



## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"All right," he said. "The beggars were there; but we gave them a good hiding, and they have scooted."

"That's good," said Dartford, heartily. "The women were all safe? You were in time?"

"Oh, yes, we were in time for that!" responded Heroncourt, with a laugh so strange and bitter that Dartford stopped and turned to look at him with surprise.

"Hallo, old man! What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter!" retorted Heroncourt. "Nothing. What should be? I was never more fit, never jollier in my life."

David Jones had slipped into the house, and now came out with a drink, and Heroncourt took it and tossed it off.

"I'll have some more, please," he said. "That was good."

"What's the matter with him?" whispered Dartford to David Jones, as Heroncourt gulped down the second drink.

David Jones shook his head sadly. "A bit overdone, sir," he said.

Dartford took Heroncourt's arm and led him to a kind of tent, which had been improvised over the buried treasure.

"You lie down and rest, old chap," he said. "You're pretty well knocked up, that's what you are. Been enjoying yourself too much. I know your sort."

"No, no," said Heroncourt. "I'm as fresh as paint. Give me a smoke. I've lost mine somewhere."

Dartford took out his own pipe and filled it, and insisted upon putting a blanket round Heroncourt; the touch of him was as hot as fire; his eyes were blazing.

"Now, you rest a bit. You will be better after the smoke," he said, and strolled out casually enough, but took to running when he got outside. He got hold of Lucy.

"Go into the tent; take some things with you. Heron—Mr. Tudor has got a fever or something."

She caught up one or two things and ran to the tent; but she paused outside, with her hand to her heart, and looked up at the sky, and then entered gently. Heroncourt was pa-

cing up and down, smoking furiously, and, after merely glancing at her, took no notice of her. She made up a bed in the most sheltered part of the tent, and then sat down beside it and took out a piece of needlework; and she carefully kept her eyes averted from him and did not watch him; but of course she noted every movement, and, when a stifled groan broke from him, it found an echo in her faithful heart.

Presently he sank on the bed, as if exhausted; and, as if suddenly aware of her presence, looked at her with a bitter smile.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded, sternly. "I don't want any woman bothering about me. Go away! Get out of my sight!"

"I am going," she said, meekly. "I am only tidying up."

"Leave it alone!" he retorted, angrily. "I hate women about me!"

She poured out a tin of water, which he promptly flung across the tent. She left him, but remained just outside the tent, her hands clasped, listening intently. After awhile she stole in; he was lying full length on the bed, the pipe dropped from his mouth, his arms outstretched, more like a dead than a live man. She stifled a cry, and, bending over him, lifted his head on the pillow, put his arms straight, and drew the blanket over him. Then she moistened his burning lips and sat beside him holding his hot hand in her loving one.

It may be stated most emphatically that, for all its anxiety, this was the happiest time of the girl's life. Dartford came in presently and she held up her hand warningly.

"He is asleep, but he is very bad, isn't he?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," she whispered. "He has got the fever. I know what to do, I know quite well. You will leave him to me, please, oh, please, sir."

Dartford nodded an assent, and after a time of sorrowful watching, went out. A few paces from the tent he almost stumbled over David Jones. The little man had been sitting there, waiting and listening—and thinking; thinking as Heroncourt had not been able, because of his misery, to think. That man, Robert Brosley, had not nooked or spoken like a happy bridegroom; the disappointment consequent upon his sudden separation from his bride of a few hours scarcely accounted to David Jones for Brosley's sullen demeanour and discourteous behaviour. It seemed to the little man that there was a kind of

mystery about the affair. Why, as Mrs. Brosley said, should he have chosen a clandestine marriage, when the bride was a general favourite and would have been welcomed by the Brosleys. It puzzled the little man; so that he was cogitating over the problem even while he was fretting about Heroncourt.

"Dash it all, you nearly had me over," said Dartford, as he stumbled and regained his balance. "Oh, yes, he is very bad; got the fever; but Lucy's there in charge; she'll nurse him; she's a good hand."

David Jones nodded. "Yes, if Lucy's there, it's all right," he said. Then, after a moment's consideration, he said: "I'm going to ask you a favour, sir. I should like to go back to Milda Wolda. If you will let me have a fresh horse—I won't be away longer than I can help."

There was something in the man's tone and manner which caused Dartford to look at him curiously.

"I don't know what the devil you've all been up to to-night," he said. "Yes, you can have the horse."

"Thank you, sir," said David Jones; he hesitated a moment; "perhaps you won't mind not saying that I've gone?"

Dartford nodded again. "You're a queer old fish," he said; "but you've got your wits about you; I don't forget you saved that money. Take what you like, and off you go."

David Jones chose the best horse, took a revolver and a supply of cartridges and some food in his saddle-bag and very quietly rode out from the station.

While Heroncourt was asleep—if sleep it could be called—Lucy slipped away and concocted one of the simple medicines upon which people in the wilds rely. They are generally called "old women's remedies," and are brewed from plants and herbs which grow about our path and are so familiar that we pass them unnoticed, and are ignorant of, or have forgotten their sovereign virtues. It is a far cry from such places as Dartford to the nearest doctor; but often, when serious cases necessitated his presence, he arrived to find that one of the old women's remedies had effected as much good as he could have done, and there was nothing left for him to do but nod approval and register a recovery.

