

THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

He was going straight to his room, when he saw that the door was half open of a small room which the earl used as his own, and noticing that there was a light burning, he thought that the servants had forgotten to put out the lamp.

Even with this trivial matter he connected Norah in his thoughts.

"If the house would only catch fire, and I might be lucky enough to save her!" he thought. "Perhaps that might help me; I'd burn down all London if by so doing I could secure her."

He pushed open the door, and was surprised to see the earl sitting at the table.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know you were here, and was coming to put out the lamp—"

Then he stopped, and hurried to the earl's side, for he saw that his face was white and drawn and that he was ill. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

The earl put out his hand warningly, and looked toward the door. "Yes, I—I am not well, Guildford. Don't—don't be alarmed."

"But I am alarmed. What is it?" The earl tried to rise, but fell back; and even as he did so he took out his pocket handkerchief and tried to wave it in his usual stately fashion.

"It is—nothing very much," he replied. "A sudden faintness. I believe the medical men term it—pressure on the heart. Probably I have been—reading too long."

"I'll get you something," said Guildford Berton, and he went up to his room and brought some sal-volatile, thinking swiftly all the time: Would it be better for him that the earl should die or live?

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man, with a stately bow of his shaking head.

"Have you had an attack like this before?" asked Guildford Berton.

"Yes," replied the earl, "this is the third. But I beg you will not alarm yourself; it is a mere nothing. I—I am not a young man—he waited a moment, as if he hoped that Guildford would be bold enough to contradict him—"and these—attacks try me."

There was silence for a moment, then he said: "There is a flask of perfume in that drawer; will you give it me, please? Thanks. Did you—er—spend a pleasant evening?"

"Yes," said Guildford. "You are later than usual."

"I looked in at the club after I had sent Lady Norah home," said Guildford, still watching the white, drawn face closely.

"Ah, yes, she has come home?" murmured the earl, passing his hand over his forehead with a confused air. "She did not come in to wish me good-night as usual," he added, after a pause, and with a kind of repressed anxiety. "That was—er—unlike her, Guildford."

Inwardly surprised, Guildford Berton said: "I expect she thought you were writing or reading, and did not like to disturb you, sir."

"Ah, perhaps so," he assented. "Er—you may have noticed, Guildford, that Norah has an affectionate nature."

"Indeed, yes."

"I—er—should not like her to be alarmed."

Still more surprised at this novel exhibition of the earl's regard for his daughter's feelings, Guildford Berton nodded assent.

"I beg you will not mention this—er—slight attack of mine to her, Guildford."

"Certainly not, my lord. I should be the last person in the world to cause Lady Norah any disquietude or anxiety."

"You are considerate itself, Guildford. I—er—think I will consult Sir Andrew to-morrow morning. These attacks may be of little gravity, but still—" He stopped, and started Guildford by suddenly exclaiming, with perfect naturalness: "My God! am I going to die?"

"Oh, no, no. Everybody is subject more or less to these fainting fits, my lord. You will find Sir Andrew will attach no sinister importance to them."

"I hope not; I—er—hope not," faltered the old man; and then, as if ashamed of his sudden outburst, he said:

"I—er—was thinking of Norah, Guildford. It would be—terrible to leave her alone. She has no mother, no one. If she were married—"

"You would feel more at ease," he said: "Yes, yes; she is young and—inexperienced. She is just the girl to be led away by her feelings. I have never mentioned it to you, but I had a dread of her becoming entangled by that young scoundrel who ran away with Betsy North—South—I have forgotten her name."

"Oh, no, my lord," said Guildford Berton, in a low voice. "You wronged Lady Norah by such a suspicion."

"I am delighted to hear it," faltered the old man. "But she is—impressionable and impulsive; she might marry—imprudently; I should have seen to it. Yes!" He drew a heavy sigh. "I fear—" he was going to say, "I have not done my duty," but he could not bring himself to utter such self-condemnation. "The—subject pains me."

"And me also," said Guildford Berton.

Should he seize the opportunity created by the old man, and avow himself?

"I beg your pardon, Guildford?" Painful to you?" he asked.

"Yes, my lord. It is not the time"—he moistened his lips—"there can be no time, perhaps, in which I should speak of what lies so near my heart as to be a matter of life or death to me, but your lordship's words—your mention of Lady Norah's possible marriage—"

"I fear I fail to comprehend," he said. "Are you in any trouble? What has Norah to do with it?"

