

Happiness Secured

A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
FOUND AT LAST.

"But he kept my secret. He respected my motives for wishing to conceal my identity. And if I had a motive for this before meeting you, Lesley, I had a still stronger one after," he explains, in confidence to me a little later, as we discuss the matter in the privacy of our own room.

"I could not forget what you once told me, dear," he adds, "that if ever you met Heriot Erroll you should hate him; and at that time I was by no means certain of winning your love as it was."

As Warden prophesied from the first, Leonard found no difficulty in proving the validity of the strangely recovered will.

Very much against his wishes, Mr. Erroll, who contested it to his utmost power, was defeated by Len's counsel in the suit to which it gave rise. After all these years of possession he is displaced from the position he had so long usurped; and Leonard Kendrick is a rich man, and master of the estate that should have been our mother's.

Adelaide, a popular novelist now, whose bright, pathetic stories take high rank in the world of literature, lives in London with her husband, who is making a great success in his profession; and Mr. and Mrs. Warden are among the most popular people in the refined and talented circle to which they belong.

Our home—Charley's and mine—or, rather, Heriot's—even now the familiar old name comes at times to my lips—is very near Addie's. A home made beautiful by perfect love and cultivated taste rather than great wealth, though we are not lacking in this world's goods; and in the peaceful shelter of which, as the years go on, and darling children spring up about us, "life grows better and heaven more near."

Old Mr. Erroll and his young wife, who does not sustain the role of a de-throned queen either gracefully or patiently, are living in the Isle of Wight, where they maintain a small establishment on the income Leonard and my husband jointly allow them.

Of Gwendolen we have seen nothing since the change in her fortune overtook her. With bitter resentment she has steadily refused to meet us, one and all.

From what I hear from different sources, she no longer goes into society; and, shut up with the feeble, disagreeable old man she calls her husband, drags out a fretful, discontented life, in which her beauty is rapidly fading, waiting for the release of widowhood that seems so slow in coming.

At the beautiful old Priory, where Rita dispenses hospitalities with the gentle grace always so characteristic of her, there are children, also; and

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Adelaide and I often visit there with our little ones, to talk over art and old times with dear Len, and the unparalleled perfections of the youthful Kendricks, Errolls, and Wardens, with Len's sweet wife.

The old house at Deepdene is still uninhabited, save for poor old Mrs. Martin, who lives there to take care of it, and with whom Addie and I often go to chat a little during our visits to the Priory.

There is yet another place we never neglect to visit—a quiet grave in the pretty, picturesque, little churchyard at Forton, to which it is our melancholy pleasure to carry flowers.

A plain monument of pure marble, with the name and age of the quiet sleeper beneath, marks the spot from all others; and the name, it is needless to say, is: Robert Fuller.

At the foot of the tablet are some lines which we found in his pocket-

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



book, and which for some reason he evidently prized and loved:

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought! "So death is sweet to us beloved, though we may tell ye naught; We may not tell it to them quick—this mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent; To those who enter death, must go as little children sent. Nothing is known; but I believe that God is overhead; And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Dear friend, as I lay my tribute of flowers on that peaceful grave, may we never lose faith in thy pure and gentle creed! Sadly as our lives are sometimes ordered, it is an all-merciful hand that shapes our destiny.

The memorial was erected by Ernest Warden and Adelaide, who claimed the right before us all.

"Poor Fuller!" Ernest remarked, in explanation, "it was in our interest he met his fate. Our happiness has been secured at a heavy cost, but the result is proof that, despite trials and troubles, love is certain to prove the conqueror at last."

THE END.

The Lost Will;

LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER I.

Jack got outside 209, Cophall Buildings, hustled through the crowded streets of the City, and made his way back to his chambers, feeling like one of the characters in the Arabian Nights. It did not occur to him that truth is always stranger than fiction, and he could scarcely convince himself that the scene in which he had played a part was anything more substantial than a wild and absurdly ridiculous dream. He wanted to jiggle, but Jiggles was at the court.

He did not tell Jim; but Jim did not offer any comment to make the thing more probable, and Jim himself presented the first difficulty. Were he and the faithful James to part? Would Mr. Chalfont permit Jim to make a third party to the contract? Jack could not bear the thought of parting from his well-beloved friend, and he decided to chance it. Accordingly, having sent off by Carter, Paterson some clothes and other belongings, and taking a suit case in his hand, at the appointed time he repaired, with Jim at his heels, to Cophall Buildings. Mr. Chalfont greeted him with a nod, and eyed Jim, who, advancing in a gentlemanly, leisurely way, smelt at Chalfont's trousers critically, then wagged his tail approvingly.

"I've had him since he was a pup," said Jack, apologetically. "We've never been parted, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"That's all right," said Mr. Chalfont, laying his hand on Jim's sleek head. "I don't like a man to go back on his pal, whether he's got two legs or four; and I'm fond of dogs. Bring him along."

They went down to a magnificent car, with chauffeur and footman correctly liveried, and followed Jim into the softly-cushioned interior. It was evident that one of the party, at any rate, was quite satisfied with the arrangement, and Jim, seated on Jack's knee, regarded the other dogs in the street with a proper carriage-folk expression. The motor glided through the crowded City streets to the quieter suburban ones, mounted to the crest of a hill on a wide, open expanse in Surrey, and pulled up smoothly at the entrance of a very large mansion. Its position was so secluded, its surrounding lawns and park so extensive, that the place might have been situated a hundred miles from London, instead of a bare twenty. There was a butler, of dignified deportment, in the hall, a couple of footmen hurried to receive them with due state, and the place had all the indications not only of great wealth, but of refined taste and mellow age.

