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Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

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The Lost Will, OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER IX.

"I dessey," said Jack, sympathetically; "but you'll get used to it very quickly. It's wonderful how soon one can get used to anything." At the moment he was thinking how quickly he was growing accustomed to the fact that he had lost the fortune she had acquired. "Presently you'll feel as if you'd had all this money all your life."

She shook her head and smiled down at him doubtfully. Then her brows drew together in a way they had when she was troubled.

"Mr. Chalfont," she said hesitatingly, "I have been thinking of the will—the way in which we found it. I ought to tell you that my father considered he had been—yes, I must use the word—robbed and injured by Mr. Chalfont some years ago. I do not know the whole story—the details. Just before he died my father gave me a packet—something like a letter in a sealed envelope—and told me I was not to open it unless I should find myself, after his death, in great poverty and wanted money. Perhaps the paper in the envelope explains this sudden change in my fortunes—the will. But I cannot open it."

"Of course not," Jack said, with a nod of comprehension and approval.

"I know that my father had been looking for Mr. Chalfont for years, that his object in coming to England was to find him. My father must have come to the house here—must have seen Mr. Chalfont—got him to make the will. Oh, Mr. Chalfont, I am in great trouble about this. Don't you see that Mr. Chalfont might have made this will against his own wish? If so, I've no right—"

Jack looked at her steadily, reassuringly.

"Don't you worry about that, Miss Norton," he said earnestly. "Mr. Chalfont was not the man to be forced—I

mean, to do anything he didn't want to do. You take my word for it that if he left you his fortune, it was because he wished to do so, and thought it right. He was a very straight man, though he was a millionaire. And then there's another thing; he had no relatives, none whatever. So it was only natural he should leave the money to the daughter of his old friend, especially if he thought that, in honour, he was bound to do so."

Nora's face cleared somewhat, but she still looked a little doubtful, and Jack wondered whether he ought to tell her about the torn letter Chalfont had written to him, which Horton had found in the waste-paper basket. But Jack decided not to do so; in fact, he couldn't do so without revealing the fact that she had got the fortune which Chalfont wanted to leave to him.

"It's all right," he said. "If Mr. Chalfont hadn't left the money to you, it would have gone—well, we don't know where it might have gone. See here, Miss Norton; you take my advice and don't let your mind dwell upon the—past; it will only worry you, and there's no need for you to worry about how you came into this fortune. Why, sometimes people leave all their money to some chap who has taken them across the road at Charing Cross, some one who has shown them into a pew or lent them a hymn-book. It's evident that Mr. Chalfont had better reasons than these for making you his heiress."

Nora drew a sigh of relief. "You always seem to smooth out everything for me," she said, with a smile.

"Yes, I'll try and forget the trouble between my father and Mr. Chalfont. I suppose Mr. Chalfont would have left his money to some charity."

"I dessey," said Jack unblinkingly. "Well, you can give some of it away; in fact, you're sure to do so—you're that sort. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, I think that is very flattering," said Nora, with a laugh.

"How do you like Cousin Mabel? I'm afraid she isn't a cousin really; but I've always called her so," asked Jack, with an abrupt change of the subject.

"That is another thing I have to thank you for," said Nora. "You seem to have thought of everything—to have guided me and looked after me in a most wonderful way. Oh, yes, I am very fond of her already; she has been very good to me, and we are great friends."

There was a pause; then, with a sudden rise of colour, she said, hesitatingly:

"Mr. Chalfont, I'm going to say something which I fear you will think very inquisitive, intrusive."

"Not I," said Jack cheerily. "You couldn't say anything I should regard in that light. What is it, Miss Norton?"

"I want to speak about Mr. Chalfont and yourself. You and he were great friends; though I've seen so few persons, I have gathered that he looked upon you almost as his son; and I think it strange, very strange, that he has not—"

"She paused, much embarrassed.

"Oh, you mean, left me anything?" said Jack, in a cheerful, matter-of-fact tone. "Yes, Mr. Horton's just been telling me that you spoke to him about it. Oh, yes, Mr. Chalfont and I were quite pals. See here, Miss Norton, it's all right; Mr. Chalfont was more than good to me during his life, and there was no earthly reason why

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything new without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTZING, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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He should have left me anything. You see, I have my profession."

