

# THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

## OR THE STEWARD'S SON

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The hall porter tore off for a doctor, and Berton knelt beside the stricken old man with a feeling of devout thankfulness.

He had narrowly escaped committing a second murder!

He was also extremely grateful to the luck which seemed to stand by him through thick and thin.

For the first time in his life he had been hurried by passion into making a great mistake; he had shown his hand too soon, and but for this sudden attack, would have had to leave the house, would have been kicked out, so, to speak, and been beaten in the game he had played so carefully! But now the old man lay helpless, powerless, smitten, doubtless, to death, and Guildford Berton was saved from the consequences of his rashness.

We are told that the devil looks after his own, and Guildford Berton at that moment believed in the superstition up to the hilt.

In a few moments the room was full of frightened servants, and between them they carried the earl to his room.

"Be quiet!" said Berton, hoarsely. "Lady Norah must not be alarmed on any account," and he made them walk on tiptoe past her bedroom door.

But, quiet as they were, Norah heard them. She had not gone to bed, but had dismissed Harman, and was sitting wrapped in her dressing gown and lost in thought. She was thinking not only of Cyril, but of what Lady Norah had said—"your Guildford Berton. The pronoun haunted her. She heard the passing footsteps, and opening her door, saw the still form carried past. For a moment she stood with her hand on her heart, then she sprang forward, with a low cry. Guildford Berton held up his hand and turned his white face to her.

"Don't be alarmed. He will be all right."

Norah passed him, and threw herself beside the bed on which they had laid the earl, and took his hand. She could not speak, could not even ask what had happened to him, but knelt, white and silent, and overwhelmed.

Berton bent over her, and in answer to the dumb question in her terrified eyes, said:

"He has had a fit. Pray, pray, don't be frightened. I have sent for the doctor. He will get better."

She turned her face from him, even at that moment with instinctive repulsion, and clung to the thin, limp hand, and "Papa, papa!" dropped from her white lips.

"Take her away, persuade her to go!" whispered Berton to Harman, huskily; but Norah heard him, and shook her head.

"No, no! I will, I must stay! Oh, papa, papa!" and the tears rushed to her eyes and she hid her face upon her arm.

Harman sent the terrified servants out of the room, and kneeling beside Norah, begged her to go, but Norah raised her head and shook it. The outburst of grief over, she was calm and collected again, though she was trembling in every limb; and Guildford Berton left the room and waited outside.

The doctor came and examined the stricken man with the professional, leisurely gravity which carries so much weight. They had got the earl into bed, and he lay, apparently, unconscious and as like death as life can be.

"Is—*is* he very ill? What is it?" asked Norah.

The physician dropped his eyelids in the way a doctor has when he does not mean to tell the whole truth.

"The earl has had a fit, Lady Norah," he said. "Yes, he is very ill; but do not be alarmed. There is always hope, always. Do not distress yourself. Were you with him when—"

Norah shook her head and glanced at Guildford Berton, who stood, white and anxious, at the foot of the bed.

The doctor nodded, and after a while motioned to Guildford Berton to follow him out of the room.

They went down to the library. "It is paralysis?" said Guildford Berton.

"You were with the earl when the attack occurred?" he said. "Was there any sudden shock—excitement?" "None whatever," replied Guildford Berton, quietly. "I had come in from the theatre and found him sitting here, in that chair. He was given to sitting up late, reading and writing."

The doctor nodded, and waited. "We talked about one thing and another—ordinary topics, and not in any way exciting."

"You are sure of that?" interrupted the doctor.

"Of course. I could repeat almost every word," answered Berton glibly.

"I had said something that made

edly—and a moment after he fell forward."

"Strange," said the doctor. These attacks generally follow upon great excitement or display of passion. There are certain signs which indicate the usual cause, too—hem!"

"Is it a bad attack?" asked Guildford Berton, sorrowfully.

"Yes, it is."

"And—and you think he will die?" his heart beating quickly.

"I do not say that," replied the doctor, gravely. "The earl is an old man, his age is against him, but on the other hand he has led a remarkably quiet life of late, has he not?"

