THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PROP

When Norman and Jack, accompanied by Mrs. Harvey, returned to the Manor House, Mr. Beauchamp and Eileen came out to receive them, and Norman felt his heart give a throb almost of pain as Eileen bent and kissed his mother's pale cheek. Mrs. Beauchamp received the shy little woman cordially and kindly as she would have received an old acquaintance, and Norman felt most deeply thankful that there was no trace-either of patronage or condescension in her manner.

"Will it be painful to you—will you mind coming into the library for a few minutes?" said Mr. Beauchamp. "Colonel Gledmore and I have decided upon the course we shall adopt, and all will be over in a few minutes. If you would rather not be present, of course we can enter into your feelings and will not press you.

"I would wish to do whatever you think would be best for both the boys," Mrs. Harvey replied. "Then in that case I will ask you to

come. * "Let them come to us her; dear," said

Mrs. Beauchamp. "No. I think not: we will come back here and forget it all. It is better so "

Then in the library Mr Beauchamp stood in the centre of the group. On his right were his son Jack and Mrs. Beauchamp, on his left Norman and Mrs. Harvey. Nurse Green sat in a chair in the recess of the window, and Colonel Gledmore, with Eileen's haud on his arm, stood a little on one side.

Bob Smith, in accordance with the instructions he had received, brought in his prisoner, who was evidently making an effort to look as if he were perfectly at his case, and to keep up the defiant swagger of the morning; but the attempt was a pitiful failure. He looked auxions and haggard. It had begun to dawn upon him that crime was a dangerous amusement to indulge in. Bob and the butler were requested to remain.

"I wish you to hear what I have to say to this man," said Mr. Beauchamp, and they stood respectfully waiting and feeling as if they were mounting guard over a wild beast. "Twenty two years ago," he went on sternly, addressing Jim Harvey, "you first set your dog upon mine, and then, when I protected my dog, you set yours upon me, and attacked me yourself; and, because I in self-defence knocked you down, you threatened me that you would be revenged, and you have wasted twenty years of your life in trying to carry out that threat."

"I am even with you at last!" anarled the man, with a final effort at bravado. "Are you? Let us see! You stole my baby boy from me and substituted your own, and for twenty-one years I have loved your son as my own, and I have his steadfast love in return. He has maither love nor respect for you. You, a man possessing great skill in an art by which you could have talsed yourself in every way, financially and socialally, have preferred to be a grovelling drunken ruffian, degrading yourself in the eyes of the good woman who once loved you, and behaving like a brute to a little child who had done you no wrong! You, who might have been a well-to-do skilled artisan, surrounded by home comforts, and rejoicing in the love of wife and child and the happiness of home-what are you-what have you? Nothing-less than nothing! Your vengeance has recoiled upon your own head. For a time you made others suffer, but you are the only sufferer now. Your wife will never look upon your face again. You have lost her forever and all the happiness so good a woman might have brought you, had you been worthy and capable of enjoying it. Your son is lost to you forever. Never willingly will he see you again. And I am the gainer! You have no son and and I have two! My own dear boy Jack restored to me at last through the mercy of Heaven, a son to love and to be proud of, and my dear boy Norman, who is at heart my son and not yours, whose love is be-

stawed upon me, not upon you." As he paused, Mr. Beauchamp held out a hand to each of the young men.

"Your vengeance has fallen upon your own head." he continued. "You are lonely, and outcast, and desolate. Old age is coming upon you, and you have me home ties, no loving hands to tend and care for you. Your punishment is to it the terrors of the law you have out-

raged. Go and seek from Heaven the morey you have never shown to man. " Jim Harvey pussed his hand over his brehead in a dazed manner, and then, firning was going away in silence, when s wife uttered a cry.

