THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued).

Guildford Berton staggered slightly, then with his eyes still fixed on Cyril and Norah, who were leaning over the terrace in vain trying to shake the hands eagerly thrust up to them, he backed away, slowly for a time; then, as he got into the densest part of the crowd, he turned and forced his way through the people with a desperate haste, even striking at them in a frenzied, furious fashion. Some shrank back, others struck at him in return and swore at him, but with his head bent down he made a lane for himself, and reached the edge of the crowd.

With the uncertain staggering steps of a drunken man he went down the ane and entered the cottage. He had left no light in the room; the fire had died out; all was dark. Before he struck a match he felt his way to the sideboard, found a brandy decanter, and, with trembling hands, poured out a glassful and drank it. Then, with a cry, as if the spirits had given him power to realize the truth, he flung his hands above his head and cursed Cyril, and even Norah herself. As he was raving, in the very midst of the awful stream of profanity, he stopped short suddenly and listened.

What he heard was only the distant sound of the crowd, but to his ears it took to itself the likeness of a wail, a cry from a woman, and, with a shudder, he cowered against the sideboard, and looked over his shoulder with an expression of sickening fear and dread on his white face, for once again he seemed to see that vague, indefinable shade which bore the faint outlines of the murdered woman, and which had haunted him now and again whenever he was over-tried or excited. For a moment—that might have been a year—he stood cowering, bent almost double; then the expression of his face changed to one of sinister cunning, and, still looking behind him and moving his lips, though no words came, he stole on tiptoe toward the cupboard.

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Three hours later Cyril and Jack stood together in the drawing-room. Lady and Norah had gone upstairs, presumably to bed, but really to sit and talk of the wonderful events of the day, and Lord Ferndale, declaring that he must have a quiet cigar after all the excitement, had taken Mr. Petherick to the smoking-room.

The two friends stood looking at each other for a moment, then Cyril held out his hand.

"I wish I could tell you how I feel tonight, Jack," he said; "how happy I am, how grateful to you all, to you and the Ferndales, and all these good people, with their simple, warm-hearted welcome. Please God, I will be worthy of their love, and keep it! But my darling won't find it difficult to do that, will she? Jack, I ask myself as I stand here thinking of the great good luck which has fallen to me, why I, of all men, should have been so fortunate and so blessed, and—and, Jack, it almost frightens me! I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, that I am grateful—very, very grateful!—and, thank God, can add that I am at peace with all men."

"Even Guildford Berton?" said Jack, quietly.

Cyril started, and a look of pain crossed his face.

"Jack, I had forgotten him," he said, simply.

"That's only natural," rejoined Jack. "But I haven't, and as I have interfered so much in your affairs, you'd better let me finish up by disposing of that ingenious gentleman," and he began buttoning up his coat.

"What are you going to do?" asked Cyril, gravely.

"I'm going to call upon Mr. Berton."

"To-night!"

"To-night, for I've a shrewd suspicion that if I wait until the morning I shall not find him at home."

"But—but why not let him alone? Why not let him go? Ah, I see! I'd almost forgotten."

"Yes," said Jack, quietly and grimly, "I only want to ask Mr. Berton one question, and I intend to have the answer. That question is, 'Where is Becca South?' If that answer is satisfactory I should say you had better let Mr. Guildford Berton depart in peace."

"In Heaven's name, yes!" responded Cyril.

"I don't know that Heaven will have much to do with it," rejoined Jack, going into the hall and asking for his coat and hat.

"Bring mine, too," said Cyril, quietly, to the footman.

"You mean to go with me?" asked Jack.

"Can you ask me, my dear fellow?"

"Then Ferndale and Petherick shall go also," said Jack, and he went into the smoking-room and informed them of his purpose.

Almost without a word the four men went out. Jack only made one remark as he looked up at the sky.

"If it were not for the bonfire we should want a lantern."

Still in silence, or speaking just above a whisper, they went down the lane, and stood before the gate in the wall.

"Locked," said Jack, and he looked at Cyril.

Cyril put his strong shoulder to the door, and with a creak it fell back.