"Yes, I can say that positively," said Guildford Berton. "I may tell you that I am his most intimate friend, and acquainted with his habits. A very quiet life."

"That's in his favor. He may live for some time."

"But he will not recover from his paralysis?"

"It is scarcely probable."

The doctor wrote a prescription.

"Send for this please," he said. "I will remain here for the present. The young lady is Lady Norah, I presume? Hem, yes, the earl's daughter. There is no son, I believe?"

He was a fashionable physician, and had the peerage by heart.

"No a nephew," replied Berton, fully understanding the purport of the question.

"Yes, the Viscount Santleigh. I think it would be well to send for him in case of—accident."

"That is easier said than done, doctor," he said. "Lord Santleigh's whereabouts are not known."

"Then they should be discovered without loss of time. Mind, I don't say that there is any immediate danger, but—"

"I understand. I will do my utmost to find him; but, as you may be aware, the earl and he have not met—"

"I have heard something of it," said the doctor. "But surely there can be little difficulty in finding him! Meanwhile—"

"Please tell me what is to be done. I am staying in the house, and will see that your instructions are carried out."

The doctor inclined his head and went upstairs again, and Berton followed him.

Norah was still kneeling beside the bed, the earl's hand fast clasped in hers, and she looked up eagerly as the doctor entered.

"What is it?" whispered the doctor.

"I—I think he moved!" said Norah almost inaudibly.

Even as she spoke, the old man stirred and opened his eyes. They wandered vacantly round the room for a moment, then, as they fell upon her face, a gleam of something like intelligence came into them, and his lips moved.

Guildford Berton, standing at the foot of the bed, felt a sudden thrill of fear. Was the old man coming to his senses? Would he be able to speak and reveal the truth, and expose him?

The earl looked at her piteously, and then, as he caught sight of Guildford Berton's face, his eyes seemed to flash and he looked from him to Norah, and his lips moved.

"It is something he wants to tell me," she murmured. "Oh, what is it, what is it? Papa, papa! It is I—"

Norah! Speak to me!"

The doctor did not interfere, and she bent lower, until her face was close to the old man's lips.

The piteous, imploring look in her eyes grew more intense, and at last a sound came from his lips.

"Yes, papa!" panted Norah.

With a great effort he gasped: "Scoundrel! Scoundrel! Don't—"

Then a vacant smile played over his face and he wandered off. "My daughter, your ladyship! My daughter. Beautiful! Yes. Her mother—"

Then his eyes closed, and the face seemed to fall back into deathlike rigidity.

Guildford Berton almost uttered a cry of thanksgiving.

"He is delirious," he said, sorrowfully.

Norah with a moan, hid her face, and the doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must bear up, Lady Norah," he said, gently. "I am not sure that he is quite unconscious, and—"

"Yes, yes, let me stay!" she pleaded, piteously. "I will not let him see, I will not distress him. You will let me stay with him?"

"She must stay," he said to Guildford Berton, in an undertone, but Norah heard him and murmured her gratitude. "Better send for a nurse, and Lady Norah can remain and assist her."

Guildford Berton went downstairs and dispatched a servant to one of the hospitals, then flung himself into the chair from which the earl had fallen, and covering his eyes with his hands, thought deeply.

The earl might die, but if he lived, it was scarcely probable that he would regain the full use of his senses. In either case he, Guildford

But if he died, how would Lady Norah stand? She was to be his wife, and he had a right to inquire, he told himself, and his eyes wandered to the small iron deca box which always accompanied the earl.

It would contain either the will itself or a copy of it. He must see that at any cost.

He sat staring at the box and turning over possibilities in his eager mind until he heard the doctor coming down the stairs, and he rose and met him.

"He is still the same. I don't think I can do any more to-night, Mr. Berton; you can send for me if there should be any change, which I do not anticipate, however. I need scarcely say, that perfect quietude and an absence of all disturbing influences, etc. I am sorry that Lord Santleigh is not here."

"He shall be found. I do hope there is some chance for my old friend!" and he turned away and passed his hand over his eyes.

"There is a chance of his living, but I fear, I very much fear, that he will never regain the power of speech—that is, intelligent speech. Of course, there is no need to apprise Lady Norah of this mournful fact, yet a while."

