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HESTER, AND A LEGACY

As soon as she was a little calmer and had given him an account of the accident and where her friends might be found, he proposed her trying to walk and helped her to rise to her feet. The attempt was painful, but there was nothing else to be done; no cottage was in sight, and unless he left her there while he went for a conveyance—a proposition she would not hear of for a moment—the injured ankle must be used. She made the most of her helplessness, and her companion had no choice but to put his arm around her waist, reassuring and consoling her by every means in his power.

At last by slow stages, which, however, were all too quickly over for the drooping Violet, they reached the wood where the primrose gatherers were still busily at work. Lily Coxe was the first person they chanced to see, and then came stalwart Jim Turner, into whose willing arms Lord Lynmouth transferred his lovely burden. The others gathered from all directions; some one ran for a conveyance, some one else got some brandy, a third suggested burnt feathers to prevent the patient from fainting, and among them all the interesting heroine of the accident was made as much of as even her vain heart could desire.

The hero, meanwhile finding that he was no longer necessary, quietly quitted the scene of action and, accompained by Colley, proceeded for the second time that afternoon to make his way down the eventful lane.

At the spot where he had come upon Miss Langworthy something white attracted his eye. It proved to be a small lace-edged handkerchief with a violet embroidered in the corner—one of a set that was used only on interesting occasions. He picked it up and put it in his pocket with the intention of returning it to its owner at the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER XIV.

Violet Langworthy's accident, and especially the part that Lord Lynmouth had taken in the affair, were considered by all her friends and acquaintances to be a most interesting event, giving rise to much speculation as to the future.

One or two were jealous of her good fortune. Lady Muriel, for instance, to whose ears the report spread, felt that any pain would have been more than compensated for by the delight of having Lord Lynmouth's support and encouragement in bearing it, and Mrs. Coxe could not resist a sigh over the fact that it was not Lily who had met with the misfortune—for what is the inconvenience of a sprained ankle when weighed in the balance with the benefits to be derived from becoming Lady Lynmouth and the securing of such a position for life? Her disappointment was mitigated however by the fact that it was to Lily he first turned in his predicament, that it was to Lily he confided his trouble and his patient, her aid and counsel that he sought. No doubt he was only too glad to hand over that sentimental, ridiculous girl, Violet, who was probably heavier than she looked, and who, from all accounts, had clung to him in a manner that must have made him quite uncomfortable. No, it was evidently Lily whom he admired—Lily, whose sterling worth and sound commonsense made her a resource to turn to in critical times when he needed help.

As for Violet herself, as she lay with bandaged foot on the sofa in the old, gloomy dining-room of the Moat House her mind went over and over again the details of that memorable afternoon; she recalled every word he had uttered, every tone of his voice, every expression on his face, interpreted them in her own way, and drew conclusions of the most flattering description from them. Could such gentleness have sprung from anything less than a special personal interest in her? Would he have treated all victims of sprained ankles with such tender consideration, such delicate respect? No, she believed that she had been singled out among all other women, that he had recognized her instantly as his kindred spirit, and that Fate had thrown them together for one sole purpose—love, marriage and bliss for ever afterwards.

She was sentimental and romantic by nature, and there had been nothing in her training and surroundings to counteract the undergrowth of these qualities. Living alone with an aged grandmother in the gloomy old Moat House, with no occupation beyond what she made for herself, she had had ample opportunity for becoming self-centered and feeding her romantic imagination with high-flown novels and extravagant poetry. The outcome of it all was a fixed belief in an admiration of kindred spirits, and love at first sight and a secret desire for frantic devotion. She saw nothing improbable in the hope that Lord Lynmouth had secretly laid his heart at her feet when he knelt before her in the lane—had not King Cophetua married the beggar maiden, and the Lord of Burleigh a village-girl? Why should she not become Lady Lynmouth? Was she not pretty and religious and modest and everything that a man would naturally fall in love with? It is true that she was penniless, and that when her grandmother died she would be dependent on the charity of an almost unknown uncle or obliged to make her own way in the world, but what of that? It only enhanced the romance of the situation.

So she lay on her sofa and spun her theories of love and dreamed her dreams, while her grandmother sat dozing at the fireside and the clock kept ticking away the long, quiet hours. She wondered when she would see him again, how he would look, what he would say, what she would answer—and then in the midst of these reflections there was a loud clang at the door-bell, a strange voice in the hall, and an instant afterwards Lord Lynmouth was announced in the doorway by the old silver-haired manservant.

