



Ruled BY Destiny!

CHAPTER XIX.
THE DEERSTALKERS.

As the accommodation was strictly limited, two men had to sleep in a room, and Lord Norman found that his companion chanced to be a young fellow fresh from college, who was an intense admirer of his, and who, in fact, had begged and prayed Sir Joseph to arrange that he should share Lord Norman's room.

The boy—he was very little more—had stolen up a short time before the general withdrawal, and had seen that a good fire was burning, and had, with his own hands, made the rough apartment as shipshape as it could be made by the arrangement of rugs and shawls, choosing for himself the smallest bed, and in every way he could think of studying his hero's comfort; feeling that if he could gain Lord Norman's permission to be near him on the eventful morning, he should be amply rewarded.

"Well, Harry," said Lord Bruce, looking round, "you haven't forgotten your old fagging days. You have made the room quite homelike! What a splendid fire! The worst of it is one is always tempted to sit up and keep it company. Do you mind if I have a cigar? Say so, if you do."

"Mind!" said Lord Harry, fervently, "I'll have one, too, if I shan't be disturbing you by sitting up."

Lord Norman laughed. The boy's devotion pleased him.

"Here, take one of these," he said, giving him his case. "We mustn't sit up long, though. We start almost at daybreak, and it will be hard work and no rest to-morrow, Harry."

"I shan't sleep for thinking of it!" said Lord Harry—he had come into his little a few months back. "Oh, by the way, Norman, would you mind my going with you instead of one of the others? I know it is a great favor I am asking, and I shan't be too much cut up if you refuse," he went on eagerly; "but if you say 'yes,' I'll promise to do exactly as you tell me, and not make any nuisance of myself."

Lord Norman nodded.

"I shall be very glad to have you, Harry," he said, little guessing what would come of the boy's request. "And I'm sure you will be anything but a nuisance."

Lord Harry expressed his gratitude.

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quietly; he knew his hero disliked any fuss, and the two drew near the fire and smoked and talked; that is Lord Norman talked and the boy listened with reverent ears and closely-riveted attention.

Lord Norman told him exactly what he would have to do on the morrow, impressing upon him how necessary it would be to maintain perfect silence, and to guard against his being seen by the deer.

"Deer crawling it might be called, instead of deerstalking," he said, for we shall literally have to crawl and drag ourselves over the ground once the game is spotted."

"I shall watch you, Norman, and do exactly as I see you do," said Lord Harry, earnestly.

"And luck standing by us, we will give a good account of ourselves! And now we had better turn in, I think."

Lord Harry got up at once with the obedience of a private to his officer, and went to bed, but Lord Norman sat and watched the fire for a long time before he retired.

It was a noisy breakfast party next morning; most of the men taking their coffee and broiled ham and eggs standing, and as the sun rose from behind the hills, they set out, themselves on foot, the gillies bringing up the rear with the horses.

As he had promised, Lord Norman chose Harry for his companion, and, accompanied by Donald, they took the line allotted to them, and commenced the day's work in a glow of pleasant excitement.

The country was as familiar to Donald as Fleet Street was to Dr. Johnson, and with the cunning of a Red Indian, he guided them to the most likely spot for the big game.

In silence the men crept from sheltering rock, Donald's keen eyes always on the lookout for the vision of a pair of antlers between them and the blue sky.

About noon, as they were lying hidden in a little hollow with their guns in their hands, Donald made a slight motion with his hand, and presently a stag moved from behind the hills in front of them and came proudly into the valley.

Harry, watching his hero, saw him press himself, as it were, into the ground, and followed his example.

The eyes of the three men were glued on the approaching monarch of the glen, their hearts beating so fast that the boy fancied the stag must hear them and take flight.

Slowly, haughtily, the beautiful creature advanced, then, while still out of range, turned and threw up its head, as if scenting the air.

There was a moment of awful suspense for the silent watchers; then the stag, appearing reassured, moved slightly round, still advancing.

The moment he came within range Norman turned his eyes on Harry, and formed the word "fire" with his lips.

The boy hesitated; it was too generous a sacrifice.

