THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I have sad news for you—sad, though, perhaps, after all, for the best. The boy is dead. He was unwell, ailing for some months, and then became seriously ill; now he is dead. Believe me, he has had the best of care, the best of nursing, of advice, of attention. The cleverest of doctors, the most skilled of nurses, have attended to him, but it was all in vain. Had he been my own son, I could not have done more for him; but he is dead in spite of all my care and efforts. He passed by the name of Harry Dorman, and, lest you should feel a doubt of my word, I inclose you the certificate of his death and burial.

"I am sorry for his death, but it is well that it has taken place. I entreat of you to believe that he could not have been more kindly treated. Remember, a certain number of years are allotted to everyone. He would have died just the same, even had he remained at Lancewood.

"Now, Miss Neslie, you may be happy. You may cease to lament and mourn. The boy is the better for what has happened. My brother taught him what he would never have learned at Lancewood—to fear, and love, and serve his Maker.

"You may be at rest now; Lancewood is your own—the terrible past lies buried. Let me hear that you have married the man you love, and that you are happy; you know I long to hear this.

"Once more before I die I shall try to see you; it may be soon, it may be in years to come. The kind words that you will give me then will be the reward of my life-long love and devotion to you."

She looked at the papers inclosed; they were copies of certificates of Harry Dorman's death and of his burial in New York. And so she said to herself the tragical page of that story is closed.

Was she glad or sorry? The world seemed to stand still; her heart beat slowly; her pulse barely throbbed; her whole soul seemed to have suddenly received a powerful shock. An hour afterward she found herself kneeling with the open letter in her hands.

He was dead—this child of a strolling player, whose inheritance she had taken because she did not think him worthy to hold it. He was dead, and Lancewood was in very truth her own.

She might be sorry for what she had done—for the sin of the past—but the haunting sense of wrong was at an end—quite at an end. She was not keeping now that which belonged to another. It was her own. She need no longer feel scrupulous or hesitate to enjoy her life. The dark, terrible shadow had vanished. She was not wronging the heir of Lancewood, for he was dead.

Yet perhaps she had never shed bitterer tears than she shed as she knelt and thought of the dead child; but, when the tears were spent, and she arose once more to the level of everyday life, there was a great change in her. She seemed to have grown years younger. The rich color returned to her beautiful face. She laughed, talked, smiled, as she had not done for years. The terrible weight had fallen from her. She was no longer keeping unjustly what belonged to another.

She was herself, as she had not been since her father's marriage. She did not seek to hide from herself the terrible enormity of the sin she had committed—with deepest contrition she accused herself of it before Heaven; but the burden of the sin seemed to have been removed by the child's death; and, if any anxious thought came to her that his death might have been caused or hastened by his removal from Lancewood, she remembered what Gerald had said. His allotted number of years would have come to an end whether he were in England or America. If the idea was that of a fatalist, she did not know it.

People wondered how she had lost her sad gravity, her gloom. They fancied it was the effect of time on her sorrow. She knew that she was released from a terrible secret that had weighed her down to the earth.

Then she heard from Gerald that his brother, no longer having an object for remaining in America, was returning to England. Gerald preferred remaining where he was. Vivien sent to his brother a handsome sum in acknowledgment of his services, and then she said to herself that the whole affair was ended.

That year, for the first time since her father's death, she went to London. She left her beloved Lancewood in all prosperity, and went with Lady Smeaton and her daughters. In the metropolis she met Lord St. Just, who was first amazed and then delighted.

"If I could only understand you," he said to her one day. "You are the greatest puzzle I have ever met with. But do you know, I begin to think that you do love me after all, Vivien, and that you will consent to be my wife at last."

"Try me," she said, with a blushing smile.

"Will you?" he asked. "Oh, Vivien, it cannot be that you intend to make me happy at last? I cannot believe it, my love—you have been so cold, so cruel, I cannot believe it. Will you be my wife?"

She laid her hands in his and looked up at him.

"Mine has been a strange life," she said, "a hard life, and it has had some terrible episodes in it; but if you think that I can make you happy, I am all your own, Adrian."

He seemed at first, as though he could hardly believe her, as though he fancied that she was still unsettled. He could not realize the happiness that was really his. He found, at last, that it was true, and then his delight knew no bounds.

