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CHAPTER XIII.
 A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.
 In the yard stood another carriage, and as Reuben walked on to the platform, he saw Morgan Verner and Mr. Normanby in conversation. As Olive and Sir Edwin appeared, the two gentlemen came forward and greeted them.
 "We thought we would avail ourselves of the opportunity of a pleasant journey," said Mr. Morgan, with a smile at Olive. "My father does not come up until to-morrow."
 Sir Edwin turned to where Reuben was superintending the management of the baggage.
 "My new steward, gentlemen," he said.
 Morgan Verner started, and put up his eyelids with an insolent stare of amazement.
 "Your steward!" he said.
 "And an excellent steward he will make, I expect," put in Mr. Normanby, to cover Morgan's unfortunate exclamation.
 Reuben held open the carriage door till the party were seated. His face was grave and impassive, but in his heart was a tumult of wild fears. It seemed to him, as he gazed on Olive and Morgan Verner, as if the insolent, vulgar heir to the Grange were carrying off the woman whom he worshipped forevermore.
 When the train had steamed out of the station he galloped back to the Hall, consumed with a devouring flame of jealous rage. His good fortune was almost forgotten, for his heart had gone with Olive.
 "Fool!" he said to himself sternly. "You are only a clod, fit to be crushed beneath her proud feet. Get to your work and stifle this madness. She is in London—and you are here! The distance typifies the gulf between you."

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Thus communing with his wiser self, his thoughts turned to his grandfather. He had had but one letter from him since Wynter had left for London, and then only a note, stating that the writer had lost something of importance to them both, and was about to set forth in quest of it. Old Wynter added that he was joining a small traveling company, which would enable him to earn his living.
 Reuben did not attach much importance to this mysterious "something"; but he was glad the old man was happy. Ever since Reuben's almost fatal fall, Wynter had withdrawn himself from the country circus and stage—such as it was—and had set himself to bring up and teach the boy as well as possible. He had saved a little money, and with the sundry sums he made from time to time by his acting, he managed to keep both Reuben and himself.
 He had gone up to town, meaning to restore Reuben to his proper estate, and this could only be done by producing certain proofs. On the night that little Ernest had come to him, he had drawn up a statement of the case, describing the condition of the boy and the pursuit by Verner, and had made all the company sign it as witnesses. This paper, with the clothes the child had worn and a locket containing the portrait of Squire Verner, would be proof enough, he thought, especially with the boy's own memories. After the fall, when Reuben had forgotten all his childish past, Wynter had grown so fond of him that he had left the packet in town with an old friend; firstly, for safety, and secondly, that he should not be tempted to blurt out the truth in a moment of confidence.
 Now, on his arrival, he found that his friend had fallen on evil times and disappeared. There was nothing to be done but search diligently for him among the little touring companies, and thus rescue the precious packet.
 Meanwhile, Reuben rode home to his stewardship, and Olive was borne toward London.
 It was, as Mr. Morgan had delicately remarked, the off-season, and there was nobody in town—that is to say, only a few millions, but there seemed every likelihood of enjoyment for Olive, and, naturally she was light-hearted and expectant. Only now and then the old cloud arose to check her gaiety, and that was when she thought of Lord Cravenden and his unanswered prayer. She had flown to London to avoid that prayer, but the thought arose that Lord Cravenden could come to London if he chose, and repeat his request.
 Now, Olive Seymour was in love with no one at present—certainly not with Lord Cravenden, of Falcot. She vowed, as the train sped along, that she would be bound to no one, but remain as free as the air and the birds.
MIRNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARBET IN COWS.

CHAPTER XIII.
 A WAGER—IN WRITING.
 EATON HOUSE, Park Lane, was a beautiful little place of residence, and Olive, who was delighted with it, saw at a glance that it would suit her father.
 "Oh, this is delightful, father," she said, flitting from room to room. "And it is really our own to do what we like with for—how long?"
 "As long as we please. That Mr. Normanby is a clever lawyer," added Sir Edwin thoughtfully; "but we really ought to be grateful to Morgan Verner, for it was he who first thought of this place."
 "Ye—s," said Olive doubtfully.
 "And now, my dear, for the letters. Ah, here is one from my cousin, Mrs. Davenport. Read it, Olive."
 "She is delighted to hear that we are in town," Olive began vivaciously, "and she will chaperon me with pleasure, but is sorry—so sorry, that positively no one else is in town. There are cards for the Countess of Crammore's 'At Home' on Wednesday, and there's a fancy-dress ball at Lady Verrinder's—and nobody in town! Why, London seems full enough to give a party every night. I know we shall enjoy ourselves immensely. You shall go to your club, and see all your old friends, and ride with me in the park, and give a little dinner party to some of the people you used to meet at—"

