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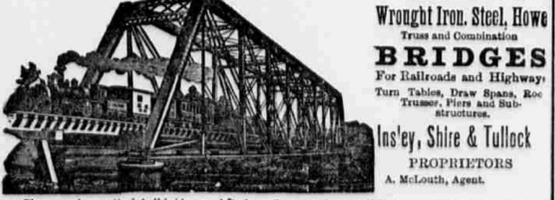
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A FAMILY AFFAIR
 BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days"

When alone with Beatrice, she behaved prettily. She was very fond of him, although the remembrance of the tears, the best, the distracted vows, when contrasted with her second marriage, made her look upon him with a little contempt. She did not know that man is so gregarious a creature that it is not meet for him to live alone. She heard his remarks in silence, then gave him her opinion on the matter.

"I don't want to be a nuisance to you, papa. I am eighteen now—to do to go back to school. It's nonsense, of course, to say I should like to earn my own living, because when I come of age I shall have some money. May I go and live at Fairholme?"
 Fairholme was Sir Maingay's seldom-used seat in one of the southern counties.
 "But you can't live there alone," he said.
 "Yes, I could. Mrs. Williams could take care of me. I shall be happy enough."
 "My dear girl, why not be reasonable and make friends with Lady Clauson? Then we could all go abroad together."
 Lady Clauson, who was by no means a fool, had by this time found out that she needed something more than mere good looking to go down, or go up, in the society her heart longed for. She had, therefore, made up her mind to become a traveled woman, and had arranged that Sir Maingay should take her to a variety of foreign countries. The proposed tour was to be an affair of years, and Lady Clauson had a dim idea of writing, or of getting some one else to write a book, describing the well-worn pathways she meant to tread. She hoped to take the world by storm as a literary woman. "I can't go abroad with you," said Beatrice, "I shall be miserable myself and make you miserable."
 "But if you stay in England you must be presented and come out and all that sort of thing."
 "If ever I do get married," said Beatrice dryly, "I will be presented as Lady Clauson was on my marriage."
 Sir Maingay's cheek reddened. He was much hurt by the sarcasm. Poor old King Lear found a fitting simile for an ungrateful child, but the shrewd and sensible Lady Clauson was more patient than a whole jawful of serpents' teeth. He did not reply; but the worthy baronet was at his wife's end. What could he do with this girl? He had very few relations—he cared for none of them. Old Mr. Talbert, of Hazelwood House, was a confirmed invalid; Horace and Herbert were men without homes or wives. Sir Maingay was willing enough that Beatrice should remain in England. He had suffered much during the last few months from the dissensions of his wife and daughter. But where to bestow Beatrice?

At last he remembered an aunt of his own who lived in quiet retirement in one of the suburbs of London. It was of course absurd for Beatrice to think of residing at Fairholme in a half-closed house with a housekeeper and one or two servants. So it was arranged that her great-aunt should take her while Sir Maingay and Lady Clauson were on the Continent. So to Mrs. Erskine she went, and as that lady was very old, very deaf and very company, it may be presumed that Miss Clauson had scarcely a merry time of it during her father's absence—an absence which from one reason or another lasted quite four years.

