THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.

"You will have an opportunity of witnessing the scene," he said, quietly. "Remember, I have your promise. You and the Ferndales will be at the Court in ten days from now—that's Thursday week!"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "that's understood."

"Very well. Till then I am Cyril Burne." He suppressed a sigh. "Jack, I wish you were the earl, confound it! You'd make a much better peer than I shall."

Jack Wesley laughed cynically.

"Miss Norah wouldn't think so," he retorted. "My dear boy, don't repine. We must all bear our lot cheerfully, whatever it may be. I sympathize with you deeply, deeply; it must be so trying to be an earl with ever so many thousands a year; but you must bear your heavy trouble like a man, you know. And here's the hansom at last."

Cyril hurried to the door as if he were going to catch a train and hadn't a minute to lose. Then he stopped short and thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his beautifully-fitting frock coat.

"What's the matter? Palpitation of the heart?" demanded Jack.

"No," said Cyril, gravely pulling out a long blue envelope. "I was wondering whether I had forgotten this," and he tapped it significantly.

"Oh, that's all right. What you'll forget will be the ring——"

"No, I sha'n't," retorted Cyril, and he took it out gingerly from his waistcoat pocket. "Come along, come along!"

"Certainly, but allow me to lock the door. Are you afraid the church will run away, or that Miss Norah may change her mind?"

The church was still standing in its secluded corner, and Norah had not changed her mind, for after Cyril had been pacing up and down the small vestry for ten minutes, while Jack had been chatting with the clergyman—a young curate, who really did seem to enjoy the fun of this strange marriage—Lord and Lady Ferndale arrived with the bride. Cyril—and perhaps Jack, too—thought she had never looked more lovely than she did in her simple dress of quiet gray, her glorious eyes downcast, her lips just parted by the quick breaths of mingled joy and shyness.

For herself she still felt as if she were moving in some strange, delicious dream, and it was with a start she heard the young curate murmur softly "Are we ready?"

Then Cyril and Jack walked up to the altar, and Lord Ferndale drew her arm within his and followed.

There were no other witnesses than these dear and tried friends, except the invitable pew-opener. Norah felt as if the throbbing of her heart could be heard all over the little church.

In his soft, suave voice the curate performed the ceremony; she felt Cyril's dear hand elasp hers as he slipped the "plain ring of gold" upon her finger, then, leaning upon his arm, they led the way back to the vestry.

"My wife!" she heard Cyril murmur in her ear, and as she raised her eyes to his shyly, he bent his head to kiss her. But Lord Ferndale put a hand upon his arm quickly.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I think you are trespassing upon my privilege!" and Norah, blushing and smiling, presented her cheek to him.

"That's my reward for giving her away," said Lord Ferndale, kissing her hand also. "God bless you, my dear, and make you and the man you have chosen as happy as we all wish you!"

While this pretty little ceremony had been enacting, the curate had been getting out of his surplice and filling in the certificate.

"I have dispensed with my clerk's services this morning," he said, making a great fuss with the blotting paper. "Now—er—Mr. Burne, will you sign, please?"

Cyril wrote his name.

"Wilfrid Avon Cyril, Earl of Arrowdale," and the curate covered it quickly with the blotting paper as he turned to Norah.

"Here, if you please, my lady," he said, then stammered and turned red. But Norah did not notice his confusion, or, if she had done so, would have attributed it to his having addressed her by the title she had borne, and, bending down, wrote her own name.

The curate folded the certificate two or three times.

"Will you—er——" he said, addressing Norah, but looking at Cyril.

"Give it to me," he said, quietly, but with downcast eyes. "I have some papers of importance here; I'll put it with them. It will be sure not to be lost then," and he took the envelope from his pocket, inclosed the certificate, and fastened the envelope securely.

As he did so he drew a breath of relief, and glanced at Jack, who smiled significantly, and softly clapped his hands.

Then they went back to the carriage, and were rattled off to Grosvenor Square, where what Lady Ferndale called "an apology" for a wedding breakfast awaited them.