"Everything, alas! I must speak out now, my lord," he went on, "even though by so doing I lose your friendship. But, oh, I do trust you will bring yourself to remember how much your words will mean to me that for years past I have experienced nothing but kindness at your hands, and that now I need it an your forbearance more than I have ever done. Be generous, I beseech you!"

"What is this?" he said, huskily. "Have you—been getting into debt, Guildford?"

"Debt? No, my lord. If that were all, I should fear far less acutely the doubt and fear that oppress me. My lord, what I have to tell you, the confession I must make, will, I know, take you by surprise, but I plead for your forbearance, your generosity. I love, Lady Norah!"

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "What was that you said about Lady Norah? I—I am afraid this attack has left me a little deaf, Guildford."

"I said, sir, that I love Lady Norah. I have loved her, sir, since—"

"You have been—drinking, sir!" Guildford Berton started as if the old man had struck him.

"Excuse me," said the earl. "I—I—er—have not been well this evening, as you are aware, and am not in a fit condition to enjoy this tipsy jest. Will you—er—leave me, please?" and he waved a shaky hand toward the door.

"You—you dare to insult me!" he said, hoarsely. "You treat it as a—jest! You drive me away as if I were a dog! By God, you shall find it no jest, my lord! I've told you that I love her—I say it again. Do you hear? I love her, love her! An I say more, I will marry her! I'll marry her for all your scorn, you old fool!"

"In my desire to find some extenuation for your conduct, Mr. Berton," he said, slowly and icily, "I accused you of being intoxicated. I fear I cannot grant you even that excuse. You are simply impertinent. Be good enough to leave the room; to-morrow you will leave the house."

He paused a moment to gain his breath, Guildford Berton watching him, glaring at him.

"You called me, I think, a fool. With humility, I admit that you have the right to do so. I have been a fool to place confidence in, to bestow my friendship upon, a person who, if he entered my house at all, should have occupied his proper place in it as that of a servant."

Guildford Berton's face went livid. "And as a last word permit me, while thanking you for the many services you have rendered me, to say that we—persons of our rank, do not give their daughter in marriage to their footman, their butler, or to a—Mr. Guildford Berton."

Guildford Berton uttered a cry, the cry of a wild animal driven beyond endurance, and sprang forward, but before he could strike the earl, if such had been his intention, the tall thin figure staggered and fell back into the chair.

"Will you—er—ring the bell, my dear Guildford," he stammered and stuttered, brokenly, as a strange and curious twitching convulsed his aristocratic face. "I—er—think it is time to dress for dinner."

Then his head fell forward, and he uttered a crowing kind of laugh. Guildford Berton leaned over him, then dashed to the bell.

In a moment or two the porter and a footman came to the door.

"Quick!" said Guildford Berton. "Run for the doctor! The earl has had a paralytic fit."

(To be Continued.)

Pity may be akin to love, but it's only a poor relation.

An old bachelor's idea of a fool is a man who attends his own wedding.

Unless a man has horse sense he is apt to make a donkey of himself.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irish-Canadians.

The death took place suddenly at his residence, County Donegal, of the Dean of Raphoe, Very Rev. Joseph Potter. He was known throughout the north-west of Ireland as an energetic churchman and a popular preacher.

The death occurred, after a short illness, at his residence, Rosslee street, Clones, of Mr. Francis Robinson, at the age of 75. Deceased was a most respected resident of Clones, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded its testimonial to John Scott, Victoria road, Ban or, County Down, for his gallant plunge from the pier there into sixteen feet of water, in August, when he rescued a girl who had accidentally fallen in.

Recently two young men named Cafferky and Tighe lost their lives in Broadhaven Bay. A number of "currach" were engaged in hand-line fishing, and one of these in which were five occupants, including Cafferky and Tighe, got too close to a breaker and was swamped.

At a meeting of the Senate of the Royal University it was decided to confer degrees—a bachelorship and a doctorate—in veterinary medicine. The Royal University of Ireland is the first in the United Kingdom to give official recognition to the members of the veterinary profession.

Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P., having refused to find bail for his future good behavior within the time specified, was arrested in his printing office in Galway and committed to jail to undergo three months' imprisonment, the sentence imposed upon him for having recently delivered a speech calculated to intimidate or deter men from doing what they had a legal right to do with grass lands in the west of Ireland.