He looked at Lord Norman questioningly; then seeing that he might accept the offer, took aim, and missed.

Donald growled; but at the same instant Lord Norman fired, and the stag leaped into the air and fell prone on its side.

Lord Harry, with a boy's enthusiasm, sprang to his feet with a triumphant shout, and dashed toward it.

Now it does not follow that because a stag falls he is dead!

Donald and Lord Norman, knowing the danger, misunderstood them, kept on his way and had reached the stag, when it sprang to its feet then and charged full at him.

It was an awful sight. The beast looked monstrous in its savage fury, and the boy seemed paralyzed.

All would have been over with him had he not fortunately caught his foot in the heather and slipped at the moment the stag would have reached him, and instead of striking him the beast went over his prostrate form.

In an instant it turned to renew the attack, but by this time Lord Norman had come up, and standing over the boy, raised his gun by the stock to strike the animal.

There was one confused mingling of man and stag—an awful crashing sound, as of broken bones, and Lord Norman went down as if felled by a tree.

Then, and not till then, dared Donald venture to fire and bring the great beast down, and it fell without a groan, and dead this time, right across Lord Norman's body.

It all happened in so short a space

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Ah! How "Tiz" Helps Tired Aching Feet.

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of time that the poor boy stood staring with white face and starting eyes, scarcely realizing the consequences of his inexperience.

Donald, with savage Highland imprecations, dragged the stag from the prostrate form of Lord Norman, and raised his head, and Lord Harry fell on his knees beside him.

"Oh! what have I done—what have I done!" he cried. "Is he dead, Donald? Oh! Donald, Donald—what shall we do now?"

"Haud your tongue, and give me the flask, mon!" said Donald, savagely. "If the laird be dead, he's give his life for ye, that's sure enough; the beastie would have killed thee. Unloose his neckcloth, and run to the brook we passed for some water. Get it in your cap. And shout w' all ye strength as ye go."

Poor Lord Harry bounded off, shouting at the top of his voice; but the hills seemed to echo his cry for help with infinite mockery. When he came back Lord Norman was still unconscious.

His face and breast were covered with blood, flowing from wounds in his head and neck, and Donald could not give any opinion as to the extent of his injuries.

Neither the water nor the brandy would restore Lord Norman to consciousness, and for the first time in his life the sturdy old Highlander looked at a loss.

"No, no, he's not dead, mon," he said, in reply to Lord Harry's frenzied inquiries; "but I'd like to see him come to! Climb yonder hill there, and fire your gun, and shout; may be some of the party will be near and come over and help us."

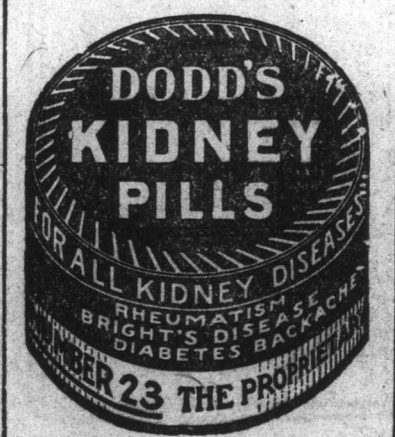
Lord Harry snatched up his gun and tore off, and Donald washed the wounds as well as he could with the little water he had, and forced some brandy through the clutched lips.

The stag had struck a forcible blow—his last in this life—and the antlers had broken Lord Norman's skull, and cut his neck and breast to a fearful extent. The thick coat was slashed and torn as if it had been divided by a keen-edged knife.

Presently, while Donald was cying the stalwart frame and wondering whether it would be possible for him to carry it any distance, he heard the voices of men shouting from behind the hill, and in a few moments Lord Harry returned at full speed.

"They are coming!" he panted. "Thank Heaven, they are coming! Oh, Donald, what shall I do? Some more water!" and off he ran again.

The approaching figure proved to be Sir Joseph and a servant with a pony. Sir Joseph's distress, at sight of the unconscious, bleeding figure of Lord Norman was almost as great as Lord Harry's; but there was no time lost in idle bewailing.



