

"I have nothing to risk or to lose now," said Valerie. "I have made my coup. I am going to be very gracious. I intend during my absence to place Oswald under Miss Neslie's care—she will be delighted."
"The best thing you could do would be to put him entirely under Miss Neslie's care—begging your pardon for the freedom, miladi; you are not at all adapted for training a child."

Miladi laughed good-humoredly.
"It is very possible," she replied, "but I shall go to Paris, and you must not be surprised if you find that I bring some of my friends back with me. I am tired of these dull English. I want some one to make me gay."

Her words had a strange effect. The maid rose with a white scared face. "Oh, miladi, be careful," she said, "for Heaven's sake, be careful. You have won so much—mind that you do not lose."
"I cannot lose—and of course I shall be careful; I must enjoy myself or of what use would my money be?" Marie looked grave.

"Evil days will come of it, miladi," she said. "If you wish yourself and your child well you will not return to France—you will remain here and go on as you are going now."
"Which I do not intend. You can prepare my luggage as soon as you like. I shall go in a few days' time."

That same morning Vivien was surprised to hear from Valerie's own lips that she intended very shortly to go to Paris.

"I left many dear friends here," said miladi, "whom I should like to see again."
Vivien wondered if she remembered refusing to invite these same friends during Sir Arthur's lifetime, but she said nothing. She had long since discovered that words were useless. Valerie was unusually gracious.

"While I am away," she said, "I should be really glad, Vivien, if you would take charge of Oswald. I know that I can trust you with him."
"You may safely trust me," was the grave reply. But Vivien did not feel as hopeful as she would have felt some time before; the child's evil habits were becoming so confirmed that she almost despaired of correcting them.

Lady Neslie looked up with a laugh in which there was a note of contempt.
"On my return I shall expect to find a grand moral reform," she said. "I suppose my boy is anything but what

you would like him to be. For my part I admire his spirit and his talents. I hope you will not contradict him, Vivien."

"I will be kind to him, but I cannot promise to indulge him foolishly. Valerie, did you never read these words, 'Give thy son his way, and he shall make thee afraid'?"

"No," was the laughing reply. "I do not go in for anything of that kind. I have but two requests to make—do not teach him wise saws or to sing psalms," and miladi went away with laughing disregard of Vivien's flushed indignation.

Lady Neslie went to Paris that same week, and to Vivien it seemed as though the sweet spirit of peace had settled over the Abbey. An impulse came over her, when Valerie drove away, to have all the windows opened—it was as though the very atmosphere of the Abbey were charged with her mocking spirit. She felt that through every room she must have a fresh current of air.

Once more she was alone in her father's house, and but for the noise of the young heir, the terrible past would all have seemed a dream to her. Once more she was mistress of the house where she had ruled so long, and the only drawback was that miladi would return. Vivien waited one or two days before she tried to do anything with the child. Then she invited him to go out for a long walk with her.

"May I slide?" he asked, looking anxiously at her.
"Yes; and what is more, Oswald, I will ask Mr. Dorman to teach you to skate. You will like that."

Bribed by these promises, the little Sir Oswald consented to go; and during their walk Vivien tried to lay the groundwork of her plan, to awaken in the child's mind the first faint glimmering idea of truth and honor, of loyalty and honesty. He was terribly deficient—the result of her questioning alarmed Vivien.

"Did you ever say your prayers?" she asked.
"No, mamma found Mrs. Corty teaching them to me once, and she said it was no nonsense."
"The boy seemed to have no reverence for sacred things. She was literally at a loss how to talk to him."

"What shall you do when you are master of Lancewood?" she asked him.
"I shall eat all the grapes and peaches myself, shoot the birds, and whip the stable-boys," was the prompt reply.

The more she conversed with him, the greater became her dismay—he had so few good qualities. He seemed to have inherited his mother's disposition. Hard, stern training and good teaching might make him different; but these things Vivien knew he could not have. Evil indeed would be the day when Lancewood became his.

She found also that, although he was six years of age, he did not even know his alphabet. There was a battle every morning in the nursery when the nurse tried to teach him his letters, and he always came off victorious. Vivien was grieved and distressed; matters were even worse than she had feared. When she returned with the child to the house, she went at once in search of Gerald Dorman, and told him.

(To be Continued.)



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OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—The Governor, Newfoundland: The French Government: German attacks repulsed in the Baltic provinces. Sans fighting is in progress on the

The Russian Government: The Turkish official reports: announce their battleship Kheys-Barbarossa sunk by a hostile marine.

BONAR

ITALIAN FORCES READY
NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Italy will send 850,000 fresh troops either to France or the Dardanelles within the next three weeks, according to Capt. Victor Del Fra, the Italian army, who arrived to-day on the steamer Duca d'Abruzzo. "There were 500,000 troops in the Balkans when I left," said Capt. Del Fra. "100,000 more at Taranto Navy and between 150 and 250 large ports ready to convey the troops where they are most needed."

THE RUSSIAN POSITION
LONDON, Aug. 10.—This morning's newspapers upon the Russian situation are vorably than they have for some days. The Times declares that the position of certain portions of Russian forces still remains excellent. There is every reason to believe the excellent order with which withdrawal has been executed far, will be maintained, until all reached the new line of defence. He additional news has reached London regarding the Russians' days in Warsaw. The Times' correspondent in that city, describing retiring Russian troops, says: "There was no feeling of hopelessness though disappointment was on every face. The long Russian retreat, culminating in the fall of Warsaw, has touched the lethargic permanent of the Russian people to-day the war has the support of the entire Russian people. There is the slightest suggestion anywhere peace without a decision."

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