GILLETT'S LYE
EATS DIRT

—THE—

Grand Alliance;

—OR,—

Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was all true enough, incredible as the change seemed at first.

There were questions innumerable to ask that evening through; loose strands of the story to knit together; the homely words of Jacob's legacy to his dear master's child to read—the Draytons marveling much over that grateful fidelity, whereof the source was and will always be known to Sydney alone. There was Mr. Vaughan's satisfaction to anticipate; and that retributive quest which tracked the unscrupulous pillager of the mine's funds to his last bold stroke in Paris to be recounted; but one and all tended to the same issue.

Sydney was found, free, rich, and—happy?

There Mary Drayton soon began to feel perplexed, not altogether satisfied. With wits quickened by her own new happiness, she was not slow at detecting a flaw in her friend's.

The Sydney regained was as dear and as trustful as the Sydney lost last year, and in twenty new ways more beautiful, but she was not the same. Something was hidden under those smiles which vanished as soon as they flashed out; under that anxious attention which now and again forgot what was being talked of; and what that something was Mistress Mary set herself to discover, making before they parted for the night these notes:

First, that Sydney lost not one syllable of what Richard Drayton had to say concerning Mr. Hurst, from school-boy tales to the record of his manful bearing when the doom of darkness was newly passed upon him.

Next, that she held her breath, distressed and pale, when she deplored the mischances which made such a man as Gilbert Hurst penniless, and vainly wished the old rector-father had not in angry disgust let his luckless shares go to some speculator who now crowed over his bargain.

Then, that when he spoke of getting to Wynstone soon, Sydney's bosom rose and fell more quickly. She looked at neither of them, but her lips parted, curved with uncertainty, closed with determination; and her eyes darkened and brightened with concealed excitement.

From all of which observant Mrs. Drayton deduced certain ideas, and watched next day to have them confuted or confirmed.

They were with Sydney then by noon. Miss Ambler had tyrannized over her, and not allowed her up much earlier. She met Mr. Drayton almost reproachfully.

"I thought you were going to Wynstone?"

"But not to-day. We have recollected ever so many more things to talk about, Miss Alwyn."

"Before which, as you are not gone," she said, with nervous gravity, "I have one I want you both to listen to. For"—taking refuge in her father's chair, Mary beside her, Richard Drayton opposite—"after all, you see, this money you call mine is not actually so."

"Then whose is it?" exclaimed Mr. Cheene's executor.

"I mean," she went on, "some of it is due to some one else. It was my father's advice which made Mr. Hurst lose his four thousand pounds, was it not? So before I use any at all that must be given back, and if you please, Mr. Drayton, you must give it directly."

"I won't promise I would if I could," was that gentleman's reply; "fortunately, I have not to decide. It can't be done. For, Miss Alwyn, your insatible desire to give away all you have appears to have been understood by Mr. Cheene. You were too much in a maze yesterday to notice the wording of his will. Your shares in the Granfylde mine are not to be sold out till they touch a certain figure. I told hhu they would unquestionably reach it, and he showed his confidence in me by phrasing his legacy to that effect. Then the sum, about what your father, if prosperous, would have left you, is to be funded for your life. Anything beyond that amount you do what you choose with. But you could not possibly lay your hands on four thousand pounds yet to repay the Hursts. If you could, trusted as I have been by Mr. Cheene to guard you and your property, it would be my duty to try and dissuade you."

"Which you might try," Sydney blazoned forth vehemently, "and you should not do it, Mr. Drayton! Oh," dropping swiftly from this high flight into downright coaxing, "Jacob meant it for the best, but he never would wish his money to make me sorrowful. Do, dear Mr. Drayton—Mary, ask him for me, he won't say 'no' to you—do show me some way to give those thousands back to the Hursts. They were—very good to me!"

This petitioning, coupled with a glance at his wife, took effect.

"Perhaps it might be managed by degrees," answered Mr. Drayton, cautiously, "if done at all. If Miss Hurst is willing—"

"She won't refuse it," Sydney said, eagerly.

"And her brother can be persuaded to accept it" (no confirmation forthcoming on that point), "so much might be returned them year by year, if you are bent on doing it."

"I am. When can they have the first?"

"When you like; if Gilbert Hurst agrees."

