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# ALL FOR RICHES.

## CHAPTER XXI. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

'My wife's name was Miss Belle Mellen before I married her,' reluctantly replied the nephew, blushing like a girl.

Belle understood the cause of that blush, and treasured it up in her heart for future use.

Major Grant continued: 'Mellen! Mellen! I do not seem to recollect that name. Any relation to old Senator Mellen, of New Hampshire?'

'That gentleman is a remote connection of our family,' quickly responded Mrs. Whitney.

'Ah! yes, now I think of it, I used to know a curious old fellow by the name of Mellen. He was a farmer—living away back in the country somewhere. He used to drive over to New York City sometimes with a load of produce, and usually took a half-witted fellow with him whom he called Tim or Tom. The old farmer always wore a long blue and white check frock, tied at the neck with a leather string, and reaching below his knees. One day he drove into the town, and it being quite warm, he took off his frock, and throwing it upon the wagon seat, told Tim to stay by the wagon while he went over to Chatham Street on an errand. No sooner was he out of sight than Tim or Tom—whatever his name was—jumped down from the wagon, and putting on the frock, began to strut up and down the street as big as a lord.

ready for use at a moment's notice. Did the farmer return to the poor foolish fellow while you were there?'

'Certainly. I waited for him to come back. For several years I had all my butter and cheese from this farmer. He was an honest soul, although, as I have said, quite odd,' replied the major, walking across the room to the sofa where his wife sat, and taking her work from her hands, playfully held it beyond her reach, saying, at the same time: 'Put away your worsteds, Evangeline. I want you to go out and get a breath of fresh air now. You must be impatient to see your house, and grounds, too, Com?'

'I do feel a strange desire to walk over every acre of our beautiful estate; but you know how I dread your chilly Northern air, with its frosty breath. It is so different from the soft air of my native Southern home. Let me ask you to wait until the weather is more mild before I venture out again. Mrs. Whitney will be kind enough to show me the arrangement of the rooms by and by, will you not Mrs. Whitney?' continued the uncomplaining lady.

'Certainly, if you desire it,' briefly responded Mrs. Whitney, her flashing eyes resting for an instant upon Mrs. Grant's face, with all the evil splendor of their depths aroused.

'It would afford me a great deal of pleasure. Where are the children this morning?' quickly asked Mrs. Grant. 'I am passionately fond of children,' she added.

'Here they come now,' answered Mrs. Whitney, as the parlor door opened and a tidy nurse entered bringing with her two little boys of nearly the same size.

'Twins!' exclaimed Mrs. Grant delightedly.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney exchanged glances, and as one of the little boys bounded forward and sprang into Mrs. Whitney's arms, she said:

'Not so. This is my own darling child—his mother's idol; and that, pointing to the other child, who stood looking wistfully at his little play-fellow as he nestled in the mother's arms—"that is only an adopted child. His name is Frank, my child is named Christopher, after my own brother."

She fixed a keen glance upon the face of Mrs. Major Grant as she spoke, and her black eyes glowed with triumph as she saw Mrs. Grant's cheeks pale for an instant, then become deeply flushed, as if answering to the powerful emotion of the soul within. But Mrs. Grant made no reply to Mrs. Whitney's words for an instant. Then she said:

'I suppose you call your boy Christy?'

The blue eyes were purple now, as they met Mrs. Whitney's defiant gaze without flinching.

'Yes, we always call our darling Christy, as that was the pet name of our darling brother,' was the reply in meaning tones.

To change the subject, Mrs. Grant turned to the other little boy, saying: 'Come here, little lonely one,' at the same time extending her arms.

The child came quickly forward, was lifted in her arms, and in another instant nestled upon her bosom.

Mrs. Grant's heart throbbled as if struggling to burst its bonds and fly to meet the little one nestling so trustfully upon it. She rarely remarked, however.

'Children know who love them.' 'I think they do,' replied Mrs. Whitney, then turning to the nurse, she ordered her to return to the nursery with the children.

After they had left the room, Mrs. Whitney said, turning to Mrs. Grant: 'There is quite a history connected with my adopted son. I will relate it to you sometime when we are alone, Mrs. Grant:

'Thank you. Anything connected with that child must prove interesting to me, for do you know I think little Frank the most beautiful child I ever saw. There is a singular resemblance between your son and him, but you will not feel offended if I frankly say that I consider your adopted child the handsomer of the two.'