Guildford Berton let him out, and then returning to the library, softly unlocked the door and got down the deca box. It was locked and the key was in the earl's pocket. He stood for a moment irresolute. A sharp blow with the poker would smash the lock, no doubt, but the lawyers might ask disagreeable questions.

He set the box in its position and stole upstairs. The earl's valet was standing outside the door in readiness, in case he should be wanted, and he stood aside to let Berton pass.

"No, I won't go in just yet, Lafarge," he said, softly. "It is not well to have too many in the room. By the way, I think I should remove his lordship's clothes from the room. The sight of them might disturb him. You know his love of neatness."

The man was too bewildered and overcome to feel surprised, but timidly went in on tiptoe and gathered the clothes from the chair on which they had been thrown.

"Give them to me; I will take them to the dressing-room," said Guildford Berton. "You had better not leave your post, in case you may be wanted."

"Yes, sir, thank you," said the valet, and Berton carried the clothes to the dressing-room. The keys were in the coat pocket, and he carried them downstairs into the library.

His hand shook as he unlocked the box and turned out the papers, and his heart leaped as he found among them one indorsed:

"My last will and testament." It was on an ordinary sheet of foolscap, and written in the earl's small, neat—not to say snickering—hand, and Berton made himself comfortable in the easy-chair and read it carefully.

His own name, after that of the old servants to whom legacies were bequeathed, occurred first, and the small handwriting jumped up and down before his eyes. Then he laughed with bitter cynicism. The earl had left him only a favorite watch and chain, "as a mark of my esteem and regard."

A watch and chain for all the years of patient service and endurance! Then came the important clause.

"And the remainder of all that I possess, or have power to bequeath, I will to my daughter—"

Strange to say, a blank occurred where the name should have been written.

He puzzled over this singular fact for some minutes, then turned to the date, and hit upon the solution. The earl had made the will soon after Norah's arrival at the Court, and he had not known with any certainty whether she had been christened any other name in addition to Norah.

Doubtless he had intended to ask and fill in the space, but he must have forgotten it—or being too proud to ask the question, had put it off from day to day, and left the space blank.

Guildford Berton held the will in his hand, thinking almost painfully. He had no great liking for forgery, but he would not have hesitated to manufacture a new will, leaving everything to himself, if he had thought it politic to do so. But forgery is, in a sense, more risky even than murder, and he shook his head.

Besides, what need to alter the will, seeing that Norah, to whom all was left, would certainly be his wife? For at that moment he felt assured of his ultimate success than he had ever done. Fate had stood by him with persistence almost miraculous, and his luck would remain with him to the end.

He put the will back, and the deca box in its place, and leaning back, gave himself up to the luxury of anticipation.

If he could only have the titles, as well as Norah and the earl's money! Or the Court! But they must both go to the wandering vagabond of a nephew—the Viscount Santleigh, who was no one knew where!

"Perhaps he might be persuaded to sell his birthright even now, and the knowledge of the earl's illness could be kept from him," he thought; and at the mere thought that he, Guildford Berton, might some day reign and rule in the great house at which his father was steward, his blood grew warm and his heart beat pleasantly.

At any rate, Norah—his future wife—would be one of the wealthiest women in England. The earl could

# UNEEDA CREAM SEPARATOR

EASY TO WASH  
EASY TO TURN  
EASY PAYMENTS  
AUTOMATIC OILER.  
HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE  
MADE IN CANADA  
MADE BY CANADIANS  
A GUARANTEED MACHINE

MANUFACTURED BY  
**The National Manufacturing Co.**  
LIMITED  
HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES  
PEMBROKE, - ONT.  
WESTERN BRANCH  
WINNIPEG, MAN.  
151 Bannatyne East.  
DISTRIBUTING CENTRES:  
St. Johns, N.B., Sherbrooke, Que., London, Ont., Calgary, Alberta,  
New Westminster, B.C.

Guildford Berton, would take care of the existing one should not be destroyed. Altogether, he spent a pleasant hour or two, while Norah upstairs sat holding the unconscious hand of the stricken earl.  
(To be Continued.)  
KOREAN IS A FOP.  
Dress is the Greatest Ambition of His Life.