"Bought of an old family," explained Mr. Chalfont, as he trudged up the stairs with his peculiar, heavy gait, the stiff movement of a man whose early years have been spent in arduous toil. "Came to grief in the City, like a good many other people who insist upon playing a game they don't understand. Got it, house, fur-

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nature, land, whole bag of tricks, for about half its value. I only use two or three rooms, except when I've a party. Here's your diggings."

The footman, who had preceded them, threw open a door on the first corridor, and Mr. Chalfont personally conducted Jack through a luxurious suite of bed, dressing-room, and sitting-room.

"Here you are," he said. "Make yourself comfortable; shoot out anything you don't like and order anything you want. I've got a man, a valet chap, for you—coming to-morrow. If you don't like him, chuck him out with the rest. I suppose those are your dress things in that case? Well, there'll be time to have a look round the place before you tog up."

They went down again, followed by Jim, who expressed his satisfaction with his new quarters quite plainly, and Mr. Chalfont, with his hands in his pockets, and jerking his roughly thatched head in various directions, showed Jack the principal rooms. They were all very handsome, some of them exceedingly beautiful. It was evident that Mr. Chalfont did not take much interest in them, but he displayed more as he ushered Jack into a small room at the back of the study library, a small room, barely furnished, with one or two sporting prints and maps on the walls, a square of linoleum on the floor, and furniture of the plainest and least luxurious kind. There was a bottle, not an elaborate spirit decanter, of whisky on a cheap sideboard, and some well-smoked clay pipes on the mantelpiece.

"My room," said Mr. Chalfont. "You'll find me here most of the time. A bit plain, you think? Well, I'm a plain man, and sometimes all the summery I live amongst gets on my nerves, as you say, and I like to come here and forget the rest of it. You'll find me here most times, as often as you want me. Now let's go round the park. By the way, you'll do some shooting and fishing of course. Oh, I've read about it; I'm rather a good shot myself—with a revolver. Had some practice," he added, grimly. "Well, I've got a place in Devonshire where my men are rearing pheasants, and there's a shooting-box up on a moor in Scotland, with a river chock-full of salmon, so they say. You'll see for yourself."

Jack stopped short and looked round him, and laughed.

"Pon my word, Mr. Chalfont, I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels! You must remember that all this has happened to me within a few hours, and I'm a bit knocked over by it."

"I dessey," said Mr. Chalfont, easily. "I dessey you feel as I felt the day I struck my first nugget out there." He jerked his head in what he thought was the direction of Australia. "I'd been working like a demon for months, scarcely enough to eat, nothing worth speaking of but muddy water to drink, and I was at my last peg—"

(To be Continued.)

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Cable News.

GERMANY OFFERS PEACE TERMS TO BELGIUM.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Germany has made a definite peace offer to Belgium, according to information received here.

It is understood that the Government has received the Austrian-Hungarian peace note, and also the proposal previously referred to, that all the Powers should withdraw their troops from the Murman territory. It is also learned that Germany has made a peace offer to Belgium. The terms of this proposal are as follows: That Belgium shall remain neutral until the end of the war; that thereafter the entire economic and political independence of Belgium shall be reconstituted; that the pre-war commercial treaties between Germany and Belgium shall again be put into operation after the war; that Belgium shall use her good offices to secure the return of German colonies; that the Flemish question shall be considered, and the Flemish minority which aided the German invaders shall not be penalized. The proposal contains no word respecting separation of the demilitarized zone, and no admission that Germany wronged Belgium.

BID FOR PEACE OVERSHADOWS FOCH'S HAMMER BLOWS.

Overshadowing in interest Marshal Foch's hammer blows against the harried Germans, is the Teutonic bid for peace, made through the Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary, Washington and the Allied capitals. It called the call for a conference of neutral soil as another German rush to get better terms than they might expect when the war has ended across their line. They were convinced that Austria, whose people have been war-worried, had been called upon to bear the onus of making peace overtures and thus save the face of Germany.

PRISONERS TAKEN.

PARIS, Sept. 14.—The prisoners taken by the American in the St. Mihiel operations number nearly 20,000, according to Marshal Hutin, editor of the Echo de Paris, naming them being 5,320 Austrians, Premier Clemenceau, who paid a bribe to Marshal Foch, Friday, informed M. Hutin, that 2,100 inhabitants were still in St. Mihiel when the Franco-American troops entered the town, and that the Germans had only taken away 75 of the French, for the most part young persons, the night before they evacuated. "I absolutely refuse to give you any other confidence but this—Things will go very well," said the Premier.

IN FRONT OF METZ.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—General Pershing's army, according to this afternoon's news, is making fine progress. Since yesterday afternoon it has advanced from two to three miles on a 33-mile front and the fortress guns of Metz have come into action against it.

FRENCH ADVANCE.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The French reached the edge of the town of Vailly on the Aisne. The French advanced for a distance of between one and two miles on an elevated front. The attack was launched by the French at 5 o'clock this morning. One division at an early hour had taken one thousand prisoners, making a total of 13,000 Germans captured on this front alone.

BRITISH MAKE PROGRESS.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—Further progress was made by the British last night in the region north of St. Quentin. The War Office announced to-day. Their lines were advanced both north and south of Wood in this area. German attacks in the Trescault sector

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram