THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXVI.

Guildford Berton would have given something to have been able to follow the earl and Norah on the second day, but he had to remain to watch for the letter which he knew would arrive for Norah from Cyril Burne.

The postmistress raised no objections when he requested that the Santleigh letters should be sent to him, although such a course was against the rules; it appeared quite reasonable to her, seeing that Mr. Guildford Bertin had virtually managed the estate for some time past, and accordingly the postman left the letters at the cottage as directed.

Guildford Berton might have taken up his abode at Santleigh had he so chosen, but he did not care to leave the cottage. Indeed, he dared not.

In that cheerful poem, "Eugene Aram," it is related, in beautiful verse, that the murderer is compelled to haunt the spot where the body of his victim lies; and in like manner Guildford Berton felt drawn to the heap of leaves beneath which rested Becca South, by a horrible fascination against which he fought in vain.

No sooner was he dressed in the morning than he felt bound to go into the garden, and, pacing up and down, eyed the mound sideways and with a shuddering intentness. Several times during the day he wandered toward it, and under the pretense of examining the trees or plucking at the weeds, hovered about the fateful spot; and the last thing at night, be it wet or fine, he stole out and stood looking at the place where his awful secret lay hidden.

When he went to bed, after walking up and down, trying to grow tired and sleepy, it was to commit the crime over and over again in his dreams, with all the details carefully thought of little else, or, if he manworked out. During the day he aged to divert his thoughts, it was only for a short time; back they came to the one supreme subject like a troop of crows to roost.

As a matter of course he found it necessary to pay frequent visits to the brandy decanter in the cellaret, and equally as a matter of course he was still more depressed after the evanescence of each nip of the soul-destroying spirit.

There might have been a more wretched, crime-stained, fear-haunted being in the world than Guildford Berton, but it would have been difficult to find him.

And yet, at times, he was not sorry for what he had done. It was not remorse, but actual fear of the dead girl, and the horrible dread of discovery, that made his days a torture and his nights hideous beyond words. Time after time he told himself that if it had to be done over again he would do it. If twenty Becca Souths stood between him and his ambition and his passion for Norah, he would sweep them from his path.

There came letters each day, but they were business ones for the earl and general invitations for Norah. The former he opened and laid aside, the latter—they all bore the local postmark—he forwarded to Norah.

Fortunately for him, there happened to be a great deal to be done on the estate at that particular time, and he busied himself about it with an ardor which surprised then tenants. His only chance of dodging madness was to exhaust himself physically and mentally, and he rode hard and fast and long each day, until he knocked his own horse up, and had to fall back upon the best hunter in the Court stables, much to the disgust of the head groom, who expressed his opinion that Mr. Berton had no more pity for a horse than if it was a steam hengine.

One morning on the fifth after the earl's departure, he saw a copy of the Morning Post at the reading room of the club in the market town, and, turning the paper about listlessly, came with a start upon Norah's name.

It was an account of a reception at the house of one of the cabinet ministers, and the newspaper man went into high-flown laudation of "the new beauty," Lady Norah Arrowdale.

According to him, Lady Norah was not only the acknowledged beauty of this, the off season, but would assuredly hold her own and bear away the palm in the coming and regular season next year. He gave an account of the reception pretty fully, but it all seemed to turn upon Lady Norah Arrowdale as upon a pivot, and he spoke of her as being surrounded by an eager and admiring throng of courtiers, each trying to outvie each other in attentions to the "lovely and charming daughter of the popular earl."

Guildford Berton gnashed his teeth, and the paper shook in his hands so that the waiter stared at him, thinking that he was going to have a fit.

It was what he might have expected, he told himself. She was surrounded by all these men, some of them most of them, no doubt, of the same rank as herself. One of them would be sure to propose to her, and perhaps be accepted. And here was he tied to Santleigh, and leaving them all a clear field! He should lose her, after all!

He left the club and rode home at a furious gallop along the hard roads which would have driven the head groom wild if he could have known it; and he almost resolved that he would set out for London the next morning, whether the letter he was waiting for came or not.

But when he reached home a small heap of letters lay on the table, and as he hastily turned them over his face flushed.

There was one bearing the Brittany postmark.