It is dreadful! I can't let him go like the Oh, Jim, I'll come with you and do my best for you! You'll try to be a good man now, won't you, Jim?" She laid a pleading hand upon his arm,

and looked up into his face with tearful eres. He looked down at her for one moment, and then, raising his fist, simed blow at the pale troubled face; but Bob struck his arm aside, and Jack sprung upon him like a tiger. Norman had caught his mother's fainting form in has arms, and carried her back to the drawing room, Eileen following.

*Keep off, young maister-keep off! He ain't worth swinging for! Leave 'im to me! Doan't 'es now! He ain't worth

swinging for, I tell 'cel"

Jack loosened his grip on the man's throat. In his blind fury he had nearly thoked him. Jim Harvey's face was already purple and his eyes were staring. Take him away, Bob, for heaven's sake! said Jack hoarsely. "That's the second time! 'venearly killed him. Take him away! Has he fainted ?"

Bo, he's all right—only dazed like.

Ball be all right in a minute. But again, Jun passed his hand over services in a footile way. The effects but he ediani i a far from Figlio. The same of the sa

allowed himself to be led away He sat quietly by the side of Bob's bed

and again proceed his hand slowly over his bead. "I don't like his face, " murmured Bob.

'Look here, just you at stal; I'm a-going for Nurse Green.* At the sound of the name Jim Harvey tried to struggle to his feet, but sank lack faint and exhausted; and Bob

Smith rushed off to the library window, where he found Nurse Green sitting lone. "Come wi' me!" he said. "Chan's face is all drawed a one side. I think he's

Mr Beauchamp came into the room at the moment, and at once desired Nurse Green to go and do what she could, adding that, if the man was ill, a doctor was to be sent for immediately.

Dinner was over-a strange quiet dinner to all who partook of it. The story had spread through the house, and all the servants knew that "our Master Norman wasn't our Master Norman at all," and conjecture was rife as to what the real young master would be like.

"He's as like his father as two pensthat's what he's like!" said Foster curtry; and that comforted them.

And now, as Mrs. Beauchamp and Mrs. Harvey sat in the drawing room. with the lamps shaded and the windows wide open to the calm summer night, Eileen moved restlessly to and fro. Her heart was full of trouble and anxiety. Norman had scarcely glanced at her since the sad disclosure of the morning, and the day had been so weary and so long. Did he think she could not feel for him, or did he suppose that what had happened could make any difference to her? Why, his dog and his horse would love him as dearly as ever, and

At last the o hers came and gathered round the wandow at warch the two la-

could be suppose her less faithful?

"We have been chatting and talking matters over," said Mr. Beauchamp, "and have decided that the best thing will be for Jack and Norman to go abroad together, and we will join them in three months at Cannes or Mentone. Meanwhile we will quietly make the state of affairs known, and, on our return at Christmas-time, a ball can begiven which will introduce Jack. Mrs. Harvey, will you go with the boys or be our guest?" You are very kind; but I should only

be in the way - " "Not with me, certainly: I should be happy to have you," intering a Prise

"Not with me. Murnsiedear." said Jack -"never in the way with me!"

Norman did not speak, but he took the thin toil worn hand in both his own and stroked it gently.

"I want to carry Mrs. Harvey off to Hastings or Eastbourge for a mouth." said Eileen, coming forward "She needs rest and quiet, and it will do her more waited for you to speak. I should have ' After a few days spent in London, durgood to be with me than to race over the Continent with the boys, or to stop here could have called meeting you half way and have society bothers. Don't you until you had spoken. Then I had think so?"

Mrs. Harrey looked up gratefully. "You are very kind, "she and. "It is rest and quiet I want so much. I have grown old so quickly in all these miserable auxious years. Jim would never tell me whether my son was alive or dead. He was ill a year ago, and used to say that, if he died, I should never know; but he declared that he would live a year longer, if he possibly could. Now I have seen my boy, and he has been kind to me. I should have nothing else to wish for if only I knew-" She paused, her lips quivered, the tears came to her eyes, and the four men looked pityingly at the wasted, frail little creature who actually cared and was anxious about the fate of the brute who had wrung her heart al-

most to breaking, who had wrecked her life. and ill-treated her for so many years. "Don't ask to know where he is," said Mr. Beauchamp gently. "I know, and for your sake I promise that he shall not

"Will you boys walk will me as far as the river?" said Eileen. "The moonlight is lovely."

