

REVENGE VS. DUTY.

By the Author of "A Lucky Escape," Etc.

"Is he a gentleman?" "No, sir—certainly not. Looks to me such a queer chap that I set James to dust the library, and told him to make the dusting last till I came back. There's a decent-looking young fellow with him, but I don't like the old one, sir."

"Are they in the library, Foster?" "No, sir, in the hall; but James has the door open and an eye on the hall."

"I'll see them in the library at once. I suppose it is a lease, Norman, and they think you must be in it now. Come on, dear boy, and get it over."

As the two visitors were ushered into the library, both Mr. Beauchamp and Norman, who had entered from the dining-room, glanced slightly at the younger man, who bowed and remained standing near the door, and then turned their entire attention upon the very unpleasant-looking individual who advanced into the middle of the room. He neither bowed nor saluted in any way.

"I'm Jim Harvey," he said. "Do you remember me?" "Don't think I ever saw you before," replied Mr. Beauchamp. "Can I do anything for you now?"

"Well see. I'm coming to that. You ought to remember me; I told you not to forget my name. You knocked me down the day before you were married. Do you mind it now?"

"Yes, I remember now. You set your dog on mine and then on me, and you rushed at me to strike me because I protected my dog and myself, and in self defence I knocked you down. I had forgotten the affair long ago."

"I hadn't. I told you I'd be even with you, and I'm even now."

"I am sorry you have borne malice so long for a thing in which you were entirely to blame. If it gives you any pleasure to think you are even with me, you are welcome to do so," and Mr. Beauchamp rose as if to bring the interview to a close.

and riotous—"Hold your tongue!" interrupted Norman again, and crossing the room, he rang the bell sharply. "Send Bob to me at once," he said; and then, turning to Mr. Beauchamp, "I have you and my mother to think of, sir. Pardon my giving an order here!"

"Norman, my dear boy," began Mr. Beauchamp; but at that moment the door opened, and Bob Smith, in his stable attire, stood in the doorway, and, after a glance at his young master, stood glaring at Harvey.

"Bob," said Norman, "I know the weight of your fist; I've felt it in many a boxing match. Now you see that brute—I'll tell you who he is by and by. At present you have to take care of him for me. Carry him off to the stables; lock him in a loose box, if you like; but, if he opens his mouth to speak or tries to escape, just knock him down. Will you?"

"Won't it?" returned Bob, rubbing his large hands together. "Why, I've been itching to do it for the last forty-eight hours. Come along!" he said joyfully. "After all, I believe I'm going to have a treat at the horse pond with you. Come along!"

"Now we have my mother to think of," said Norman. "I mean—oh, forgive me—you know what I mean!" "My poor boy!" said Mr. Beauchamp again.

The stranger stepped hastily forward. "Why not let me go? You love him, and you can not care for me. No one need know—" "That's impossible; but you're an splendid fellow to suggest it. No—no, let me try to set this right. Oh, surely—surely," Norman cried, "my face is not like that man's!"

"No; you're the image of your mother," said the stranger. "Is she safe—really safe?" "Yes; she has been too good to me for me to leave her to him; she is safe."

"I am afraid I have not spoken to you yet as I ought," began Mr. Beauchamp; "but you must understand that just at present—" "I quite understand," said the young man, as Mr. Beauchamp paused. "Please let us now think of yourself and the lady who is my mother. Need she be told?"

"This must be told," said Norman hastily. "All I beg is, let me tell her. Father, will you send down into the village for Nurse Green, and keep out of the way for one hour. Trust me, I would give my life to right this terrible wrong! Give me one hour before you speak."

"Are you going on the river this morning?" "Not yet, mother. The business is not quite over yet, so I am going to have a chat with you and tell you and Eileen a story about a poor fellow who was at the University with me. His name was Field. Let me come and sit here at your feet and tell you."

Norman drew a stool to his little garden among the geraniums. She had seen him approaching, and was watching anxiously, hoping that he would pass. When he stopped in front of her gate, she advanced towards him, her face growing pale.

"Am I wanted, sir?" she asked. "Yes," he said simply. "I'll come at once," she replied; and, two or three minutes later, she came out again, wrapped in her large brown shawl, and with her face framed in an old-fashioned drawn silk bonnet, and seated herself without remark in the pony-carriage opposite to Mr. Beauchamp.

In absolute silence he drove her back to the Manor House. "Come into the library," he said. The old woman looked up at him. "The voice was gentle, perhaps he was not going to send her to prison, after all. She followed him meekly, and, without speaking, took the seat he indicated. Norman and the Colonel had heard them arrive, and went at once to the library.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Beauchamp. "Without thought," he answered Norman. "Mrs. Beauchamp is with her son in my room."

His hand was seized at once in a warm hearty grip that showed him how far the intention of saying a painful thing had been from Mr. Beauchamp's thoughts. "I think all had better come down while we conduct this inquiry," suggested Colonel Gledmore. "It will save going over the matter again."

"Much better so," Norman agreed. "If you will bring Eileen I will go for the others," and he left the room. "When he returned, Eileen was already in the room, but standing in the window, half hidden by the curtain. Mrs. Beauchamp went over to her husband and seated herself beside him. He looked down at her affectionately and laid his hand upon hers, but Colonel Gledmore's voice broke in at once.

"Mrs. Green, we wish to ask you a few questions. And I think it well to say at once that it is of the utmost importance to yourself that you should speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand?"

The old woman inclined her head with- out speaking. "Do you know a man named James Harvey?" "I know Jim Harvey." "Did you ever at any time owe Jim Harvey money?" "Yes—five pounds. He lent it to my son, who went out to Australia, and I was security."

