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A. J. TULLOCK, Eng. and Supt. G. P. N. SADDLER, Asst. Eng. H. W. DIAMOND, Asst. Eng. Missouri Valley Bridge and Iron Works, OFFICE AND WORKS LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

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GREEN & BURKE, LIVESTOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS UNION STOCK YARDS. Omaha, Neb.

A FATHER'S AFFAIR BY HUGH CONWAY, Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CHAPTER XV--CONTINUED. The gig in question was driven by a man who dismounted and helped to the ground a woman with a good-looking looking shiny face, and who was dressed in refreshingly bright colors. One of them rang the bell sturdily, and after a brief interval the dignified Whittaker condescended to open the door. The man asked if the Messrs. Talbert were in. This collective title jarred upon Whittaker, who had been in the family long enough to remember the time when Messrs. Talbert and Co. was a well-known firm of address. He replied that Mr. Talbert and Mr. Herbert were in, but at present engaged.

"We will wait until they can see us," said the man. So Whittaker let them come into the house. They wiped their feet on the matting so carefully and thoroughly that all doubts as to their being persons of any importance were at once set at rest. Whittaker felt he was quite right in offering them chairs in the hall. They were too respectable to be ushered into the drawing-room. "What name shall I say?" he asked. "We are strangers," said the man. "You can say we have called on private and confidential business."

"You had better give me your name," said Whittaker. "Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings," answered the woman. So Whittaker went up stairs, found his masters, and told them that a Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings wanted to see them on private and confidential business. "Rawlings, said Herbert, with a shudder. "We know no one with such an awful name. Who are they, Whittaker?"

"I have no idea, sir," said Whittaker. As his masters adjured him in such a horrible way he felt half inclined at first to suppose himself to know any one named Rawlings. "Where are they, asked Horace. "In the hall, sir," Whittaker felt thankful he had not been tempted to give them sitting room chairs. "Whittaker," said Horace, gravely, "we shall be extremely annoyed if you have let persons come inside our house who are book hawkers, or worse still, those who try to buy up second-hand clothes, as those people say they come on private and confidential business."

However, they put their eye-glasses up and went down to the hall and confronted their visitors. They found a woman whose phylidic attire set their teeth on edge, and a pale-faced man with rather prominent light blue eyes and a weak looking, agitated kind of face. The brothers wondered mightily what these people could want with them. "You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, suavely. Although they kept persons at a distance, as long as possible at arm's length, the Talberts were always polite and kindly spoken.

"If you please, sir," said the man. Horace and Herbert waited. "We should like to see you in private," said the woman, glancing round the hall. So Herbert opened the drawing room door, and they all walked inside. "Now, then," said Horace, encouragingly, "what can we do for you, Mr. Rawlings--I believe that is your name?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings, drawing out a pocket-book, and handing Horace a card, in which was printed, "Rawlings Bros., Purveyors of Pork, 143 Gray Street, London." Horace shivered. He felt very angry. "Pork," he said, "is a meat we never touch." But Mr. Rawlings interposed. "The fact is, I have heard that some time last year a child, a little boy, was left at your house, sent from your boy's mother. Is this correct, gentlemen?"

"It is quite true," answered Horace. He was sorry he had misjudged the man in thinking him a touting tradesman. "But why do you ask?" he asked. "The man grew visibly excited. "Me and my wife," he said, "have strong hopes that the little boy is one we lost, or had stolen from us, more than two years ago."

"You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, suavely. "The brothers' faces were perfect studies. That two people like this should lay claim to Beatrice's boy was simply ridiculous. "Impossible," they ejaculated in one breath. "Don't say impossible," said Mr. Rawlings. "We may find our little boy at last; we have been hunting about all over England for four months such as this. It may be this one is ours."

"Why should it have been sent here?" "I can't tell, sir. But I won't leave a stone unturned. May we see the boy?" "The situation was growing ridiculous, and if the Talberts disliked, one thing more than another it was a ridiculous situation. The best way out of this one seemed to be that Mr. Rawlings should see the child and be satisfied it was not his missing offspring. So Horace rang the bell and desired that the little boy should be brought down.

Mrs. Miller, the nurse, upon receiving instructions to this effect, imagined that her charge was to be shown to visitors of importance. So she quickly put on his best garments, and made him look very cherubic. He trotted into the drawing room a cabinet picture of childish health and beauty. "Rawlings looked at him with emotion in every line of his face. His light blue eyes seemed to be starting out of his head. "Look at him. Just what ours would have grown to. The same hair--the same eyes. Maria, in this is not your boy! Answer me, and thank heaven we have at last found him."

