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## The is Die Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
Love's Sacrifice.

Eva went to the lecture and enjoyed it. The great man stood up square and straight, and got through his task with scarcely any notes. By the aid of a huge map which he had drawn, and by the very simplest language, he made the story of his extraordinary travels absolutely fascinating. Eva and the rest of the audience hung on his words; though he made light of them, she saw and appreciated clearly the terrible perils on the way.

As she was coming out she felt a touch on her arm. Owen Osborne had left the congratulatory throng to make his way to her.

"I hope you haven't been bored to extinction, Miss Lyndhurst," he said. "On the contrary, I have been very much interested, and I am sure every one else has been," she said.

His heavily marked face lightened and became a very pleasant one to look at—strong, generous, and, at that moment, almost boyish.

"That's the nicest compliment I've had paid me," he said.

He went out, bareheaded, with her and put her into the carriage.

"Good-by," he said; "and thank you."

He called at Gordon Gardens the following afternoon. Sir Talbot was out; but Eva was glad that she was at home, and she gave him a frank and cordial welcome. Tea was brought in, and they sat over it and talked for quite a long time. He talked much more freely than he had done at Lady Lorchester's; and, to Eva's gratification, he spoke of himself and his work as if he thought she would understand it. It was evident that he had not a very high opinion of the typical society woman, and his evident candor and communicativeness were therefore highly complimentary.

Eva enjoyed his visit very much; he was so very different from most of the men she met, who seemed to have very few ideas beyond those concerning clothes, bridge, polo, and motor-cars. She gathered, from some few words he had said, that he had very little regard for money, and that he was, if not actually poor, by no means rich. She liked him none the less for this; and his individuality, his obvious physical and mental strength, acted on her as a tonic, a stimulus.

Her father and Lord Hernalde came in a few minutes after Osborne had left, and Eva, half-unconsciously, drew a comparison between him and the young peer; and Hernalde came out second best, for by contrast with Owen Osborne's sturdy, genuine manliness, the former's seemed—well, just vainer. And yet Hernalde was more than usually attentive that

afternoon, and hup about her with a kind of subdued tenderness which made Eva uneasy and irritable.

A night or two afterward Aunt Emily took her to an extremely brilliant reception. As is usual with such functions, the rooms were horribly hot and crowded, and Eva was surprised to see Owen Osborne's tall form and closely cropped head towering above the mob. Then she remembered telling him casually that she was going to be there. Presently he made his way to her—by no means a gentle way, for he almost shouldered the men aside—and bent over her hand.

"Good heavens! What ever made you come here?" he asked, working his tanned brow and looking round with a mixture of disgust and amazement, which made Eva laugh.

"Good heavens! What ever made me come here?" she echoed.

He looked at her with his direct gaze, then glanced aside. He was silent a moment; then he said, by no means lowering his tone:

"I suppose I ought to say I don't know, but it wouldn't be true. I came because you said you were coming."

Eva fought down the blush that threatened to rise. "That's a very great compliment," she said, as lightly as she could. "But you will not see very much of me, for I see that my aunt is going."

"Oh, wait a few minutes!" he said, as one boy might appeal to another. "I deserve some reward for coming into this horrible crush. I give you my word, it's almost as bad as a palaver in a savage village; in fact, it's worse, for they're held in the open air. This air is like poison. Can't we go out on the balcony?"

"We could," said Eva, with a smile; "but my aunt—"

"You wave your aunt at me like a mumbo-jumbo. I don't believe she's going yet. Look, she's sat down beside that old hag with the feathers in her hair. Come on!"

"That old hag is the Duchess of Moorland," said Eva laughingly; but she, evidently did not resent the brusqueness of his invitation, for she rose and went with him to the balcony.

"This is better," he said, expanding his broad chest and drawing a long breath. "But you'd better draw that shawl around you." His hand went out to do it for her, but he checked himself. "London's not a bad place," he said thoughtfully, looking down at the park. "At least it wouldn't be if it weren't for shows like this." He jerked his head toward the hot and crowded rooms behind him. "I shall think of this night when I am far away up in Africa."

Eva felt a strange little sensation in her bosom; was it one of pain? But she said lightly enough:

"Are you thinking of going soon?"

"Well, the Foreign Office—by the way, this is a secret."

"Perhaps you ought not to tell me," she said, and her tone had grown graver and lower.

"Oh, I'd tell you any secrets," he said, "for I know they'd be safe with you."

She tried to laugh, but somehow she couldn't manage it.