Jack nodded approvingly.

"All dark," he said, in a whisper. "He has gone to bed or—flown. No, the door's open. Wait," he added, on the threshold; "let me go first; I'll call if I want you."

They signed assent, and, still lit by the glow of the bonfire, he pushed open the door of the parlor. Almost in an instant he was back with them, saying nothing, but with an expression on his face which caused them to start forward.

"Wait—a light," he said, in a voice that trembled slightly.

Lord Ferndale struck a light, and they entered the room.

A strange, pungent smell came out to meet them, and almost stifled them. Cyril, with a foreboding of something evil, remembered it. Jack lit a candle and held it up, and as its rays fell upon Guildford Berton's figure, lying half in the chair and half on the floor, Cyril uttered a cry.

They raised him, and Jack tore open his collar, and laid a hand upon his heart. Then he looked around at the rest, and spoke the one dread word:

"Dead!"

For a moment or two they stood speechless and awestruck; then, with compressed lips, Jack opened the dead man's coat, and took from the pocket some letters.

Cyril bent forward.

"They are mine," he said, almost inaudibly.

Jack handed them to him, and as he took them something fell on the floor. Jack picked it up, and Cyril with a shudder, exclaimed:

"My ring! the ring I gave Becca! And—my God, Jack!—and here is the letter I wrote that night at the fete and gave to her!" and he covered his face with his hands.

Jack rose.

"I shall get my answer after all," he said. ";Light that lantern, Ferndale."

In awestruck silence, but with a feverish eagerness and dread, they searched the grim place from room to room; then, after a moment's thought, Jack led the way to the garden, followed by the trembling old woman uttering inarticulate cries of terror.

Jack stepped before the heap of leaves and stooped down.

"Get me a spade, some one!" he said, hoarsely.

Lord Ferndale brought one, and they stood round while Jack worked.

A suspense of a few minutes that seemed ages, and then they heard his voice, solemn as a knell:

"I have found the answer; it is here!"

. . . . . .

Two years later the artistic world was thrown into a state of excitement by a certain picture in the Academy exhibition of that season.

It was a landscape—a small one, but with two figures, a lady and a child. The lady was seated under an apple tree in a most delightful orchard, and the child was lying on its back, vainly endeavoring to bite an apple at least three times the size of its mouth.

It was so fresh in treatment, so delicately painted, that the connoisseurs were unanimous in their approbations and praise, but the general public, who know little and care less for compositions were quite content with being charmed by the exquisite beauty of the mother and the delightfully lifelike youngster. It was the picture of the year, and it was found necessary to place before it the protecting rail and policemen which only appear before the great event of the exhibition. Critics praised it, the papers rhapsodized it, the public crowded to see it, and for some days after that on which the exhibition opened everybody was asking who and what the painter was, for the name in the catalogue was evidently an assumed one, and told nothing.

The mystery only heightened the public and artistic curiosity and interest, and at dinner parties and in the pauses of the dance one heard people saying to each other:

"Have you seen the mother and child in the apple orchard? Splendid, isn't it? Wonder who on earth the man is?"

The secret was very well kept—for nearly a month. At the end of that time, however, the veil was lifted, for a famous critic, who was sharper than his fellows, happened to visit the gallery one afternoon, and found the popular Countess of Arrowdale standing before it.

As he looked first at the picture and then at her she happened to smile. Now, the mother was not a portrait of Norah, but Cyril had perhaps unconsciously bestowed upon the painted face a reflection, a hint of the smile which was one of the charms with which Norah worked her spells, and the critic divined the truth.

"Lady Arrowdale," he said, growing red with the excitement of his discovery, "your husband painted that picture."

"Oh, please don't tell. It was to be a secret, and—and we have kept it so well!"

"Yes, you have," returned the critic, who, of course, meant to rush off as soon as he could and proclaim his important find. "Yes, indeed, you have. I know Lord Arrowdale's pictures pretty well, I think, but, though they are good, as I've said very often, they are nothing compared with this. It is such a sudden jump. How do you account for it, Lady Arrowdale?"