Carefully and tenderly they lifted the wounded man and placed him across the pony, Donald and Sir Joseph supporting him in as easy a position as possible, and the mournful cortege then started for the hut.

They could only go at a walking pace, and the way seemed interminable, but at last they reached the hut, and Lord Norman was carried into the room which last night he had paced with presentiments of coming ill tidings upon him.

One of the men was dispatched on the fleetest horse to Ballyfoe for medical assistance—fortunately there happened to be a young doctor among the guests—and Lord Norman was carefully undressed and his wounds bound and attended to.

Toward evening he recovered consciousness.

Opening his eyes he fixed them on Sir Joseph, who stood beside him with a troubled expression, and his lips moved.

Sir Joseph bent down and caught the word.

"Floris!"

"It is all right, my dear Norman. I have sent to Ballyfoe, of course, but my man is intelligent and will not alarm Miss Carlisle."

Lord Norman panted forth a sigh of relief, then his brow knit as if he were striving to remember something, and he murmured: "Harry!"

The boy had implored them to allow him to remain in the room, and Sir Joseph beckoned him forward.

"He is all safe!" he said.

Lord Norman smiled, as the boy fell on his knees beside the bed, and gently stretched out his hand, which poor Lord Harry seized and pressed miserably.

These efforts, slight as they were, proved too great, and Lord Norman instantly relapsed into unconsciousness.

So there he lay, helpless in mind and body, while Floris—hundreds of miles away—was by her mother's bedside, and separated from him, alas! by more than miles.

Certainly few chances had favored Lady Blanche, and—"the wicked were flourishing!"

Sea Power.

The suggestion that the German battle fleet may venture out soon and invite a test of strength by attempting to break up the transportation of men and supplies across the Channel has led the reviewers to consider the number and power of the fighting ships at the disposal of the Allies and of Germany respectively. Only another naval battle will reveal what improvements have been made in ships and guns since the battle of Jutland, but certainly since that time Britain, the United States and Germany have all been adding to the battle of Jutland. Before the battle of Jutland the British had sixty-three battleships of which ten were pre-Dreadnoughts, built between 1905 and 1910. Thirty of the sixty-three ships, comprising much more than one-half of the total tonnage, were super-Dreadnoughts. The Germans had at that time twenty pre-Dreadnoughts, eight Dreadnoughts and twelve super-Dreadnoughts, or fifty ships in all. The British losses in the battle consisted mainly of battle cruisers, while the Germans lost three and perhaps four battleships. The British had ten battle cruisers and lost three of them, together with three other cruisers, but while Britain had seven battle cruisers left after the fight, the Germans are thought to have had only four then afloat. After that action Britain's capital ships numbered seventy as against forty-one for the Germans.

But the fleet of the United States is to-day added to that of Great Britain and France. At the time of the Jutland fight the United States had thirty-four capital ships, including eight Dreadnoughts and four super-Dreadnoughts, but by the end of 1917 four battleships and four battle cruisers had been added, increasing the American strength approximately to that of Germany after the battle of Jutland. How many capital ships Germany has since been able to build is not known, but it seems probable that most of Germany's energy has been devoted to submarine construction. By building submarines the enemy hoped to defeat Britain and France before the United States could become a formidable ally. The submarine failed to win the war, and brought the Americans in, with their fleet. Some of the capital ships of the United States and much of its cruiser and destroyer strength are in British waters. In a battle now, assuming that each side was represented by its maximum strength, the Allies would have a numerical superiority of more than two to one, for it may be taken for granted that British naval construction has far exceeded that of Germany during the last year.—St. John Telegraph.

Fashion Plates

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2478—This will be fine for linen, shantung, poplin, foulard, satin or gingham. It could be made in a combination of materials. Crepe and gingham, gabardine and foulard, are nice. In linen, braided or embroidered, it would be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART BUSINESS DRESS.



Waist—2458. Skirt—2459.

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WAR REVIEW.

The British front east of Arras each side of the Avre and a Somme River seems to be the centre of the battle front in Here the Australians, assisted by the British, have been on July 4th