THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

Norah put her hand to her brow.

"I do not understand yet," she said, in a low voice. "Should—should not all this money have gone to my father's nephew, the present earl?"

Mr. Petherick coughed behind his hand.

"Ahem—that is a difficult question to answer, my dear young lady. In ordinary cases it might—that is, a portion—er—no doubt the present earl will feel slightly—er—disappointed. The estate, with the title and the position it involves, is—er—heavy—and——"

"You mean that he ought to have had some of this money?" said Norah, raising her eyes to the old man's face.

"Well—but, no!" he replied, stanchly. "It was the earl, your father's, own personal property, to do with absolutely as he chose, and I repeat that, considering the circumstances, he chose well and—er—wisely."

Norah sighed, and her hand moved restlessly in Lady Ferndale's.

"What am I to do with all this money?" she sighed.

Mr. Petherick smiled.

"It is easier to with money, however large the sum, than without it, my dear," he said, gently. "Yes, an excellent will," he added, thoughtfully. "And yet I—er—wish the earl had permitted me to draw it. It is a strange thing that whenever a non-legal man, a man who is not a lawyer, draws up a will he makes some mistake."

Lady Ferndale looked up quickly.

"There is no mistake—nothing to invalidate the will?" she said.

"No, no," he responded. "Nothing. Just a simple blank, which does not affect it, fortunately."

Lady Ferndale inclined her head with a look of relief. The old man's words had frightened her.

"There is one thing that surprises me," she said, "and that is the smallness of the bequest to Mr. Guildford Berton."

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick. "Just a souvenir, so to speak. Yes. Very much to his credit."

Norah raised her eyes, and, answering the look, he went on:

"I must say that I was surprised. Mr. Berton was so great a friend, and has been of so much use to the earl, that I should not have been astonished if he had been left a sum of money. It is much to his credit that it is not so. I mean," he went on, stumbling and coughing, "that it is evident that Mr. Berton is an honest and disinterested man. He might have used his influence with the earl to get himself named for a certain sum of money. Very much to his credit, especially as he is, I believe, a—er—poor man."

"Yes, he has behaved very well," said Lady Ferndale, but with a slight wrinkle on her forehead; "very well. Don't you think so, dear?"

Norah murmured an assent. The insignificance of the earl's bequest to Guildford Berton had surprised her; she did not even yet understand it.

Mr. Petherick went on talking about the property that had been left to Norah, and she gathered, listening listlessly with downcast eyes, that though the Court must go to the present earl, the missing man, there were other houses, as large, if not as historic, which had fallen to her.

"I am afraid you are dreadfully rich, my dear," said Lady Ferndale, with a fond smile; and Norah sighed. There flashed across her memory the story of the man dying of thirst in the desert, who, in the course of his last feeble crawl in search of a spring, came across, not water, but a bag of precious stones, and how he flung them from him with a curse. He would have bartered them all for one draught of the life-giving water, and she would have bartered all the immense wealth that the earl had left her for one draught of Cyril Burne's love.

"Ah," she thought, as she sat in her own room and mused over it all, "if he had but been true, if he had but remained constant, that I might have gone to him and laid it all at his feet Of what use are lands and money to me, who would have been so happy sharing a cottage with him, and cannot but be miserable now that I have lost him?"

She lay awake all that night, the same refrain surging in her ears, and recalling with an agony too deep for tears those too short happy hours she had spent in the woods by his side.

Lady Ferndale remained at the Court for three days, and would have stayed longer, but Norah would not permit her to do so. Nor would she yield to Lady Ferndale's oft-repeated prayer that Norah would go back with her to Ferndale.

"I do not know how it is," she said, "but I have a feeling that I ought to stay here until the earl arrives."

"That's nonsense," said Lady Ferndale, stoutly; "he may never arrive. Besides, why should you sacrifice yourself by remaining in this vast place for the sake of welcoming a stranger who will probably——"

"Wish me gone as soon as he arrives," finished Norah, with a smile. "I don't know, but I put myself in his place, that is all. I should not like to come back and find the place deserted."

"Come back? The young man has never been here," persisted Lady Ferndale.

"Then he will feel all the more a stranger," said Norah. "You go home, dear, and make my peace with Lord Ferndale for keeping you so long, and I promise that immediately Lord Arrowdale comes home I will pack up my things and invade you."