"Make him!" cried Sydney, "you can do it, but one thing please don't tell them—that Miss Grey and Miss Alwyn are the same. I need be Miss Grey no longer; even my mother," pointing to a letter arrived that morning, "gives me leave to be myself. She has been ill, and so forgot, she says, to send your last note to me, Mary. She writes so sadly, calling us all so poor now that she cares nothing any longer for what name I work under! But to the Hursts let me be only Miss Grey still. Let them think if they take this back they take it from a stranger. It will save—me—pain to have it so."

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The Earl's Son;

—OR,—

TWO HEARTS UNITED.

CHAPTER I.

"I am glad your experiment has succeeded, my lord," said Mr. Bolton, with a faint and respectful smile of satisfaction.

Lord Lynborough raised his eyes, and, with a cynical curve of his lips, regarded the solicitor's round and cheerful countenance.

"Would it not be more correct to say your experiment, Bolton?" he said.

The solicitor coughed discreetly and nodded his head.

"Well, yes; it was mine," he admitted; "and I don't mind taking the credit of it. I certainly did think, my lord, that you needed someone to—er—so to speak—"

The earl waved his white, thin hand with a little gesture too weary to be called impatient.

"I know. I have a distinct recollection of all the arguments you brought to bear when you made the proposition. You remarked, with your usual force and good sense, that I was living alone—through my own fault—".

"My dear Lord Lynborough!"

"I know. Pardon! You didn't say so, but you thought it; and I had no contradiction ready then and have none now. But I may remark in passing that I did not send for the girl because I was bored by my solitude; but because, as you wisely said, it was absolutely necessary that there should be someone to manage the place, to "run" it, I believe is the slang expression. Well, you had your way, as I notice you usually have, and I sent for her. That the experiment has succeeded is another proof, added to the many, of your good judgment. The girl has answered all your expectations. I will not say mine, because I never permit myself any expectations, and am therefore never disappointed. She has risen to the occasion, filled the position—in fact, acquitted herself in a manner which justifies the satisfaction you display so obviously."

Mr. Bolton leant back in his chair and looked round the room, waiting for his lordship's further speech. He was too familiar with his noble client's moods to venture upon a remark unless it was absolutely necessary or he could not help it; and sometimes he could not.

"Yes; she has played her part well," continued the earl, his eyes fixed on the fire, which was burning brightly, though the June sun was shining through the window of the magnificent library in which the two men sat: Lord Lynborough was always cold, and in the height of summer fires were burning in the rooms he used. "Fortunately for you, she was well equipped for it. She is good-looking—"

"Miss Veronica is beautiful, my lord," said the lawyer, as if he could not help himself. "But that is not to be wondered at."

He glanced at two or three portraits of dead and gone Lynborough women which hung between the bookcases.

"Thanks, Bolton," said the earl, with the slightest inclination of his head and the slightest curve of his thin, bloodless lips. "She appears to be well educated, and has all the accomplishments befitting a lady."

"More, my lord, more," put in Mr. Bolton, warmly. "Nowadays ladies have few accomplishments. I am told they are out of fashion. Be that as it may, I never met a lady who bears herself more gracefully than Miss Veronica, or one who sings or plays and rides more perfectly."

"We will admit that she is a feminine Admirable Crichton. I share your admiration for her. She has discharged the duties of her position with tact and discretion; you could not have chosen a more suitable person to take the head of my table and rule my household. I am perfectly satisfied with her; that is why I have asked you to be so good as to ride over and see me this morning."

The lawyer waited, and the earl leant his head upon his hand and gazed moodily into the fire for some moments in silence; then, as if he were waking from a reverie, he said:

"The girl should have her reward, Bolton, and I intend that she shall have it. At present, though she is of my kith and kin, she is a dependent. If I were to die to-morrow—and that old fool, Campbell, tells me that I may leave this charming world at any moment—she will be penniless. That would be scarcely fair, therefore I wish to make some provision for her."

Bolton drew his chair a little closer to the table, took out his old pocket book and the thick gold pencil left him by a late client, and sat expectant.

"What is your idea of a proper provision, Bolton? Wait; that is scarcely honest of me, seeing that I have already made up my mind. I intend leaving Veronica every penny I am at liberty to leave."

The lawyer looked up quickly and pursed his lips, and the earl smiled behind his long hand.

"That surprises you? I thought it would."

"It is a very large sum, my lord; an enormous fortune."

"I am glad to hear it," retorted his lordship, drily; "and no doubt she will be. Have you any objections to offer? Pray don't hesitate: but you won't: you never do."