"The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up that night. No matter, no telegram came. The curate had his friends good night and walked back to his lodgings in the village, thinking what a charming picture Miss Clauson with the child in her arms made. Poor Mr. Mordele! He had only known Beatrice a week, and was already beginning to dream a foolish dream.
 The brothers continued sitting one on either side of the fire. They were not early-to-bed people. Now that they were alone they said little more about the arrival. For three hours they sat in the parlour, even the postscript of a story which might account for the child's appearance among them, so the subject was threadbare, and they sat in silence trying to invent fresh causes. Suddenly a most curious and startling suspicion crossed the mind of Herbert's mind—a suspicion which now and again made him glance at his brother. Could Herbert by any chance know all about the matter? He had certainly seemed greatly taken with the little boy. Horace remembered how much he had liked the child, and made himself with Herbert. How, when he, Horace, came out of the drawing-room with Beatrice, he had found Herbert stroking and patting the little head. Could there be romantic passages in Herbert's life about which he knew nothing? He post-pushed the thought; but it came again and again.
 Just after 1 o'clock, and when the brothers were thinking of retiring, to their great surprise Beatrice reappeared. She was in dainty dressing gown and slippers. After waiting until Mr. Mordele must certainly have gone she had come down—of course to hear if any news had arrived. Uncle Horace, with his eyes fixed on Herbert, expressed his conviction that no news was meant to arrive. Beatrice looked cunningly into the fire. Her head was bent forward, her hands clasped round one of her uncles. She made a pretty, almost classical-looking picture, no doubt duly approved of by those men of taste, her uncles.
 "Then what will you do?" she asked, at last.
 "We will wait until to-morrow, or the day after; then put the matter into the hands of the police," said Horace decisively.
 Herbert said nothing, so his brother's suspicions increased. He rose as if to say good night. She stood for awhile on the rug; apparently intently interested in a series of ivory circles which she was describing with the point of one slipper. Presently she looked up with a flushed cheek and spoke in a quick hurried way.
 "If nobody comes for the boy would you mind my keeping him?"

She was now nearly twenty-three. Having when she came of age succeeded to her late mother's third of old Talbert's possessions, she was independent both by age and by income. She was willing to live at Hazelwood House, if her uncles would take her. If not, she resolved to start an establishment for her own. She was still in her former anomalous position—a baronet's daughter who had never made a proper entrance into society. As Lady Clauson said, she must have been a wrong-minded young woman, as this omission seemed to trouble her very little.
 The Talberts who liked the little they had seen of their niece went into solemn conclave on the request. They decided, in the event of Sir Maingay giving his consent—that point they were most exacting in the matter—on them. Sir Maingay raised no objections, as Lady Clauson came to Hazelwood House, where since her arrival, about a week ago, she had lived in a state of amused wonder at the amiable peculiarities of the "Tabbies" gradually revealed themselves to her.
 She had, of course, intended to make herself useful to her uncles. It may have been the want of some occupation other than study which made her turn her eyes to Hazelwood House and the two invalids. She was no longer a schoolgirl, so at once broadly hinted that she was willing to regulate their household matters. The silent horror with which the proposal was received told her at once that her plans were to be a nuisance. She saw that her uncles would on no account dream of intrusting their resources into domestic economy to any hands save their own, and the sur-

passing capability of those hands was deeply impressed upon her when, the day after her arrival, she found Uncle Horace bending over the maid who did the pin sewing, and in the patient and gravest way teaching her the most approved fashion of handling a needle and thread.
 After having lived at Hazelwood House for a week Miss Clauson must have been ready to welcome any event of interest. It is no wonder that when Horace Talbert, at Mr. Mordele's suggestion, walked into the drawing room and told his niece what had happened, her curiosity and excitement rose to a high pitch.
 "Is it a pretty child?" she asked.
 "Wonderfully so. Mordele and Herbert are getting it like a cup of sugar."
 Beatrice did not at once see for herself. "What do you mean to do about it, uncle Horace?" she asked.
 "I don't know. I suppose we must keep it till to-morrow and see if the mystery is explained. You had better come out and give your advice."
 Beatrice walked into the hall. The child had made great progress during Horace's absence. The curate was tickling him and making him laugh. Herbert was stroking his hair and quite a pattern was visible. Even the respectable Whittaker was smiling pleasantly.
 "What a dear little man!" exclaimed Beatrice, as she walked to the table and looked at the sturdy urchin.
 "Since the first time the child had seen since he left his friends at the refreshment room. Maid servants, with the curiosity of their sex and kind, had peeped surreptitiously over the balustrade, but had not attracted notice. At such a tender age as his, woman is a child's natural protector. He at once quitted his stalwart friends and ran across the table to the fair girl, who smiled and opened her arms. The little man darted into them, and with a chirrup of delight laid his head on the girl's shoulder and cooed perfectly happy and at rest. He was so pretty that no woman could have refrained from caressing him. Miss Clauson kissed him again and again, then, like every one who came near him, fell to stroking his golden locks and twining them round her fingers. The child's eyes began to close under her soft and soothing touches.
 "He must go to bed," said Beatrice, decisively.
 "He had better sleep?"
 "Jane has a most comfortable bed," said Herbert.
 Jane was the parlor-maid, but Herbert in his housewifely capacity knew the quality of every chair in the house, even the quality of the bedding on each. Mr. Mordele turned away. He was afraid of disgracing himself by a burst of ill-timed mirth.
 "No, no," exclaimed Beatrice; "he shall sleep here. Look at him, uncle Horace; see how he looks!"
 "He's a pretty little boy; but we don't know where he comes from, my dear. I hardly think you ought to take a strange infant to sleep with you."