It was certainly not a large party, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in happiness.

The newly-married pair were naturally too intent upon each other to need much merriment, but, though they did not need it, Jack had got a fair supply on hand, and for the first time in his life forgot to be cynical, and was content to be genial and amusing, and, as Lord Ferndale remarked afterward, displayed such a vast talent for entertaining that he might have made a fortune on the stage if he had not been in a fair way to make it as a poet.

Indeed, the breakfast could not have been a greater success if there had been half a hundred guests, with the usual complement of bridesmaids and the stock speeches.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was given by Lord Ferndale, and, though he did not make a speech, the way in which he spoke Norah's name and looked at her was worth as Jack declared, "a dozen set orations," and Cyril's "Thank you, sir; thank you, dear Lady Ferndale, and you, Jack!" spoken with a suspicious moisture in his joy-lit eyes, was pronounced by the same critic just a perfect bit of elocution.

All through the meal Lord Ferndale kept watch and guard over his tongue, and it was not until Cyril had glanced at his watch and said that the time was getting short that he said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye:

"I suppose you won't take a very long holiday, Mr. Burne? You'll be wanting to get back to work, eh?"

And Cyril had, with a marked increase of color, murmured something inaudible, and hurried Norah out of the room. She and Lady Ferndale disappeared together for half an hour, and then they came down, Norah attired in a travelling dress and a set of sables which Lady Ferndale had produced at the last moment. Both women were rather red about the eyes, and Norah clung to her friend until the last moment, when Cyril standing beside the cab door, held Jack's and Lord Ferndale's hands and whispered:

"Remember! The Court, Thursday week."

Then Norah tore herself away, Cyril put her gently and tenderly into the cab, and Jack and Lord Ferndale having flung a handful of rice over their nice clothes, they drove off, Norah leaning forward and waving her hand until the cab turned the corner and carried them out of sight.

"Well," said Lord Ferndale, with a smile and a sigh, "There goes the prettiest and sweetest girl in Christendom!"

"And the best and warmest-hearted man!" responded Jack, loyally.

"God bless them both!" said Lady Ferndale, with a sob, and she ran in and up to her own room that she might enjoy the "good cry" she had fully deserved.

The two men went to the smoking-room, and mixed themselves a soda and brandy, and talked over the strange history of the young couple and the surprise which awaited one of them; but presently Jack grew very silent and thoughtful, and Lord Ferndale, noticing it, said:

"A penny for your thoughts, Wesley."

Jack raised his head, and there was a grave earnestness in his handsome, intellectual face.

"A penny for my thoughts? You shall have them for nothing. But stop. I'll give you a guess."

"You weren't thinking of the young people—your face was too grave for that," said Lord Ferndale. "Let me see, were you thinking of that scoundrel, Guildford Berton?"

"Well, yes, partly," said Jack. "To tell you the truth, I was thinking of some one else. I was asking myself a question that has worried me a great deal lately. I was wondering at the moment where that young girl Cyril was supposed to have run off with could be. The question that bothers me is: 'Where is Becca South?'"

"Becca South!" said Lord Ferndale. "Ah, yes. Hidden away somewhere, I suppose. Perhaps here in London—and quite near us. I'll be bound," and he smiled, "that fellow Guildford Berton knows."

"Yes," said Jack, grimly, as he lit another cigar. "Yes, I think Mr. Guildford Berton knows.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Nine days later Cyril and Norah were walking along the parade at Torquay. It is summer and sunshine at this English Naples when the rest of England is cowering before the wintry blast, and these two young people walked arm in arm under the bright rays of King Sol, sauntering as slowly as if the month were June instead of November.

Nine days of perfect happiness will work miracles, and in these nine days Norah had lost all her pallor, and was as blooming a bride as even the most passionate of lovers could desire. Indeed, it was not the Norah who watched, pale and weary, beside the sickbed of her supposed father, nor the Norah flying from the Court and crushed by the fear of Guildford Berton, who walked with springy step and erect head; but quite a different Norah, with the rose of health on her cheeks, and the light of happiness in her eyes as she leaned upon her husband's arm.

