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A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Then in a quiet, methodical manner they went to work and dusted all the Oriental china in a large cabinet on the first landing. They

were fond of Oriental china, which they con-sidered the aristocrat of ceramics. It is of course a proud position for a man to hold when he feels he can defy the scandal of a place like Oakbury, but nevertheless Horace Talbert was much annoyed, and as weekafter week went by this annoyance increased. He such a convenient vehicle for getting from one thought that Herbert should have spoken to end of the parish to another, did a bold thing. him. He had waived his objections to keeping the child at Hazlewood House, and now that the matter was settled Herbert ought to have told him everything. Faithful to his creed of non-interference he said or showed nothing of his state of mind until the great June audit came round.

The great June audit was this: We have seen how exactly just the brothers were towards one another in the matter of pounds, shillings and pence, so it will be easily understood that the accounts were kept with the most clerkly correctness. Horace was the paymaster, and every item of expenditure was duly entered in an account book—his long, elegant handwriting looking quite out of place when used for such base purposes. If the accounts were not kept by the Italian system of double entry, they were couched in a form which was perfectly intelligible. After all, there must have been a strong strain of trading blood in the Talberts. If one of them kept a horse more than the other it was charged to his account. If one was ill, and a doctor's bill came in consequence, he was debited with the amount. 'radesmen's accounts were dissected and charged off to the proper parties, and as soon as possible after the 30th of June Horace prepared an elaborate statement of affairs, which the two men checked through, signed, and settled up, whatever amount was due from one to the other. Nothing could have been

fairer.
But this year, when the accounts were submitted to his inspection, Herbert Talbert opened his eyes in astonishment at one item with which he was charged. "I don't understand this," he said, laying his finger on one amount which stood against him. Horace, without looking, knew what it was. He had weighed the matter carefully before he made that particular entry.
"I think I have charged it as low as in jus-

tice I could," he said. "But why is it charged at alif" asked Herbert, raising his eyebrows.



"But why was it charged at all?" Now the entry was: Wages of nurse, six months, £9 10s, Cd.; estimated keep of nurse and child for six months, say £27 16s. 0d.;

"I thought," said Horace, slowly-"in fact our manner at various times gave me to unlerstand—that it was right and just I should make this entry."

Herbert's face grew red. He was as nearly in a rage as he had ever been in his life. Yet he answered not in words. He took a quill pen and drew a thick ink line through the entry, thereby giving Horace a morning's work in re-copying his elaborate statement and altering the totals.

Nothing more was said. Herbert's manner of denial was mere emphatic than words. His brother knew that he would never have disputed a sixpense which he was justly liable to pay. Horace did not apologize for his sus-picion; he felt that having allowed Herbert to blot and mutilate his fair balance sheet without a word of protest was more than enough compensation, and no doubt Herbert thought the same, for peace was restored, and the matter never again mentioned.

The consequence was that, after the June audit, even Horace was unable to frame any theory to account for the way in which the boy had appeared among them. He felt, moreover, he had been rather taken in—that his consent to the child's remaining had been won under false pretences, or, rather, because he had deceived hinself. However, it was now too late to alter the course of events, and, to tell the truth, Horaco Talbert, in his own grave, solemn way, petted the child almost as much as Beatrice did. About this time the Rev. Sylvanus Mordle

made a great resolve. Months ago he had come to the conclusion that Miss Clauson's gray eyes and classical face had wrought have with his heart. The M. B. waistcoat, vhich covered it-Sylvanus was orthodox at least in his attire—might have been of wet tissue paper for the little protection it had afforded him. He had not until now met the woman he wished to make his wife, although his single state was in no wise due to any views as to the peculiar fitness of celibacy for the priesthood. Such inequitous doctrines he scouted, as they deserve to be scouted, by all who owe anything to the flerce, brave, vulgar, cearse and truly human reformer who boldly asserted that comforts of married life were not superfluous luxuries. After Miss Clauson had been at Hazlewood House for a month, the curate knew that a crisis in his fate was approaching. He slapped himself heartily on his broad chest, and told the Rev. Sylvanus Mordle that here at last was the one maid for

This, so far as it went, was eminently satsfactory. Unluckily, or luckily, there are two parties to every bargain, two sides to every hedge, and the curate felt that the hedge between himself and Miss Clauson was a high one.