Norah smiled, and looked at the picture in silence, but some one spoke for her.

"Permit me, Lady Arrowdale," said Jack, who had stepped up and heard the little speech. "This picture is so far and away the best of my friend, Lord Arrowdale, because he mixed his colors with the oil of happiness, drew the orchard by the light of love, and gave his whole heart to the mother and the child. And now you know not only how Arrowdale came to paint such a picture, but why he calls it 'Joy.' Am I not right, Lady Arrowdale?"

And Norah, as she put her hand on his arm, could only assent by a smile, which the critic afterwards declared made him feel as if the tears were in his eyes as well as in hers.

The End.

HEALTH

POORLY NOURISHED CHILDREN.

Malnutrition in children, which, of course, is to be considered a condition rather than a disease, may usually be traced to one of three causes. Occasionally, although rarely, it is an inherited tendency. The children of feeble parents may inherit a general weakness of constitution, and exhibit that weakness chiefly in their digestive processes. But sometimes this inheritance is only apparent, since a nervous and unstable mother may react on her children for ill, even if they do not inherit her tendencies, by excesses and uncertainty in her system of bringing up.

Another and very frequent cause of malnutrition in the young is improper feeding. In babies it often results from some error in starting the diet, especially in artificially fed infants. If the digestion of a very young baby is allowed to get out of order, it is sometimes a long time righting itself, and all this time the child's general nutrition is necessarily suffering.

With older children a poor and insufficient diet will naturally result in weak and anemic states, just as it will in older persons, but it is generally the opposite mistake that is made. An overfed child will suffer from poor nourishment quite as much and often more than an underfed one.

The danger is not so much from an occasional overhearty meal, although that is a great mistake. An indiscretion that results in an acute attack of indigestion meets with the punishment that fits the crime; the offending matters are carried off from the system, and the transaction is closed, to say nothing of the fact that a salutary lesson has been given, which the parents may remember next green-apple-season if the boy forgets. But the danger of malnutrition lies in the constant giving of a little more food than the system needs, causing fermentation, restlessness and discomfort, and resulting in such lowering of the general condition that actual slow starvation may result, because the child is unable to digest enough food to feed it.

A third cause of malnutrition in children, and one which is to be looked for chiefly among the poorer people and in tenements, is a want of proper ventilation. Rooms are too hot and too crowded, or too cold and too crowded, windows are seldom or never opened, and plumbing is often defective. If the children of his class did not spend most of their time on the streets their mortality would be much higher; and even as it is, any epidemic finds its greater number of victims among them.— Youth's Companion.

RUSSIAN TEA.

Writing on the effects of tea as a beverage, Sir Lauder Brunton draws a contrast. In Moscow he dined with a scientific man, and after dinner the samovar was placed on the table and tea handed round. He asked his hostess how much tea she used, and she replied: "I am extravagant in tea; we are twelve at dinner, and I put in four teaspoonfuls, but most people would not put in so much." Here, the writer thought, is a difference from our rule of one teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot, and a reason why tea can be drunk to such a large extent in Russia without doing harm. While he was spending the night in a herring boat off Whitby the master complained of his sufferings from indigestion. The reason became evident when they made some tea. But, instead of being a pale straw color and having a hardly perceptible flavor, as in Russia, it was as black as ink and had a strong, bitter and astringent taste. Tea had apparently been put into the pot not by the spoonful, but by the handful. Several cupfuls every day was sufficent to produce any amount of dyspepsia.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

Mutton, tallow, and lard, of each half a pound; melt in an iron vessel, and add of hydrated oxide of iron two ounces, stirring continually with an iron spoon until the mass is of a uniform black color; then let it cool and add of Venice turpentine two ounces, and of Armenian bole one ounce, and of oil of bergamot one drachm; rub up the bole with a little olive oil before putting it in. Apply several times daily by putting it upon linen or lint.

WHEN RESTING.

When you are resting, even if it is to be only a matter of a few minutes, darken your room as completely as possible. Lying down throws your head in such a position that the lids of your eyes have absolutely no chance to keep off rays of light, and there is a definite eye strain in consequence. No bed should be faced in such a way that you are forced to face the morning light, and especially not so that the light will waken you.