He made the statement as if he were a barrister with a thriving practice; and Nora breathed a faint sigh of relief.

"I'm glad," she said. "You will forgive me for speaking about it? I was afraid that Mr. Chalfont's death would mean a great loss to you. You lived here with him, you stood to him almost as a son, as I have said; now I have come." She stopped, and then went on, with a faltering little laugh, "I feel, Mr. Chalfont, as if I had turned you out."

Jack wondered, with grim amusement, what she would say if she knew the truth; but he said, with an air of perfect sincerity:

"Oh, that's absurd, of course, Miss Norton. I had rooms here at the Hall because it was convenient for Mr. Chalfont; but I kept my own chambers going, and I live there now. Turn me out!" He laughed. "Pray disabuse your mind of that idea."

Nora was silent for a moment. She wanted to say, "Will you please consider that the rooms here are still yours; will you be so kind as to do so?" but she did not know whether it would be "proper" for her to make the request; and she stood, her brows drawn together, her teeth catching at her lips, her hand on Jim's head.

"You wanted to ask me something?" said Jack.

She looked up with sudden eagerness, and yet with an air of apology.

"Oh, yes; there are ever so many things. Mr. Horton tells me that you looked after, managed, the estate here."

"That's so," assented Jack. "Really, when I come to think of it, it was about all I did in return for Chalfont's great goodness to me. You see, I'm country-bred, and know more about things belonging to an estate than he did; so, gradually, he let the thing slip into my hands—I mean, the looking after the tenants, the stables, and the preserves."

She looked a little puzzled, and Jack laughingly explained.

"I don't mean the jam cupboard, but the birds. Mr. Chalfont wanted to get up a good head of game and have some big shoots. Of course, that's over now; but there are a lot of things to see to, and no doubt you'll have an agent. Mr. Horton will be able to find you a good one."

"You mean that you will no longer—that—Mr. Chalfont, if I were to ask you to continue to act for me as you acted for Mr. Chalfont, would you do so? I am ashamed to ask you, because you have done so much for me; I am ashamed to give you any further trouble."

Jack looked down for a moment; then he raised those frank eyes of his and looked at her squarely.

"If you wish me to act as your agent, Miss Norton, I will be very glad to do so," he said.

"Thank you!" she murmured, and a look of relief and pleasure shone in the eyes which Jack thought were the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"You don't know what a load you have taken off my mind. I was dreading that you would refuse, that I should have some stranger—Oh, I can't thank you enough—it is very, very good of you!"

"Don't mention it," said Jack, more than a little touched by her sweet

gratitude. "I'll arrange the matter with Mr. Horton. Don't you worry any more about it."

"You speak as if it were a very small thing you were doing for me. Won't it take a great deal of your time?" she faltered.

"Oh, I shall like it," said Jack. "I've plenty of time—I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "that I can spare time quite well. I shall have to come down pretty often; but I needn't bother you very much."

"Oh, but you won't bother me," she said quickly; "and besides, if you don't mind, I should like to know what is going on, what you are doing. You see"—she paused a moment, and went on, with a touch of humility—"I want to feel—indeed, you would smile if you knew that I am already beginning to feel—as if these people on the estate belonged to me, as if I were responsible for their comfort, their well-being. You're not laughing?"

"Not I," responded Jack, promptly and sincerely. "I understand; I know how you feel about it." It was exactly as he had begun to feel. "And so you are responsible, in a way; of course, they rely on you. There's all the difference in the world between a good and a bad landlord."

"I want to be a good one," she said.

"I've read so much about the wrongs of tenants—"

"Oh, come now!" said Jack, smiling. "Don't you believe all you read. Take it all round, there are more good landlords than bad; and Mr. Chalfont was certainly one of the former. He was very good to his people—though he didn't paperize them, mind you! That's the cruellest kind of kindness. But he was never hard; always ready with the repairs, and when a man's rent wanted knocking down Mr. Chalfont knocked it down."

"You mean you did," she said, with a smile.

"Same thing," said Jack. "He was always open-handed."

"I want to go on like that," she said. "I want to be a real friend to them; I want them all to be prosperous."

