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**Ruled
Destiny!**

CHAPTER XXII.
LINKED WITH THE PAST.

Florin had thought that she would be permitted to live on the rest of her life in the seclusion of the cottage; but it was not to be, well, it was not to be, and there was an end of it. The wide world lay before her, helpless, and friendless, and she faced it with a touch of the old pride of self-reliance which had always distinguished her.

Over the fatefulness of her lover and the death of her mother she had shed many tears, but over the loss of her money she had scarcely expended a sigh.

Mr. Morrell, who came down almost daily, was astounded at the calmness she displayed.

Over and over again he begged her to try and think if there was not some friend to whom she could apply for help, some relation to whom she could go; but Florin always shook her head with a faint smile.

"I have no one to whom I could apply," she said. "As to friends—she thought of Lady Betty with a sigh.

She could not go to her. She could not hold any communication with her, for if she did so she might be brought in contact with Lord Norman, and that would be worse than death by starvation. There were friends in Worthing, old friends of her mother, who would have helped her, but Florin had persistently refused to see them. They were all dying of curiosity to know why the engagement had been broken off, and they would ask questions and torture her beyond endurance.

"No," she told him, "there was no friend of whom she could ask assistance."

"I think you are very—excuse me, Miss Carlisle—very proud!" said poor Mr. Morrell, in despair, and Florin had looked at him absently.

"Am I?" she said, with the same faint smile. "Perhaps I am. I used to be proud, at least they used to call me so, and perhaps I am so still. But I am not afraid. I am young and strong, and there must be something in the big world for me to do."

"Yes," he assented. "You are young and strong, and you are going to say, 'beautiful' but he stopped himself in time with his dry little cough.

"I cannot go as a companion again," said Florin, with a trace of sudden color on her face. "They would want references, and I cannot give those."

The lawyer looked distressed. He knew nothing of what had happened up in the Highlands; something

dreadful it must have been, he thought to bring about so sudden and complete a separation between her and Lord Norman and to make her so determined to hold no communication with her recent friends.

"I don't see what you are to do; indeed I don't," he said, in sad perplexity.

"There must be something," responded Florin.

"If you only allow me to be your banker—" he stammered—"I mean until brighter days—"

But Florin shook her head. "No, no," she said. "I cannot do that. You know I cannot; though I am very, very grateful. If—if I could find some work out of England," she murmured.

The little lawyer caught at once at the suggestion.

"But why out of England, my dear young lady?" he asked.

Florin's eyes drooped, and her lips quivered.

"Because I would like to leave England—forever, if I could," she said, quietly. "How long may I remain here—at the cottage, I mean?"

"Only a fortnight at the most," he said, reluctantly.

"So soon?" she said, sadly.

"You could remain altogether, if you liked," he responded. "If you would allow me, I should be glad to purchase the cottage and—advance you enough money to start a school. I am sure—with something approaching eagerness—that you would soon be able to repay me."

But Florin shook her head as decidedly as ever.

"You must not think of that, Mr. Morrell. Even if I could accept your kindness, it would be thrown away; I am not cut out for a school-mistress. I don't know enough to teach half the things girls require nowadays. Besides; no; I could not do that. There must be something else, surely. Do you think—I know how good you are, and how anxious you are to help me—do you think I could see some of the foreign newspapers? There might be an advertisement which I could answer."

Mr. Morrell nodded almost energetically, and seized on the idea eagerly. At each visit he had become more interested in the beautiful young girl who seemed so friendless and helpless in the midst of her sorrow.

Only a fortnight! It was not long in which to find a niche for herself—a few feet of standing room in this vast world, so crowded and jostled!

A week passed, during which she did not go outside the house, excepting into the garden, in which she walked with drooping head and listless step, thinking over the past, which seemed so long ago and yet was so recent.

People called, people who would have been glad to help her, but she shrank from seeing them, and they were told one and all by the little servant that Miss Carlisle was too unwell to see any one.

At the end of the week Mr. Morrell came down, and Florin saw by his face that he had something to communicate.

He put a small bundle of papers on the table as she shook hands, and nodded curtly, as he scrutinized her face through his glasses.

"You are looking better, Miss Carlisle," he said, in his sharp fashion. "That's right! I was almost afraid to come down, your pale face so—so upset me! But there, we'll hope things are taking a turn, eh? You are still resolved to go out and seek your fortune, like a female Whittington?" and he smiled.