He glanced at the address as if it were the writer instead of the writing, and then carefully opened it.

The letter was from Cyril, and was not a very long one, considering.

"Dear Norah," it ran in a hand which was at the best of times not too legible, but which born in the present instance evident traces of the writer's agitation.

Dear Norah:—I cannot understand your silence. Are you offended with me? If so, tell me in what lies my offense, and I will endeavor to explain it way or atone for it. But it may be that you regret the bond that exists—or perhaps I had better say existed—between us. Ah, it cannot, cannot be that surely, dearest! I cannot believe that anything, even your father's opposition, can have brought you to desert me, to forget the truth you have plighted, the promises you have sworn; and yet I spend the day and most part of the night in this beastly place torturing myself with the suspicion. Norah, if you love me, fear nothing. I have the means of overcoming even your father's objection to our engagement Only wait and have trust in me for a little while longer. I would tell you something about the work which keeps me here, but I reserve it all until I see you. Indeed, I can write only of the pain which your silence causes me. It is simple torture! Write, write! I will give you—see, how patient I am!—four days more If you have not written—a word will suffice, just 'I love you still, Cyril; be satisfied!'—by that time, I must conclude that you have discovered that you do not really love me, and that you wish me to follow your example and remain—silent.

Yours, dearest, till death, Cyril.

He read it again and again until he had got it by heart; and at every loving phrase he bit his lips and ground his teeth. If only Cyril Burne lay under the heap of leaves instead of, or beside, Becca South'

Then he carefully, and slowly, and with something like enjoyment, first tore it into small fragments and then burned it bit by bit.

As he did so it occurred to him that Norah, when she returned to Santleigh, might ask the postmistress if there had been any letter for her on a certain date, and he sat down and laboriously manufactured an envelope, so that it might bear the appearance of having been through the post, and, inclosing a charity appeal, laid it with the other letters.

He slept better that night than he had done since the one of the murder, and woke the next morning in proportionately better spirits.

After all, he told himself as he packed his portmanteau, things did not wear so black a look. In a few hours he would be with Norah, in the same house with her. He had an immense belief in himself, and somehow he felt that he could win her. As to his secret, there was no reason why it should not remain his until he died, and afterward. Even if a suspicion arose that Becca had met with foul play, there was absolutely nothing to direct suspicion toward him. No one knew of his intimacy with the girl—of that he was assured; and no one would suspect that he, the eminently respectable Guildford Berton, would have anything to do with her disappearance.

Cyril Burne would most certainly turn up again; but not until he, Guildford Berton, had won Norah for his wife, and even when Cyril appeared upon the scene, little harm could ensue. After all, there were good grounds for supposing that Cyril had run away with Becca.

He continued laying this flattering unction to his soul until he grew quite cheerful and confident.

"Keep all letters that come," he signed in the deaf and dumb language to the old woman, his housekeeper, "whether they are far me or the Court. Mind that. And don't let any one come into the house; no one," he motioned twice over. "I hate people prying about the place while I am away. Here are the keys he added. "All except the back garden gate. I've lost that or locked it up in my portmanteau; but you won't want to go in there till I come back, you never do, you know."

The old hag shook her head. No, she said, and no one should come through the door in the wall till he came back.

Altogether Guildford Berton started for London in fairly good spirits. He was going to be with Norah. He had intercepted Cyril's letter, and as Norah would certainly not write to him in the prescribed four days, Cyril Burne would, like a wise man, conclude that she had jilted him, and he, Guildford Berton, would be left a clear field.

When he arrived at Park Lane the earl and Norah had just finished dinner, and Guildford Berton dressed hastily but carefully, and joined them in the drawing-room.

Even as he shook hands with the earl, he glanced sideways toward Norah, and he noticed that though she looked better, she was still pale, and that there was a sad and absent expression in her eyes.

She wore a beautiful evening dress of a more elaborate style than he had ever seen her in before, and it seemed to him that she was changed in other ways than that of her attire. She looked more of a woman of the world, and she gave him her hand for a moment with a self-possession more marked even than of old.