The fourth annual meeting of the Flour Millers' Association of Ireland was held in Dublin recently, when the president, Mr. Perry Goo-boddy, speaking of flour milling in Ireland at the present time, said the industry was in a good condition, and prospects for the future were bright. Already the Americans had been beaten out of the market, but the confronted with unfair competition from across the Channel.

It appears from the report just issued by the fishery branch of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, on the sea and inland fisheries of Ireland, that the quantity of sea fish landed on the Irish coast in 1904 was greater than that in any previous year. Prices, however, were not so good as in 1903, so that the general result of the year's working—£393,630—was about £34,000 less than in 1903.

At Wexford, before Mr. M. A. Ennis, J.P., a young man named Lawrence Leary, a native of Emisicorthy, was brought up at the Petty Sessions office charged with having aided and abetted a woman named Butler in the alleged murder of her infant at Clohamon Bridge. The woman is at present in prison on a charge of larceny, and her son, a lad

of ten years, said he saw his mother throw the child into the Slaney at Clohamon Bridge. Leary was remanded.

As the result of prolonged private investigations by the Dublin Castle authorities into certain charges preferred against the Belfast Criminal Investigation Department, the decision of the Inspector-General has been announced. A district inspector, who in the Royal Irish Constabulary ranks with a commissioned army officer and a head constable, who ranks with an English police superintendent, have been unfavorably commented on; one detective has been ordered to resume ordinary police duties; and another has been transferred to a rural district.

DOCTORS AS EMPIRE BUILDERS.

The East India Company, in their attempts to make headway in India, were signally indebted, in various stages of their progress, to humble practitioners in medicine. It was in consequence of a cure effected on the favorite daughter of one of the Mogul Emperors that they had first been allowed a footing in Bengal. Later still, in the year 1715, a medical man named Hamilton, as a reward for curing the reigning Emperor of an illness, obtained for the company a grant of three villages near Madras, a permission to purchase thirty-seven townships in Bengal, and the privilege of introducing and conveying their merchandise from Calcutta through Bengal without duty or search. The footing thus gained and the accompanying patronage and encouragement, enabled the East India Company to make such progress as to cut out all foreign rivals. So England, through the Company, gradually obtained full sway over India.

OSTRICH BOXERS.

A fight between two male ostriches is amusing, as it amounts practically to a boxing match with their feet, as they dance lightly around each other. There is, however, this difference. If any boxer could hit as hard as they do, he might settle the championship with a single blow. Nor does the giant bird fail to make vigorous use of his terrible beak. In sparring the ostrich stands on one foot, with the other foot and wings raised wide open bill, and distended neck. He strikes with the force of a sledge-hammer, and is wary in anticipating and dodging blows. It may happen in the heat of such a contest that a keeper who was within the danger zone has his leg broken. But this is taken as one of the incidental hazards of ostrich farming.

HOW MOSQUITOES BITE.

The bill of a mosquito is of complex character. It has a blunt fork at the head, and seems to be grooved. Working through this groove, and projecting from the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine level, beside which the keenest steel instrument looks like a saw. On either side of this lance are two saws, with sharp points to their delicately-fashioned teeth. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with characteristic hum, it thrusts in its keen lance, and then enlarges the wound with the two saws, until the forked bill, with its arrangement for drawing out the blood, can come into use. It is this sawing process which jars upon the nerves of any hapless victim, and causes him to strike wildly at his tiny foe.

PLANS FOR THE NAVY.

Manœuvres in 1906 to Presume on Cooperation of Jap Fleet.

The British naval manœuvres for 1906 will be based on a principle quite new in naval annals, and will be on a fuller scale than the postponed programme of this year. The Japanese fleet will theoretically form part of the scheme, which will test the strategic and tactical value of the new distribution of warships. It will be supposed that strained relations exist and the British and Japanese navies will be on the watch all over the world. The sea frontiers of all our possessions consequently will come into the scheme. As soon as war has broken out the reserve divisions will be mobilized, and the conditions that might occur with a naval combination operating against Great Britain will then be rehearsed simultaneously by the various divisions, the operations being part of one great war plan. A "skeleton" army of cruisers with admirals in command will be kept on the alert for weeks against this force. Tact, ability, and intuitive judgment will be demanded of the various commanders-in-chief, and the scheme will be the most searching test of efficiency devised.

EGGS INTOXICATING.

Strange Theory Advanced by a French Doctor.

