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UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

The Lost Will;
 OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK went up to the hut to say good-bye; it was a sad business, for Molly clung to him tightly, sobbing bitterly, and for some time refusing to be comforted, though Jack assured her that she had not seen the last of him, and made Mrs. Ryan promise to bring the child to Chertson later on. His face was very grave and wistful when he joined Mrs. Feltham and Nora at the quay; and the former regarded him with a ludicrous mixture of affection and dismay, for Jack was still in his navy clothes and most unseemly clad as a companion for two such charmingly-attired ladies.

"Don't you think you'd better get a change of clothes, Jack, dear?" she said piteously.

"Oh, I'm sorry—beg pardon!" he responded, glancing at Nora penitently. "Not fit in this get-up to travel with two such swells as you. Better sit in front with the chauffeur."

"My dear, that would be worse," said Mrs. Feltham, desperately. "I don't see what you've got to laugh at, Nora! We should look as if we'd picked up a tramp. No, you'd better come inside. Thank goodness, it will be dark before we reach Chertson, and you must go in the back way and try not to be seen."

"Very well, Mabel," he assented meekly. "But, perhaps, after all, you two had better go on without me; I'll get a change in London and follow you next morning."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Feltham, shaking her head decisively. "I don't mean to let you out of my sight until I've got you back to the Hall; you'd be fighting some one or getting into some scrape or other, or disappearing again."

Jack glanced at Nora, who said, with an air of assumed resignation and a shrug of her shoulders:

"I'm afraid there's no help for it, Mr. Chalton; and you will have to come with us."

"I'll sit as far away from you as I can," said Jack, as meekly as before; "though, mind you, it's quite clean dirt, mostly sand."

"Do you think I'm afraid?" said Nora, just a little indignantly. "You have forgotten that I've spent most

of my life with miners and amidst dirt that was sometimes anything but clean."

They got into the car, and, before they had been travelling half an hour Jack began to nod; then his head fell forward and he went fast asleep.

"He's weak and ill yet, poor dear!" whispered Mrs. Feltham.

Nora nodded and turned out the electric light; but her eyes dwelt on the sleeping man's face, haggard and worn, and with the ugly wound on the forehead. Presently she took a cushion from behind her and placed it softly behind Jack's head; he woke for an instant and murmured:

"Thanks, awfully, Mabel; that's jolly!"

Mrs. Feltham was about to say it was Nora who had paid him the little attention; but Nora pressed her arm and checked her. He slept for nearly the whole of the journey, and woke with a start and a half-articulate cry; he had been dreaming of Stephen Fleming. Nora had not allowed the car to be driven to the back, and Jack was received by the impassive Forbes and his satellites with obvious satisfaction and delight, and with not the least show of surprise at his attire. Mrs. Feltham took him straight to his room. He had a bath, got into his evening-clothes, and went down to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Feltham greeted him with a sigh of relief and contentment.

"Now I can really believe you've come back," she said. "But, oh, Jack, how pale and thin you are!"

"Just a little bit off colour, Mabel," he said lightly. "I shall be all right when you've fed me up for a day or two."

At this moment the door was opened wide enough, by Nora, to admit Jim; she herself did not enter, but closed the door again.

With yaps of delight and joy, Jim bounded on his master; and, for a minute or two, they were engrossed with each other.

"It's good to see you again, old man," said Jack, as he crushed Jim's head against his knee and looked into the fond eyes. "I hope you haven't missed me half as much as I have you, Jimmy. You're looking fit and fat, anyhow; we shall have to run some of that fat down, old chap. It's evident you've been well taken care of."

"He follows Nora like a shadow and goes with her everywhere," said Mrs. Feltham.

They went into the late meal which had been prepared for them hastily, and Jack gave them an amusing and interesting account of his experiences on the island; but, though they were both amused and interested, the two ladies seemed somewhat preoccupied. As the meal proceeded, Mrs. Feltham stole anxious and uneasy glances at Nora; and presently, after the servants had withdrawn, Mrs. Feltham said, with a little nervous cough:

"What about your letters, Jack? I suppose you haven't had them?"

"No," he said, easily. "Are there any?"

"Yes; they are at your rooms; Mr. Tredgate is taking care of them."

"Good old Jiggles!" said Jack affectionately. "I'll run up to-morrow and see him, and get them. I don't suppose there's anything particular."

"But there is," said poor Mrs. Feltham, piteously. "Oh, Jack, I didn't mean to tell you to-night, but I've got to; it's only right you should know at once."

Then, in broken sentences, she told him of the motor accident which had resulted in the death of his two cousins.

Jack sat quite still and silent for some time, his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on the cloth. Nora rose and left the two alone, now that her presence was no longer needed to

encourage and uphold Mrs. Feltham in breaking the news.

"You will have to see Damerfeld at once," said Mrs. Feltham. "Of course, he is very anxious that you should go down to him. You see—you see, you come next, Jack."

Jack started slightly and, with a frown, regarded her with a kind of dismay.

"I'd forgotten that," he said; and he had. "I can scarcely believe it's true. Poor fellows! Poor old chap! Yes, I must go down."