Lady Ferndale had to be satisfied with this, and went off reluctantly, and Norah was left alone, for even Mr. Petherick had found it necessary to return to London.

"I must find this earl," he said; "I must find him. If you want anything, my dear young lady, telegraph at once, and if you cannot wait even so long for me, send for Mr. Berton, who knows everything connected with the estate."

Norah inclined her head, but she thought that if Mr. Berton did not come to the Court before she sent for him it would be some time before his tall figure shadowed the threshold.

And it seemed as if he meant to wait for a summons from her, for the days passed and he did not approach the Court. He had glided out of the room on the day the will was read, and she had not seen him since.

After a time she ventured beyond the park gates, and wandered aimlessly along the lanes and over the common, very much as she wandered about Norton after her mother's death; but though the expected—and dreaded—to meet him, he did not cross her path.

A fortnight passed. Lady Ferndale drove over frequently and once or twice persuaded Norah to go over to Ferndale for lunch or dinner, and she was made much of and petted to her heart's content, but she always returned to sleep at the Court. Mr. Petherick ran down from London several times, bearing formidable looking documents, which he required her to sign, and giving her further details of the wealth which she had inherited.

"I think you ought to go to one or two of your places, Lady Norah," he said, gently. "Wealth has its responsibilities, as well as its privileges. The place in Scotland, for instance, the earl had not seen it for years. Now what do you think of paying it a visit? It is a very fair specimen of—er—architecture, quite princely in extent and character. Ahem—I really think you should go."

And Norah said that she would go—when the earl arrived. Then he would sigh and shake his head, and proceed to tell her about the shares in a coal mine which he had discovered belonged to her, and asked her what she would do with a large sum which he found invested in the funds in the earl's name, and which now belonged to her. And then Norah sighed, and, begging him to do just as he pleased, closed the interview.

Another fortnight passed, and one evening she was sitting in the drawing-room, looking out at the view, which was rapidly disappearing in the gloaming of the short late autumn day, when a footman entered and brought a card to her.

She took it up and held it toward the light. It was Guildford Berton's, and on it was written in pencil, "Will you see me for a few minutes?"

Norah held the card in her fingers, her brows drawn together in silence for fully a minute; then she inclined her head to the footman, who stood like a statue beside her, and he opened the door and announced Guildford Berton.

He came in with his noiseless tread, and Norah, who had taken up a book and held it in her right hand, rose and bowed to him without offering to shake hands.

"I must ask your pardon for intruding on you, Lady Norah," he said, slowly, and in the manner of one who was repeating words which he had learned by heart, "but I am leaving England for some time, and I could not go without wishing you farewell."

"His tone was so subdued, so humble, and, indeed, reverential, that Norah's frigidity melted somehow. After all, she thought, his greatest crime had been his daring to love her, and it is a crime which most women find easy to forgive.

"You are leaving England?" she said. "Will you not sit down?"

He took a chair and she sank into hers.

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I am going away for a change of air and scene. I may be away for some time—for years."

"Where are you going?" she asked, not because she cared, but with the desire to be at least polite to the man who had been her father's closest friend, and who had only sinned in loving her.

"To Australia, I think," he said. "They tell me that a man can find work there, and it is time I made the quest. I have been idle too long—for a poor man."

Norah's heart smote her—it had grown very tender during these weeks of solitary musing. Sorrow teaches us sympathy even with those we dislike, and she was conscious of a feeling of pity for this man who had wasted his life dancing attendance on one who had rewarded the sacrifice by—a gold watch and chain!

"I hope you will—succeed," she said.

He glanced up at her gratefully, but with the same air of playing a part he had carefully rehearsed.

"It is very good of you to express so kind a wish," he murmured, "especially as I know—am bitterly conscious—that I have lost your friendship."

Norah's brow darkened, and her lips came together tightly.

"Is there any need to speak of—of what is past, Mr. Berton?" she said.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "It is hard not to speak of what is in one's thoughts day and night, continually. You will understand why I find this place unendurable. It is a source of torture to me! To feel that I am near you and that I dare not approach you—Lady Norah,"—he rose and took a step nearer to her, "I had intended to wish you farewell in the fewest possible words, but, alas! my heart is too stronge for my will! I am going—forever, but before I go will you give me one more chance, will you let me plead for that which is indeed dearer than life?"

Norah rose, and stood, pale and almost majestic, her brows very low indeed, her lips tightly compressed.