Mrs. Grant smiled a winning little smile as she spoke, and her red lips half parted to disclose two rows of pearly white teeth.

Again that flash of deadly meaning shot from Mrs. Whitney's eyes, but she replied:

Mrs. Grant first visited the grand drawing-room, next the library and conservatory. Passing the floors of the pleasant family parlors, they came to the high, well-lighted dining room.

"This is a splendid room!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, proceeding to open the doors of the closets and examine the old, quaint china and silver gathered there.

"I have not used this room much. I think the breakfast room more convenient for everyday use, and therefore have seldom opened this, excepting for company," remarked Mrs. Whitney.

Mrs. Grant answered with all the enthusiasm of a child: "But I think it a grand old room! I shall have the breakfasts served in the breakfast room every day; but the dinners and suppers served here. Do you know this grand room reminds me of the dining room at home? I am of Spanish descent, Mrs. Whitney, and our house at home was very fine. Let us go upstairs now. Stay, though! I wish to be presented to the servants as their new mistress."

This was more than human nature could bear, and Mrs. Whitney hastily determined to risk being turned away from Laurel Glade rather than submit to this humiliation.

She could not introduce any other woman to her servants as their mistress, thus owing herself but a dependent, so she answered: "As you please, Mrs. Grant; but would it not be more appropriate for Major Grant to introduce you as the mistress of his house?"

"Now you speak of it, I think it will. Let us go upstairs," carelessly replied Mrs. Grant.

As they passed up the stairs, the newly arrived mistress of Laurel Glade slipped her plump little hand into Mrs. Whitney's, and clinging to it with all the unconsciousness of a child, exclaimed:

To be continued.

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## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Oct. 20th, 1911.

A	Abby, Mrs. Chas. care Mrs. May Emberley	Duggan, John J., card	Water Street	Piercy, Mr. Allandale Road
B	Adams, Mary, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Pinn, Mary Jane, care Carter's Hill
C	Andrews, Albert E., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Pike, Miss Helen, card
D	Anderson, F. O., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Piercy, Sam, care LeMerchant Rd.
E	Ayre, Ernest, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Power, Miss Martha, care LeMerchant Rd.
F	Barrett, Miss P., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Polson, Miss E. B., care Cathedral Avenue
G	Blandford, Mrs. Louisa, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Power, Mrs. Richard, care Alexander St.
H	Brazil, Lue, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Power, Miss Katie, care Old Cove Road
I	Baker, Sofia, West End, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Quigley, Mrs. J., care Barter's Hill
J	Baugh, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Quinton, Edward, Lime St.
K	Barter, Hilda, Gower St., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Ryan, Miss Kittle, card
L	Barrett, Miss P., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Reid, Wm., Gower St.
M	Blandford, Mrs. Louisa, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Reader, James, Lime St.
N	Brazill, Lue, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Relly, Mrs. Joseph J., care Military Road
O	Brean, Mrs. Patrick, card, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Rogers, Isabella M., care St. John N.B.
P	Byrne, T. F., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Rowland, George, care Gen'l Delivery
Q	Bell, Jas., Nagle's Hill, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Robinson, Wm., care Roll, James
R	Bemister, Chas., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Rowland, John T., care Rowell, Miss B.
S	Brien, Mrs. Patrick, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Rowland, J. F., care Theatre Hill
T	Bridgman, Mrs. Louisa, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Small, Miss Mary, care Sawyers, Miss thel.
U	Bright, Mrs. Wm., card, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Sawyers, Miss thel., care Stamp, John
V	Brown, Reuben, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Sheehan, Mr., Water St.
W	Boyle, Martin, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Skeans, Mrs., care Goodview Street
X	Barown, Mrs. Gen'l Delivery, care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Sheehan, Mr., Water St.
Y	Butt, Miss A. L., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Stevenson, L., care Sheppard, A. Cabot St.
Z	Butt, Winnie, Water St., care Mrs. May Emberley	Dixon, Wm., care Mrs. May Emberley	Water Street	Smith, Master A., care Sidey, J. C.

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