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She clasped her hands. "Oh, Uncle Horace!" she said, "I have had such a dreary existence since I was seventeen. I have nothing to do—nothing to live or care for. I could be so happy with that dear child to look after. Come up and see him sleeping. He is the sweetest baby!"
 "Such nonsense, Beatrice!" Uncle Horace set himself into his chair and showed by the action that a legion of sleeping babies would not induce him to go and look at their snoring forms.
 "Then you come, Uncle Herbert. He is a prettier sight than any of your old masters."
 Herbert gave his quiet smile. He was of an earnest stuff than Horace—that is, if either of the Talberts could be called stern. He suffered Beatrice to lead him to her room, and he followed her to her chamber. He had not the little stranger, then, with his niece, returned to Horace. After this manifestation of weakness Horace's unworthy suspicion was all but certain.
 "You will let me keep him!" pleaded Beatrice. "I am sure you will."
 Horace made no reply to her unreasonable request. In their usual dignified manner the two gentlemen made their preparations for shutting up. Beatrice went back to her room.
 "She grows very, very impulsive," sighed Horace. This time Herbert said nothing. As he got into bed Horace Talbert told himself that Herbert knew all the key, he also told himself that no power on earth should induce him to tax Herbert with this knowledge. A man's private affairs were his own property; he himself had laid down this dogma and must now stick to it; the more so because on a former occasion he had broken with Herbert for six years because the latter had infringed on this rule.

CHAPTER V.
 MR. MORDELE MAKES A BASH PROMISE.
 The next morning the Talberts did an unusual thing; they broke one of their rules by opening their letters before breakfast. They had a time and a place for everything, and their time for reading their correspondence was with their second cups of tea. But so anxious were they to see if their letters contained anything explanatory of last night's occurrence, that the seals were broken at once. They found a couple of invitations to dinner, receipts for payments made two posts ago, the usual amount of circulars, and a very nice mass of business notes, but not one of the child. Then the kettle was brought, and Herbert set about making the tea. Under some unwritten code of division of labor or honor, the younger brother always presided at the breakfast table.
 Presently Miss Clauson heard her appearance with the child on her arm. She had