"No, I cannot permit you to say a word—a word of that kind," she said, coldly, haughtily. 'I am sorry—no, I am glad that you are going, if, as you say, you cannot forget——"

"Forget that I am only Guildford Berton, the son of your father's steward, and that you are an earl's daughter, and the owner of half a million of money," he said, slowly, raising his eyes to her face with a curious expression, half respectful, half defiant. "Is that what you would say, Lady Norah?"

"No," said Norah, and her words cut sharply and clearly, "that is not what I would say, Mr. Berton. It would make no difference to me if you were a prince and I a beggar at your gates."

"Because you hate me so intensely—is that it?" he said, gnawing his lip, but still with the half-defiant look in his eyes.

"Hate?" she said, her bosom heaving. "It is you and not I who use the word."

"But you mean it," he said, breathing quickly. "If you were a princess and I the beggar, you could not speak with greater hauteur."

"Need we pursue this subject?" she said, coldly. "If you have come to bid me farewell, let us part in peace, for—for the sake of my father, whose friend you were. You were his friend, and I will not forget that; as his daughter, it is my duty to remember it."

She tried to speak quietly, as a woman should do to the man whom she has rejected; but she felt that her tone rang with pride and hauteur, and that she could not soften it.

"Fair words," he said, "but words only. You speak of your duty to your father; it was his wish that you should be my wife. Why will you not respect that wish, and at least give me a hearing?"

Norah looked at him straight in the face.

"I do not know that it was a wish of his," she said.

The retort stung him almost beyond endurance.

"You think I lied," he said, a hot flush reddening his face.

"I think you were—mistaken, Mr. Berton," she said. "But I will not discuss it with you. You have come to say good-by."

"No," he said, sharply, "I have come to remove the barrier your pride has erected between us. You speak like a princess; indeed, you would like to send me from your presence like a dog, Lady Norah." A spot of red burned in his pale cheeks. "Lady Norah!" he laughed. "The title sounds sweet and pleasant in your ears, does it not? It warrants all your pride and hauteur. What would you say if I told you that it rests with me whether you ever hear it again?"

Norah looked at him as if she thought—as indeed she did think—he had gone mad, and then her eyes wandered toward the bell.

"Wait," he said, evidently struggling for his usual self-possession. "There will be plenty of time to ring the bell when you have decided whether you will still be an earl's daughter and my wife or—a beggar like myself."

(To be continued).

THE LARGEST RESERVOIR.

In South as in North America, Nature does her work on the grand scale, and one of her noblest achievements is the Amazon River. Rising in the Andes, it flows across the continent and discharges into the Atlantic Ocean at the Equator. The vastness of the area which it drains, amounting to 2,368,000 square miles, will be evident when it is borne in mind that this is more than the area of Russia in Europe and Austria-Hungary. It has a length of nearly 4,000 miles, is navigable for 2,300 miles from the sea, and is fed by numerous streams, which in any other country would be ranked as great rivers. In the wet season, which lasts for about eight months, its width varies from five miles to 400. No wonder the Amazon has been called a gigantic reservoir rather than a river.

AIMING UNDERGROUND.

In driving the long Simplon Tunnel under the Alps, a fine test was offered of the accuracy with which engineering science can guide the direction of two parties of workers, starting 12 miles apart, so that they will meet in the heart of a mountain. Three principal elements had to be calculated—the total length, the level, and the direction as to right or left. When the two bores met in the middle, it was found that the length, the least important of the elements, differed only about 31 inches from the calculate value; the difference in level was less than 4 inches; and the error in direction from one end was less than 5 inches, from the other less than 4 inches. The success of the engineers was remarkable, considering that the tunnel is 12½ miles long.

GARDENS OF TREE TOPS.

Brazilian ants make little gardens in the tree tops and sow them with pineapple and other seeds. The gardens are found of all sizes, from a single sprouting seed surrounded by a little earth to a densely overgrown ball as large as a man's head.

THE BALANCE OF POWER

THE ANGLO-GERMAN CLASH HAS BECOME APPARENT.

Great Britain Has Become Stronger in Asia, But Has Lost Caste in Europe.

Nothing has attracted greater attention in the diplomatic world recently than a work just issued by the well-known political writer, Andre Cherademe, on "The World and the Russo-Japanese War."