Mr. Beauchamp himself drove into Gloucester to fetch Nurse Green. As he drove down the village street, mechanically returning the salutes of the men he passed, he caught sight of Nurse Green in her little garden among the geraniums. She had seen him approaching, and was watching anxiously, hoping that he would pass. When he stopped in front of her gate, she advanced towards him, her face growing pale.

"Am I wanted, sir?" she asked. "Yes," he said simply. "I'll come at once," she replied; and, two or three minutes later, she came out again, wrapped in her large brown shawl, and with her face framed in an old-fashioned drawn silk bonnet, and seated herself without remark in the pony-carriage opposite to Mr. Beauchamp.

In absolute silence he drove her back to the Manor House. "Come into the library," he said. The old woman looked up at him. "The voice was gentle, perhaps he was not going to send her to prison, after all. She followed him meekly, and, without speaking, took the seat he indicated. Norman and the Colonel had heard them arrive, and went at once to the library.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Beauchamp. "Without thought," he answered Norman. "Mrs. Beauchamp is with her son in my room."

His hand was seized at once in a warm hearty grip that showed him how far the intention of saying a painful thing had been from Mr. Beauchamp's thoughts. "I think all had better come down while we conduct this inquiry," suggested Colonel Gledmore. "It will save going over the matter again."

"Much better so," Norman agreed. "If you will bring Eileen I will go for the others," and he left the room. "When he returned, Eileen was already in the room, but standing in the window, half hidden by the curtain. Mrs. Beauchamp went over to her husband and seated herself beside him. He looked down at her affectionately and laid his hand upon hers, but Colonel Gledmore's voice broke in at once.

"Mrs. Green, we wish to ask you a few questions. And I think it well to say at once that it is of the utmost importance to yourself that you should speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand?"

The old woman inclined her head with- out speaking. "Do you know a man named James Harvey?" "I know Jim Harvey." "Did you ever at any time owe Jim Harvey money?" "Yes—five pounds. He lent it to my son, who went out to Australia, and I was security."

"When did you repay him?" "Never in money." "Do you owe it still then?" "No—her hands were torn, and he took out the money to wash them."

"That is the right thing, no doubt," Colonel Gledmore agreed. "But it is out of the question," said Mr. Beauchamp, speaking at last. "We have Norman to think of; and that would be too painful for him."

"I couldn't bear it—I couldn't bear it!" cried young Beauchamp suddenly. "Why should Norman suffer so? Why need his relationship to that brute be made public? Can you not call your friends together and tell them as much as is necessary for them to know? I would so far prefer it. If I may have any voice in the matter, please spare me the memory that my happiness and good fortune have been purchased at the cost of such pain to him."

"By Jove, you are right, my boy!" cried Colonel Gledmore. "What am I to call you?" "I am called Jack."

"Not James; thank heaven for that!" said Beauchamp. "Thank heaven and a good woman for much more than that. You have a mother you can be honestly proud of, Norman."

"I am very glad—very thankful! You know where she is, Beauchamp?" "Yes, she is safe. We will go to her together as soon as this is settled. If you could only think of some way of doing it without making the whole thing public," he continued, addressing Mr. Beauchamp.

"The whole thing must be made ab- solute," said Norman steadily. "And, if it is best to do it in a court of law, it must be done so. Your son has suffered quite enough. He must be the first consideration."

"It won't add to my happiness to make Jim Harvey a felon," said John Beauchamp; "and, in my opinion, the person to be thought of is the man who is being stripped of everything for me. It will certainly add to Norman's trouble."

"There is one thing that has to be done," said Norman. "We must order food to be sent out to Bob and his prisoner."

"I will see to it," said Eileen; and she left the room. "Where is my mother?" asked Norman, turning to young Beauchamp. "At Hayes Farm, three miles out of Gloucester. She will wait there for me."

in the porch a sweet-faced woman, with prematurely white hair, was standing; and, to Norman's astonishment, Jack took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I've brought you your boy, Mumsie dear," he said as Norman approached, and she turned her startled eyes upon him.

Norman took her from Jack and led her into the house, and Jack walked back to the gate and leaned upon it, whistling softly.

To be Continued.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Mothers! This wonderful remedy will save your child's life when attacked by Croup or Whooping Cough. It never fails to cure throat and lung troubles. Price 25 ct.

NEW SCALE, STYLE AA. BELIEVING that there is always demand for the highest possible degree of excellence in a given manufacture, the Mason & Hamlin Company has been steadfast to its original principle, and has never swerved from its purpose of producing instruments of rare artistic merit.

Mason & Hamlin Co. BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. Payne's Are the Finest Coaches in the Town. Phone 379. 136 Jefferson Avenue.

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL. Principal Office and Yard Telephone 35; 306 Exchange Street. THOS. B. MOONEY Funeral Director, 105 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Furniture Movers. Furniture Moved, Packed and Stored by Sam Coltry Carting Co. Orders taken at Erie office 15 Exchange Street, or at home 8 Thompson Street. Large or small covered spring wagons. Telephone 1412 of City.

N. J. Miller, UNDERTAKER. 90 North St. Phone DR. THOMPSON, DENTIST. 709-711 Chamber Commerce. Grippen Bros. & McNerney UNDERTAKERS And Funeral Furnishers 13 East Ave., Telephone 683.

F. J. Schwalb, COAL, 46 Portland Ave. Phone 770. 4 BUGGY WHEELS \$6.90. TRUSSES, 65c. \$1.25 AND UP.