The young men rose at once, and Norman, bringing a fleecy wrap, threw if round Eileen's head and shoulder. "The dew will be heavy," he said.

"You must not take cold." With one hand she drew the soft folds round her chin, and the other she passed within Norman's arm, and, looking down, he saw his ring gleaming on her finger. One short day ago, he would have at once clasped the little hand in his own as it rested there, now, he was in honor bound to refrain. How could hel How darelet me, the son of the macher, the thief, the gaulbird! la her

est condescension she made no differonce in her manner to him; but he knew that now between them was a great gulf, which nothing in Heaven or earth could bridge. Well, there was nothing left to him but his own honor, and she should never complain that he had in any way presumed upon the past; and meanwhile she, seeing that her shy, loving, little advance had been so coldly met, gently withdrew her hand and gathered up her soft trailing skirts as an ostensible ex-

"This path under the larches takes us down to the river," said Eileen. "Let us go; I love the moonlight on the water. We must teach you to row,

cuse for having done so.

Jack. Can you swim?" "I can both row and swim. There was a Mr. Somerset who lodged in our house one summer, and he was kind enough to

teach me." "Somerseti" cried Norman. "Do you know him, Jack? Digby Somerset was

Yes-Digby Somerset. Mumsie-that is Mrs. Harvey—never lost an opportunity that could be turned to account for idea." me. Mr. Somerset was not a man to whom she could offer, as she had done to others, free lodging in return for lessons to me; so s' e told him my story as far as we knew it then, and he has been a very kind true friend to me. I write to

him regularly." "He was my tutor," said Norman. "We will get him to come abroad with us. I shall be so glad to have him again." and stood for a while looking at the

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moonlight on the water.

"it is a beautiful spot." said Jack. "Very," Lileen agreed. "I love this

rince. ' They turned back to the house, and, as they approached it Eileen resolved that would make one more effort. She

passed her hand once more within Norman's arm, and, drawing him close to her, whispered-

"I want to speak to you, Norman;

come to me in the conservatory." Before he could reply, she had withdrawn her hand and was talking to Jack again. When they entered the drawingroom, she handed her wrap, with a smile and a meaning look, to Norman, and, after exchanging a few words on the beauty of the evening with Mrs. Harvey. she strolled away, leaving Jack standing | come ray lover;" and she turned and left by his mother.

In the large dimly-lighted conservatory she found Norman awaiting her, and advanced towards him with a firm step and

outstretched hands. "I have been waiting to speak to you so long, Norman."

"Thank you," he said, taking her hands in his "But I am sure of your sympathy, Eileon. There is no need to speak."

She drew him into the full moonlight and stood before him, her beautiful eyes gleaming, and her soft drapette sl.immering in the radiance. "Of course you are sure of my sympa-

want to speak. Norman, we were to | months the others would come abroad have gone on the river this morning " " \ eq. " he said quietly.

"You had something to tell me Norman; will you tell me now?" "You know I must not," he answered | painf if for both. And then he wondered hoarsely, dropping her hands

"Wity not?" she asked simply. "You know why not, Eileen It is im-

possible. I may never say it now!" "Why not?" she repeated. He looked at her miserably.

"Shall I tell you why not, Norman? It is just simply pride. "Pride." he echoed with a bitter little

laugh. "I have so mu ht be proud of,

have I not?" "Yes," she repeated steadily: "you have much to be proud of, much that I am proud of. But now you are too proud to speak, and I am too proud to be silent. Norman, do you consider me less noble than your dog or your horse?"

