

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER IX.

Jack rowed a little way out, and followed the coastline; and, of course, rowed in silence.

He had come to Withycombe on the impulse of the moment, and just because it occurred to him that he would like to see it again. He was not in the mood for London, for his father's death had hit him hard, and the fact that he had died in company with him had filled him with a regret, and caused a softening of the heart which made him long for quiet and repose. And Withycombe, he remembered, was quiet enough.

The fishermen's kit was adopted as much for convenience as disguise; he was fond of the sea, he had worked his passage out to Australia, and he plausibly accounted for his presence at Withycombe by telling the simple fisher folk that he was out of a job, and fancied a spell of rest. No one had recognized him. Mrs. Bunce would have done so, of course, but Mrs. Bunce was dead, and her daughter did not recognize in the good-looking young fisherman the lad who had scampered about the place in the by-gone years.

Jack, not having heard of the Misses Bramleys' arrival, had no idea of the identity of the two girls who had engaged him as if he were an ordinary fisherman. He felt rather amused, and was not at all annoyed at their mistake; indeed, it was a tribute to the excellence of his disguise; and he considered it was rather a pleasant way of spending the morning, far pleasanter than rowing by himself, or lounging on the beach brooding over the miserable past.

Every now and then he glanced at Clytie, who was leaning back, her eyes fixed on the small village of white cottages which climbed from the beach itself, and wound in broken line through the ravine until it was lost among the trees above. It was as beautiful a scene in its way as any part of England can show, and Clytie, as she sat and gazed at surrendered to her. He listened in a kind of dream to the girls as they talked and laughed.

"Clytie, you're getting your feet fearfully wet!" said Mollie reproachfully; but Clytie laughed almost gaily; she seemed as young, as girlish, as Mollie at that moment.

"Who cares?" she cried.

"That's all very well," retorted Mollie. "But what would Doctor Morton say?"

"So, she was ill, delicate, thought Jack. As he watched her.

"What does it matter? Besides, salt water never hurts one," replied Clytie carelessly.

"That's a mistake, a popular fallacy," said Jack involuntarily.

Both girls straightened themselves.

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FACE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

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the water doubtfully.

"There used to be a landing-board," she said.

Jack looked round. "There isn't one here now," he answered.

"Oh, well," she murmured, with an air of resignation, and he took her in his arms. She was very little heavier than Mollie, but for some reason or other, Jack's heart beat fast, and he felt a strange embarrassment and awkwardness, which did not, however, discover itself for he bore her with apparent ease—and indifference—to the beach, and did not deposit her until he could do so on absolutely dry land.

"Thank you," she said, quite placidly, and without the trace of a blush; why should she be confused?

Jack touched his cap, and was turning away with an apologetic:

"Oh, I forgot!"

She felt in her pocket, consulted in a whisper with Clytie, then said:

"I'm so sorry, but we haven't any money with us. We will pay you to-morrow."

For the life of him Jack could not prevent the rush of blood to his face, but he said, with feigned politeness:

"It's of no consequence." Then he added, on a sudden impulse: "Shall you want me to-morrow?"

"Shall we, Clytie?" asked Mollie.

"Oh, I don't know. But perhaps you had better keep about. We'll send word. Good morning. Come on, Clytie, I'm simply starving!"

Jack tugged the boat up the beach, and, lighting a pipe, sat down beside it.

The situation was a bit grotesque, he thought. Here was he, Sir Wilfred Carton, a baronet, playing at fisherman, boatman, and "waiting" on the girl who might have been his wife. It was all very well for a day, was rather amusing than otherwise; but—had he not better take himself off? Why should he remain in England, to be harassed and worried by his proximity to the hall, and—what might have been? Out there in Parraluna a warm welcome awaited him; he had half the prospect in Silver Ridge, was not quite a beggar—in Australia; while here—

But he had asked if the girls would want him on the morrow, and had been bidden by Mollie to "keep about!" Yes, it was funny, very, he told himself; and he smiled, but rather ruefully. Then he thought of the two sisters. He liked Mollie—a ripping little tomboy, and as quick as a needle. He had seen that in the glance he had got of her in the churchyard. And, of course, the way—Clytie, he should say—Miss Bramley—who was playing the organ. Though she had scarcely spoken twenty words to him, he left that he liked Clytie better even than he liked the younger girl. She had altered so much that it almost seemed to him as if he were making her acquaintance for the first time. How gentle she was. And yet there was strength of character behind those gray eyes, indicated by the firm lips with their dainty curve of sadness, of wistfulness.