"This will make a great difference to you, Jack," said Mrs. Feltham, in a low voice. "I know you're sorry enough; but—but—you will have to settle down now; there are great responsibilities—"

"I know, I know," he said, with a sigh; and he got up and paced the room. "Yes, it will make a great difference; so great that I shan't want this money of poor Chalton's. Surely Miss Norton will understand that, and will be—will be sensible? She and Ferndale must look at the thing from a common-sense point of view. Chalton meant leaving the money to her; I'm dead sure of that; there's his letter to prove it. Ferndale must be made to listen to reason. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Norton insisted upon breaking off the engagement now that this wretched lot has deprived her of the estate; and that mustn't be."

Mrs. Feltham raised her eyes and opened her lips as if about to speak; then looked down again and made no response.

"Don't you see the fix I'm in, Mabel? If I took the fortune from her, I should feel as if I'd come between them; and, dash it all, I couldn't stand that! Oh, confound it! something's got to be done; it's got to be managed somehow. And the worst of it is that I can't talk to her; I did say something on the island there, and she stared up. No, she didn't stare, but she turned to an iceberg in an instant and froze me to the marrow. You talk to her, Mabel, and—try to knock some sense into her."

"I will do what I can," said Mrs. Feltham, with her eyes still fixed on the cloth.

"How beautiful she is!" said Jack, after a pause, and still pacing up and down. "More beautiful than ever. But she looks—well, I don't know how to put it, but she doesn't look as if she were as happy as she should be."

"She is a little tired to-night, no doubt," said Mrs. Feltham, in a non-committal way; "you must remember all she has gone through this afternoon."

"Yes, yes; of course," said Jack; "but it's all over now; and it isn't only tired that she looks, but as if she were fretting about something. Oh, I can't describe it!"

"Perhaps she is fretting over the loss of her fortune," suggested Mrs. Feltham, with an assumed ingenuousness.

"Not she!" responded Jack, almost indignantly. "She is not that kind of girl; she cares nothing for money, and isn't afraid of poverty. No, I don't know what it is. Let's go in to her."

But when they got there, they were informed by Forbes that Miss Norton had retired for the night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JACK started for Damerfeld by an early train the next morning. To his great disappointment, Miss Norton did not put in an appearance at breakfast, but sent down an apology by Mrs. Feltham.

"Nora had a bad night," she said, "and I have persuaded her to keep to her bed and try to get some sleep."

"Quite right," said Jack; but he glanced at Nora's empty chair rather wistfully. "Don't forget you promised to talk to her and persuade her to do the right thing, Mabel," he enjoined her, earnestly.

"I won't forget; I'll do my best," said Mrs. Feltham, avoiding his eyes. She insisted upon accompanying him to the station—it is more than probable owing to the desire not to

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Are the Clergy too Young?

How can a boy of 23, snatched from his uncompleted college course with no experience of life and no knowledge of the human heart, be expected to be a sympathetic and capable guide, philosopher, and friend to his flock?

This question is asked in "Cameo Camps," by the Rev. W. Kingsland, Greenland, but it is the kind of question everybody has wanted to ask years—not with regard to themselves, but with regard to experience he expected to go and be preached at by the inexperienced? Yet they can never be sure that there will not be a "Tommy" has already given his views on the subject in his own unimpeachable fashion. According to Mr. Kingsland "he seeks out some golly-wolly rather than the young paragon with gloves and cane, and pours his soul into experienced ears in time of his need. . . . He doesn't act a shy, nervous, semi-officer; he is a father—yes, and a mother. . . . Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have sent their matronly and best natural guides of their fighting sons." They know that their men would not grate any other. Our men have been accustomed to tolerate anything, or worse still, to ignore. When a padre is a "dud" he is left behind the men go up the line. Regiments upon regiments at the beginning of the war had no padre at all; the padres had "no use" for padres. That is because they had "no use" for them at home. Men do not suddenly develop a habit for Church services. Youth in the pulpit was all very well in the days when people had little "learning" and the boy from college could teach them something. To what young people think is necessary education for older people—not in the form of sermons. Besides, this method of expressing themselves is bad for the young clergy, they get into the habit of thinking that their arguments are unanswerable, as indeed they are from the pulpit. And so they stop learning; there is no competition. If the sermon only gave points for discussion the mind of the man who gave it would be kept sharp. The congregation would be kept on their feet. Food for thought. And they would have an opportunity of learning from each other. The young clergy know that they are too young. Hear the boys who have taken up the sword in the middle of their clerical training. They are thankful for this experience of life, the chance of knowing other men, and of them realize that they had chosen their vocation too soon, and they will never go back to the Church, they are agreed that a man would better to have another profession—to serve his apprenticeship to—before he attempts to show the way of life to other men. "What is use of a man telling you what you do not to do when he has not experienced similar temptations?"—that the verdict of a young officer in the line on his young padre.

The young clergyman might be forgiven if he could ever tell it well, but he is only practising. In no other line of life are people regularly put to positions they have to grow to. Let the preaching be done in private, if there must be preaching, it

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