"And you don't ask me why I want you to go back to the Court so suddenly, dearest?" Cyril said.

"No," she replied, turning her lovely eyes upon him trustfully. "Why should I? Didn't I promise to obey—and obedience means asking no questions. If you don't wish to tell me why we are going there to-morrow, why—well, don't. I am quite satisfied!"

Cyril—there happened to be no one in sight at the moment—bent down—he hadn't to bend very low—and kissed the soft red lips.

"Norah, I always suspected that I had married an angel, now I know it! Will it be painful to you to go there, dearest?"

Norah thought for a moment.

"No," she said, softly; "I was very happy there sometimes, and I—well, I grew to love the grand old place; and will you mind my saying that I shall feel rather sorry when I think to-morrow will be the last time I may ever see it again?"

Cyril was silent for a moment.

"Perhaps it won't be," he said, guardedly. "The new earl may—well, may be friendly, and invite us now and again—especially as you have surrendered all that money so readily."

Norah laughed gently.

"I don't know that it would be wise to be too intimate with earls and countesses, always excepting the dear Ferndales! Don't they say that professional people should keep to their own class? Perhaps if you knew too many 'swells,' as Jack calls them, you would grow lazy and discontented. You see how prudent I am becoming," and she laughed. "Cyril."

"Well!"

"When are we going to begin housekeeping, dear?" she asked, nestling closer to him, and looking up in his face with a delicious gravity in her eyes. "I can't tell you how anxious I am to begin the part of the economical wife and housekeeper. I think I shall take lessons in cookery—would you mind?—and I mean to watch every penny. Shall we be—don't laugh, sir!—shall we be very poor? and, I don't care if we shall be——"

Cyril colored. She was treading on very delicate ground for him.

"Well, er—not very poor as incomes go," he said. "You know what Lord Newall is going to pay me for the pictures I am finishing? And there are plenty of commissions in hand. No, I rather think we shall be—well tolerably off."

"Do you know, I am not so glad as I ought to be? I had set my heart upon proving myself a miracle of economy and management. But never mind; at any rate, we shall have to be careful, I suppose?"

"Well—er—yes!" he said, and at once began to talk about the journey of the morrow.

They started quite early the next day, and Norah cast a wistful glance at the sunny watering place as the train moved out of the station. She had been so supremely and perfectly happy there, you see. It was a long journey, and they did not arrive at Santleigh until late in the afternoon.

"Shall we stay at the Court or the inn, or are we going to Ferndale?" asked Norah, with a smile. "You are very mysterious in your movements, sir!"

"It all depends, replied Cyril. "Anyhow, here is the Court brougham. Would you mind staying at the Court, or would you prefer to go on to Ferndale?"

Norah was puzzled by his manner, but kept her promise, and refrained from asking any questions.

"I should like just what you like to do," she replied, and, of course, he put his arm round her and kissed her.

They reached the Court, and she was stricken dumb with surprise at the sight of the Ferndales and Jack, who, with Mr. Petherick, were grouped in the hall, evidently anxiously awaiting their arrival.

"Why, what does it all mean?" she exclaimed, as she flew to Lady Ferndale with a little cry of delight. "Why are you all here—why are we here? Has the earl come back? Mr. Petherick, surely you don't mean to keep me in the dark?"

"Not for a moment, my dear young lady!" he responded, with a little cough of bewilderment. "I should be only too glad to enlighten you in respect to this—this—mystery; but I'm as much in the dark as you are. All I know is that I have received a communication from the earl——" They had moved into the drawing-room by this time, and he stood in the centre of the group looking from one to the other. "His lordship has written stating that he has invited you and Mr. Burne and our good friends here to dinner to-night, and that he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting them. The note reached me this morning, and contains just that and nothing more!"

Norah remained silent and open-eyed, looking from one to the other.