The wife looked at the child but did not answer a word. "It is--I know it is," said the man. "Tell them so, Maria." "I hope it is," said his wife. The Talberts on hearing this looked stupored. The case was assuming undreamed-of proportions. Betsy felt that this recognition meant strange things. "My good man," said Horace, "you are making a complete mistake. "Oh, no, sir--no mistake. How can a father be mistaken? My boy is a long-long lost lamb! Come to me and give me one kiss! Come to your father!"

He shot out his arms so vehemently that Harry was frightened, and instead of accepting the invitation ran to Herbert, and hiding his face against his leg set up a howl, which brought in Mrs. Miller, who at once whipped him away. She held strict instructions from Beatrice never to let the child become a nuisance. Horace and Herbert, with archbishop-brows, sat staring at their visitors. "We may take our little boy back with us at once, sir--may we not?" asked Rawlings. "Certainly not," said Horace. "You have not given us the slightest proof it is your child. "But it is, sir. I know, and Maria knows it is."

"Tell us how it came here. Until you can do that we cannot admit your claim for an instant. It is absurd--you must be mistaken." "Absurd!" echoed Herbert. "Tell me whose child it is, if it isn't mine?" retorted the man. "It is that I will go down and see how it came here. I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it."

The man grew more excited than before. Horace was intensely annoyed. He turned to the woman and said, "You seem to have some sense," he said; "you claim this child?" She glanced at her husband and tears sprang into her eyes. "Yes, sir," she said, "I believe it is my child." The situation was growing more and more ridiculous. "I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it."

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immediate legal action to obtain possession of his son, and we are informed that proper legal proof as to the identity of the boy will be hereafter adduced.

"We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants, "BLACKETT AND WIGGERS."

No wonder that after reading the last paragraph, and realizing the fact that the man with the terrible name meant to fight for his offspring, Horace ejaculated: "This child must be given up! No wonder that Horace must have echoed his brother's exclamation. Unimaginative as they were, a dreadful picture of the consequences of resistance fixed itself on the minds of each.

But Beatrice was by far the most agitated of the party. Her cheek grew white; the hand which she mechanically held out for the letter trembled. Herbert gave her the epistolary bombshell, and whilst she read it the two brothers gazed at each other in that sadly calm and grave reflective way at times natural to men whose minds are made up that a particular path of duty must at all costs be followed to the end. When such a gaze passes from each other it strengthens the force of each to tread the stony course.

Beatrice read the letter twice. Without a word she returned it to Herbert; then she walked across the room to the fireplace and stood for some minutes gazing at the fender. Her back being turned to the Talberts they could not see the supreme emotion shown by her contracted brow and in every line of her set, white face. Had they seen it they would have been more than surprised--they would have been shocked. Strong emotion was a thing to be shown by well-bred persons only under the most intense provocation. In this case it was uncalled for.

Presently the girl turned to them. "You have quite made up your minds to yield to these people's threats?" she asked. There was a curious strained sound in her voice. "We do not wish to do so," answered Horace. Herbert nodded a sad assent to his brother's view of the case.

"Nothing else?" echoed Beatrice with a touch of scorn in her voice. "What right have these people to have the boy? It is not theirs. Uncle Horace, Uncle Herbert, you can remember how he was sent here. How beautifully dressed he was--how thoroughly cared for. Can you, can any one for a moment imagine him as belonging to such people? What are they? Pork butchers, you said."

"Purveyors," interpolated Horace, who loved to be precise. "How is it possible he can be their child?" retorted Beatrice. "People in any station of life may have children, my dear," said Herbert, uttering the truism like a newly-found proverb of Solomon.

"And," said Horace, speaking more to the point, "the broad fact remains that they claim the child and are prepared to make that claim good before the magistrates."

The most unexpected jack-of-all-trades generally breaks down when he interprets law--Horace was no exception. Had he known that Messrs. Blackett and Wiggers could only obtain possession of their client's child by her uncle's consent, he would not have felt so much inclined to disregard the threat of "immediate legal action." As it was, his ignorance of criminal law interpreted the vague threat as conveying the awful terror of a magisterial summons. His mistake shows how much better it would be for the general public if they consulted solicitors in every emergency--and how much better for solicitors!

"Before the magistrates, my dear Beatrice," echoed Herbert, dutifully accepting his brother's version of the law. "Tell them to do so--tell them to prove their right," said Beatrice.