"To let them live rent free, shoot all the game, and regard the Hall as a shop where they can get everything they want without paying for it," said Jack, grinning. "Yes, I know. But that won't do; and I think I ought to tell you that you've got an agent who'll protect you against yourself."

"I shall need protecting against myself in many other ways," said Nora. "I don't mean against being too charitable, but against making mistakes in every direction. I wonder whether—"

She checked herself. "Do you realize—are you too good-natured, Mr. Chalfont, to realize that, since the first moment we met, you have befriended me, I have been a burden to you? I have got to rely on you at every turn; and I have to guard against that great weakness in women—the habit so easily acquired, of leaning on the man who has been good to them. We are all trespassers, Mr. Chalfont, in this respect."

"That's all right," said Jack. "I shall feel honoured if you will come to me, make use of me, whenever you want to do so."

(To be Continued.)



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St. Quentin

By Germans A Demolition of Victory Follow Bulgar Hunga

WAR REVIEW.

The town of St. Quentin, upon which the Germans had so firmly builded their hopes of proving an insuperable barrier to the Allies, at last has been entered by the French, and seemingly the gateway is open to Marshal Foch for a swift advance eastward in his task of reclaiming Northern France. Meanwhile the Germans and their Allies on all the fronts have continued to play a losing game, and report has it that the Turks, realizing the critical situation through successive defeats, and the withdrawal of Bulgaria from the war, are sending out "peace feelers."

From Northern Belgium to the region of Verdun, the battlefield is still seething with activity on various fronts, with the Entente forces continuing to make gains against the Germans, which are seriously impeding the enemy lines. In Flanders, the Belgians and British in the region from Dixmude to Armentieres, have further driven in their sharp wedge eastward, capturing important towns and cutting lines of communication necessary to the continued holding by the Germans of their submarine bases on the North Sea. From Cambrai to St. Quentin, notwithstanding most violent reactions from the Germans, the British, Americans and French again have won heavily fortified positions of the area all along the front. The town of St. Quentin at last has been taken by the French, and the enemy realising that Cambrai is no longer tenable has given it up to the torch. Between the two lines, the remaining portions of the 3d Hindenburg line are slowly being demolished, although the Germans have imposed the strength of nearly half a million men against the Allied troops to hold the front, the breaking through of which in conjunction with the successful manoeuvre in Flanders along the Aisne and in Champagne the French operating in conjunction with the Americans are steadily advancing northward. Their guns now dominate the Aisne River valley, running to the north of the Argonne forest, while on the other side of the forest the Americans are slowly coming up the Aisne valley from the south, and soon will be in a position with the French to nip this great wooden bastion out of the German lines. In the mountain region of the Italian front there has been a considerable increase in artillery action, and it is probable that Marshal Foch will soon begin an offensive here against the Austro-Hungarians. General Allenby in Palestine has surrounded Damascus and French cavalry is reported to be working its way up the Mediterranean Sea coast to theatre west of Lake Bochrada, the Austrians are evacuating territory in Albania, probably indicating that now Bulgaria is out of the war the Austro-Hungarians realise they are in a serious position far from home and with no allies to aid them. Peace demonstrations have been held in Berlin in which police intervention became necessary. Some excesses were committed by the crowds, such as the tearing down of statues. The possibility of a cabinet crisis in Germany is indicated by the resignation of the Imperial Chancellor, Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister. In the recent fighting in France and Flanders the German losses in men killed or

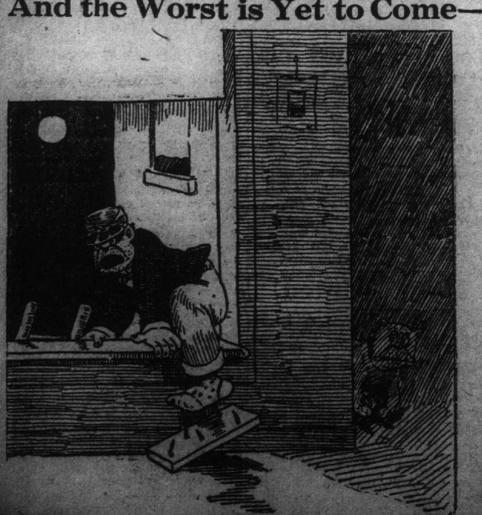
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