

THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, June 18, 1871.

[From the Lakewood Monthly.] SUBSTITUTION.

[CONTINUED.]
When he left her, Charlotte noticed that he went directly up to his own room, and it was not until late in the evening that he went out for a few minutes to make inquiries about the sick girl.

"The doctor says it is scarlet fever," he said, when he came back. "A very bad case. Mr. Rainford is almost beside himself. He wants me to go back and stay with him to-night, and if you have no objection I think I had better go, for he will fret himself into a fever if he remains alone, if some one doesn't look after him."

"Certainly," said Charlotte, "go, by all means; and then she thought to herself, "This is the beginning. It isn't very hard to see what the end will be."

A few days of agonizing waiting and watching brought him back to Georgina Rainford's life and her father's hopes, and there was no gleam of consciousness in which to make known to her the newly-found brother. Stapor succeeded to delirium, and she never knew, on this side of the grave, the secret passion from her during her life.

Mr. Rainford took a sickly form of apathy. He seemed so utterly worn out that he had no feelings left, except a clinging to Robert, who had been his attendant and fellow-watched throughout the gloomy time, and had scarcely left his side.

"And now I suppose I must lose you too," said he, when the last rites had been performed, and the mournful remains of his deceased son had laid away forever. "I had sons who might have been like you, and a daughter; and now I have nothing."

Robert made no answer at the time, but he went home and told Charlotte what his father had said.

"The time has come now, Robin," said he. "I'll not try to put it off any longer. Good-bye, my boy!" she added, holding out her hand. "I am going to see your father."

"Not good-bye, Aunt Charlotte," he said, kissing her. "Never good-bye."

She shook her head, but did not trust herself to speak, and in five minutes she was seated in Rainford's library, awaiting his entrance. He held out his hand in silence, and she was obliged to make the plunge into conversation herself.

"You have a great sorrow," said she steadily. "Do you think you could bear it if I should give you a great joy?"

The instant the words were spoken, her face was covered with a crimson flush, for it occurred to her that he might put a false construction on her words. Feeling this, she hastened to repair her error by approaching the subject more abruptly than it had been her intention to do.

"Your daughter is gone, but what should you think if you were to have one of yours back again?"

He looked at her inquiringly, at a loss as to her meaning, but having a vague idea that she meant to propose to him to adopt a child as she had done.

"Your daughter is gone, but what should you have named after you—that you thought died when he was two weeks old?"

"Charlotte!" he cried at last, comprehending her "what do you mean? He did die; some one has been imposing on you!"

"I think not," said she quietly. "Will you hear what I have to say? And with forced calmness she told him the truth, going up to the point where the woman had found her sister and brought her back to this country.

"All that may be so," said he gloomily, "but how am I to know that the child she calls mine is not some other one? It would be very hard to prove her identity through all these years."

"I find that we are not bound when you see him," said Charlotte, recalling the thought of the likeness, which seemed to have grown stronger than ever during the last ten days. "But this child never left the city at all. That she can prove, for she took it to the Refuge before she sailed for England, and from that time to this he has never been out of sight."

"Before?" said Rainford. "Why, that is the same place where you found Robert!"

"Yes, and he is the same boy, too! And now, her ammunition being exhausted, poor Charlotte felt ready to lie down in the trenches and die. The strength of will which had sustained her thus far, gave way; and referring to St. Clare, she turned to make good her return home, feeling more than thankful.

The investigations entirely satisfied him, and he went to express to Charlotte his gratitude and joy.

"I can't talk about it," said she, "as I have made up my mind to give him up, but don't ask me to do any more."

"There is no way," said Rainford, "by which neither of us would have to give him up."

"That is tobacco, you know," answered Miss Ashley, and changed the subject.

It was settled that Robert (who kept his baptismal name while adopting that of Rainford) should go to his mother. He offered to remain with Charlotte, but she would let him never make half-satisfactory arrangements for his board and lodgings, so he bid her go and cheer the lonely man who was even more desolate than herself.

All was soon going on again as quietly in both houses as if there had been no convulsions to break up their peaceful life. Robert divided his time between the two claimants on it, and perhaps no one of the three was the less happy for it.

But after a time it came to this that new trouble came upon Mr. Rainford. He had hitherto been a prosperous man of business, though not a wealthy one; but the wheel of fortune had run a turn around him, and brought him out on the losing side. He found himself obliged to make arrangements of his property, and prepare, as far as business life was concerned, to begin the world anew.

Charlotte did not know of this until she met him in New York, and lost no time in writing to him and begging him to accept her loan sufficient to repair his losses and restore his business to its old stand-point. She had, she said, never need even the smallest part of her income, and would be glad to give a portion of the large estate left by her grandfather to put to good a use.

To be continued.

Caution to the Public.
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE SUGAR-CURED.

DUPEE HAMS!

Are bounded, via

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE (only)

A NY other brand than this above, with a similarity of the name, is a fraud, and is subject to the prosecution of law. C. L. DUPEE, Manufacturer of the best HAMS in the West. Time and money are spent in the manufacture of these HAMS, and the cost is reflected in the price. They are equal to the quality of the best HAMS in the world. HAMS, HACOON, & HACON, I therefore again call particular attention to this brand.

"Look well to the Brand!"

Also see in the JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, other articles for the protection of the public.

CHARLIE HOUSE—Corner Clark and 14th Streets—Corner South Water and Clark Streets—C. R. DUPEE, CHICAGO, III., March, 1871.

CHICAGO, III., March, 1871.