"It's very mysterious," said Lady Ferndale, with perfect gravity. "But, at any rate, whether the missing young man puts in an appearance or not, I hope the dinner will be all right, for these young people must be terribly hungry. Come along, dear, there is barely time to dress!" And she carried Norah off.

(To be continued).

BARBAROUS MANNERS.

"Waiter," called a man who, after rushing into a resturant, seated himself at a table and proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin; "can I get lunch here?"

"Yes, sir," responded the dignified waiter, "but not a shampoo."

PROGRESSION IN RUSSIA.

"What do you think will come next?" asked one Russian official.

"I don't know," answered the other. "My vocabulary is about exhausted. We've had a strike, a riot, an insurrection and a revolution. What comes after revolution?"

COULD NOT FOOL HIM.

"You say he has grown whiskers since you last saw him?"

"Yes."

"How did you recognize him?"

"By my umbrella."

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THE STORY OF NICKEL

A VISIT TO THE LARGEST NICKEL DEPOSIT IN THE WORLD.

How The Ore Is Removed From The Ground—Before It Reaches the Smelter.

To realize in some measure what has been accomplished in such a short time as has elapsed since the discovery of the nickel deposits at Sudbury it is necessary to recall that in 1886 Copper Cliff was still a wilderness. The ground was covered with a tangle of fallen trees and thick underbrush, through which projected the spectral skeletons of charred pines that bore testimony to the terrible destructiveness of the forest fires of forty years before. At the present time perhaps five thousand people directly or indirectly draw their living from the ores discovered in this wilderness. From Sudbury as a centre a circle of twenty miles might be described to the north and west that would contain almost all the nickel to be found on the North American continent.

The only evidence which the ore gives of its presence beneath the surface is a red dusty stain on the rocks, known as "gozzan," or, as the German's call it, "iron hat." This is caused by the rust of the iron ore, which has stained the gravel and cemented it into a conglomerate in which the pebbles are imbedded like raisins in a pudding. The glaciers long ago scraped away great quantities of this ore, and spread it over the country to the south. Under this capping of "gozzan" the unalloyed ore is revealed as

A BRIGHT SHINING MINERAL

in the black diorite. The ore occurs in large masses, often several hundred feet in width, which lie usually between the black diorite on the one side and the red granite on the other.

As a rule most of the nickel deposits around Sudbury are worked as "open pits," which means simply that a hole is dug in the ore, and that around this hole air drills are set up, preparing the way for the use of dynamite. The ore as it is broken off from the side by the explosions of dynamite falls to the bottom, where it is loaded into tram cars and carried to the shaft, which is sunk on one side of the ore pit. This shaft serves to hoist the ore to the surface and to the top of what is known as the "rock house." As you stand on the rock at one side of the Creighton mine, the largest deposit of nickel in the world, you see before you an immense pit funnelled like the mouth of a volcano. From this pit arises an incessant clacking and throbbing. Clinging to the sides you see the men at work with air drills. At the bottom you see what at the distance looks like a small army of pigmies, loading the ore into the tram cars. Beside you rises up a towering structure not unlike a grain elevator. This is the "rock house." An inclined railway leads from the top of this structure and disappears into the shaft which is cut through the rock beside the ore. As you watch a square bucket, or "skip" as the miners call it, emerges from the pit and starts up the incline. As it passes up it touches a lever,

A SHRILL WHISTLE SOUNDS,

and a second after you hear the rattle of the ore as it falls from the overturned "skip" into the top of the rock house. Another second and the "skip" rattles down again and disappears into the earth, and every few minutes the process is repeated. Meanwhile the drills are at work on the sides of the open pit. As you watch there comes a sudden rush. Men are seen scrambling up the pit sides and removing the drills. A few minutes more and you see the men running to cover behind railway cars or under trestles. Then somebody calls "fire!" A tremendous explosion follows, which reverberates like the discharge of a battery of artillery. The ore, which has been displaced by the dynamite, rattles down the sides of the pit with a noise like thunder. Then the men return and again take up the work of loading the tram cars.

