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## The Lost Will;

## OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER XI.

Almost lying on some cushions was a very beautiful young woman, with a pale face framed in a mass of yellow hair that shone in the sun like newly-minted gold. Beside the carriage rode a gentleman, whom, at a glance, Nora guessed was Lord Ferndale. He was very handsome, as Mrs. Feltham had said. The pallor of his clean-shaven face was accentuated by the darkness of his hair; his eyes were very nearly black; the whole face was almost Spanish, and it had a sombre and melancholy expression which reminded Nora of Don Quixote. The new arrivals on the scene pulled up, and Lord Ferndale rode up to the carriage. "Has anything happened? Can I be of assistance?" he began; and Nora noticed, even at that moment, that the tone of his voice harmonised with the expression of his face. The voice was low and clear, but very grave, and a trifle cold and reserved. As he asked the question he looked towards the lady, and Mrs. Feltham said: "How do you do, Lord Ferndale? You don't remember me. I am Mrs. Feltham—Mabel Chalfonte, you know." His brows lifted, and a faint smile relieved the sombreness of his face. "Of course I remember you, Mrs. Feltham," he said, as he raised his hat. "How do you do? You have broken a trace, I see. Are you staying here?" "I'm staying with Miss Norton, at Chertson," replied Mrs. Feltham. "This is Lord Ferndale, Nora." Lord Ferndale raised his hat again.

and turned his dark, melancholy eyes on Nora. She saw that he was puzzled for a moment; then, as he remembered hearing of her and her strange inheritance of the millionaire's fortune, he murmured:

"Ah, yes. I wonder whether my sister has some string? She generally carries some odds and ends about with her; her chaise is old and comes to grief now and then." "We'll go and speak to Lady Blanche," said Mrs. Feltham; and she and Nora alighted and went to the basket-chaise, from which Lady Blanche had been viewing the proceedings with a look of keen interest and sympathy. "How do you do, Lady Blanche?" said Mrs. Feltham. "I see you remember me. This is Miss Norton, of Chertson. I am staying with her."

Lady Blanche looked from one to the other with the soft, yet searching, glance of an invalid. Her eyes rested longer on Nora than on Mrs. Feltham, and suddenly, as if obeying an impulse, she held out her hand to the other girl.

"I am so glad to meet you," she said. "My brother and I were coming to call on you. We are sorry for your loss. Is the accident serious?" "No, it's only a trace broken," said Nora, as she released the thin, warm hand. "I'm used to that; where I come from we often break a trace, and we always carry some strips of leather with us."

"Perhaps a piece of string will do," said Lady Blanche. "There's some in that little box there in front." The driver of the basket-chaise, an old and withered retainer in a shabby, well-worn livery, had already got the strings. "Not strong enough for that trace, my lady," he said. "Oh, what a pity!" said Lady Blanche. "Edward!" Lord Ferndale came up to the chaise promptly. "They will have to lead the carriage home." He answered the appeal in her eyes.

after a moment's hesitation. "Perhaps you will come on to the Abbey and have some lunch with us," he said to Mrs. Feltham. "You cannot go back in the carriage."

Nora, to whom the walk was nothing, would have refused the invitation; but Mrs. Feltham, after a glance at her, accepted it.

"We shall be very glad, dear Lady Blanche," she said.

"There is only room for one of you in the carriage," said Lady Blanche, apologetically. Mrs. Feltham, obeying Nora's gesture, got in, and Nora was left to walk beside Lord Ferndale, who, of course, led his horse.

"It is not very far," he said. Then there was a silence. It was not embarrassing to Nora, because the man beside her was so palpably at his ease. He walked at her side as if he were unconscious of her presence, or, rather, as if the incident which had drawn them together was of so trivial a kind as to be absolutely not noteworthy. In this silent fashion they reached the gates, which were slowly opened by a very old woman, who came out from the lodge and dropped a curtsy. For an instant, as he nodded pleasantly to the lodge-keeper, the earl's impassive and melancholy face warmed up with a smile. The smile transformed the face so wonderfully that Nora caught herself staring at him; but the transformation lasted for a moment only. In silence they walked some way up the drive; then Nora broke the kind of spell which was stealing over her.

"You have some beautiful trees, Lord Ferndale," she said. "Yes, they are very old," he assented, turning his dark eyes on her. "Some of them were planted before the Abbey was built; they were planted by Rufus."