"The child's health is being kept, sleepily hands in horror. "My dear Beatrice," said Horace, with the solemnity of a bishop re-creating a curate, "for heaven's sake be reasonable--we only ask you to be reasonable. How can we possibly argue the case in a court of law? It is a matter of fact, and the fact is that the child is yours. You must see the utter absurdity of your suggestion--the utter impossibility of our compliance."

By and by, with a face even paler than before, Beatrice took the child by the hand and went down stairs. She paused for a second before the closed door of the room in which she had left her uncle. "I can see no other way. It must be done," she murmured. Then, like one full of solemn purpose, she entered the room. Whatever she may have been about to do, the empty room seemed to give her a welcome respite. She gave a breath of relief. Nevertheless, it seemed that the respite was to be but short, for, after waiting a few minutes and finding neither Horace nor Herbert appear, she turned as if to go in search of them.

But at that moment her mind changed once more, or an alternative course at last presented itself. A tinge of color leaped back to her cheek. With quick steps she led the boy away, and having consigned him to Mrs. Miller's care, again sought her own room, and again set for long time at naught her thoughts. "It is but a slender chance," she whispered, "but it can be tried. To-day is Thursday, and no steps can be taken until Saturday."

After this she wrote a note to Sylvanus Morde, asking him if he could come to the house and see her either that afternoon or early the next morning. She sent the note down to the village and then went in search of her uncle.

She looked at her rather timid, perhaps conscience-stricken. They fancied she had come to renew her argument and offer up fresh entreaties. It may be they feared that in such an event they would be forced to yield, in spite of the consequences such an act of weakness must entail. But Beatrice did not reopen the attack. She quietly asked if she might have the clothes worn by the boy when he first disappeared, and she remembered, were carefully stored away by Horace in the big safe. As there appeared to be no harm in the gratifying of this request the safe was unlocked, and a neat grove paper parcel introduced in Sylvanus's long, slim caligraphy given to the girl.

"You will not answer the solicitor's letter, I hope," she said. "No; it needs no answer. The delivery of it will be answered enough."

In the afternoon Sylvanus trotted up to his tricycle. His face was radiant from the combined effects of the sharp, fresh air, the exercise, and the delight at having received such a summons from his lugubrious name. He clasped his hands together, not so much for the purpose of promoting circulation as on account of the cheerful sound of the donations made by the meeting palms. He wished old Whittaker a happy new year in a way which clearly implied that happy years were the rule, and once the exception. Whittaker returned the greeting with due respect, and ventured to express his approval of Mr. Morde's Christmas Day sermon. Then Morde said something which made even Whittaker laugh. Miss Clouston heard the curate's brisk, crisp voice long before he was shown into the drawing room.

He greeted her pleasantly, and learned that her uncle's words were out of the Talberts' always took their out-of-door exercise of an afternoon, this news was no surprise to him. Who shall say that Sylvanus did not time his call by their well-known clock-work habits of content. They saw that one course only was open to them. When Mr. Rawlings' carriage came to their door little Harry must forthwith be placed in it.

Miss Clouston still continued unreasonably. She returned to the attack. "I do not see it at all," she said. "If this man laid claim to one of your fields you would not give it up?"

"A field does not arrive unexpectedly in the night," she said. "I do not see it at all," she said. "If this man laid claim to one of your fields you would not give it up?"

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possible we would willingly have given him house room until his future was assured."

Beatrice took his hand and pressed it. "Thank you," she said, gratefully. Then she passed through the door which Herbert held open, an act of politeness which not even the relationship of uncle and niece could prevent her from regarding as a mark of respect.

The brothers resumed their seats, and for a while silence reigned. The truth is that Mr. Rawlings' angry and annoyed, perhaps even self-reproachful. Impossible as it was that Mr. Rawlings' claims could be contested, both Horace and Herbert felt a sense of shame natural to any Englishman who finds himself compelled to yield by a mere threat. The wish to fight everything out to the bitter end made England what it is. Perhaps, after all, when they came to think of it, the Talberts were fonder of the child than they cared to own. At any rate, after a long brown study, Herbert, at least, showed signs of wavering.

"I suppose," he asked, as one seeking for information, "it would be out of the question for us to do as Messrs. Blackett and Wiggers propose?"

Horace was equal to the occasion. "Quite out of question," he answered sternly. "We should be placed in a ridiculous position and become the jest of the county."

They deliberated wisely at the thought and so far as the Talberts were concerned the boy's fate was settled. To become the jest of the county is too terrible a country, with, as we all know, is so delicate, yet so sharp and pointed!

With minds full at ease they sought distraction in their housekeeping. Although as a rule the "Tabbies" were just, if cheerless, in their management--not unreasonable, if exacting, in their requirements, today they drove the cows and poor Whittaker almost frantic, and set both wondering "what were the masters were going to do."