"The F. O. has asked me to accompany an important expedition they are sending out there on the quiet. It's a good offer, and I want to see the place. They have offered me a large sum of money. That would not have influenced me a—little while ago, but one's views are altered by circumstances." He was looking down at the lamp-lit road, the vague masses of the trees; his face had grown thoughtful, wistful.

"So you will decide to go?" she said, in a still lower voice.

He started slightly and turned to her.

"I—I don't know. I haven't made up my mind. And I shall have to do so very quickly. I wonder whether if I told you all that's in my mind, what it is that makes me undecided, you would—"

Before he could finish the sentence Lady Lorchester appeared at the window.

"My dear Eva, I have been looking for you every where! Oh, Mr. Osborne, how do you do? What a delightful evening it has been, hasn't it?"

"Delightful," he said quietly, with a glance at Eva, who had risen. "Do

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you want your carriage? I'll get it for you."

"Dear me, how gracious he is!" laughed Aunt Emily. "He is really learning some manners. We ought to be very proud, my dear."

"I think Mr. Osborne has plenty of manners, aunt," said Eva gently.

"Then he mostly keeps them for his savages," retorted Lady Lorchester, good-humoredly.

Owen Osborne stalked beside them without a word, and in a like silence put them into the carriage; but he held Eva's hand tightly for a moment and his eyes met hers with an expression in his which brought the color to Eva's face and caused her to draw back quickly into the shadow.

Eva may or may not have been spending a pleasant evening; Sir Talbot certainly had not. Hernalde had come in after dinner and had brought bad news. The two men went into the library and discussed it, or, rather, it should be said that Hernalde informed Sir Talbot of it, and Sir Talbot unsuccessfully endeavored to rea-

size it and to understand how the catastrophe had been brought about. He sat, with bent back and white face, at the table, vainly endeavoring to make sense of the mass of figures which lay before him.

"Bad business, isn't it?" said Hernalde gravely. "Most extraordinary run of bad luck."

"I—I don't understand it," said poor Talbot, drawing his trembling hand across his furrowed brow. "I—I had no idea that I had risked so much money; that I was liable for such an enormous sum, for it is enormous to me, a poor man."

"Say 'we,'" said Hernalde, with a shrug. "I'm in the same boat. I've been with you in every transaction we've made."

"Quite so, quite so!" assented Talbot miserably. "But this loss can, I am glad to say, be of very little consequence to you. You are well off; you will be in command of plenty of money presently."

(To be Continued.)

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## War News

### Messages Received Previous to

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN GERMANY.

LONDON, April 27.—In an important speech Guildhall to-day, Lloyd George discussed the military situation in France to-night, saying that the British army was now engaged. Referring to the German offensive, he said: "We must convert a suspicious, surly neighbor to a cheerful and friendly one." The settlement of the question is essential for the world and essential to the victory in the war. I appeal to the patriotism of all men to sink their differences for the one purpose of getting question out of the way. George paid a tribute to the community, through the press, which, he said, British had survived the financial panic of the early days of the war. "God, our men have a real courage in the fighting. The story is different from what it was in the early stages of the war. By 1915, we lost 84 guns and 200 prisoners. By the date we have not lost a single man while we have captured 4000 prisoners. We have lost ten to one. The tide has turned, victory is coming nearer. During the first days of the Somme battle we captured 11,000 prisoners and during the first eighteen days of Arras battle our captures were 200,000 men and 230 guns, while we lost four times as much ground as we did. It is victory going to be won, and our chances are greater than ever. Our equipment is improving. Germans know it. That is the reason of the despair which has driven them to black piracy on the high seas. This is the new problem to deal with. Our problem is to feed a population of forty-five million in a country which is not self-supporting, to provide necessary material and food for our army and keep the sea lanes open for the transport of the troops, ourselves and our allies. This is to be done against an airplane which is moving unscathed over the sea. Since the German navy has mined to sink all craft, it is a matter of time before they will sink our ships. We have lost ships, but we have brought America in, and I am satisfied with the balance. We have a neutral flag in the sea, and she is definitely put down this morning.

### NOTHING DOING

LONDON, April 27.—Field Marshal Haig, in a statement from the British front in France to-night, says nothing of special interest. Aerial activity was intense today. British aviators brought down seven German airplanes, and others were driven down.

### NORWAY'S LOSSES

LONDON, April 27.—The Exchange Telegraph respondent at Copenhagen from the Norwegian papers says that five Norwegian ships were sunk and four were damaged by German submarines. A large

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