Nora had interrupted him involuntarily by an exclamation of wonder and delight; for they had turned a curve of the avenue and come in sight of the Abbey suddenly. It was the first place of the kind she had

seen, and its marvellous beauty smote her as a bolt of revelation.

"Oh, how very beautiful!" she said. "It is like a picture; it's the loveliest thing I've seen since I came to England."

He glanced at the noble facade of his historic home, and then looked at her with a smile.

"I'm glad you admire it so much," he said.

"No wonder you are fond of it!" said Nora.

"Who told you I was fond of it?" he asked, with a twist of the lip. "But, whoever told you, it is true," he added after a pause.

He fell back into silence again; they reached the steps leading to the terrace, and Nora noticed that the place, though beautiful, was as badly in need of repair as the lodge and the gates. Some of the marble steps were broken; the huge griffins which flanked them were chipped; the great oak door needed varnish; the paint was worn off the window-frames; the condition of the whole place was not very far removed from ruin.

As they approached the door it was opened to them, not by a porter in livery, but by a maidservant, who looked somewhat flustered by the sight of a visitor. The pony-carriage had preceded them, and Lady Blanche was looking at Nora, with a half-suppressed interest; it was evident to Nora that Mrs. Feltham had been telling Lady Blanche about her. Lord Ferndale took his sister in his arms, and carried her through the hall into one of the rooms; there was so little of her that the feat was not remarkable.

CHAPTER XII.

THE room was a comparatively small one; the decorations were faded; the furniture was old and worn; the carpet well-nigh thread-bare; but there was something about the room which saved it from the appearance of shabbiness; its age was an honoured one; its uses had been those of refinement, a refinement which seemed to be in the very atmosphere; and the effect of this peculiar refinement and dignity on Nora was like that of a beautiful strain of music. The experience was novel to her, but it was pleasing and soothing; and the untarnished splendour of some of the newly-furnished rooms at Chertson seemed pleasantly to her as she compared the faded glories of this little room at the Abbey.

Through the tall diamond casement she could see a sunken Italian garden, as ill-cared for as were the avenues and the road by which they had reached the house; but it possessed a weird, old-time beauty and dignity which was in harmony with the rest of the place; it reminded Nora of some poetry she had once read and forgotten, but which now came back to her mind: a volume of Wordsworth she had come across in one of the hotels during her wandering with her father.

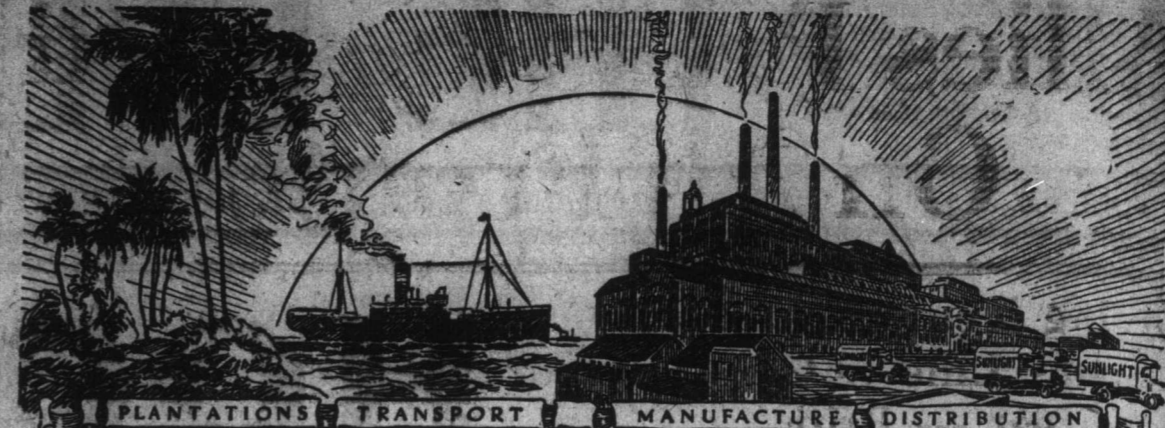
"You are looking at the garden," said Lady Blanche. "Do you like it? I mean, do you think it is as nice as one of the modern gardens?" "Lady Blanche's voice was like her brother's, but softer and more gentle; and she spoke to Nora as if she had known her quite a long time. There was no attempt at being polite, not a sign of that little effort to be friendly which most of us have to use with new acquaintances; and her eyes dwelt on Nora with a kind of appeal in them, as if she wanted Nora to know that she, Lady Blanche, was glad Nora was there, and already liked her.