Now, supposing that he had not quarrelled with his father and left

"You!" retorted Mollie scornfully.

"I'll bet you I walk you, swim you, ride you, row you, for—for a dozen pairs of gloves—Pinet!"

"Done!" responded Clytie, imitating the boyish challenge.

"You couldn't row from here to the pier!" declared Mollie contemptuously.

"I don't believe you could get those frog's paws of yours round the oars!"

Clytie rose promptly, but Mollie pulled her back again.

"No, no! You look so comfy! But I think I'll have a turn, please," she said to Jack.

He glanced at her hand sideways, but Mollie had the quick eyes of a monkey, and caught him.

"Oh, yes, my hands are large enough. They're ever so much bigger than my sister's. Look!" she said, holding them out.

"Yes, they'll go round," he said, with a smile. He gave up his place, and was going to the vacant seat beside Clytie; but, suddenly remembering himself, pretended to arrange the coat, and went into the bow.

"How heavy it is!" remarked Mollie, after a pull or two. "Why, no wonder! The boat's all down in front. Go to the stern, please, Douglas."

"The boat's all right," he returned, almost sullenly, and therefore more like a fisherman than any former speech of his was.

"Go and do as you're told," said Mollie, sharply.

But she had met her match. He got up and reached for the oars.

"Better let me take her in, miss," he said, in the tone which always obtained obedience for Jack Douglas, the tone before which Teddy's lofty spirit had been submissive. "There's a current setting off the shore, and you may not hit the channel."

Mollie looked up at him for a moment, rebellious; then Clytie said:

"Come back to your seat." Mollie's eyes fell, and she obeyed.

The tide had run out since they started, and he saw that if the girls tried to land without assistance they would have to wade. He leaped to shore with a painter in his hand, and pulled the boat as far as it would go, but it was not far enough to permit them to step out dry-foot. Without a moment's hesitation, and in a matter-of-fact way, he went to the side of the boat and held out his arms.

Mollie went into them with a spring that would have knocked him over if he had been less strong, and laughingly clung to him as he carried her to shore. Then he returned for Clytie.

She had not been carried in a fisherman's arms since she was a child, and she hesitated, standing with one foot on the gunwale of the boat, and eyeing

England to wonder in strange lands; supposing Clytie and he had grown up together—it was just possible that he and she—

He awoke from his dreams, and, with a rather angry gesture, muttered:

"What an idiot I am, to moon like this! What's the use of supposing things once and for ever, and the best thing I can do is to clear out, to go where there's work waiting for me. She'll make a splendid mistress of the Hall, will marry a decent chap, a nice earl or marquis—she wouldn't make a bad duchess, by George—and—well!—What is it, Mary Mavourneen?"

The little girl of the cottage where he was lodging came unsteadily down the beach toward him.

"Mavourneen says your dinner's ready," she said; "an' gettin' cold!"

"And I'm ready for the dinner, and I'm precious warm; been getting into hot water, Mary."

He swung the child on his shoulder and marched up to the cottage.

He was lodging in a little room's nest of a place stuck half-way on the hill which commanded a view of the sea and the road that wound through the valley; his landlady was the widow of an old fisherman, with one child, the Mary Mavourneen aforesaid; and both the mother and the child had taken a great fancy to their young lodger; and both, after the pleasing way of women, had begun thus early to dote over him, and to regard him as one of those simple and helpless men who require careful looking after in the matter of meals and wet clothing.

"Doce put the child down and come to your dinner," said Mrs. Westaway; "it's been waitin' for ever so long, and must be as cold as charity, tho' I've done my best to heat it up for you. You men, the best of you, 'ud worret a woman to a skeleton. Polly, come off Mr. Douglas's knee."

"No, no; let her stop where she is," said Jack. "You stay and see that I don't eat too much, Mary. It's your mother's fault if I do; best steak pudding I ever tasted. If Eve had been half as good a cook as you, Mrs. Westaway, Adam wouldn't have got into trouble over his gardening. Didn't you say there was a cushion for that boat, and didn't I see a scrubbing brush lying about somewhere? I should like to give her a good clean-out."