Let us climb to the top of the trestle and see what is going on inside the rock house. The building shakes as you ascend the stairway that rises on the outside. A crunching noise fills your ears. As you enter the building by a little doorway all seems darkness. As you peer through the gloom somebody yells at you.

YOU JUMP INTO A CORNER.

A second later the building trembles as the ore car, which you had been watching outside, dumps its load of a ton or so of broken rock on the spot where you had been standing. The house is lighted up with a million sparks from the concussion. As the car disappears on its downward journey half a dozen men rush forward with shovels and feed the ore into the gaping maw of the insatiable crusher which throbs and pulsates like a thing alive. As you peer below you see the ore falling in fragments from the size of a man's fist to that of a boy's marble into a revolving screen. This screen is perforated with holes of various sizes which serve to separate the ore and classify it, dropping each size into the bin prepared to receive it. At a lower level under these bins are openings at which workmen from time to time, by operating levers, allow the ore to fall into flat cars which pass along in sections to receive their load. As you watch these cars you notice about two-thirds [illegible] coarse ore about [illegible] cite coal used in [illegible] ing houses. [illegible] filled with a [illegible] as English [illegible] tells you [illegible] ask why [illegible] you [illegible]

THE D[illegible]

Three or four cars [illegible] with a much finer or [illegible] dust. This is called "[illegible] guess the derivation f[illegible]

The ore is taken direc[illegible] to the "roast yards" [illegible] These lie about a mile to [illegible] the village and present perh[illegible] depressing scene of earthly [illegible] to be found in Canada. Stu[illegible] Dante and Milton will find no difficu[illegible] in selecting appropriate quotations. Most of all, perhaps, it recalls pictures of the Valley of the Hinnon, that awful defile of Old Jerusalem, in which it is said great fires were kept constantly burning to consume the refuse of the city. From this Valley of the Hinnon is derived the word Gehenna, which is usually translated "Hell." On one side of a line of railway used for the transportation of ore rise great hills of barren rock, covered here and there with guant skeletons of white birch and tamarac, all dead—one is tempted to quote with Charles Lamb:

"All silent and all damned."

On the other side huge windrows of ore in square beds stretch in seemingly endless extension. Dense yellowish-white clouds of smoke rise from these piles and drift lazily to the horizon. These are the roast yards, where the sulphur is roasted out of the ore. The ore as it is taken from the mine contains about twenty-five per cent. of sulphur. When it reaches the roast yards it is unloaded on foundations of cordwood about eighteen inches thick. Each bed carries from 1,500 to 3,000 tons of ore. The coarse ore forms the bulk of the pile. On top of this is placed the "raggins" and on top of this again the "fines." The wood is then ignited. The ore soon takes fire, and if left alone will burn for nine months or a year. As a rule the ore is left to burn from three to four months before it is taken to the smelter. By this roasting the percentage of sulphur is reduced from 25 per cent. to from ten to twelve per cent. The sulphur fumes are fatal to vegetation, and for miles around the landscape presents a scene of naked desolation. It is said that sufficient sulphuric acid escapes into the atmosphere every day to supply the whole of Canada. As yet the problem of securing this waste and converting it to commercial use has not been solved.

ALMOST A SHOCK.

Uncle Charles—"I don't know as you will thank me for interefering, Ellen, but they tell me this Mr. Mashman you are going to marry is utterly worthless."

Ellen—"Why, Uncle Charles?"

Uncle Charles — "Not in a pecuniary sense, you know — he's got money enough—but from an intelligent point of view."

Ellen—"Oh, Uncle Charles, you don't know what a turn you gave me."

There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that is inside your income.

Nothing delights some people so much as to be asked favors; it gives them so much pleasure to refuse.

A woman's idea of good luck is to find a pair of socks in the pile that doesn't need darning.

"Father," said the inquiring youth, "when a hen sits on an egg for three weeks and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?" "As an article of diet, my son, it is henceforth a failure, but for political purposes it has its uses."

Stranger (at the door)—"I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy." Servant—"Really sir, I don't know——" Voice (from head of stairs)—"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."