"I'm glad you have come up, Guildford," said the earl. "I am convinced that you needed a change" and he looked at the pale face, from which Guildford Berton was trying with a smile to smooth its haggardness. "I'm afraid you let the estate worry you more than you should. But you must take a holiday. There seem to be a great many people in town. Fashion changes a great deal, I find. In my day there was a regular season, and when it was over, everybody left London. But it is not so now, and a great many families remain; why, I do not know—Parliament, I suppose. At any rate, some friends have found us out," he continued, with a self-satisfied smile, "and Norah has been spending quite a gay time. To-night she is going to a dance at Gore House, are you not, Norah?"

Norah, who was reclining listlessly on a long settee, half started, and assented.

"If you are not too tired, you had better go too," resumed the earl.

"I should be very glad," said Berton. Then, as the earl rose to leave the room, Berton said: "Here are your letters. They are all answered.

"Thanks," said the earl. "Will you put them on the davenport, please I will look at them to-morrow," and he went out.

At the word "letter," Norah looked up, and her heart leaped. She did not expect a letter from Cyril; why should she? And yet——

"I have a letter for you, Lady Norah."

Norah took it and glanced at it, and her color, which had risen, suddenly faded.

"It is only a hospital circular," she said, coldly.

"I sent you all that came before this."

"Thank you," she said, and she leaned back and unfolded her fan, the diamonds glittering on her arm with every movement.

"I have some news I should like to give you, Lady Norah."

Norah looked up, and as her glance met his, her face paled. She guessed of what nature his news must be

"I have heard from my agent here," he said, speaking in a low, confidential tone. "He has traced"—he moistened his lips—"Becca South. There was a marriage, there is no doubt about that, and they have left England,"

Norah tried to speak, to say some indifferent word, but her lips refused.

"You will be very glad to tell Mrs. Harman that," he went on. "From all my man can gather, the girl seemed very happy."

Norah's face grew even paler, and her long lashes swept her cheeks as she kept her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"Very happy," he went on. "Mrs. Harman need be anxious no longer, and"—he spoke slowly and deliberately—"and as things have turned out, I think it would be well to write 'Finis' at the end of this chapter in Miss South's career. We need say no more, trouble no more about her—or her husband," he added smoothly, but with a sharp glance under his lids at her face.

A shiver of pain ran through Norah, but she managed to incline her head with an appearance of satisfaction.

"I—I am glad it has ended so," she said in a low voice. "I will tell Harman. She will be—she is—very grateful to you, Mr. Berton, for all the trouble you have taken."

"It is nothing," he said, quietly, but earnestly. "She is a dependent of yours, Lady Norah, and therefore has a claim upon me."

There was not much to find fault with in the speech. It was respectful, even to the point of reverential, and yet it jarred upon Norah.

"I hope you left all well at Santleigh," she said, for the sake of saying something.

(To be Continued.)

$10,000 A YEAR FOR ONE ROOM.

The widening of Piccadilly, London, has been the means of showing the enormous value of land in the centre of London, the sum paid by the London County Council for a small area, which, of course, was built upon, working out at £34 a square foot. This is believed to be the record, but as it included compensation for disturbance it cannot be compared with the prices paid in Cornhill, which is the highest-rented spot on earth, a single room having been let recently for $10,000 a year.

FOR FAMILY AFFECTION.

The town of Chantilly, France, which is generally associated with charity. Mme. Mortier des Noyers gape to the town in 1878 600 fr., and decreed that the dividends from this sum when invested should be applied as a reward for filial piety. The conditions are that candidates must be Frenchwomen, maids or widows, either born or domiciled for five years in the town. The prize is awarded for high character, and for love, favor, and affection shown in the family. This year's prize has been given to Mlle. Kaufmann, a seamstress, who for twenty years has made the wants of her infirm mother her first care.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY

THE SETTING HEN—Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has created a New Era in Poultry Raising.

The setting Hen as a Hatcher has been proven a Commercial Failure.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has always proved a Money Maker.

THE CHATHAM INCUBATOR—Its success has encouraged many to make more money than they ever thought possible out of chicks.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way—lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good Incubator and Brooder.

Users of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still cling to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business using the hen as a hatcher, we would like to reason with you.