When Lucy returned to her patient, she found that delirium was setting in. His brow was wet with sweat, he was tossing to and fro and mumbling and muttering, at first incoherently. She administered a few teaspoonfuls of her concoction, and sat beside him holding his hand and trying to soothe him; but the delirium was strong on him, and presently the incoherent sentences grew intelligible. She tried not to listen; but how could she help doing so? At first he raved about a certain Harold, his fall from a horse, and death; then, presently, his mind wandered off on a new tack, and a name came from his lips, followed by deep sighs.

It was a strange name—Malda; and Lucy wondered, feeling guilty because she could not help listening, whether it was a man's or a woman's; but suddenly he cried, "I love you, Malda!" and she knew.

She was pale enough before, but now every vestige of blood left her face; she dropped his hand and shrank back from him, her bosom heaving, her eyes burning with unshed tears; but she took his hand again and set her lips tightly.

Every time he spoke the name—and what infinite tenderness, what eloquent passion he threw into it!—her hand went from his, a shiver ran through her; but the hand always went back. For hours she suffered as only a woman can suffer. She divined now why he had often been so silent, so rapt in thought as sometimes not to hear her when she spoke to him; she guessed now why he had been so restless, so fond of solitude; why, indeed, he had come out to that wild place. And yet she bore it meekly, telling herself that it was only natural; that for certain he must love some woman, some lady of his own class; and what woman would not love him? The highest in the land might be proud of the love of such a man. But, all the same, she suffered, and before noon she was worn and haggard, more with the emotion that racked her, than her

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long vigil. Through all her pain and suffering, her attention, devoted attention, was unrelaxed; she administered the brew of herbs at regular intervals, and after awhile it took effect, the delirium passed, and, with a thankful, grateful heart, she saw him fall asleep.

In his wild tossing to and fro he had thrust the pillow from him, and, while she was adjusting it, his head rested for a moment or two upon her bosom. While she was bending over him, her sad eyes beaming with infinite tenderness and love, Dartford stole in, so noiselessly that she did not hear him.

Her attitude, the expression of her face, were not lost upon him; and he would have stolen out again; but she heard his movement, laid Heroncourt's head gently on the pillow and looked up, her face suffused with blushes.

"He is better," she said. "He is sleeping—a proper sleep."

Dartford nodded. "Then you go and rest; you'll be worn out. I'll send the old woman."

Lucy's eyes flashed, and her hand closed over Heroncourt's.

"No!" she said, almost sharply. "He must not be disturbed, I shall not leave him; no, one else shall."

"All right," said Dartford, meekly. "But he was right; and, an hour after he had gone, her head dropped and presently sank on the pillow beside Heroncourt's; but she still held his hand, and, at a slight movement of his, she started up, her face grim, her eyes heavy.

Towards evening Heroncourt awoke stared at her, raised himself on his arm; then, remembering Malda, and his great loss, sank back again with a groan. Lucy gave him a drink, then drew away so that he could not see her, and, half-crouching, half-lying, watched him. He lay still, as if thinking, and musing; but she was present, hunched deeply, two or three times; then he turned over and closed his eyes.

Lucy stole out and met Dartford. "He is better, he is awake," she said; "but do not let him talk."

As Dartford entered, Heroncourt turned to him with a gesture of impatience and annoyance.

"I seem to have been lying here a devil of a time," he said in a thin, hollow voice; "and Heaven knows there is plenty to do. I'll get up."

He tried to rise, but fell back, swearing with impatience and surprise at his weakness.

"Hold on," said Dartford. "You don't appear to realise that you've been awfully ill. You've had the fever, old man—got it now. I thought you were in for a long and a bad bout; and so you would have been if it hadn't been for Lucy. By George! she's worked a miracle! I never knew anybody like that girl. She's nursed you like a mother."

What's the use of your trying to get up? You can't move; you're as weak as a mouse. You lie still and take it easy; it's your only chance, if you want to get about again soon."

"Give me some water," said Heroncourt.

(To be Continued.)

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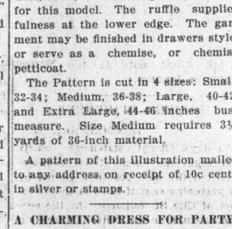


2158—Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, satin, silk and crepe may be used for this model. The ruffle supplies fullness at the lower edge. The garment may be finished in drawers style, or serve as a chemise, or chemise petticoat.

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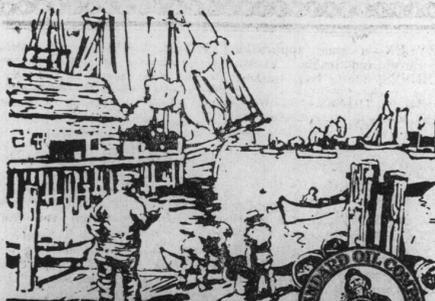
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**War News**

Messages Received Previous to

GERMANS ATTACK NEW TIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—The new positions gained by the French on the Stenbecq line in Belgium. The war office announced that they were repulsed. The Germans also made a tactical on the Verdun front. They had a footing in the French positions at some points, but ejected by a counter attack.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—The official communication by the war office last night. In Belgium our attack on the Stenbecq line was successful. During the night our infantry dominated our position. The Germans broke his resistance near Stenbecq, and continuing to capture in conjunction with the 300 prisoners. The two divisions were active in the region of and Hurbise. On the Meuse, in the region of one of our patrols brought prisoners. The Germans in the Cathedral of St. Quentin, were burning for several hours. Eastern Theatre—Silent activity on the front generally. Several patrol combats in the valley of the Struma. In the of Cakes Presba, and Osh three French machines, and an bombarder enemy in the region of Fogra. British aviation services by

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