One by one the most cherished articles of diet appear to be going under the attacks of the medical profession. Heretofore the theory has been that no matter how dirty the inn or the boarding house one could always take refuge in boiled eggs. But now the London Lancet says that a French medical man has discovered a hidden danger lurking in the yolk. The yolk of the eggs of hens, ducks and tortoises, he declares, contains a substance which when injected into the veins, under the skin, or into the general body cavity, eventually causes death from acute intoxication of the central nervous system. Hens' egg yolk is less toxic than that of the duck, it is explained, but that of the tortoise is more dangerous than either. It is admitted, however, that the percentage of poisons is not enough to kill and that the general public is in little danger from this form of poisoning.

A HOME-MADE ISLAND.

Whale Island, the large gunnery establishment for training seamen of the Royal Navy, is not a natural island. Years ago it was only a mud bank, which was uncovered by water at low tide. When the authorities commenced to make the docks in Portsmouth, the earth from the excavations was deposited from barges upon this mud bank, until a small island was formed, showing at high water about the size of a whale's back (hence its name). As the work proceeded the island grew rapidly, and a few years later a railway was constructed on piles from the dockyard works to the island, and the earth was deposited much more quickly than when barges were used. In 1860 this island had been made so large that the Admiralty decided to lay it out as a drill ground. A small pier was erected and a house was built for a warrant officer to live in and act as caretaker of the island. At the present time the island is about thirty-seven acres in area and provides accommodation for over 1,800 men.

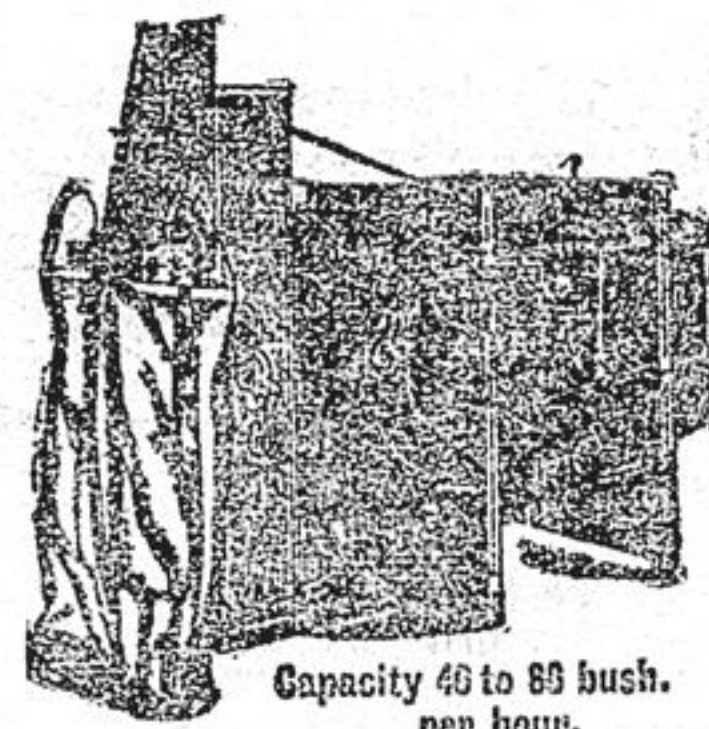
MAKE MORE MONEY

Bigger Crops of Better Grain. Clean, Large Seed Increases the Yield 20%.

You should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell. It pays.

Chicken raising a very easy and simple way of adding to the farm's cash profits.

CHATHAM FANNING MILL



Capacity 40 to 60 bush. per hour.

Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds.

Large Hopper, Screw Feed easily regulated. Agitator prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen.

Lower Shoe keeps screens clean—no other mill has this.

End shake and adjustable side shake (three widths).

Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest seed to coarsest grain. Screens japed—can't rust.

Saves screenings for feed.

Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with ingenuity.

The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economizer and profit-builder on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain.

It were not the best it would not now be in use on hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired.

PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American, Buffalo; World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, Halifax, Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

CHATHAM FARM SCALE



Three Styles Capacity 2,000 lbs.

You need a Scale on your farm, for every transaction you make is by weight and you should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell.