Lady Smeaton was delighted.

"You have come to your senses, Vivien, at last," she said; "though why you have acted in so strange a fashion puzzles me."

And Vivien did not wonder at it; looking back, she was almost puzzled at herself.

The marriage took place in June, and perhaps there never was one that gave more general satisfaction.

One of the newspapers containing a full account of it was sent to America, and read there by a lonely desolate man, who bent his head over the paper, weeping bitter tears.

"She will be happy at last," said Gerald Dorman, "while I shall never know what happiness means."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Married and happy." It seemed to Lady St. Just, when she heard the bells chime on her wedding-day, that she had reached the end of her troubles at last. She was in one of the highest positions that fall to the lot of women uncrowned. She was mistress of Lancewood, with its large revenues; she was also mistress of King's Rest. Lord St. Just was one of the wealthiest peers in England. She had almost boundless wealth—boundless love. What more could woman desire?

Yet as she thought of these splendors, of her riches and her magnificence, she told herself, "My sin will keep me humble before Heaven and man."

It was so. There was no kinder, more considerate, more thoughtful or charitable woman in England than Lady St. Just; above all she was tender, compassionate, and loving to little children.

He looked at the beautiful, earnest, noble face, and smiled.

"How you love children, Vivien!" he said. "I almost wish I were a child; you would love me more."

"I could not love you better, dear," she responded. And the words rose to her lips, "I once wronged a child," but she did not utter them.

So in every way she tried to make reparation for the wrong done.

Then came news from Paris—Miladi had married the Comte de Calloux after all, and sent her wedding cards to Lady St. Just. Her husband wished her to ignore them, and he wondered why to this woman whom he knew she disliked Vivien sent a magnificent present. It seemed to her some kind of reparation, so she did it.

Lord St. Just studied how to please his wife in every way. Knowing how well she loved Lancewood, he spent six months of every year there, and within the walls of the Abbey, recently the scene of light revelry, were gathered some of the noblest and wisest men in England. Lord St. Just was a keen politician—nothing delighted him more than the interest his wife took in his affairs. She was of considerable assistance to him; she entertained the noble statesmen who gathered round him. Many a Gordian knot was cut by her quick womanly wit; many a strong and noble measure, blessed by half the country, was first discussed at Lancewood.

She was wonderfully happy; there were times when she bent her beautiful head in mute, lowly thanks to Heaven, wondering that so much mercy, so much pity had been shown to her—wondering why she had been preserved to enjoy such blessings as fall to the lot of few.

Then a son and heir was born—heir of King's Rest and his father's title. That increased her happiness, yet brought the past more vividly than ever before her. She never looked in the face of her own child without thinking of little Oswald, buried in a far-off land.

But his mother had not loved him as she loved her boy. She had cared only for the prosperity that her child brought her, not for the boy himself.

Another little son was given to her, and then Vivien's happiness was quite complete.

"This little one shall be a Neslie," said Lord St. Just. "We will call him Arthur, after your father, and he shall have Lancewood. So, Vivien, my darling, once more you will see Arthur Neslie lord of Lancewood."

He wondered why his wife's beautiful face suddenly grew pale and her lips trembled. He wondered still more when, after lying quite still, thinking deeply, she said suddenly—

"Adrian, do you think a sin ever prospers?"

"My darling, what a question; How can sin prosper?"

"Suppose that a man stole fifty pounds, and that that made the foundation of his fortune—should you say that sin prospered?"

"It would almost seem like it; but, Vivien, the prosperity would not pardon the sin—that would have to be accounted for. Why do you ask me such a strange question?"

"I was wondering about it last night. Suppose that you had something that you put to a bad use, and that I, by fraud, took it from you, knowing that I could put it to a good and noble use—should I have been justified in taking it?"

"No, that would simply be theft," he replied.

"Suppose that a bad king reigns over a kingdom, ruins his subjects, disgraces his country, and ruins himself; and suppose that another king wiser and better than he, takes his sovereignty from him, and rules in his place—would that be theft?"

"I should say not," replied the husband.

"But the act is the same; the only difference is that one theft is on a much larger scale than the other."

"My darling wife," said Lord St. Just, with a puzzled face, "why are you giving yourself so much trouble? Why are you thinking of all these things?"