He looked at her with wide open, 'miscrable eves

"I don't understand," he said. "You know poor Scamp would crouct at your feet and lick your hand and ome to heel as faithfully as ever; you know Thunderbolt would aich his neck

and whinny at the touch of your hand.' She paused, but Norman covered his eres wit a his hand and did not speak. She drew nearer to him and took his

"Norman, dear, yest aday you could have spoken to me, and I should have their kindness to him. already done all I could. I had accepted your ring and worn it publicly, and, I kissed it, and fell asleep with my cheek resting against it, and dreamed that we is almost awkwardness at times." were on the river together, and you were showing me the plain gold ring you had promised would be the next you bought me; and you told me the river was the stream of life, and we were to float down it together. Do you think I would have very best as soon as this shyness wears said this to you yesterday, Norman?"

"I know you would not!" "I say it now unhesitatingly," she continued. "The pride that keeps you silent makes me speak. Can I be less true to you less loving than your horse or your dog?"

"Oh, Eileen, stop-for heaven's sake stop! You are tempting me frighfully. You know what I meant to say to you this morning on the river. The events of the day prevented it and made it impossible. Ask yourself if I am not in owe it to Mr. B-auchamp and to Colonel Gledmore not to take advantage of my Manor House." past position here and the Linduess they are still showing to me? Would your father ever consent to such a mesalliance as your marriage with me would be? You know he would not He would tell me he wondered at my impertinence and presumption in supposing it possible even for a moment, I am grateful to youmore grateful than I can express; but how could I think of letting you make such a sacrifice? You would be sure to repent it bitterly afterward-"

"If our position had been reversed, would you have thrown me over?" she

eaked, interrupting him. "The case would have been quite different," he replied. "A woman ta es her husband's position. I can not drag you down to mine."

"What will your position be, Nor-

man?" "I can not say. I shall probably be a schoolmaster in a year's time. Now I am going to travel for a while with Jack. I am most anxious to see him fit for the position he is to occupy, and then I shall get Somerset to do something for had happened at the Manor House. nie-recommend me as tutor or classical master in some good school. I shall be able to make enough to keep my mother

in comfort as long as she lives." "A pleasant prospect truly! And what do you suggest to me : a my course?" Eileen said coldly.

"I know you have been moved by pity scious of his surroundings, he sat by the and sympathy to speak and act most generously to-night; but I know also that with time will come reflection, and you was time enough, young Bob Smith came will feel what shipwreck it would have been had your relatives ever consented to the invalid in his powerful arms, carried your acting upon your generous, but him out into the carriage and took him most foolish, impulse. They would never for an hour's drive. consent. They would simply ridicule the

"What am I to do?" the girl asked. to suppose you would saffer. I earnestly she did for him.

hope you will soon forget-"Forget what, Norman?" "This dream of what might have been." "You evidently think me far below your horse and your dog," she returned

"My duty is very hard-very hard," he Now they had reached the river bank, said in a broken voice. "I hope I may and stood for a while looking at the have strength to do it." "Norman, did you ever kiss the face of

The nest r "Do it now," she said, stepping forward and raising her face to his

"(i, E eeu, Eileen!" he cried; and taking her in his arms, he kissed her for the first time, and then at once put her gently away from him. She looked up at him calmly.

"I is we had the only kess I shall ever have from a lover, unless you come back torie. I shall wear your ring ou my left hand until you come and take it off and substitute for it the ring you promused me. If you are willing to sacrifice me to your pride, so be it. When you choose to come, remember I am waiting for you Goodby, my love, until you be-

Chapter VII.

The next morning Norman ro a early and went down for his usual early rami-Lain the park-his last probably, as he honed, if possible, to start with young Beauchamp that very day. They were to go up to London, where Mr Somerset would join them at the Midland Hotel. Then they would go abroad together. It was so much better, Norman thought, that he and Jack should be out of the way while all necessary explanations were made and Mr. Beauchamp himself had undertaken to return the various thy," she said; "but it is not of that I presents to t' r donors. Then in three and he would leave them. Upon that point he was quite decided now. He could not possibly remain where Lileen was; it would be too i. he should see her a ain at a l before he started. Probably not: she would most likely breakfast in her own room. Well, he would go back now and see if he could do anything for Jack; and, turning to the house, he saw Jack standing in the veranda, with Eileen beside him cutting some roses for the vases on the breakfast table.