In he came, looking handsomer and more distinguished and more interesting than ever and her heart seemed to stop beating and the room to turn round and round. But in spite of her emotion she took care to receive him gracefully, apologizing for not rising as she gave him her hand, and satisfied that the blush that had mounted to her cheeks was rather becoming than otherwise.

He was in riding-dress, and had left his horse outside. He had been passing, he said, and had not been able to resist coming in to inquire how the sprained ankle was getting on, and he listened with such an air of interest to all she told him and seemed so genuinely anxious for her recovery that she became more deeply enslaved every minute, and more confident than ever that such mutual devotion and sympathy could only find a fitting sequel at the altar rails.

The only drawback to the romance of the situation was an occasional snore from old Mrs. Langworthy, who was still dozing at the fireside, and whom Lord Lynmouth, would not allow to be disturbed on any account.. Violet, nothing loath, allowed him to have his way, and was only too delighted to have his undivided attention during the few minutes he stayed; but she was conscious that a background of snores destroyed the harmony of the occasion and robbed it of its poetic atmosphere that she would have desired should surround her at such a moment.

The visit was all over too soon, and before the grandmother was roused from her slumber he rose to go and took his leave with that grave, courteous dignity of manner that was Violet's special admiration. She watched him from the window, saw him mount his horse and ride away.

On riding through the moated gateway Lord Lynmouth met his mother driving past with Miss Philips. He did not join them, and only raised his hat as they went by. But in the evening Lady Lynmouth asked him suddenly what he had been doing at the Moat House.

"I was passing and I called to inquire after Miss Langworthy," he replied briefly.

"Is she ill?" said Lady Lynmonth sharply.

"She has sprained her ankle. I thought you had heard of it."

"I didn't know you knew the girl," she said.

"I don't—except that I happened to come across her just at the time of the accident. She couldn't walk and I had to get her back to her friends.'

"You carried her, I suppose?" said Lady Lynmouth, with a strong accent of displeasure in her voice. "A very pretty story. And then you go secretly to inquire without telling me anything about it! Her eyes have bewitched you, I suppose! What fools men are!" she added angrily. "The girl is an affected, vain coquette, and hasn't a penny of her own into the bargain! It is no use wasting your time over her, Dudley!'

"I am not wasting my time over her. I merely called in common politeness to inquire," he said so quietly that she could not tell whether her arrows had gone home or not. A moment afterwards he left the room, and she did not dare broach the subject again.

But the next day on going into his rooms for something while he was not there she happened to see a little lace-edged handkerchief lying on his writing table, the handkerchief he had meant to return to Violet, and which he had forgotten to take with him when he went to call. She picked it up and examined it. There was a violet daintily embroidered in the corner, but even without this conclusive piece of evidence her suspicious jealousy would have told her to whom it belonged. Why should he treasure it? she asked herself. Anger fear and resentment filled her breast. Was her pet scheme to be frustrated because of a girl's violet eyes? What could a penniless wife do for her son, for the property, for his heirs? Had she given her own fortune and her own life's ambition that they should be sacrificed in the end?

A bitter feeling of resentment against the girl rose in her heart, and putting the handkerchief back where she had found it, she left the room determined to thwart the marriage if ever her son should be mad enough to contemplate such a thing. There was nothing to prevent her changing her will, or threatening to do so, at any rate, leaving him without a penny wherewith to keep up the dignity of his title or the management of the estates. And how would he and his violet-eyed wife fare then? They would have to submit to poverty and hardship and destitution, and it would be strange if in the end he did not learn to regret his ill-placed infatuation. She loved her son in her own hard, cold way, but she loved her ambition more, and she was quite capable of carrying out her cruel scheme should he thwart or displease her in the matter of his marriage.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Coxe's sale of work, which was at first intended to take place modestly in her own drawing-room, was by degrees reaching dimensions that threatened to overflow that apartment, spacious as it was.