"My thoughts ran that way," she replied; "and I grew puzzled."

"I have not done much toward enlightening you, darling. We will talk it over when you are stronger and better."

He was a fine, noble sturdy boy, this second son of hers, Arthur Neslie, who was to be lord of Lancewood. He had a Neslie face, with his mother's beautiful dark eyes and sweet sensitive mouth. She had a peculiar love for that child quite different from her love for the other. In this one her own ancient race seemed to live again. She never thought of him as a St. Just; to her he was Neslie of Lancewood. All her pride, her ambition, her love of her name lived again in this boy. He was the world to her—dearer than her husband—and her elder son, dearer than her life.

Before he could speak she had mapped out the plan of his education. She would teach him to live—as she had done—for Lancewood; she would teach him that love of his race, pride in his name, was next to religion; and in him, this beautiful noble son of hers, all the glory of the Neslies should shine again.

The child was to take the name of Neslie as he grew older. He was to make his home at Lancewood as soon as it was possible; and in her thoughts she arranged that he should marry some fair and noble girl, whose name would reflect luster on their own.

(To be Continued.)

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A large 50 cent bottle will cure the aches and pains of the whole family. Trial size, 25 cents. Sold by all dealers everywhere.

German Submarines Off the Dardanelles.

Using Old Pirates' Lairs.

London, Aug. 7th.—In the course of a letter to the "Secolo" Signor Magrini is able to throw some light on the providing of supplies for German submarines in the Aegean. Writing from Saloniki in July, he informs his readers that about two months ago a big sailing vessel disembarked 5,000 cases of benzine on a deserted spot in the Island of Calyma. The next day two small vessels succeeding in loading 500 cases, which were landed at a port in Asia Minor opposite Budrum. The remaining 4,500 cases were discovered by the Italian authorities and confiscated.

"I am assured," writes the correspondent, "that one of the stations where submarines were provisioned lay in Central Aegean—an island, or rather a group of islands, situated between the Islands of Samos, Icaria, and Patmos, known to Italians as the Corsir Islands, a name derived from the pirates which long infested them. The principal Island, Furni, has a population of about 2,000 souls, and to the west of this stretches the Islands of Fimena, with a population of about 300. The former, known to the most daring of smugglers, possesses six well-protected harbors. In these harbors, which are veritable pirates' lairs, the two German submarines are provisioned, and there is centered the contraband trade with Turkey.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Aug. 23rd, 1915.

A
Arnaud, U. E., care Gen'l Delivery
Anderson, T., Presbyterian School
Andrews, Miss, New Gower Street
Allsworth, Miss Fannie, care General Delivery
Andrews, J. W.

B
Bearns, Thos., Newtown Rd.
Barnes, A.
Brannon, John H.
Baines, Mrs. Ernest
Bachmann, Capt. David L.
Baines, Jessie, Miss, Harvey Rd.
Barnes, Jacob, Water St.
Brown, Mrs. Bridget
Bolger, Miss M.
Butt, T. G., LeMarchant Rd.
Butler, Miss Minnie
Bussey, Miss Carrie
Butler, Miss Lizzie, Water St.
Beard, Lucy, Prescott St.
Butt, Harry, late Adam's Cove
Butt, G., Mrs., Monkstown Rd.
Bell, Edward
Barnes, Wm.
Brennan, Mrs., Oxen Pond
Buckley, James, Mullock St.

C
Cawley, Mr., care Gen'l Delivery
Cane, J. A., James' St.
Cranford, Miss C., card, Water Street West
Cassell, Miss Bridget, Harvey Road
Campbell, Miss E., Henry St.
C. K., care G. P. O.
Caines, William, late Rencontre
Clark, Miss, Whitton's Hotel
Connolly, John J.
Cofield, Wm., Long Pond Rd.
Coen, A., late Petty Harbor
Collins, Mrs. H., Holloway Street
Crocker, Joseph
Chislett, Mrs. Wm. H., card

D
Davis, Jerome, card
Dwyer, John, Military Road
Dunn, F. B.
Driscoll, Miss Fanny, Prescott St.
Dooley, Peter, late Grand Falls

E
Edwards, J., Water Street

F
Fraser, Miss Ethel, care Ayre & Sons
Fifield, Harry
Frost, J. P.
French, Edward, Gower St.
French, Robert, Mrs., Springdale St.