Nevertheless, like a bold man, he went to work to climb it or break through it. It was, indeed, high time he took some action in the matter. Under the present circumtances, he found his enforced habit of appearing cheerful to all, even himself, becoming a great strain upon his resources. There were times when he felt tempted to seek some secluded corner of his parish and sigh dole fully beneath its famous caks. Times when, in his own words, he felt inclined to go out and bay the moon, or generally do what is

consoling to unsettled lovers. All this and more, for the sake of Beatrice Clauson's gray eyes, brown hair and straight profile! The Rev. Sylvanus was, indeed, in a bad way, and knew he should not be his own man again until his love was crowned, or kicked into the gutter.

So one Sunday evening he preached a crisp exhilarating, detonating sermon, in which he showed his parishioners how right it was that man should choose a helpmeet. He preached it really to encourage himself, but its imme-diate effect upon his flock was that on the next Sunday the banns of marriage between no less than three couples were called; so it must have been a most convincing discourse, On the Monday he mounted his tricycle

and, after going his parechial round, drove or propelled himself on tremuleus wheels to Hazlewood House.

cular legs, and sending himself along at the rate of ten miles an hour, was an upheaval of all traditions. Only his popularity saved him. Indeed, old Mrs. Fierrepont, a parishtense in a gluenia give a factor of the content of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the content of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a factor of the lane without teners in a gluenia give a gi ioner in a chronic state of aggrievedness, wrote to the bishop on the subject. She called it a "bicycle machine," not exaggerating, but diminishing, so far as wheels went.

The bishop was startled. A curate careering about the caught a glimpse Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days." the rector of Oakbury on the subject, and the Nevertheless he mounted his metal steed bravely and sped away. as he, the rector, was concerned, his curate might have flown about on a broomstick if

> Knowing that the bishop was staying at a country house some twenty-five miles away, he threw himself early one morning into the saddle or the seat, and used his nether limbs.
>
> This is not a romance. to such purpose that just before lunch time his card was sent in to his lordship, and in ten minutes the bishop was gravely inspecting what Mrs. Pierrepont, when speaking to her friends, called a diabelical machine.

> For some minutes the bishop stood on the doorsteps, weighing the innocence or guilt of the inanimate creature at his feet, Sylvanus nurse girl whose amorous tendencies sent such the inanimate creature at his feet, Sylvanus the while pleading its cause with his usual a thrill through Hazlewood House, continued brisk vehemence and jerky dexterity. He to give the greatest satisfaction. She was a expatiated on the size of his parish, and on the wonderful assistance he derived from this when new, may continue to do so after the modern invention for getting quickly over the ground. He showed his lordship the convenient little bag attached to the back, in dust as it swept. which he carried his books of devotion, or, action of the machine, and so raised the epis chin told of a certain force of character, the gentlemen who were gazing through the drawing-room windows, in a quiet, dignified, leisurely way, as behooves a bishop, actually propelled his sacred self down the gravel path and up again, with no further damage than cutting up the edges of his host's lawn and knocking a couple of stones out of a rockery. The tricycle triumphed! Although the bishop did not subject a guloristic notice of it in the study of the face would have said that this woman possessed a highly nervous temperament—that her quiet was but the result of years of self-control, that had she lacked that strong mouth and chin, Mrs. Miller's true nature would have shown itself at every hour of the day.
>
> She was thin, and in the dark gowns which the investigation of the day work. did not embody a culogistic notice of it in his next charge to his clergy, he has been To men she presented few attractions. The

> and were able to accompany each other to have dared to put his arm round Mrs. Miller's sombre waist.

The "Tabbies" had driven into Blacktown; The "Tabbies" had driven into Blacktown; liked her, the boy liked her, and, above all, but Miss Clauson was in the back garden. Whittaker liked her. This last was an im-Sylvanus pulled his tricycle aside, so that it should be out of the way of other callers, then went to meet what fate had in store for them. crossed the lawn. He had really very little hope; but he felt he must make his confession before he struck his flag alternation. before he struck his flag altogether.

have given all he possessed to have seen her eyes drop shyly—to have noticed a blush rise to her cool, white check. Mrs. Miller, the mind. For theology he read good old-fash-

several of which were scattered about, and sat beside Beatrice. They talked for a while "I wish to say a few words to you alone, Miss Clauson. Will you walk into the house Miller's orthodoxy.

or the other garden with me?" nurse to take the child indoors. She kissed the little man tenderly as he was led away.

turned her clear gray eyes upon him as one thusiast. But he had in fact struck the fire who waited for a promised communication. He knew all was lost—or rather nothing had She forget all about her errand, and entered He knew all was lost—or rather nothing had been his to lose. But he went on to the bit into religious discussion in a way that took ter end.