"H'h!" said Sir Edwin, faking up another letter. "Lord Cravenden is coming to town, my dear."
 Olive's voice died away in silence.
 "One morning, a fortnight later, Mr. Normanby sat at breakfast in his chambers. The room was comfortably, almost luxuriously furnished; the hangings were of some soft Oriental fabric, and the whole was of that subdued tone which marks an educated taste.
 Propped up against the coffee-pot were a dozen dry-looking letters, and as Mr. Normanby toyed with his breakfast, he eyed them with a smile which, though contemplative, was placidly serene.
 A sharp and sudden knock at the door interrupted his contemplation, but did not disturb his serenity.
 In response to Mr. Normanby's languid "Come in," Mr. Morgan Verner entered, presenting an appearance that was in striking contrast to his tranquil friend. He was badly, though expensively dressed; his face was pale and blotchy, his manner half insolent, half nervous.
 "Ah!" murmured Mr. Normanby, "up already, tasting the freshness of the early morn'g"—the time was twelve o'clock. "What a simple country nature is yours, my dear Morgan!"
 "Don't," said Morgan, dropping into a chair; "I'm in no need of chaff this morning, old chap. I'm seedy."
 "I've remarked," said Normanby, "that for general use, my dear Morgan, late hours and an absurd liking for the vulgar spirit called brandy are not conducive to good health and temper."
 "Temper!" said Morgan "Enough to make an angel mad. You to talk of brandy, too! You drink sometimes."
 "Often," said Normanby sweetly; "but I own to a certain fastidiousness in what I drink. As a proof, permit me to pour you out a brandy and soda."
 Morgan tossed it off, grunted, and remarked:
 "Look at me."
 Mr. Normanby screwed his glass into his eye and did so, calmly and contemptuously.
 "Here 'am I, the heir to a large estate, yet I can't put my hand on a ten-pound note. Look!" He drew from his pocket a handful of letters and threw them on the table. "Bills, every one of them—all pressing. What am I to do? Yesterday I got a check from the governor—and where is it?"
 "Bridge, my dear Morgan, is one of the finest crucibles for melting hard cash of which I know," replied Mr. Normanby. "You would play last night; you lost—"
 "And you won!" snarled Morgan.
 "Exactly!" said Normanby. "I won. I also pay my bills—all of them—and I could show you how to pay yours—"

"If what?" asked Morgan impatiently.
 "If I were sure you were worth it," said Normanby, coolly.
 "What have I done—?" commenced Morgan, gradually growing fascinated by Normanby's serpent-like smile and manner. "Why don't you help me? One day before, you hinted that you would do great things for me."
 "Suppose—I only say suppose—I had it in my power to place a fortune in your hands?" said Mr. Normanby.
 Morgan stared, and took one hand out of his pocket to rub his chin.
 "Suppose this fortune also included a certain beautiful woman, whom you could marry. Suppose—but no, let's change the subject. How long has Miss Olive Seymour been in town?"
 Morgan started and stared at his friend with curious, puzzled eyes.
 "A fortnight," he replied.
 "Ah! and seems happy; full of enjoyment, eh?"
 "Enjoyment!" retorted Morgan. "I suppose so. She and Mrs. Davenport have been running from one place to another—the gaping stock of every idle body left in town. There's nothing her father denies her—and here am I, the heir to the Grange, without a fiver in my pocket. My father believes he'll get her for my wife—he laughed, discordantly—"but the girl hates me!"
 "That's promising, very promising," said Mr. Normanby gravely. "So Mr. Verner has an idea that you will wed the heiress of Bingleigh?"
 "Normanby," said Morgan savagely, "sometimes I think you are the devil himself! You're making a laughing-stock of me as usual. Confound the girl—I'll throw it up. I've no earthly chance with her. My father's an idiot in this matter. I'm ready to wager anything that he doesn't succeed in snaring Olive Seymour for me."
 "And I," said Mr. Normanby, with a placid smile, "have so profound a confidence in your father's sagacity that I accept the wager. If he has set his heart upon your winning the hand of the heiress, I think—provided you do as he tells you—that you will win it; therefore I am willing to bet on the event. Let us say that you offer me five thousand pounds on the day of your marriage with the beautiful Olive?"
 "Five thousand pounds!" said Morgan; "that's a long bet."
 "Would you insult the wealth and majesty of the lady by making it a smaller one? Remember the extent and richness of the Bingleigh estate—five thousand pounds are as a rain-drop in a millpond to it—yes, say five thousand pounds. And just to make the matter more formal," continued Mr. Normanby suavely, "suppose we put it—in writing?"

(To be continued.)
Fads and Fashions.
 If the little girl's dress is cut with a round neck, finish it with a pleated frill.
 Checker-board cloth is one of the fashionable effects when combined with solid black.
 Coats are inclined toward military lines. They are belted in the back and rather loose in front.
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 This advertisement is for your service, and we want you to know that though the times are strenuous and we are up against all kinds of difficulties in getting necessary goods for you and giving you as good service as we should wish, that—
 We have the goods, we have the men, We have the women too; Both goods and men are hard to get, But both are here for you.
Henry Blair

War News

Messages Received Previous

AUSTRO-GERMAN PORTENT.
 (Via British Admiralty Press).—The capture of German forces of Col. von der Goltz in the heights of Plateau, in Northern Italy, with the taking of more than a thousand prisoners was to-day by the army headquarters statement reads: The official of Monday, as reports from the German side that date, beginning the Col del Rosso, by reports also of Montebelluna states likewise that several Italian staff officers were taken.

BERLIN STATEMENTS.
 BERLIN, via London.—Italian counter-attacks in the mountains taken in the attack of Sunday were reported today as an Italian Monte Parlios, the army headquarters to-day, 9,000 prisoners were taken. Rosso fighting, says the statement.

ITALIANS RETAKE ROJME.
 In a desperate battle yesterday, the Italian forces their way back to positions which they were forced to abandon on the Aslago Plateau. Austro-German attacks, the to-day's war office statement reads, which had been abandoned by the Italians in their retreat, captured when the day was re-occupied. The text of the statement follows: On the Aslago Plateau, the battle which commenced yesterday, diminished in intensity at nightfall. Our counter-attacks made several hours before succeeded, in spite of the rain and the very low temperature, in arresting the enemy and in fighting on to positions where we had defeated the previous day. The enemy defended the ground with great stubbornness, but our attacks and concentration of his line a formidable line of fortifications. During the vicious struggle, some machine guns were left in destroyed lines. An enemy column advanced from Berlico toward the heights of west of Malga Costalunga, destroyed by our fire. A large

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