G
Gardiner, Miss Annie
Garnett, Mrs. W. K., Moore St.
Greene, Mrs. W. H.
Gibbs, Joseph George
Grills, Michael, care Gen'l Delivery
Greig, Mrs. A., care Gen'l Delivery
Gosse, N. H., Gen'l Delivery
Griffiths, Wm. J., Water St.

H
Haffie, W., Freshwater Road
Hayden, Luke, care G. P. O.
Hathaway, W. Frank
Handruckan, Miss Lilian, care Gen'l Delivery
Hamilton, Patrick
Hallett and Hiscock
Hannon, Miss Annie, Duckworth St.
Hewett, Joseph, Allandale Road
Henderson, Rev., care G. P. O.
Hefford, Mrs., Water St.
Hennebury, Mrs. H., card
Higgins, Mrs. R., 14 Water St.
Hicks, Miss Alice, York St.
Hodder, George, Nagle's Hill
Holwell, Mrs. Mary, Queen's Rd.
Hogan, F. A.
Hutchings, Master, Spencer St.
Hutchings, W. C., late s.s. Bruce
Hunt, John, Duckworth St.
Harvey, Bertha, late Halifax
Hocken, Miss Lizzie, Water St.

J
Jones, D. H., Gower St.
Johnson, J. R., Long Pond Rd.
Johnson, Miss Annie, Bannerman St.
Jamieson, J. R. (Elder)
James, Jas. L.

K
Kent, Rockwell, care Mrs. Oliver, Queen's Road
King, Mrs. A.

L
Lane, Miss Clarence, Cabot St.
Lane, Miss Mary E., Bishop Spencer College
Lemelo, Hayward, Prince's St.
Libby, Mrs. George
Lilly, B. D.
Lucas, W. J.
Lewis, C. B., Mrs.

M
Martin, Jessie, care Gen'l Hospital
Mahoney, D., Barter's Hill
Mallam, Miss, Long Pond Rd.
Maher, M. P.
Maley, John, Nagle's Hill
Maley, Mrs. Patrick, Nagle's Hill
Mercer, James, Queen St.
Mealey, Thomas, Casey St.
Miller, S.
Moore, Mrs. Wm., Balsam St.
Moore, Fred, Long's Hill
Mollieur, Chas.
Moir, John, Cabot St.
Morey, Allan, Barter's Hill
Murphy, W. E.
Murphy, Mrs. John, George's St.
Mullin, Daniel
Murray, Lizzie, Springdale St.
Martin, Miss Mary
Maynard, Francis, Power's Pond

N
Newell, Miss Lilian, 16 ——— St.
Newell, Crowell
Noseworthy, F. B.
Nolan, Ida M., care Gen'l Delivery
Noseworthy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.
Newcombe, Miss Bertha

O
Ottman, Mrs. DeWitt
O'Neil, Jeremiah, Water St.
Oglar, Miss L., card, Cabot St.

P
Parsons, Arthur, card
Parsons, Mrs. R. H., Hamilton St.
Pardy, Manuel
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Convent Square
Payette, F.
Parnell, J.
Parsons, John S., care Moses Pilley
Peddle, Thomas, Pleasant St.
Pelleys, Miss Maggie, New Gower St.
Piercey, Albert, Allandale Rd.
Pike, Agnes J., Pleasant St.
Power, Miss May, late Brigus
Poole, George
Porter, James, Tessier Place
Power, Wm. J.

Q
Quinton, William, Fleming St.

R
Ray, Minnie, card
Ryan, John S.
Ryan, Miss E., LeMarchant Rd.
Ryan, Nellie, LeMarchant Rd.
Reed, Mrs. M.
Reynolds, Jabez, New Gower St.
Reynolds, John G., New Gower St.
Ryder, Miss A., Parade St. & LeMarchant Rd.
Reid, Harold, Military Rd.
Reddy, Mrs. M., Cochrane St.
Ring, Patrick, Water St.
Richards, Miss Eva, Freshwater Rd.
Rowe, Mrs. Edward, Cornwall Ave.
Roberts, Gilbert, George's St.
Rogers, E., Foote's Lane, West End
Rowe, Henry J., Cornwall Avenue
Rogers, George D.
Rodgers, Wm.
Roberts, R., Spencer St.
Roberts, George, Allandale Rd.

