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CHAPTER XXXIII.
THE RUIN COMPLETED.
"Nonsense!" laughed Mr. Normanby, tauntingly. "There you are mistaken, poor Verner. The world has no liking for the poor wretches who fall—like yourself. It adores success. You will crawl into some foreign hole and die of shame; while I, married perchance to the fair Olive"—he laughed sneeringly—"that would be neat, wouldn't it?—I shall reign in your stead. Oh! never fear we'll keep up the honor of the place. No Polly Styles, or drunken orgies then! I'll drink your health when you live in a garret. Not rule in Reave Hollow! Who's to prevent it, I should like to know, for—" But here he broke off suddenly, at a sound of footsteps in the hall.
All four turned around. So engrossed had they been that they had not heard the noise of the carriage wheels, nor the knock of the servant who was opening the door. Now at the entrance appeared the spare form of Sir Edwin, followed by Olive, Reuben, and old Wynter.
"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" demanded John Verner, as Sir Edwin advanced to the table, "Who are you?" He looked wrathfully at Reuben's well-dressed figure and sun-tanned face.
"Why, it's the poacher," drawled Mr. Normanby, and the Verners and old Griley turned pale.
Then the squire's eyes wandered to the half-deformed figure of John Wynter, who emerged from the background; and, with a stifled cry, he staggered back.
"Ah! you remember me, do you?" cried Wynter, coming yet nearer. "Did I not say the day would come when I should take my revenge on you? Well, I keep my word." He turned to the little group behind who were staring at him in amazement, and pulled forward the astonished Reuben. "Allow me to present to you the master of Reave Hollow, Lord of the Grange—Ernest Verner."
There was an indescribable confusion.
"It's a lie!" screamed old Griley.
"He's mad!" said Morgan Verner, though his teeth chattered with fear. Reuben himself looked doubtful, thinking that the old man had taken leave of his senses; and, seeing this, Wynter turned to him.
"Reuben!" he cried. "Forgive me, lad, if you can—I loved you so. Don't you remember that stormy night long ago, when you fled from that man's cruelty and took refuge with the strolling players?"
Reuben shook his head, at which old Griley and Normanby laughed derisively.
"A bit too previous," chuckled Morgan.
"Look back again," persisted Wynter. "Don't you remember a child riding in the circus ring—you Reuben, and you fell?"
Reuben started. The words had touched some hidden memories at last.
"Yes, yes!" he cried. "I do remember. I remember a big crowd, and there was one face—a girl's face; an angel's—"
A cry, almost of terror, rose from Olive; and he turned to her, while the long dormant memories rushed upon him.
"It was you!" he said. "I fell off one of the horses as they were going to leap the bar."
Unconsciously, Wynter gave a sigh of relief blended with pain.
"Very pretty scene!" sneered Mr. Normanby. "But this is no stage, my good fellows, and we have no wish to be entertained by strolling players;

so off with you. I am master here now—"
"Not so fast," said old Wynter, as he took a small parcel from his coat pocket—the precious bundle he had travelled so many miles to get back into his possession.
With trembling fingers, he untied the string and drew forth, first the worn suit which the boy Ernest had worn, then a smaller paper wherein were folded the long golden curls which Wynter had so ruthlessly cut off. Olive put out her hand and took them up, almost reverently, while Sir Edwin bent over the signed paper which Wynter thrust into his hand. Lastly the old man drew forth a chain, on which hung a miniature.
"My father," said Reuben quietly. "I know—I remember."
His face was pale but calm, and the deep light in his eyes showed that all his life lay clear before him from infancy to manhood. Memory had regained her own.
Meanwhile, Sir Edwin and Olive bent over the soiled paper, yellow with age; but Normanby still continued to sneer.
"A put-up job!" he said insolently. "Do you think I am going to be defrauded of my rights by these stage tricks? Bah! it is all a lie, and Mr. Verner knows it. Is not that so?"
He turned to the squire, now a squire no longer. For a minute John Verner wavered; then, looking straight at Normanby, he laughed derisively—a bitter, merciless laugh.
"It is no lie. That man is my nephew, Ernest Verner. I thought him dead, years ago—that I swear. It means ruin to me and mine but I can bear it all the better for seeing you balked of your desires." His eyes glittered with hatred as he spoke. In this one moment, even of his downfall, he revenged himself for all the insulting tyranny of the man who now stood before him, with rage and disappointment on his face. "It is not I who am robbed," he cried exultingly; "but you. What use are your bills and your deeds; your mortgages, now? Just so much waste paper!"

He laughed sardonically. "That is my only consolation. Reave Hollow is not mine, nor yours, Julian Normanby—but his!" He pointed a trembling finger at Reuben, then sank back in his chair, shaking with passion.
There was a silence; then Normanby, with an oath, looked from one to the other of the faces about him, his gaze resting last on Reuben, now master of the Grange.
"But for you I should have won!" he snarled. "As it is—"
"You had best retire to the Continent," interrupted Reuben, with quiet scorn.
"Never!" exclaimed Normanby passionately. "I will not leave London—"
"No!" put in Sir Edwin unexpectedly. "But London—the London you care for—will leave you. By tomorrow the story will be in everybody's mouth, and you will find that blackmailers are not dealt with very leniently."
A hoarse chuckle burst from old Griley's lips; and Normanby, trickster and adventurer, knew that he was beaten. With another oath he rushed from the room and left the Grange forever.
There was a pause, during which old Wynter put the proofs of Reuben's identity sadly back in the paper. He had not dared even to glance at Reuben, who stood on the opposite side of the table; he feared Reuben's just wrath at having been defrauded of his proper position for so many years.
Reuben himself stood almost dazed; the suddenness of the shock which had restored his lost memory had made him almost lose his sense of time and place. He was as in a dream and certainly had no thought of the agony of remorse which Wynter was enduring a few yards away from him.
Sir Reuben was the first to speak.
"John Verner," he said, with dignity, "what is to be said to you who have lied, and not only plotted to ruin me—I know that now—but have so ill-treated your own brother's child, who surely should have been as dear to you as your own? Have you no shame at your wrongdoing?"
"None!" said Verner madly. "Why should that boy have had all, and mine nothing? I did it for my boy—"
"Yes, that you did," croaked old Griley, with a sinister ring in his voice, "and I will do more."
There was a sudden flash and a report, as he whipped out a revolver and fired across the room.
But love was too quick for him. Wynter had seen his hand move, and