"No, my lord. I claim the privilege of speaking my mind when I am advising a client. I don't know that I have any objections, but it is my duty to remind you that Mr. Talbot Denby—"

(To be Continued.)

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 11th, 1914.

A
Adams, Mrs., Long Pond Road
Adams, Jack, Long Pond Road

B
Badcock
Bradley, Miss Addie, retd.
Barrett, B. E.
Bailey, Miss Florence
Barnes, Martin, Alexander St.
Bennett, P., Williams' Lane.
Benson, Thomas, Flower Hill
Bell, A. F., slip
Bishop, Wm., retd., Gower St.
Bishop, Frederick, care Wm. Crocker, Barter's Hill
Briggs, Isaac B.
Bidwell, Mrs. P. G.
Brown, Almon, Circular Road
Brown, Eli, Prescott St.
Brown, Miss Durella, card
Butt, Miss L., Water St.
Buttey, Joseph
Butler, Mr. E., Surveyor
Buckler, Mrs. B.
Bush, Mrs. Mary Ann, care General Delivery
Butt, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Bullen, C. H.
Bulleig, C. R.
Blackadar, Miss Cordelia, in care Garrett Byrne
Bowden, Miss Bertha
Brace, Albert, late Trepassey
Barner, F. C., LeMarchant Road
Bell, Miss, retd., Casey St.

C
Curtis, Miss Genevieve, King's Road
Collins, J. J., care Gen. Post Office
Clarke, John
Callahan, Mrs. Wm., Casey St.
Chafe, Wm., Gower St.
Cake, Joseph, care Genl. Delivery
Chandler, J. C., care Genl. Delivery
Chafe, Mrs. Joseph, Hayward's Ave.
Cole, Wm. H., care Genl. Post Office
Cotter, R., Mt. Scio
Connors, Annie, care Genl. Post Office
Cockburn, H. N., Genl. Delivery
Coffin, Frank S.
Connors & Mitchell
Cunningham, Mrs. Ellen, Bannerman Street
Curran, Miss Agnes, late Springfield
Cameron, Mis Iola, Duckworth St.
Costello, Miss Annie B.
Carnell, A., Merrymeeting Road
Clarke, H. B.

D
Dawson, Mrs. John, Gear St.
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Dyke, Mrs. Rebecca, care Mrs. Wm. Monroe, Forest Rd.
Dyke, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Dixon, W. E.
Dinn, Mrs. Patrick
Drover, Wm.
Dunn, Miss Ida, Long's Hill
Davison, G., Water Street
Doyle, Miss Katie, Queen's Road

E
Edward, Thomas
Evans, George
Escott, Mrs. M., 37 —— St.
Eronde, Mrs., King's Rd. & Gower St.

F
Flannigan
Finn, Michael, Water St. West
Fitzgerald, Wm., care Gen. Post Office
Foward, Miss Jessie Cabot St.
Fulford, C. E.
Fogarty, F. P.
Furlong, Michael
Fowler, Miss Katie

G
Grandy, Geo. S.
Greenland, Wm., care Genl. Post Office
Gillett, Arthur, Pennywell Road
Goss, John
Goss Walter
Groves, Gordon, retd.
Groves, Mrs. John, Monroe St.
Guy, Charlie, Gower St.
Guild, James care Genl. Delivery

H
Hayward, Amos, Larkin's St.
Harvey, J.
Harold, Miss C., 11 —— St.
Hally, George, card, Cabot St.
Hickey, W. J., care Mrs. Jno. Fogarty
Hiscock, Peter of Wm.
Hickey, Thos. F.
Hibbs, Mrs., 108 —— St.
Hodder, George H.
Hope, Mrs. Sarah
Holmes, Chesley, card
Hutchings, Mr., Gower St.
Hull, Const. J.
Hall, Bertha, retd.
Hafey, John, Freshwater Road
Hannan, Wm.
Hellyer, Wm.

J
Jackson, Mrs. Bridget
Joseph, Abraham, care Genl. Post Office
Jones, Samuel
Jackson, Mrs. Archibald
Jones, David, Gower St.