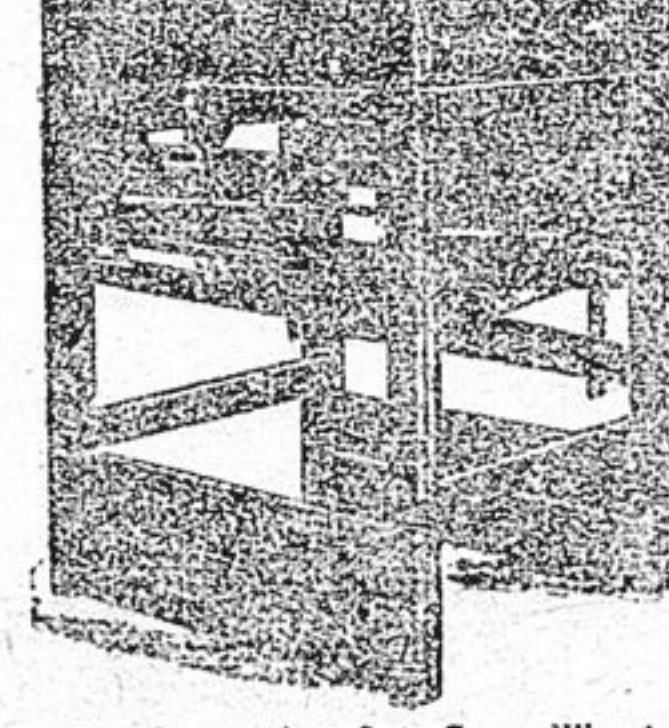
The Chatham Farm Scale is made in three styles. The accuracy of every Chatham Farm Scale is guaranteed by the Canadian Government. Every Chatham Farm Scale is sold with Canadian Government Inspector's Certificate of Accuracy.

Every Chatham Farm Scale is a useful Truck. Just drop the lever and no weight or wear can come on the knife edges of the Scales.

We send this Scale to any farmer on receipt of his order at once without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

We have a book that tells all about it, which we will be glad to send to you on receipt of a post card with your name and address.

CHATHAM SEPARATOR

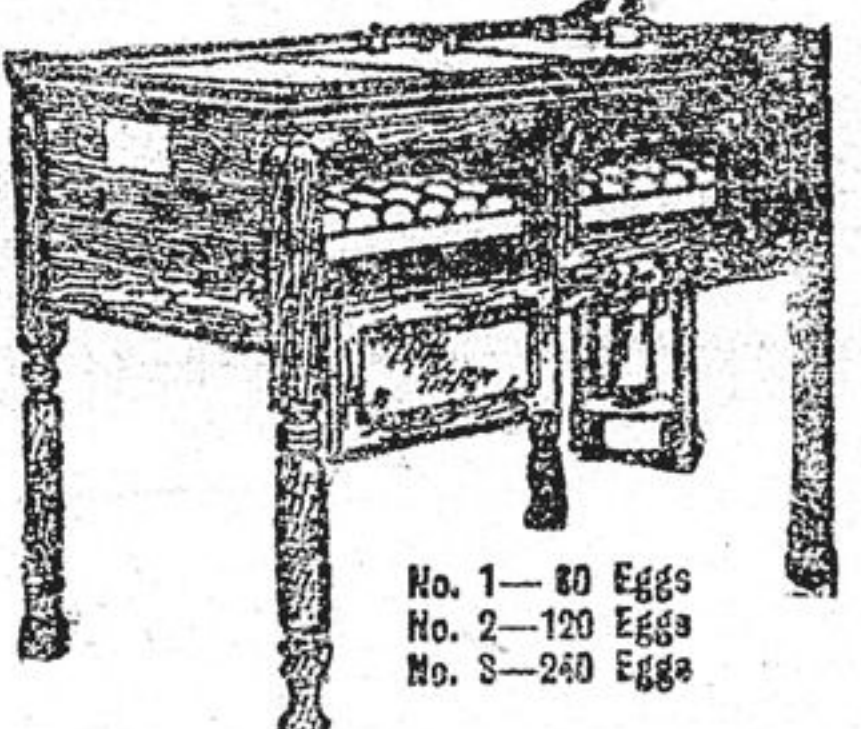


For Separating Chaff From Wheat.

This splendid device separates wheat from chaff perfectly, and is adapted to no other purpose. It is indispensable to every producer of these grains in combination, and NOTHING CAN TAKE ITS PLACE.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, and other cities.

CHATHAM INCUBATOR



No. 1—80 Eggs No. 2—120 Eggs No. 3—240 Eggs

Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using so-called hens as hatcheries, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.

Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments.

Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks."

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited, Dept. No. 35, CHATHAM, CANADA