So many people were asked to contribute and so many things began to pour in that Mrs. Laing-Stonor suggested her hiring the Town Hall and holding a regular bazaar, with stalls, stall-holders and a refreshment buffet. It would attract buyers from a distance, she urged, and would be, besides, very much more amusing than a dull sale of work in a private drawing-room. Indeed, to go further, why should not the stall-holders get themselves up in fancy-dress for the occasion? And why should there not be a band—a military one for choice—to play during the afternoon? And why should there not be variety entertainments and tableaux vivants as well to make the thing "go"? She knew several of her friends who would be delighted to dress up as negroes and play the banjo if she asked them. And, as for the tableaux vivants, surely they had sufficient talent and beauty in the neighbourhood to get something together? Any way, it would be the means of stirring them all up after a deadly dull winter, and the proceeds would be for a good cause, even if the results were not particularly brilliant.

Mrs. Coxe acknowledged all this and was pleased to see the thing swell into such magnificent proportions, but, although she liked figuring as patroness of an affair that would attract the eye of the whole county, her chief anxiety was to bring the Lynmouths more prominently into play and cement the connection between the two families. How to do this was constantly in her thoughts.

In the midst of this perplexity Mrs. Laing-Stonor unwittingly came to her aid—Mrs. Laing-Stonor, the dash and brilliance of whose suggestions were quite beyond Mrs. Coxe. That energetic lady, on whose worldly palate the stagnation of country life had long tasted badly, was determined, since there was Mrs. Coxe's money to back her, to make a really amusing affair of this bazaar and it was not long before she bore down upon the Towers with a new suggestion which quite took away Mrs. Coxe's breath by its audacity.

(To be Continued)

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Paris, Sept. 2.—The Athens correspondent of the Havas Agency says that a final agreement has been signed by the Entente powers and Greece concerning navigation and commerce. Greece agrees to take the strictest measures for the suppression of trade in contraband articles and the Entente nations consent to the free exportation of tobacco and raisins on the basis of export statistics previous to the war and the importation from the British colonies of all goods exclusively reserved for individual consumption in Greece. The search by Allied warships of Greek boats going from one Greek port to another, the correspondent says, will cease immediately.

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London, Sept 4—The graphic description of the the British forces on Hill 21 is furnished by the offici nized observer for the Bri with the Franco-British for Dardanelles, E. Ashmead

The last attack was ma battalion held in reserve mounted division behind This splendid body of tro was in action for the first led by men bearing some o known names in Britain. out from under cover and to cross the Salt Lake in o

No sooner did they appea enemy concentrated heavy fire on the advancing lines, exposed in the open. The furiously bombarded by ev able gun, while the Turkish concentrated their fire trenches.

MAJESTIC, BUT AW

The scene was majestic, The light was now rapidl and the whole horizon w blotted out by enormous smoke and flames as the scrub and the homestead gr furiously at a dozen differe

The noise of the guns sant, and the never-ceasing thousands of rifles rendere a perfect inferno.

A little after six the batt forward, seized the south of the hill and began to dig in preparatory to a furth against the top. At this shell fire seemed to begin the Turks. Many were se ing from the northern kn hill down the trench line, cause it had become unt they were preparing to me vance of our men.

For about an hour the change in the situation. Peomanry again moved fo solid mass, forming up und er western and northern

CHARGE UP THE

It was now almost dar attack seemed to hang suddenly the Yeomanry lea feet as a single man a right up the hill. They w a withering fire which ro cendo as they neared the crest.

Nothing could stop the charged with amazing spe a single halt from the bot top, losing many men chosen leaders, including Sir John Milbank.

It was a stirring night, thousands in the eve gloom. At one moment below the crest, at the were on the top. A moment many disappeared inside t trenches where they wer work of bayoneting all the who had not fled at the still others never stoppe trench line, but dashed down the reverse slopes. m a thousand lips went up that Hill 70 was But night was now falli figures became blurred, th shape and finally disappe view of the battlefield ha completely.

LULL IN RIFLE F

As one left Chocolate looked back on a vista clouds of smoke, and huge the midst of which the r fire never for a moment c

This was ominous, for Hill 70 was now in our question arose, could w throughout the night in t determined counter-attacks

All through the night raged incessanly.

When morning broke no longer in our possessio ently the Turks had never off the knoll on the nort from which they enfiladed their machine gun and a while those of the Yeom dashed down the reverse pursuit of the Turks wer attacked, and lost heavily obliged to retire.

(Continued on Pag