"I don't want to be a Lord Mayor of London, if that is what you mean!" she said; and there was a touch of her old self in the reply that made him laugh and nod with satisfaction.

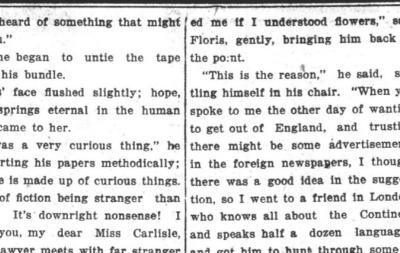
"Very good, very good, indeed! Well, if you are still resolved, I think



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I have heard of something that might suit you." And he began to untie the tape around his bundle.

Florin's face flushed slightly; hope, which springs eternal in the human breast came to her.

"It was a very curious thing," he said, sorting his papers methodically; "but life is made up of curious things. Talker of fiction being stranger than reality! It's downright nonsense! I assure you, my dear Miss Carlisle, that a lawyer meets with far stranger things in the course of his professional experience than any of you young ladies read of in your novels."

"I dare say," said Florin, smiling. "Have you discovered that I am the long-lost daughter of an earl who is longing to claim me, or has an uncle in the East Indies, of whom I have never heard, left me an enormous fortune?"

He laughed; he was immensely pleased to see her in this frame of mind, little guessing how much of it was really affected, so that his kind heart should not be distressed by the continual spectacle of her sorrow!

"No, no!" he said, "I wish it was. But this is what it is. By the way, do you know anything about flowers?"

Florin opened her great, sorrowful eyes with faint astonishment.

"Botany and that kind of thing," he explained.

Florin shook her head. "No; I am afraid not."

"Hem!" he muttered, rather discouraged; then he brightened up again.

"But that doesn't matter, I think," he said, briskly.

"After all, you could soon learn—" "Learn botany, the science of flowers!" exclaimed Florin, almost inclined to think that the incessant worry on her behalf had turned the little man's brain.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "why not? Nothing very difficult in it. I should think, for a clever young lady like yourself."

"I am about the stupidest girl, Mr. Morrell, that even your professional experience ever met with," she said, with a smile.

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WAR REVIEW.

Striking the enemy on a front that has been quiet for the last six weeks the French have broken through the enemy defences and advanced their lines. This new blow at the enemy was launched between Castel and Mally Rameval, on the Picardy front southeast of Amiens, where there has been but little fighting since the French, by a local attack, pushed the Germans out of Senecat wood late in May. The attack was along a front of approximately three miles, and swept the Germans back out of the Village of Castel and the Auston farm about a mile to the south, and cleared out a number of strong enemy positions. The French penetrated the German lines to a depth of more than a mile. The American attack on Chigny some time ago advanced the line materially at that point, where the Australians and Americans on July 4th and the Americans on July 5th and 6th cut deep into the enemy line at Hamel and Villers-Bretonneville south of the Somme. The French attack was launched at a point between positions of the Americans at Cantigny and the Australians further north. The French lines south of Castel have been parallel and west of the Avre River. The success gained there carries the French up to the hills to the west of the River and into positions which appear to dominate the village of Morisel on the west bank and Moreuil on the east bank of the river. If the attack continues successful the French may be able to press the foe back across the Avre and thus have an admirable defensive position to the south of Amiens. Between the Marne and the Avre the French have continued their offensive operations. It is reported that the Village of Long Pont south of Corey, the capture of which was reported on Thursday, has been taken by General Peain's men, who have also progressed north to Courcy at the Chavigny farm east of Favorolles. According to the French official statement the Allied lines have been advanced, thus marking a southern extension of the fighting line which has heretofore not been unusually active further south than Long Pont. On the British front there has been spirited fighting, according to the German official report, which indicates that from Ypres down to the Lyas salient and down in the sector as far as Albert there have been scattering attacks made by the British. Local engagements have been fought in the region of Rheims, but they have not been of great importance. The French and Italians in Albania have carried their lines steadily north. The town of Berat, the most important in South Albania, has fallen into Allied hands. It is reported that large quantities of Austrian supplies stored at Poerat were destroyed by the retreating enemy. Official reports would appear to show that the advance of the French and Italians is reaching further and further east into the mountains and toward the rear of the Bulgarian positions. Around Monastir Serbian positions near that city have been savagely attacked by the



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