"Cushion? No, of course there isn't; and you didn't see any brush of mine lyin' about, because I keep 'em in their place. But there's an old cushion somewhere, and you can have a brush. I suppose you want to spruce her up for the young ladies from the Hall?"

"There's no concealing anything from you, Mrs. Westaway," said Jack. "I thought as much. Well, they're worth taking a little trouble over, for bless their 'arts, they're like all the Bramleys, sweet and kind to the core. I like the old families myself, Mr. Douglas."

"Hear, hear!" said Jack.

"They're both as sweet as they can be," she went on, "and have always got a word for one. Miss Mollie—er, what a handsome she must be to Mrs. Clytie, bless her!—must stop on her way up to Mrs. Fry's, though she was late for lunch, to a handful of chocolates. What have you done with them, miss?"

"I've eat 'em, all but this one for Jack," said Mollie, proffering a moist and dilapidated chocolate cream.

"Thank you, Mary Mavourneen," said Jack gravely, as he disengaged the sticky mess from the warm, pink little palm. "I'll eat it with the rest of the sweets. When I've finished, you can come and see me, and clean the boat while I help by looking on. That's the way, isn't it, Mrs. Westaway?"

"Yes, that's the way with most men," she assented, with a sigh; "but you're one of the soft sort, I'm thinkin'!"

When he had finished his pipe, Jack took Polly on his shoulder—she was already so accustomed to her beast of burden that she could ride by holding on with one hand only—and, with his brush sticking out of his pocket, went down toward the beach. As he crossed the road, Clytie and Mollie, on horseback, rode up. Clytie, with a smile at the child, rode on; but Mollie stopped, and, as she held the fidgeting horse well in hand, said:

"So you're going for a ride, too, Polly? I hope your horse is quieter and better tempered than mine."

"He's the best horse as ever was," said Polly emphatically.

"Say 'ass' and you'd be right," muttered Jack.

"I'm glad to hear it," remarked Mollie. "Oh, Douglas, we shall want you to-morrow, in the afternoon. Have everything ready, please."

"Certainly—thank you, miss," said Jack.

He turned as she went on, his eyes fixed on Clytie. How slight and graceful she looked in her habit; and how well she sat her horse. Suddenly he saw a horseman coming down the hill road. Jack's eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and he recognized the thin, pale-faced man with the dark hair he had met the night he had arrived, as he was going into Mr. Granger's.

Mrs. Westaway had come out of the cottage with a pitcher, to draw water from the village well; he waited until she had come up to him, then he said:

"Do you know who that gentleman is, Mrs. Westaway?"

She shaded her eyes with her hands; her sight was not so good as Jack's.

"No-yes; that's Mr. Hesketh Carton, of the Pit Work," she replied. (To Be Continued.)

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If you have constipation, had breath or headache you need medicine right away.

The moment you suspect your bowels are clogged you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regulator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effect. But you can get the action just the same. Taken at night you wake up next morning, clear-headed, hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you spend a quarter to-day and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lacking in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never an ache or a pain—feel good all the time simply because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

WHITE GOLD

Latest Fad is Remarkably Like Platinum.

White gold has a funny way with it. In the jeweler's show case it is white gold—nothing else. Worn by a purchaser—presto!—it often becomes platinum.

White gold is an alloy of gold and nickel with an admixture of several other metals, and it has the silvery gray color of platinum. When carved with elaborate ornamentation or when its dull gray lustre is left unpolished, it requires an expert to tell it from platinum.

It is never intended to be an imitation of platinum, but it readily passes for that metal. The fact that it costs about one-sixth as much as platinum may explain its seemingly magical transformation after it has passed into private ownership.

A young woman went into a Chicago jewelry shop and asked to see some rings. The clerk set a tray before her.

"Are these platinum or white gold?" she asked.

"Both," replied the clerk.

"The young woman studied the rings closely.

"But which is which?" she said. "I can't tell the difference."

"This one," said the clerk. "Is \$175. That's platinum. This other is \$30. It is white gold."

"Oh," said the young woman, "that's the way you tell the difference—by the price."