The Korean is above everything else a man of the drawing room and all his instincts move along the leisurely ways of life. Anything like haste or "en pressement" is unknown to the eternal laws that govern him. This characteristic of his is evident in all his actions at all times and under all conceivable circumstances. Being a drawing room gentleman, dress is the great ambition of his life. From the shoes of his feet to the topknot on the top of his head he is ordered so as to be seen and admired of men. His shoes during this year of mourning must be spotlessly white. No atom of dust or fly speck shall mar them. His socks beautifully puffed, are stitched to perfection, his pantaloons, big enough for a Brodwingmag, are padded, quilted and ironed until they come forth looking like some mysterious fabric of polished marble, his jacket likewise and his overcoat and wristlets. Not only has he a headband, a topknot and a hat on his head, but he buys a pair of spectacles and adds them to his already overcharged headgear, and thus rigged, with a ring on his finger and a fan in his hand, he goes forth to make his way through this troubled world.

NEW DRINK CURE.  
The authorities in Norway have discovered a novel way of curing drunkenness. The "patient" is placed under lock and key, and his nourishment consists in great part of bread soaked in port wine. The first day the drunkard eats his food with pleasure, and even on the second day he enjoys it. On the third day he finds that it is very monotonous, on the fourth day he becomes impatient, and at the end of eight days he receives the disgust increases, and that this care gives good results.

PATHEPIC LITTLE DOLLS.  
Some of the Indian women have a very pathetic custom. When an Indian girl dies her mother often substitutes a doll for the lost little one. She fills the empty cradle with feathers arranged in the form of a child, and carries this about as she did her child, crooning to it and caressing it. Sometimes, instead of doing this, she ties the clothes, toys, and other articles belonging to the little one and, fastening them to the cradle board, carries it as she originally did her child. The Ojibways call these "unlucky dolls," because they represent the dead; but the Indian woman's idea is that the little dead child is too small to find its way to Paradise, and that by substituting the doll she will assist it.

POISON IN EGGS.  
Another Startling Discovery of French Medical Investigation.  
One by one our most cherished articles of diet disclose deadly designs upon our well-being under the fostering care of the medical profession, supported by the medical press. Hitherto the egg has been regarded as absolutely innocuous, until at least, it has reached an age which qualifies it to take an active part in politics. But now a French medical man has discovered a hidden danger lurking in its yolk, and the dreadful intelligence has been spread far and wide by the "Lancet." The yolk of the eggs of hens, ducks, and tortoises, he declares, contain a substance which, when injected into the veins, under the skin, or into the general body cavity, eventually causes death from an acute intoxication of the central nervous system. Hen's egg yolk is less toxic than that of the duck, but that of the tortoise is more poisonous than either. It is comforting to observe, however, that the great majority of the general public who eat eggs in the ordinary way are not threatened.

SAVING THE GOLD DUST.  
Precautions Taken in the Manufacturing Jeweller's Establishment.  
Washing machines seem all right enough in a laundry, but they would scarcely be looked for in the establishment of a manufacturing jeweller. Yet they play an important part in such a plant. In a washing machine are washed daily all the aprons and all the blouses worn by the workers employed in the manufacture of articles of gold. Then the water in which these things have been washed is piped to a room where the gold contained in it is extracted and saved. Particles of gold adhere to the hands and faces of the workers in the precious metal, and even get into their hair. Twice a day all the operatives wash their hands and faces; and the water is, like that from the washing machine, piped to the extracting room. Here there is installed a big filter, with its filtering section made of canvas, and resembling outwardly the plated section of a giant square concertina, as it would look partly drawn out. All the water from the washing machine and from the wash bowls in the factory is forced through this filter; and at regular intervals the filtering section is taken out and the gold removed from it. All the floors in the factory is covered with tar paper, which catches and holds all the gold particles that fall upon it. From time to time a new paper covering is laid on the floors, the old being burned for the gold contained in it. By these means there are saved in a factory annually thousands of dollars worth of gold that without such precautions would inevitably be lost.