K
King, Margaret, card
King, Mrs. Elizabeth, card, Mullock Street
Kennedy, M. Jean, retd.
Kennedy, Mrs. Wm., Murray St.
Kelly, Richard
Kent, Michael, Freshwater Road
King, J. Springdale Street
Kitchen, C. A., Plymouth Road

L
Laney, Miss Ellen, Pleasant Street
Lynch, J. P.
Lench, Lillian, care P. J. Taylor
Lock, Master A., care G. P. O.
Logan, John P.
Lock, Henry, Pleasant St.
Lundrigan, Theresa, retd.
Lynham, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road
Lewis, Miss Isabella, card

M
Martin, May J., Merrymeeting Road
Maidment, Edmund, Gower St.
Marshall, Mrs. Albert M., care General Delivery
Maybow, W., Tessier Place
Maynard, F. J., care Genl. Delivery
Moore, Mrs. Laurence, Flower Hill
Morgan, Miss Mary
Moore, Mrs., Mullock Street
Moore, Herbert, card
Moulton, Miss Mabel E., Gower St.
Mouland, Miss L., card, Pennywell Rd.
Monroe, F. H.
Moore, C., care Mr. Cummins, New Gower Street
Mullett, Mrs. Rosella, Pennywell Rd.
Murphy, G. W.
Mouland, Mrs. Carrie

Mc
McKillop, Miss Annie
McGrath, Margaret
McGillvary
McCullock, J. W., Water St. West
McDonald, Miss Lizzie, Maxse St.

N
Nash, Miss Annie, Catherine St.
Newell, Mrs. Edward
Noseworthy, Mrs. John
Noonan, Miss Ellen, Quidi Vidi Road
Noon, Fred, card
Noseworthy, Jas.
Noseworthy, Roland, Colonial St.
Noftall, Maud, retd.
Nugent, J.

O
O'Neill, Edward
O'Driscoll, Martin H., care General Delivery
O'Neill, John

P
Pheland, Miss Minnie
Pennell, Thomas, retd.
Penney, Fred, P. O. Box 1208
Percy, D.
Pearce, Fred, card
Philpott, J., care W. T. Martin
Phillips, Miss Maggie, Flavin St.
Pelly, Joseph, Sheehan's Shute
Pike, Mrs. N., Simms' Street
Power, E. J. Nagle's Hill
Poulin, Stanislaus
Porter, Miss Mary, Freshwater Rd.
Phillips, Maggie, Cochrane St.
Purcell, Mrs. N., Maxse St.

R
Ryan, Miss Rose, card
Rendell, Richard, Gear St.
Ritcey, A. W., C. B. Hotel
Royal, George
Ross, Mrs. W. A., card
Rossiter, Miss Jessie, College Ave
Ross, George E.
Rilley, C. H.
Richardson, James, Queen Street

S
Stanley, Samuel, care Clarence Hickey, Barter's Hill
Sparkes, James, care G. P. O.
Spalding, J. H.
Skeans, Mrs. Thomas, Barter's Hill
Starks, Eleazer, New Gower Street
Stamp, John, Pleasant Street
Stevens, Frank, Water St. West
Snelgrove, Benjamin
Stevens, James
Stewart, Mrs. J. H.
Skiffington, Miss Fannie, carry Mary Skiffington
Smith, Catherine, Atlantic Avenue
Smith, Miss Etta, card, Young St.
Shirley, Robert M., late Fort George
Stone, Mrs. Emanue, card
Shortall, E. J.
Summers, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
Squires, Miss Edie, Quidi Vid
Smith, Miss Minnie, card
Strong, Joshua, care Z. Cox, Water St.

T
Taylor, Miss Rose B., Colonial St.
Taylor, A. W. W.
Taylor, Mrs. A., care Wm. Anthony, Barter's Hill
Temple, T. V., Flower Hill
Thistle, F., Water St. West
Tobin, Jas., retd., care Mrs. A. M. Tobin
Tuff, C. R., Boncloddy St.
Taylor, Ronald

W
Walsh, Mrs. James, care Peter Benson
Walsh, Miss Ellen, Water Street
Walsh, Mrs. Wm.
Walsh, Arthur, Colonial Street
Wade, Michael, retd.
Watson, Robert, of London
Walsh, Miss Agnes, Leslie St.
Wells, John R.
Wellman, Mrs. Annie
Wheeler, Mrs. Elias, Springdale St.
Wellman, John, care G. P. O.
Weir, James, Newtown Road
Wills, Wm. H.
White, Mrs. J. R., Water St. West
White, Mrs. E., LeMarchant Road
Whyte, Wm., Coronation St.
White, Mrs. E. R.
Wardrope, Herbert

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