BLACKHEADS.

To get rid of blackheads, bathe the face for ten minutes in hot water, then gently press out the blackheads, and touch the spots with lemon juice or eau de Cologne. Wipe the face, and rub in a good skin food, or cold cream. Take plenty of green vegetables and fruit, have rooms well ventilated, and take daily exercise in the open air.

BLOOD PURIFIERS.

Figs or some fresh fruit should always be taken at breakfast. Fruit in the morning is gold. Apples are an excellent purifier for the blood. Baked apples and cream make a nice breakfast dish eaten with brown bread and butter. It is said that apples eaten plentifully will work wonders in giving persons who are addicted to alcoholic drinking a distaste for the same.

FOR BANDAGES.

For the careful woman who always has bandages on hand there is nothing better to keep them in than wide-mouthed glass jars with tops that screw on. The pieces of old linen and cotton should be boiled in order to have them perfectly clean, then ironed and torn into strips, and each strip neatly rolled. A number of these little rolls can be put into one ordinary-sized jar.

REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

Clean and scrape the roots of six or eight dandelions, cut into small pieces and pour over them a pint of boiling water, cover closely and let stand over night. Strain through cheesecloth and it is ready for use, a dose being a wine glass full before meals. It must be kept cold and renewed every three days. The juice of two oranges and a little sugar can be aded and it will be more pleasant to take.

DIED AT WIFE'S FEET.

An Enoch Arden Tragedy Enacted in Paris, France.

An Enoch Arden tragedy came to light in Paris the other day when Jacques Brisset returned after three years' absence, and on learning from his wife that she had remarried, fell dead at her feet.

Brisset ran away to Belgium with a music hall singer three years ago. He took with him $500 of his employer's money, and left his penniless wife the burden of supporting two children.

About a year ago she was informed that her husband had been found dead, with his throat cut, on the Belgian frontier near Lille, and her husband's passport and other papers were handed to her.

Soon afterwards M. Courty, a neighbor, asked her to be his wife, and they were married and lived happily together.

While M. Courty was away from home the other day there was a knock at the door. Mme. Courty went to see who was there, and found a pale, thin man, with hair almost white.

Before she could ask what he wanted he fell down on his knees and asked her pardon. In bewilderment the woman asked what there was for pardon, and he then told her that he was Brisset, her husband.

He said that his life with the music hall singer had been most unhappy, and that soon after leaving home he had fallen into the hands of thieves, who robbed him of his last penny. For the last two days he had eaten nothing. Mme. Courty gave him food, and while he was eating related the history of the past two years. When she came to the account of her marriage Brisset gave a convulsive start, and fell dead at her feet.

Mme. Courty, who had unwittingly committed bigamy, will go through the marriage service a second time with M. Courty after they have both attended Brisset's funeral.

BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

Being Turned Into Schools and Prison Reform Methods.

"During a recent visit to Hai Cheng," says General Sammons, "a city of between 20,000 and 30,000 population, located near Liao Yang, on the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Chinese magistrate Mr. Kuan Feng Ho, informed me of his desire for illustrations and price lists giving information regarding the following articles:— Simple mechanical devices for spinning cotton yarn by hand, simple mechanical devices for weaving cotton cloth by hand, hand machines for weaving coarse sacking, simple hand power machinery for weaving coarse silk and machinery for making rope by hand.

"This particular magistrate is one of the most progressive Chinaman I have met in the Orient. He is a disciple of Yuan Shih Kai, the Tien Tsin Viceroy, who is advocating reform methods for China.

"He has turned the two large Buddhist temples and a temple to Confucius, in Hai Cheng, into temples of modern education and modern prison reform methods. The more important temple is the seat of education in Magistrate Kuan's district, which comprises a large part of that section of Manchuria between Mukden and the port of Niuchwang. Two bright Japanese male educators are in charge, and the chief aim is the practical one of preparing native teachers for the schools soon to be established in the entire district."