Norman hesitated a moment. Should he meet or avoid them? The question was settled for him; loth had seen him. Eileen nodded and said "Good morning!" as much in her old frank way as if that scene in the conservatory had never taken place, and then she went on picking her roses, while Jack came to meet Norman.

"If I had known you had been in the park, I would have joined you, " he said; and then they went in to breakfast to-

At elever o'clock the family solicitor was to anive, and would have to see Jack and Norman and Mrs. Harvey. Before his arr, val. Norman called all the servants into the library, and, saying brufly that they all knew now that he had no right to the position he had so long occupied, returned them their gifts, telling them he should never forget all

shrunk from word or look that you ing which Jack declared he had to waste frailer looking than when she had left hours upon tailors and outfitters, the

three men started for Paris. "All Jack wants is a little more colfpossession," said Mr. Somerset to Norwhen the ball was over and I was alone, man, privately. "He is not ignorant and certainly not vulgar, but his shy reserve

"He'll soon get over that fortunately," said Norman; "and that is what I want him to do before he goes to endure the critical scrutiny of English society " "Oh Jack is good enough or the

"He is a splendid fellow; I like him

immensely!" said Norman. " Ie has no unkind feeling toward me." And, later on in the same day, Jack poured out his heart to the same kind

"He is a splendid fellow," he said, referring to Norman, "and does not in the least resent the awful way in which he had been cut out of everything. Why need here at all? Why can he not be

content to keep the name and remain honor bound to be silent now? Do I not with me as my brother? There surely is room enough for both of us at the "I think Norman is right, Jack: but all this must remain until your father joins us. Meanwhile let us get as much

> days that intervene." Christmas had come and gone. The Beauchamps were still abroad, and the Manor House and Gledmore Hall were

both inhabited only by servant Mr. Somerset was in England again. engaged in preparing young gentlemen co pass the examinations for the army and civil service, in which work he was assisted by a grave young tutor, who added to his income by taking some boarders into his house. These boarders declared that it was just like being at

home, thanks to the sweet-faced, gentle little lady, Mr. Harvey's mother, who presided over her son's establishment. Meanwhile Nurse Green lived on at the old cottage near the church—a taciturn woman, avoided by her neighbors. who found that she either knew nothing or would tell nothing of the events that She had no time for gossip, she said, and

"couldn't go out nursing, not if it was

ever so." She had charge of an invalid, a man who had become paralysed through the bursting of a blood-vessel on the brain. Helpless and apparently scarcely conhour together in the window of the cottage, and every day, when the weather with a little basket carriage, and, lifting

It was very good of the Squire, to be sure it was, the gossips said; and Mrs. Green must be well paid for him too, or "It would be a dreadful thought to me she could not afford to buy the things

> At any rate they would find out his name from Bob Smith, and with much caution and circumlocution the subject was approached by the village barber. who had been selected because as the others shrewdiy remarked, "When you've got him thereo' Saturday night, wi' his face all covered wi' la-ather, he carn't get away from yer and pretend he don't hear

"Want to know his name?" said Bob, as soon as a pause in the operation of shaving permitted him to speak. "Law, why couldn't ye ha' said so before? His name's James. Muster James we call him. He used to be a hartist. Not one of them painter chaps, but a sculptor or something in the cutting out line. That's as near as I know the rights of it; and I have heard tell as how he used to get into such tearing rages when his work didn't satisfy him that he busted a bloodvessel. He busted it twice. Fust time was more than a year ago, so the Doctor says, and, if he goes and busts it a third time, it'll take him off sudden. But I don't see that he's likely to bust it again. He can't understand anything, and hasn'. even the sense to say when he's hungry. Want to know any more?-'coz, if you

