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A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY, Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days"

CHAPTER XVII. A CASE FOR KING SOLOMON.

At a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning, Sylvia Mordie, who for some years of an hour had been waiting at the cross roads as patiently as the finger post itself, saw Beatrice coming towards him. He hastened to meet her, and his sharp eyes at once noticed that she looked somewhat strange.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Where shall we drive to?" he asked. "There, if you please," said Beatrice, handing him a paper. Mordie read, and could scarcely repress a cry of surprise. The paper bore the words, "The Cat and Compasses, Market Lane."

"My man is so certain," repeated Mrs. Rawlings, "he must be right. Poor fellow, ever since our boy was lost he has been seeking for him. Now he has found him all but dead at times. Now he has found the child, and means to have him. She spoke the last sentence somewhat defiantly.

"I mean no harm to any one, miss. If it should be my child, the mother can't be much more than a petty thief, a petty little liar like that. But there, I've listened too long, and perhaps said my husband, I'll send for him."

"You were right not to come alone," he said. "Will you step in and see if you can see a Mrs. Rawlings, who is staying there?" Mordie obeyed.

"Miss Clauson," he said, "can I not do your errand for you? This seems scarcely the place for you to enter."

"I have no objection," said Beatrice. "I am in a hurry, and I have a great deal to do. I will be back in half an hour."

"I believe you are kind," continued Beatrice in a softer voice. "You have forced me to tell you all. But I believe you will keep my secret and help me to keep it."

"Please be spoken, miss," she said. "I hear you want to speak to me."

"Yes," said Beatrice, in a low but clear voice. "I wish to speak to you about the child which you claim as yours. I wish to hear what you have to say."

"The woman's face grew grave. 'Ah,' she said, 'I must send for my husband. He's managing the business.' Beatrice made an imperious gesture of dissent. 'What I have to say must be said to you. Kindly see that we speak without interruption.' Mrs. Rawlings settled back in her chair rather sullenly, and eyed her visitor with increased curiosity.

"Tell me," she said, in tones of strong reproach, and, perhaps unwisely, "tell me why you dare to claim as your own a child whom you saw for the first time a few days ago?"

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"No, miss. Although Rawlings neglected business dreadfully for the last two years, and his brother is grumbling, we are fairly well-to-do people with a tidy bit saved. Oh, no, my man is single-eyed. He once wanted his boy."

"How was your child lost?" asked Beatrice. Mrs. Rawlings looked rather confused. "I can't help believing, miss, that the poor little fellow was drowned and never found. But Rawlings he won't have it so. His boy was stolen and we shall find him some day."

"After this Miss Clauson thanked her hostess with grave dignity. Then she dropped her head and attended by Mrs. Rawlings went back to the cab and Sylvia. She had gained her end, and at a price only known to herself. What it had cost her to reveal the secret of her life to that strange woman can scarcely be over-estimated.

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stomach, was not a signal of danger. The bulk of clothes which replaced the durable prison dress was rough and ill-fitting, but not such as to create remark. In London that night there must have been hundreds of thousands of respectable men who looked neither better nor worse than Maurice Hervey.

"Free at last! Free to turn where he liked, and within the limits of the law, do as he liked; in splendid health; in the prime of manhood. Free to reform or cancel the past by honest work, or by dishonesty sink lower and lower in the future. In his pocket the sum of five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the result of years of self-enforced good conduct and unavoidable hard labor. The fingering of this money gave him a new, or a renewed, sensation. It was more than more than four years since his hands had touched a coin of the realm. Think of that and realize what penal servitude means!

"The first use he made of his liberty and money was characteristic. He first went to awaken indulgent sympathy in the minds of the majority of man (not woman) kind. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a pipe and a tin of snuff. He then went to a shop and bought some minutes smoked in blissful, contented silence. The shopkeeper eyed his customer narrowly. His general appearance, especially the look of his hands, did not seem compatible with what the tradesman called a "nineteen-year-old gentleman."

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he took me and trusts me. You will know when I tell you I am trying to be a good woman and a good wife. You always succeed at anything you try. But, Maurice, for the sake of what we love most to each other, spare me now. Let me live in peace, and as you see me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) The new superintendent of Indian schools has made reports to the secretary of the Interior concerning the condition of the Chippewa Indian Industrial school in the Indian Territory, and the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kan. At the former, there are now 176 pupils. Their teachers are two young ladies. The male pupils are used as farm hands and the girls do sewing and kitchen work. The pupils range from 5 to 19 years of age. One half of each day is given to school exercises. Their progress is slow but steady, and in the higher branches are making encouraging headway. The farm, garden and mechanical education is satisfactory.

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