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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XLII. (Concluded.)

IT'S Sheehey, right enough. Out in Melbourne he'd caught a boy with him; but the boy gave him the slip. At any rate, he came over to England before the man; and the man must have followed him when he got away from us. I came over to arrest him—I've got one of his pals to turn queen's evidence; and I shall take Sheehey over there when I get him. He's the worst of the gang we broke up; as cunning as a fox and as slippery as an eel. But now I've run him to earth down here, I shall get him easily enough. I expect he caught sight of me in the theatre, and that's what made him jump up. It's hot, isn't it? Let's go and have a drink.

They passed on; but it was some minutes before Lane found courage to emerge from the friendly advertisement board. The man who had spoken was a well known Melbourne detective, the detective who had so nearly captured Sheehey that day the 'Capricorn' sailed.

Lane drew away from the theatre, but still contrived to watch the entrance. The audience began to pour out, and presently, with a bound of the heart, he saw the woman with the red hair pass out among the throng and enter a closed fly; and when it started Lane followed it, sometimes running, sometimes walking, as the fly was impeded in its progress by other carriages, but always following unobtrusively.

He waited until the fly had driven away from Rachel's rooms, then he knocked at the door. He could not wait until the morning: the girl was his daughter, he could swear to her, and he must see her at any risk! A servant opened the door and eyed him with surprise.

'Will you say that a gentleman wants to see Miss Lane, please?' he said.

'There's no such lady here,' said the girl.

Lane slipped half a crown into her hand.

'Look here,' he said, 'I've got some important news—I'm an old friend of the lady what has just come in from the theatre—never mind her name. You get her to see me, and I'll make that half a crown a sovereign.'

The girl was the usual lodging-house servant, and shrewdly suspected that the man was some kind of bailiff. She had no liking for Rachel—who had—And with a nod and a smile, she closed the door, as a precautionary measure, and went up to

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a broken-down, sagging of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its cause (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are the same: the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. None what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is increased vitality—vigilance.

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Racel's room. Rachel was standing before the glass, admiring her self, with her white arms stretched above her head, a smile of satisfaction on her face. She had attracted a great deal of attention at the theatre, as usual, and her vain soul was filled with satisfaction.

'A gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am,' said the servant. 'To see me?' said Rachel. 'What is his name?' 'I don't know, ma'am; but he's a puffed gentleman. He had given her half a crown and had promised to make it a sovereign. He wants to see you on important business.'

Rachel considered for a moment.

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It might be someone sent by Sidney. Anyhow, she was curious and interested.

'All right. Show him up,' she said, with the hauteur with which she considered it proper to treat her inferiors. She made a pose on the sofa and turned her bracelets so that the diamonds should show most conspicuously.

The door opened and Lane entered. He was dazzled by the light—she had turned up the gas so that she might see herself in the glass distinctly—and by the gorgeous attire, the flashing jewels on the figure on the sofa. She eyed him critically and then a trifle contemptuously; for, though Lane was well-dressed enough, he certainly did not look a gentleman.

She had been accustomed to seeing gentlemen lately. Lane caught his breath and stared at her.

'Are you—are you Rachel Lane?' he asked, huskily.

Rachel coloured and bit her lip, as she cast down her eyes and thought quickly. She knew how important it was that Sidney's marriage should remain secret.

'I am—my name is Rachel Lane,' she said. Who are you, and what do you want? I don't know you. Why do you ask to see me at this late hour?' Strange to say, Lane had not rehearsed this scene, had not considered how he should approach her.

'There's no cause to be frightened,' he said. 'I'm a friend—a friend of your father's. I've brought you news of him.'

Rachel half-rose, then shrank back; but left forward, regarding him curiously and eagerly. Was the mystery about her father about to be cleared up?

'You know my father?' she said, catching at her lip in her eagerness. 'I've not seen him—I don't know him. I want to know about him. Who is he—what is he?' Lane passed his hand across his forehead. The paternal instinct was working strongly; he felt a strong desire to take her in his arms and to cry: 'I am your father!' But he restrained himself.

'Your father's—abroad,' he said. 'I'm an old friend of his, and he asked me to find you and tell you about him.'

She sank back with an air of importance. 'What is he?' she asked. 'Why has he kept away from me all these years?' 'Well—it's a long story,' he stammered. 'He's been engaged in business abroad; but he's likely to be coming home now. He made his pile—'

'Do you mean he's rich?' she asked, eagerly. Lane nodded. 'Yes; he's very rich, and going to be richer,' he replied. 'Won't you sit down?' she asked, as she pointed one beringed hand to a chair. Lane drew it forward and sat down, his elbows on his knees, his face thrust forward, his eyes covertly devouring her.

'Yes, he's very rich,' he said. 'Made a lot of money suddenly; and he's anxious now to jilt his daughter. He asked me to get some news of 'er. He heard as you were in a Training College.' In his emotion and excitement his natural vulgarity of speech broke through the veneer.

Rachel smiled contemptuously. 'Oh, I left the college a long while ago,' she said. 'The fact is, there's been a change in life. I've been lucky—like my father, it seems—'

'So I see,' said Lane, eyeing the rich dress and jewels. 'The servant didn't seem to know you by your name.'

She coloured and laughed with an air of satisfaction. 'I don't wonder, if you asked for Miss Lane,' she said. 'I've changed it. I'm married.'

Married? he echoed. 'That—that will be news to the old man. I—I hope you've married well.'

She laughed again. 'Oh, yes; very well,' she said, with an air of supreme satisfaction. 'My husband is a rich man, and will be richer. He's— But I'm talking to you as if I knew you well, when I don't know your name. What is it, please?'

Lane rose and approached her, his long hands outstretched. 'It's your father,' he said, hoarsely. 'I'm your father! Don't be frightened—there's no cause to be—I'm your father; I'm rich in prospects, as I said; I have come to find and claim you, to share my money with you, Rachel, my girl, my girl! Look at me!'

She rose, but shrank from him, with her red-bared eyes wide open, an air of supreme satisfaction. 'My husband is a rich man, and will be richer. He's— But I'm talking to you as if I knew you well, when I don't know your name. What is it, please?'

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her long hands, so like his own, stretched out to keep him off. 'My—my father!' she said in a whisper.

'Yes, yes! Your father,' he reiterated. 'I've come from the other end of the world to find you! I thought I was going to make a lady of you; but I see you're one already—and I'm proud of you, proud of you, my girl!'

She let him take her hands and he gripped them and swung them to and fro in his excitement. (To be continued.)

Duel at Paris.

Count De Lesseps Shot Through the Thigh, and His Opponent Also Hurt. Paris, May 23.—Count Ismael De Lesseps and Count Just Depoligny fought a duel to-day, and this time each received a bullet wound. At the second exchange DeLesseps' bullet struck the barrel of Depoligny's pistol, and ricocheting, caused a flesh wound in the latter's arm. At the same moment DeLesseps fell shot through the thigh. He was removed to an hospital where it was found that the ball had just missed the femoral artery. The wound is not fatal.

DeLesseps is a son of Count Ferdinand DeLesseps, and an officer of a cavalry regiment. Some weeks ago he quarrelled with Depoligny at the circus and blows were exchanged.

On May 3rd they met in a former encounter with swords in the Parc Des Princes, the scene of to-day's duel. Depoligny is lame, and after a round of sword play, during which neither was injured, the seconds called a halt. Subsequently pistols were submitted for the swords, and six shots were exchanged. None of the bullets found its mark and the antagonists let the field without a reconciliation.

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Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Lists names and addresses of individuals with unclaimed letters.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Lists names and details of seamen.

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