S
Sharpe, Abraham, care G. P. O.
Small, Robert, Gower St.
Saint, Gertie, New Gower St.
Saunders, George, late Caplin Bay
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, New Gower St.
Skanes, Wm.
Shump, Patrick
Shea, James
Skeanes, Thomas
Spencer, Lodge
Stewart, W. A.
Skinner, Edgar
Smith, Frs. Louis, care Gen'l Delivery
Short, Fiss C. B., Monroe St.
Short, Chas., card
Stott, Miss Annie

T
Taylor, Gordon, Mrs., card
Taylor, Mrs. John, Spencer St.
Taylor, Miss Mildred, New Gower St.
Taylor, C.
Taylor, Alice, card, care G. P. O.
Tavernor, Mrs. Morris, Cabot St.
Tessier, James W. M.
Trites, F. G.
Tilley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O.
Till, Thomas, Cabot St.
Tobin, Martin, Casey St.
Thomas, W. J.
Tower, Mrs. M. A., Bond St.
Tobin, Mrs. Helen
Tubbett, Miss Mary, Forest Rd.
Tulk, Augustus, late s.s. Bruce

W
Wharam, Miss Milley, Queens Rd.
Walsh, Mrs. M. A.
Walsh, Miss Mary, Long P. Road.
Waddy, R. J.
Walsh, Thomas, Long P. Road.
Warren, R. S.
Ward, Bertha, care Mrs. Campbell.
Way, Miss Alice, Newtown Rd.
Ware, Mrs., cards
Walsh, Miss Maggie, Bond St.
Whelan, Miss Ella, Long's Hill
Webber, Mrs., Pennywell Rd.
Williams, Mrs., 28 Pleasant St.
Wright, Mr., care Post Office
White, L.
Wills, Edward
Walsh, Lizzie, 16 ——— Street.
Windross, Thos. B.
Walsh, William, late Topsail

Y
Young, Miss Maud
Young, Herbert F., Merrymeeting Rd.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.
August 23rd, 1915.

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LI

A New Set

THE HOLLOWAY

391st Day of the War

LATEST From the Front.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Aug. 28.

The Governor, Newfoundland:

The French Government report artillery actions at several points. German trenches have been seized in the Vosges, and enemy trenches and munitions depot destroyed north of Arras. There has been further successful air raids, including one on a poison gas factory at Dornach.

The Russian Government report severe fighting at various points. Retreat continues on the middle Niemen covered by rearguard actions. The enemy offensive near Bialystock is stopped with heavy loss. The Brest fortifications were blown up by the Russians, the garrison rejoining the army in the field.

BONAR LAW.

THE COAL STRIKE.

LONDON, Aug. 29.

Although it had been announced that Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, who acted as arbitrator of the recent strike, would decline to see a deputation of miners, Runciman and Lloyd George conferred for half an hour to-day with a committee, representing the men, which came to London from Cardiff yesterday. Little was accomplished to-day, beyond views on both sides. A further conference will be held on Monday with the representatives of men and owners participating. Although dissatisfaction with Runciman's award is spreading among the men, the leaders are standing firmly against another strike at this time. A report from the coal fields to-day stated that 4,000 more men had quit work.

LONDON BUDGET.

LONDON, Aug. 29.

There are no signs yet of any slackening in the German pursuit of the retiring Russians, according to an official report, issued at Berlin to-day. Progress has been made in all sectors of the eastern battle line, except in Northern Courland, where the armies of Grand Duke Nicholas are offering a stubborn and effective resistance. From southeast Kovno, where the Germans claim to have broken the Russian resistance, and must therefore be approaching Vilna, along the Niemen, to Grodno, and thence southeastward through the

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Olive Oil.
Peanut Butter.

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100 boxes White Swan Yeast.
25 cases Wagner's Early Garden Peas.
25 cases Wagner's Shoe Peg Corn.

By S. S. Florizel, Thursday, August 26:
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20 brls. APPLES.
10 cases CAL. ORANGES.
10 bunches BANANAS.
TURKEYS, CHICKEN.
N. Y. CORNED BEEF.

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