'I have come to-day to ask you if you could love me?"

She did not answer. He funcied he heard her sigh; yet that sigh gave him no hope,
"That I love you, I need not say. You
must have seen that. In my own clumsy fashion I must have shown it.

"I feared it was so," said Beatrice, dreamily.
"Yes, it was, always will be so. Even as I speak, I speak with little hope; but, at least you will hear and believe I love you."

His voice was so deep and earnest she scarcely recognized it. He looked at her. Her lashes were cast down and tears were forcing their way through them. "Will you answer me?" he said, tenderly apological for her excitement, which she "I do not insult you by speaking of wenlt! hoped Mr. Whittaker would forget. Then or rank in the world. If you loved a mar she left him.

you would care little for that. You would marry the man you loved in spite of all the She shivered. Her mouth worked pitcously

Her accent left no doubt as to the genuine ness of her regret. Had she wronged him to religious subjects. This may seem presump the greatest extent, it could not have been

So like a man he took his answer. He rose His face was pale, but then a man's face is so far as color goes, beyond his control. Bu his manner and words were his own bond-"We can still be friends?" he jerked ou

in a very good imitation of his usual brisk "If you wish it," said Beatrice, quietly almost humbly, "Of course I wish it. By-the-by, will you

wish me a pleasant holiday? I am going away next week. France, Switzerland, the Rhine—all the rest of it." Beatrice laid her hand on his arm, "Don't please, speak like that; you make me miser

"Miserabler" feel unhappy when she finds she cannot accept the love of a good man like yourself i Do you think she believes he goes from her sidand forgets all that has happened i I den't think I am to blame, Mr. Mordle, but anyway I feel miserable.

blame, I was fool. Never mind, I am a man also. I really was going away next week, unless—well, never mind what. Whet I come back, if I am not cured of my folly.

remembering his tricycle, and was compelled to retrace his steps in order to recover the

By the unwritten canons of art, it seems to me that a rejected suitor is expected, if a by so doing he kept the bother of the parist off his superior's hands.

Mr. Mordle, who was unable to see that his ordination vows debarred him from using such a convenient vehicle for getting from one and of the rarish to another, did a bold thing. realms of tragedy. But in real life the two

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MILLER TAKES A HOLIDAY. Mrs. Miller, the respectable, middle-aged widow who had, in spite of her lask of properly authenticated service-testimonials,

She was a pale-faced woman with strongly marked features. The nose was aquiline, the which he carried his books of devotion, or, when occasion needed, some small creature comfort for the aged sick. He explained the checks thin, almost hollow; the mouth and action of the machine, and so raised the epis-copal curiosity that an unheard of thing occurred. His lordship, gaiters and all, gravely installed himself in the seat, and, to the unutterable delight of several ladies and gentlemen who were gazing through the description with property of the face would have said that the study of the face would have said that

known on several occasions to recommend its under gardener who had been reprimanded, use in outlying districts.

but not dismissed, found the change of nurser use in outlying districts.

Like many other useful innovations, Sylvanus and his tricycle lived down prejudice, doubt if the most forward man servant would But her masters liked her, Miss Clauson

neither by word nor action ridiculed his masters—the crime common to nearly all the It was a warm July afternoon. Beatrice, masters—the crime common to nearly all the in a dainty white dress, looked deliciously retainers of Hazlewood House. The only cool as she sat reading in the shade of a syca-fault which Whittaker could find with Mrs. more tree. She smiled pleasantly when she aw her visitor approaching. Sylvanus would ments. For Whittaker was an intelligent man

nurse, sat with the little boy on her lap some ioned, one-sided works which proved beyond doubt that through the porch of the parish After the first greeting, Sylvanus fetched church lay the only road to Heaven. Every one of those comfortable, carpet-sented chairs, one knows that it is delightful to give a new-comer the benefit of one's own religiou tenets-to point out where one is right and on ordinary subjects; then, like a man, the curate resolved to come to the point. the other wrong. It was but natural that in a kindly, paternal way Whittaker should take an early opportunity of ascertaining Mrs He did this in the butler's pantry, whither