In the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens should lay during the time you keep them hatching and brooding, will be enough to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder in five or six hatches, to say nothing whatever of the larger and better results attained by the use of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

If you allow a hen to set, you lose at least eight weeks of laying (three weeks hatching and five weeks taking care of the chickens), or say in the eight weeks she would lay at least three dozen eggs. Let the Chatham Incubator on the hatching, while the hen goes on laying eggs.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty setting hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic:—

> If you keep 20 hens from laying for 8 weeks, how much cash do you lose if each hen would have laid 3 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? Ans.—$9.00.

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens would hatch, it is really earning in cash for you $9.00, besides producing for your profit chicks by the wholesale, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each hatch is off.

Don't you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching?

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the setting hen.

The hen sets when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take off a hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of broilers to sell when broilers are scarce and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to broilers just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so stiff.

The hen is a careless mother, often leading her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can confiscate her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Altogether, there is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Anyone with a fair sized stable or shed and a small yard can raise poultry profitably.

But to make money quickly, you must get away from the old idea of trying to do business with setting hens as hatchers. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

To enable everybody to get a fair start in the right way in the poultry business, we make a very special offer which it is worth your while to investigate.

A Light, Pleasant and Profitable Business for Women

Many women are to-day making an independent living and putting by money every month raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal can, without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If not, we can give you the names of many who started with much misgiving only to be surprised by the ease and rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers. You must have a good Incubator and Brooder, but this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.

WE WILL SHIP NOW TO YOUR STATION FREIGHT PREPAID

A CHATHAM INCUBATOR and BROODER

You Pay us no Cash Till After 1906 Harvest

"Gentlemen,—Your No. 1 Incubator is all right. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Will get a larger one from you next year. H. M. LOCKWOOD, Lindsay, Ont."

"Gentlemen,—I think both Incubator and Brooder is all right. I got 75 per cent. out of three hatches. R. S. FLEMING, Plattsville, Ont."

Gentlemen,—I had never seen an incubator until I received yours. I was pleased and surprised to get over 80 per cent., and the chickens are all strong and healthy. A child could operate machine successfully. JAS. DAY, Bathwell, Man."

Every Farmer Should Raise Poultry

Almost every farmer "keeps hens," but, while he knows that there is a certain amount of profit in the business, even when letting it take care of itself, few farmers are aware of how much they are losing every year by not getting into the poultry business in such a way as to make real money out of it.

The setting hen as a hatcher will never be a commercial success. Her business is to lay eggs and she should be kept at it. The only way to raise chicks for profit is to begin right, by installing a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. With such a machine you can begin hatching on a large scale at any time.

You can only get one crop off your fields in a year, but with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and ordinary attention, you can raise chickens from early Spring until Winter and have a crop every month. Think of it!

Quite a few farmers have discovered that there is money in the poultry business and have found this branch of farming so profitable that they have installed several Chatham Incubators and Brooders after trying the first.

Perhaps you think that it requires a great deal of time or a great deal of technical knowledge to raise chickens with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. If so, you are greatly mistaken. Your wife or daughter can attend to the machine and look after the chickens without interfering with their regular household duties.

The market is always good and prices are never low. The demand is always in excess of the supply and at certain times of the year you can practically get any price you care to ask for good broilers. With a Chatham Incubator and Brooder you can start hatching at the right time to bring the chickens to marketable broilers when the supply is very low and the prices accordingly high. This you could never do with hens as hatchers.

We know that there is money in the poultry business for every farmer who will go about it right. All you have to do is to get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and start it. But perhaps you are not prepared just now to spend the money. This is why we make the special offer.

IS THIS FAIR?

We know there is money in raising chickens.

We know the Chatham Incubator and Brooder has no equal.

We know that with any reasonable effort on your part, you cannot but make money out of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We know that we made a similar offer last year and that in every case the payments were met cheerfully and promptly, and that in many cases money was accompanied by letters expressing satisfaction.

Therefore, we have no hesitation in making this proposition to every honest, earnest man or woman who may wish to add to their yearly profits with a small expenditure of time and money.

This really means that we will set you up in the poultry business so that you can make money right from the start, without asking for a single cent from you until after 1906 harvest.

If we knew of a fairer offer, we would make it.

Write us a post card with your name and address, and we will send you full particulars, as well as our beautifully illustrated book, "How to make money out of chicks." Write to-day to Chatham.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH. 512

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Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.