"I think it's very beautiful," said Nora, in her direct fashion. "It's the kind of garden one can rest in. I suppose it is very old; it looks so."

"Yes," said Lady Blanche, as a matter of course. "It was made by an Italian gardener who came over with Charles II, and it has never been altered since. Of course, it is very neglected now; we are too poor to keep it in good order," she added, quite simply, as if she were stating a mere matter of fact.

"I think I like it as it is," said Nora, quite truthfully. "While I have been looking at it, it has reminded me of some of the places where I used to live, the wild places in Australia."

"Yes!" said Lady Blanche, with gentle eagerness. "That's very interesting. You must tell me about it. You have travelled a great deal! How I envy you!" The confession was made, without a note of complaint or appeal for sympathy, and Nora felt that silence was the best response. (To be continued.)



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### Kaiser's Toothache.

THE DENTIST'S STORY.

In the second chapter of his book, "The Kaiser as I Knew Him for Fourteen Years," now appearing in The Times from day to day, Mr. Arthur N. Davis, the Emperor William's American dentist, writes of an early morning call to Potsdam to attend the War Lord for toothache:

"The Kaiser laughingly remarked, 'Look here, Davis, you've got to do something for me. I can't fight the whole world, you know, and have a toothache!'

"At various times I had suggested

I could save him pain by the use of a local anæsthetic, but he had always refused it. I never observed him to flinch while in the chair. It often occurred to me, after the war started, that in his own callousness to pain lay the secret of his disregard for the suffering he caused in others.

"When the Kaiser's pain was relieved he explained why it was that he was so anxious to have his tooth trouble removed as quickly as possible.

"I must go down to Italy, Davis," he said, "to see what my noble troops have accomplished. We had advanced our intended offensive in Italy so thoroughly that the Italians thought we couldn't possibly intend

to carry it through. For three months it was common talk in Germany that the great offensive would start in October, and so the Italians believed it was all bluff, and when we advanced on Riga, they were sure of it. They thought we were so occupied there that we could pay no attention to them, and so we caught them napping."

"Never before had our armies seen such an accumulation of ammunition. I must certainly go down to see Italy will never get over this defeat. This was really a gift from God!"

"On a subsequent occasion, when he called at my office for further treatment, he remarked: 'If our armies could capture 500,000 Italians, we can do the same thing against our enemies in the west.'

## Allies Press On

Giving Teutons no  
From Lille --- Ger  
Retreat --- British  
Sweep Through H  
of Fresnoy.

WAR REVIEW.

Nowhere are the armies of the Teutonic allies being permitted to retreat. On the fronts in Flanders, France, Italy and Turkey, the enemy still continues to lose ground, or is being compelled to throw strong reinforcements into his battle line to hold back his aggressors. In Belgian Flanders the British and French troops are still driving forward, although their speed has been somewhat lessened by the bad condition of the ground. The enemy is swiftly evacuating the salient between Armentieres and Lens, and the British now are standing only a scant six miles northwest of Lille over a front of about four miles between Wavrin and Equinghen, at the former place, having gained a position astride the Lens-Lille railroad. Notwithstanding violent counter attacks on a line strengthened by fresh reserves, the British between St. Quentin and Cambrai have materially pressed eastward from the region of Le Catelet, and to the north have improved their positions in Cambrai so well that apparently these important towns must fall. Taken all in all, the situation of the Germans in this region seems to be critical, and the crisis is at hand. Far to the rear aerial observers report the roads congested with retreating troops, who are being harassed by the machine gun fire of the armies. In Flanders, fires are everywhere to be seen, and it is evident the enemy, realizing that he must give further ground, is vigorously applying the torch. Around Rheims the French have further extended their gains north and northwest of the cathedral city, where they are all along the Aisne Canal. To the east in Champagne American forces are fighting with the French between the Sulphe River and the Argonne forest. In addition to holding their original battle line inside and east of the Argonne forest, west of the Argonne,

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