Miss Clauson made her appearance with the child on her arm. She had washed him and dressed him, combed his hair into a wavy mass of lustrous gold, and so brought him to the breakfast table fresh and sweet as a rose in June. She placed him on a chair beside her, by the aid of sundry cushions raised him up to a proper level. Having adjusted him to her satisfaction, she ordered bread and milk to be prepared.
 The Talberts made no objection to Beatrice's proceedings, although they fancied the child would have been sent to breakfast with the servants. Being anxious to see him by daylight, they were not to be kept at bay, and once more minutely inspected their sturdy little visitor. Even Uncle Horace nodded approval of his bonny looks and fearless bearing, whilst Herbert joined Beatrice in petting him.
 The child seemed happy enough in his new quarters. It is indeed a sad thing to remark how soon a child forgets its mother. He cries because he misses warmth, food or comfort—not on account of the absence of the being who has lavished oceans of love upon him.
 This particular baby, having been so cruelly deserted, may perhaps be excused for making the best of his changed circumstances and looking merrily upon the world upon so to do; but other babies cannot be absolved from the sin of callous indifference and non-recognition of love.
 Beatrice having ascertained that no news had arrived, said nothing about her own startling suggestion of last night. Perhaps she saw that the bright, saucy child interested and amused her uncles; so, with the diplomatic gifts natural to her sex, judged it better to let the matter rest for a while. As soon as breakfast was over she led the child away, and spent the remainder of the day playing with and petting him to her heart's content. It really seemed as if Miss Clauson had found a new interest in life.
 And, to tell the truth, she was a young woman who appeared to want something to amuse her. She was now, at the age of twenty-two, very different from the girl who so lately threw down the glove to her step-mother. Her quietness and unobtrusive manner of which the Talberts so much approved, seemed scarcely natural to a girl with beauty, rank and riches. For, indeed, she was beautiful. If her face showed no color, her healthy pallor was more attractive to a highly-minded man than all the rose cheeks that ever existed. Her brown hair grew in great masses, and lay down on her well-shaped forehead. Her eyes were gray—a strange, wonderful gray—so deep in shade that most people would have called her dark-eyed. Her features were perfectly beautiful. Her face was oval. Her lips were just full enough to make her pathetic demeanor seem inconsistent with the dogmas of physiognomy.
 Beatrice Clauson was, in fact, a feminine, toned-down edition of the Talberts. The characteristics which were with them exaggerated, with her were reproduced in exactly the right proportions. Their faces were elongated ovals—her face was a proper oval. Their noses were straight, but too long—her nose was straight, and just long enough. They were, if anything, too tall—she was only tall enough to be called a fine girl. Miss Clauson's personal appearance was a living proof of how fitting had been the alliance between Sir Maingay Clauson and old Talbert's daughter. The first Lady Clauson had been the counterpart of her brothers. Sir Maingay was short, round faced and rather round bodied. With Beatrice, the blemishes which had detracted from her parents' good looks reappeared as before.

Moreover, she had that air of distinction upon the possession of which the Talberts not unjustly prided themselves. They were glad to think it came to her from their side of the family—her father, the baronet, being like himself, a lover of the high life. It was a very ordinary-looking man. Ten to one, if you go to the charity ball or other mixed assembly, upon asking the names of the most distinguished-looking men you will find their names. I never inquire how it is so difficult to tell that the noble-presence man who smiles so condescendingly is Mr. Smith, whilst that other insignificant-looking being is Lord John or the Duke of that. It is upon one's cherished ideal as to what the aristocracy should be.
 Beatrice Clauson, then, was very fair to look, and had what silly people call thorough-

bred look. Fond as those amiable men, her uncles, were of the girl, she was doubly dear to them because that look was undoubtedly owing to the Talbert strain of blood in her veins.
 This morning she threw books, music, painting, everything aside, and played with her new toy. It was Saturday. The "Tabbies," who invariably went shopping together, were bound to Blacktown to buy groceries. Before starting, Herbert found his way to Beatrice, and asked her if she had any commissions to be executed in the city. He discovered her with flushed face and ruffled hair romping with the child. He watched them with amusement; then, going upstairs, found after a little search in one of the attics, some antiquated, battered toys, which five and thirty years ago had been dear to Horace and himself. He carried them down stairs, and Beatrice thanked him for the kindly thought and act.
 When, in a few hours' time, the brothers drove back with a wagonette full of tea, coffee, sugar, yellow soap, house flannel, Bath stone, emery paper, or whatever else was needed to make the wheels of household management run smoothly, they found Beatrice still engrossed by her charge. They did not say much to her. Saturday was too busy a day to think of anything save the affairs of the house, and so many previous minutes had been wasted in making inquiries at Blacktown station, the brothers were hardly pressed for time—so hardly pressed that when, about four o'clock, the curate called, they sent their apologies by Whittaker, and left their visitor to be entertained by Miss Clauson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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