In the meantime Beatrice had carried her white face to her own room. She locked the door, threw herself upon a couch, where for a long time she sat with her hands pressed against her brows. She did not weep, nor was her look that of one resigning herself to fate and getting ready to meet the inevitable. It was rather that of one searching for and exploring every path which might possibly offer a way of escape from a difficulty. But it seemed as if every path she trod mentally resolved itself into a *cul de sac*, for the girl began to feel a hopeless sigh and the tears at last began to force themselves through her half-closed lashes.

She rose, rang the bell, and gave orders for the boy to be brought to her. He soon ran into the room with the cry of delight with which he always greeted her. Miss Clouston took the little fellow on her lap, clasped him to her breast, stroked and curled his pretty, ruffled, bright hair, called him by a thousand endearing names and strange diminutives, kissed him on his lips, his eyes, his neck, his dimpled arms and feet, and generally went through the well-known ceremony of child worship. It was clear that no legal menace, however dire, would make her acquiesce in the tame surrender of her pet contemplated by her uncles. Not one word was hinted at the possibility of an impending separation. In no sense were her cares, some of which were tearful ones, intended as a farewell.

By and by, with a face even paler than before, Beatrice took the child by the hand and went down stairs. She paused for a second before the closed door of the room in which she had left her uncle. "I can see no other way. It must be done," she murmured. Then, like one full of solemn purpose, she entered the room. Whatever she may have been about to do, the empty room seemed to give her a welcome respite. She gave a breath of relief. Nevertheless, it seemed that the respite was to be but short, for, after waiting a few minutes and finding neither Horace nor Herbert appear, she turned as if to go in search of them.

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to a sickly to any proceedings which are the course" he said, making the quest; assertion not for curiosity but as a salubrious exercise.

"It is an errand of no evil," said Beatrice. Her words satisfied Sylvanus, who was of a fair woman always satisty conscious of a man. The amount of emotion carried by beauty is truly wonderful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The new superintendent of Indian schools has made reports to the secretary of the Interior concerning the condition of the Ojibwa Indian industrial school in the Indian Territory, and the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kan. At the former, there are now 170 pupils. Their teachers are two young ladies. The male pupils are used as farm laborers and the girls do sewing and kitchen work. The pupils range from 5 to 18 years of age. One half of each day is given to school exercises. Their progress is said to be satisfactory. At the Haskell Institute, the progress of Indian children is reported to be something remarkable. The pupils are rapidly learning to speak, read and write English, and in the higher branches are making encouraging headway. The farm, garden and mechanical education is satisfactory.

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE. A Michigan Concern Enjoined. (From the Rochester Morning Herald.)

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "German Hop Bitters."

The President of the United States of America is Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich., his servants, clerks, agents, and agents, and each and every of them.

Whereas, it has been represented unto the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said District, sitting as a Court of Chancery that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; you said medicine being devised, circulated and intended to mislead the public into purchasing such counterfeit goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly enjoin you, the said Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, from using the words "Hop Bitters" on any fluids contained in bottles so as to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop Bitters, on the filling of the bottle; or in any other bottles, or vials any other labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court.

The Honorable MORRISON R. WAITE, Chief Justice of the United States. At Detroit, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1885. J. S. Walter S. Harsh, Clerk.

Presente the Swindler. If when you call for Hop Bitters you see a green cluster of hops on the white label the drugist has not got the real thing. A few drops impart a delicious taste to the water. As you get more or less of the hops, you get more or less of the medicine. G. W. WOFFERMAN, SOLE AGENT. 81 BROADWAY, N. Y.

DR. HALL'S ASTHMA CURE. This invaluable specific readily and permanently cures all kinds of Asthma. The most obstinate and long standing cases yield promptly to its wonderful purifying properties. It is known throughout the world for its unrivaled efficacy.

J. L. WADSWELL, City of Lincoln, Neb., writes, Jan. 1885: "I have been afflicted with Asthma for more than one year, my wife has been entirely well, not even a symptom of the disease has appeared. WILLIAM H. HALL, Philadelphia, Pa., writes, Dec. 1884: "I have been afflicted with Hay Fever and Asthma since 1850. I followed your directions and am happy to say that I have been cured. I am glad that I am among the many who can speak so favorably of your medicine."

A valuable 64 page treatise containing the full particulars of every State in the U. S., Canada and Great Britain will be mailed upon application. Any drugist not having it in stock will procure it. Write for it to Dr. H. W. WOFFERMAN, 81 Broadway, N. Y.

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