YOUNG FOLKS

MR. BUSHEL'S HOSPITALITY.

Four brothers by the name of Peck,
(All Mr. Bushel's kin),
As often as one desires it,
Are taken by him in.

Eight sisters, the Misses Gallon,
Wen the four Peck brothers are out,
In Mr. Bushel's quarters,
Have room to move about.

Thirty-two cousins, the Quarts—ah, me!
What will Mr. Bushel do?
Polite and open he smiles and says,
"I'm alone, so there's room for you."

A jingling crowd—the sixty-four Pints,
To shelter them, no fun!
Mr. Bushel laughs, "I'm empty now,
Walk in, come, every one!"

Two hundred and fifty-six baby Gills,
The tiniest friends and shy—
"Can we all come in?" Mr. Bushel replies,
"I can hold you and not half try.

A jolly good fellow to entertain all,
This Mr. Bushel must be!
He takes them only one group at a time—
And each group makes him, you see!

THE LATE PLOVER.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and Uncle John was obliged to drive out to his farm.

"Would you like to come with me, Teddy?" he asked, as the horse was brought round to the door.

"Yes, sir!" Teddy answered, eagerly. "I just guess I would."

The sun was bright, and the country road was green and sweet with delightful odors, and Teddy trotted around in the fields like a young colt. Uncle John was driving along home at a smart trot, when all of a sudden he stopped the horse quickly and cried out:

"Teddy, do you see that?"

And there, right under the pony's feet almost, were a whole family of little plovers.

Teddy was so delighted that he could scarcely speak.

The tiny birds were just as quiet as could be, because their mother had taught them not to make a noise when any danger came near them. But they were dreadfully frightened, for you see they had been nearly run over.

"You may get out, Teddy, and run along the road for a short distance," said Uncle John.

And then Teddy saw that the little plovers were not alone, but that their father and mother were with them. The minute Teddy's feet touched the ground the old birds began to make a fuss. Probably they thought he was a cruel, bad boy that was coming to steal their birdies.

The mother "cheeped" and all her little family followed her into the grass at the roadside, but the father bird ran along in front of Teddy, back and forth, and seemed to want the little boy to play with him.

"Try to catch him, Teddy," he said.

Teddy tried, but found it was not an easy thing to do. It was queer, too, for the plover dragged one wing along in the dust, and seemed to be quite lame, but just as soon as the little boy would get near the bird and think he could put his hand on it, he would find it was a little ahead of him all the time.

He followed it along the road for three or four minutes, Uncle John driving slowly after him, till all of a sudden, when the father plover thought the mother bird had had time to get their wee family through the fence into the field and to hide them safely in the long grass, he rose straight up into the air, and away he flew back to them before Teddy had time to think.

"Wasn't it too bad to fool a boy like that," Uncle John said, as Teddy climbed back into the buggy. "You see the father bird was only pretending he was lame, so you would think you could catch him, and then, while you were chasing him, he knew the mother plover would be hiding the little ones. If you were to go back now you couldn't find them anywhere."

"Oh," said Teddy, "but I wouldn't have hurt them. Why did they want to hide from me?"

"Well, you see," said Uncle John, "they didn't know you had an Aunt Anna, who has taught you to be kind to every living thing."

"That's so," said Teddy, soberly, and he wondered if he would ever know as much as Uncle John did.

INACCESSIBLE FORESTS.

Nearly all of the northern and eastern part of Guatemala is covered with a dense tropical forest, consisting of mahogany, different kinds of cedar, chicle and other hard woods. Along streams down which logs can be floated much of the mahogany has been cut, but as yet very little of the other woods have been marketed. This is especially true of the departments of Peten, Alta Verapaz and Izabal. Most of the forests still belong to the government, and the usual method of securing the timber is by concession, by which a certain number of trees are cut, at a given price per tree, or a stipulated sum is paid for the timber on a given tract. It is not an easy matter to get titles to large tracts of land in Guatemala, as it is discouraged by the government. These concessions are not usually granted for a longer period than five years. Sometimes it is stipulated that if a certain number of trees are cut during that time they must be renewed.