She looked surprised, perhaps troubled, she had one day come on some errand. It "We can speak here," she said, telling the was on a Monday, and Whittaker began by she had one day come on some errand. It commenting on Mr. Mordle's sermon of the ittle man tenderly as he was led away.
"You are very fond of the child," said Sylstorm his words would raise—how by shear accident he had stumbled on a way of turn-"Very, very fond of him." Then she ing this calm-looking woman into a wild en

er end.
"Miss Clauson—Beatrice," he said.
"I the male disputant's breath from him. She talked about selection and predestination have come to-day to ask you if you could love the utter inefficacy of works or faith to saveshe pounded him with terrible texts which cut off the hope of mercy from all save the elect, until poor old Whittaker fairly gasped. His one-sided studies furnished no weapons with which to meet her vehement attack, All he could do was to shake his head pityingly and sigh for the state of her mind. In this he was little different from many reputed teachers of men.



She pounded him with terrible texts until Whittoker fairly gasped. Suddenly, as if remembering where she was, Mrs. Miller grew calm, but evidently by a great effort of self-control. She ever

In his responsible position his first thought was that his masters ought to be informed of the heterodox views held by the nurse, But For a second a wild, joyful thought rar in spite of all, went to church as regularly as through the wooer's mind—for a second only "Do I judge you rightly?" he asked.

"I think so—but, oh, Mr. Mordle, I am so Mr. Mordle as the latter was one day walking into the town, he, with all respect, told him what strange ideas Mrs. Miller held on tion on Whittaker's part, but the truth is, that the dream of his life was, that had not fate made him a butler he might have been a clergyman. And a very imposing one he would doubtless have made. "Ah!" said Mordle, "Calvinism-dreary

religion—most dismal and dreary of all."
The curate was rather short with Whittaker. He thought the old servant rather a nuisance and somewhat of a prig. "Will you see her and talk to her, sir! asked Whittaker, respectfully. "No-Calvinists ere incurable. But to

please you, Whittaker, I'll preach at her some Sunday." It may be presumed that Mrs. Miller did

vinflict her Calvinism upon Beatrice, as or latter seemed to find the new nurse per-fertly snited to her duties. It was clear that Mrs. Miller had become strangely attached "Yes. Do you think a woman does not to her young mistress. Nothing seemed to sel unhappy when she finds she cannot ac give her such pleasure as performing any small personal service which Miss Clauson required. When Beatrice passed her, the wo-man's dark eyes followed her with an expression of almost dog-like affection. On her part Beatrice treated the nurse with a con-sideration not always shown by the most amiable toward their servants. gurly said among the household that Mrs. Miller, quiet as she was, had managed to get the length of Miss Clauson's foot.

Hazlewood House.

Sylvanus on his tricycle was a lovely sight, but one which, upon its first introduction, filled Oakbury with constantation. To see a clergyman, in a long black coat and broad-brimmed hat working vigorously with must be bad not borne himself amiss. To Miss Clautius or not, things at Hazlewood House ran on smoothly. Ferhaps it was the perfect order by which the gear worked that induced the nurse to take a day's holiday.

It was the day after Mr. Mordle had made Whether Mrs Miller was unduly favored smoothly. Perhaps it was the perfect order to the try which the gear worked that induced the

pottering about the gardens, saw the bright-haired boy going out in charge of the parlor maid. This was an infraction of rules which could not be overlooked. They demanded the

cause, and were told that Mrs. Miller had gone for a day's holiday, Of course the brothers said no more; but, apon seeing Bentrice, they mentioned the mat-

ter to her, "Yes," she said, "I told her she might go for the day," The Talberts were too polite to blame Beatrice in words, but a slight elevation of four eyebrows showed their owners' discontent Seatrice, in giving a servant a holiday, ad

taken a liberty.
"Where has she gone?" asked Herbert, who liked to know that his servants were spending their time properly.
"To London, I suppose," sail Beatrice

Now the way in which Mrs. Miller epent her holiday was as follows:

She rose at an early hour and walked from Hazlewood House to the cross roads. Here she waited until the lumbering, old-fashione bus came in sight. She took a sent in it, and was in due time deposited at the Blacktown station. At Blacktown she took the train to Weymouth, which fashionable watering place she reached about 11 o'clock.

It was, however, clear that she had no come here to enjoy a day at the seaside. Instead of going at once to the gay esplanade. she sought the shades of the general waiting room-here she remained an hour TO BE CONTINUED.

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