The author draws up a highly suggestive balance sheet of profit and loss for the great Powers, and his views in regard to a necessary readjustment of the balance of power in Europe is among the soundest yet advanced publicly.

He points out that while England's position has greatly improved in Asia it has become more doubtful in Europe, where she finds her requirements constantly opposed by those of Germany. The latter would wish to see Russia cease to interest herself in European affairs and become victorious in the Pacific. England, on the contrary, needs a Russia which would renounce her preponderance in Asia but would consolidate a powerful position in Europe. England has no interest in provoking war between France and Germany, but if such a war were to break out her vital interests would oblige her to support France as she formerly supported Prussia against Napoleon. She would be

BLIND TO HER OWN INTERESTS

if she did not stake her last man and her last shilling for that purpose.

The writer says that, owing to the preponderance of Germany, England is again forced to concentrate the efforts of her foreign policy upon Europe. France is necessarily the basis of her diplomatic combinations which are intended to restore the equilibrium of the Powers. The Anglo-Japanese alliance completes the Anglo-French entente, as it is practically certain that the marked tendency toward an Anglo-Russian entente will be realized.

M. Cheradame considers that the following combinations, namely the Anglo-Jap alliance, the Anglo-French entente and an Anglo-Russian entente are destined to assure the peace of Asia for another long period and postpone the outbreak of the Chinese peril.

The new equilibrium in Europe, M. Cheradame says, will be due to the fact that the peoples menaced by German preponderance must seek fresh combinations which will guarantee their future. Their efforts are due to that primary necessity and not to a desire to isolate Germany. These new combinations should not be systematically directed against German people, but should simply be a series of precautionary measures against possible ambitions of the Hohenzollerns. For that reason a system of ententes capable, in case of need, of being instantaneously converted into defensive alliances would in M. Cheradame's opinion be preferable to actual alliances.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE

could be amalgamated with a Franco-Russian alliance all the more easily after the realization of an Anglo-Russian entente in Asia. An Anglo-American entente is an accomplished fact and one between France and America virtually exists. There is nothing to prevent France, England and Russia from promoting better relations between Italy and Austria, consolidating the position of the Balkan States and assuming the free development of the Hapsburg dominions.

Would not those well defined ententes and exchanges of mutual services, M. Cheradame asks, create one of the most powerful combinations the world has ever seen, comprising the military strength of France, England and Russia and the financial strength of France, England and the United States?

JUMBLE OF LANGUAGES.

There are towns in Hungary, and small towns, too, where from seven to ten idioms are constantly being used. On the Galician frontier there is in a lovely valley the old town of Eperjes. The number of its inhabitants does not exceed 12,000. To this day the good people of Eperjes are in the habit of talking or being talked to in six different languages and several dialects. An ordinary household will include a Slovak man-servant, a Hungarian coachman, a German cook, and a Polish chambermaid. What is still more remarkable, each grade of society will tenaciously cling to its own language for centuries.

31 Boxes of Gold

300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made up from these letters

Y - I - O - Grape - Nuts

331 people will earn these prizes.

Around the fireside or about the well-lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a $10.00 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a $5.00 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing $1.00 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing $100.00 in gold.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play.

Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y—I—O—Grape Nuts" may be repeated in the same word.

Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces, in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others. In such cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each one will be requested to send with the list of words a plainly written letter describing the advantages of Grape-Nuts, but the contestant is not required to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have exeperienced some incipient or chronic ails traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health and power desired. Seeking better conditions a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream used in place of former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, say, for breakfast a bit of fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft-boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some amateur says: A man would faint away on that," but my dear friend we will put dollars to your pennies that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast huskier and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer working brain than he ever had on the old diet.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely clean health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common sense" and start in now. Then after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on the Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and how you are now. The simple facts will interest others and surprise yourself. We never publish names except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested to give the names by private letter.

There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out and keep the letters Y—I—O—Grape-Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject "Why I Owe Grape-Nuts."

Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the list can be counted after April 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won.

Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes—(331)—the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening and a good, natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial; there is no cost, nothing to lose and a fine opportunity to win one of the many boxes of gold or greenbacks.

We make the prediction that some who win a prize of gold or greenbacks, will also win back health and strength worth more to them than a wagon full of money prizes.

There are no preliminaries, cut out this statement and go at it, and send in the list and letter before April 30th, 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and let your name and address be plainly written.