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Newtown, N. B., January 31st.—Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
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Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, it was without success. When I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach."
"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, Druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."
Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, all in a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.
In an instant the last remnant of his old days in the circus ring came back to him, and he leaped across the table, throwing himself against Reuben's breast and bearing him backward.
The shot pierced the old man's shoulder, and Griley seeing the failure of the last vile attempt to restore Morgan to his position as heir to the Grange, turned the revolver on himself.
All was confusion. The shots and Olive's terrified cry had brought the servants flying up, and Sir Edwin hastily explained something of the tragedy. Grooms were sent for doctors, while Reuben and Olive bent over the prostrate body of the old man, whom they fancied to be dead. Reuben blamed himself bitterly for not having been nearer him. Wynter would always be "Gran" to him, the man who had looked after him and loved him; and now, at the thought of his loss, even his love for Olive vanished for a moment.
But Wynter was not dead, and in a minute or two his dark eyes opened, and he gazed up into Reuben's face with an unutterable appeal in them.
"Forgive me, lad; say you forgive me," he muttered brokenly.
The tears rolled down the young man's face unheeded, unchecked.
"Forgive! Why, Gran," he said, "what have I to forgive? I would not have missed your love and care to be ten times master of the Grange."
The old man looked up at him with incredulous joy, then sank back again.
"Oh!" sobbed Olive. "Don't let him die—he's not dead, is he, Reuben?"
"No," he replied, in a low voice. "Thank Heaven, I think not! Let us get out of this."
Tenderly the old man was lifted up and borne to one of the bedrooms, while the body of Griley was removed as unobtrusively as possible.
In the excitement of looking after Wynter, the shock of seeing a man die before her eyes was mercifully spared to Olive, and Sir Edwin did his best afterward to keep the memory of the tragic death of Griley from returning to her mind.
CHAPTER XXXIV.
DISGRACED AND BANISHED.
FORTUNATELY for the peace of all three, it was found, on the arrival of Doctor Slade, that Wynter's wound was not severe, and Olive's joy was as great as Reuben's. Having seen that he could do nothing more for Wynter, Reuben, at Sir Edwin's suggestion, bestowed himself of the Verners. In the rush, father and son had been forgotten, but now he caused inquiry to be made.
John Verner was in his own room; and there the two found him packing a portmanteau. He started up angrily on the entry of his nephew with Sir Edwin.
"What more do you want?" he cried.
"You are master of all."
"Yes," said Reuben sternly. "But I want a confession of the wrongs you have done me, and an acknowledgment of the truth of my claim. I don't think you will do well to contest it."
(To be continued.)

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EARLY ME

BIG STRIKE IN BERLIN.
LONDON, Jan. 30. Nearly 500,000 persons already are on strike in Berlin and the number is being added to hourly, says the Exchange Telegraph Co. The correspondent of the Politikon, of Copenhagen, reports that the strikers have formed a Workmen's Council of 600 with an action commission of ten men and women, including Hugo Hasse, the Independent Socialist leader, and Philippo Scheidemann, the Majority Socialist leader. Other members of the commission include George Ledebour and Wm. Dittmann, Independent Socialists, and Frederick Ebert and Herr Braun, Majority Socialists. The despatch adds: The Socialists, it is stated, asked Herr Wallrat, Minister of the Interior, to grant permission for the holding of meetings. Herr Wallrat, it is added, declared he would not negotiate with the workmen, but would receive the Socialist members of Parliament. Herr Scheidemann, Herr Hasse and two workmen went to the Minister of the Interior and informed him of the action of the commission, demanding unanimously that negotiations take place in the presence of the workmen. The result of Herr Wallrat's deliberations are not yet known, the despatch adds, but it quotes the local press as saying that important negotiations are occurring between him and General Von Steubne, the Prussian Minister of War.

the workmen in the Kiel shipyard and in the Vulcan works at Hamburg, and thousands of miners in the High Westphalian districts, struck on Monday, according to the Berliner Vossische Zeitung.

ITALIANS FORGING AHEAD.
VIENNA, Jan. 30. The Italians, who are attacking on the northern front, are being reinforced constantly by large numbers of troops, says to-day's official announcement. After a stubborn struggle, in which the Austrian troops are said to have made heroic defence, they were forced to give up Monte Di Val Bella and Col del Rosso.

STRIKERS ADDRESS GOVERNMENT.
ZURICH, Jan. 30. The Socialist paper Vorwaerts announces that Berlin strikers have now become more numerous and threatening. They have addressed the Government an ultimatum in which the following are the principal demands: First. An accelerated conclusion of a general peace without indemnities and annexation. Second. Participation of workmen's delegates of all countries in the peace parliaments. Third. Amelioration of the food situation by a better distribution. Fourth. Immediate abolition of the state of siege and the restoration of

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