ing more;" and Bob walked off. So the time passed on uneventfullyat least to Norman and his mother. 1 is days were pleasantly and profitably occu- BELIEVING that there is always demand for the pied, and she was perfectly happy in secing to his comfort and having him sit beside her and hold her hand in both his never swerved from its purpose of producing instanin the evening when his work was over. Letters came constantly from the old & Hamlin Company has received for its products. home-long gossipy ones from Jack, who since its foundation to the present day, words of had stood the trying ordeal well, and greatest con mendation from the world's most illustaken his place among the county people as one of them.

do, you must go and ask the Squire.

Nurse Green and me can't tell you noth-

"Elleen is awfully good to me," he wrote. "Did you know she was en- and Uprights, bold for Cash or Easy Payments, gaged, or did that happen afterwards? I have not seen the man myself yet; but she often talks to me of him, and it is really just like having a sister of my BOSTON. wn. Mr. Gledmore is coming home, and then in December, you know, Eileen comes of age. Her engagement is not to Payne's

be made public until after that day. Indeed sometimes she talks as if no one new of it but myself. Of course I have ot questioned her: I like her to feel that the can trust me, and tell me what she uleases.

And, though Norman had so utterly renounced his own claims to her hand. it hurt him to know that he was alread) SEND ONE DOLLAR forgotten and that another had taken his place. He tried to think it was better so. Why should her life be sacrificed because his ran on such different lines Then came a letter from Mrs. Beau-

champ, written exactly as those addressed to him in the old days had been, beginning, "My darling boy," and signed. "Ever your loving little mother." She asked him to spare Mrs. Harvey to her for a few days, but not to come down "I know you can not get away now.

dear," she wrote, "and we want you at Christmas; but ask Mrs. Harvey to come to me for a week." And so Norman took his mother to

St. Pancras and saw her off on her journey; and, at the end of a fortnight, she returned to him a little paler and him; and at night, when all had retired to rest, she told him of his father's death, and how he had never fully recovered consciousness after that dreadful day when his cruel vengeance so completely recoiled on his own head. She told him of all Mr. Beauchamp's kindness and care to the man who had wronged him, of Nurse Green's weary task, patiently performed as an atonement, or at least an act of penitence, for her share in the evildeed; of Bob Smith's fidelity, and how, when she thanked him, he had said he would have done "more than that for Mister Norman; it was nothing to talk of."

And then she broke down and sobbed in her son's arms, and he comforted her and told her that Heaven was more merciful than man, and there might have been repentance on his father's part and

no power to express it. "So Eileen said," Mrs. Harvey replied. "She sat up three nights with me. When I was tired, she watched while I slept. She was as a daughter to me. They don't wish me to wear mourning, Norman. They say I have you to think of, and I have really been a widow for many, many years."

"I see no need for mourning," Norman replied; "it would not affect our feelings. pleasure and profit as we can out of the We cannot pretend to be grieving, mother. Even to you it must be a relief that the end has come;" and they spoke of the matter no more; but Norman remembered that Eileen had been as a daughter to his mother, and the old wound ached again.

And so the year passed away, and Christmas was approaching. Repeated letters came from the Hall and the Manor House, urging Mrs. Harvey and her son to come and spend the Christmas Crippen Bros. & MCNerney House, urging Mrs. Harvey and her

But Norman still hesitated, and could not decide upon going until Mrs. Beauchamp wrote that, unless they arrived on the morning of the 21st, she would herself travel up to town, if it gave her her death of cold, and fetch them.

"Eileen thinks you very unkind," she continued. "You know the 28th is her pirthday, and, either on that day or shortly after, this mysterious engagement, about which no one but Jack and her father seems to know anything, is to be announced. You must come, dear Norman; both your father and I wish it so much! I am sure your dear mother is willing to bring you down for a while to your loving little mother."

And so it was settled. To be Continued.

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