The incident illustrates the quality of white gold. It is an honest metal, but its wearers are sometimes not so honest. If people insist on mistaking white gold jewelry for the very much more expensive platinum, it seems human nature to let the mistake go uncorrected.

Soldier's Appreciation.

Recently a woman well known in America, who has devoted all her time to relief work since the war began, was visiting a hospital. The commanding officer had sent a military car for her. She entered the car just as an ambulance filled with wounded passed by. As she noticed the thin, pale faces, tears came into her eyes.

The soldier-chauffeur asked if she was ill.

"No," she said, "these are tears of gratitude and pride."

"Madame," replied the boy, simply, "if I thought that my being a soldier was worthy of but one of your tears, I should feel that I had not lived in vain."—Red Cross Magazine.

Such a Change

in feelings and looks

"After suffering pain, feeling nervous, dizzy, weak and dragged down by weaknesses of my sex—my eyes

sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—I was restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce."

So write many women. Changed too in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump.

Druggists sell it in tablets or liquid. It's a woman's best temperance tonic, made from wild roots.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped me greatly at the turn of life. I commenced to have heat flashes and dizzy spells and became nervous and run-down. These conditions very quickly left me after I commenced with the Favorite Prescription. I took several bottles of it and truly believe that I owe my good health to-day to the medicine I took and the care exercised at that trying time."—MRS. ROBERT SMITH, 64 Bay Street, S.

Lady Jane—Have you given the gold-fish fresh water, Janet?

Janet—No, mum. They ain't finished yet. I've given 'em 't'her day yet—Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Pa, what's a monosyllable?" "A long term for a short word, my son."

Hunting the Average Man

Is there such a person as the average man? Could we pick out any individual at home or abroad to-day and say that he or she represented the predominant type of Britain? The answer is obviously "No." You might as well try to strike an average between a sparrow and a peacock. There cannot be a "common mean" of humanity, is the conclusion of J. D. Macdonald in the Westminster Gazette.

I was led to this conclusion by that terrible crisis of the war that flared into a sudden threat of disaster on the 12th of April. In such a time of peril there must, I thought, be some sort of representative emotion thrilling all England; and if I could judge by my own feelings, that emotion was one of harassed anxiety, combined with a passionate desire to help. Whether that were so or not you may judge by my experience.

It was in the morning that I spoke to the farmer. He lived 80 miles from London, and at 10 o'clock he had not yet opened his morning paper. He asked me the news over the "wire," shook his head wisely at my slightly hysterical summary of the situation, and said it was a "bad job" after that he turned his attention to the weather and to certain complaints about the new methods of food control.

Was he representative of Rural England, I wondered? Unimaginative—the broadest detail of strategy, such as my amateur account of the threat to our communications, manifestly meant nothing to him. He had thought all his life in terms of weather, crops, livestock and the weather; and he could see the world movement in those terms.

But I had no chance to test the rural mind further on that day. He came up to London at midday, and it was there that my further researches were carried on.

At the club I got no satisfaction. I fell into the awful company of a man who seemed to think that the course of the war was less important than the fact that England was sending into the lowest abyss of depravity which permitted the smothering of a fox. To him that was the ultimate crime. He was obsessed by the thought of it. I left him at the club in disgust. He could not possibly be typical.

Going westward to call at a friend's house, I frowned in perplexity over the crowd of shopping women in Oxford street. They did not represent the average, I assure myself. I thought of all the women in munition factories, in hospitals, in offices all over the country, who were absorbed in war work, and I thought of the British Empire.

This gay crowd about the milliners' windows was only the scum. It told one nothing of the steady, clear stream that flowed beneath.

Unhappily, I was engaged at my friend's house by another visitor, a woman I had not met before. "Oh, the war, I simply can't bear to think of it," she said, in answer to my nervous opening; and, indeed, it seemed as if she could bear to think of just then was the scandal case that was coming up again before the magistrate the next day.

I clasped her with the farmer and the fox hunter. Her mind could only work on certain very restricted lines. She had no interests, no power of grasping anything outside of her own immediate preoccupations.

But I was slightly encouraged by the incubations of a just preceding war. I was a man, I had not met before. "Oh, the war, I simply can't bear to think of it," she said, in answer to my nervous opening; and, indeed, it seemed as if she could bear to think of just then was the scandal case that was coming up again before the magistrate the next day.

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