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CHAPTER III. SCARCELY anyone in the little crowd had heard Norton's cry; no one had distinguished the words; they were all intently gazing on the famous Mr. Chalfont as he made his way to his motor-car. Nora grasped her father's arm and looked at him anxiously. He seemed to be gasping for breath, fighting against an almost uncontrollable emotion; but suddenly his manner changed; he became strangely calm and self-possessed and, as he drew back a little, he nod-

The Lost Will :

LOVE TRIUMPHS

AT LAST!

ded to Nora reassuringly; but his eyes never moved from Mr. Chalfont's broad back. The two gentlemen entered the motor-car and were driven mowledge." away, the little crowd began to melt; but Norton waited and, stepping forward, addressed the hotel porter, who stood looking after the car with a proprietorial air, as if he had staged the whole thing and was satisfied with his work. "Can you tell me the name of that

gentleman who has just driven away?" asked Norton; and, to Nora's surprise, though his voice was somewhat hoarse and strained, he was still calm.

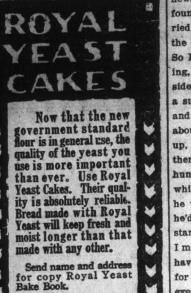
"That's Mr. Chalfont-the great Mr. Chalfont," replied the porter, with a tolerant smile.

"The great Mr. Chalfont?" repeated Norton, as if he were learning a lesson, his eyes fixed on the porter's face. "Excuse me, I'm a stranger to London, and I never heard of the gentleman. I can see that he's somebody of importance-the crowd and the cheering. What is he?"

"What isn't he? would be a better question, and easier to answer," replied the porter, looking down with a superior smile on the gaunt figure and the thin, wasted face of his interaway." locutor. "He's a very great man indeed; just been giving a dinner. A

famous City gent. You must be a stranger not to have heard of Mr. Chalfont.'

"Yes; it's my fault," said Norton,



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to a system; it was a rough-and-ready business then. You went out on the tramp, with your tools on your shoulder, and just chanced your luck and

He paused for a moment, his mind evidently going back and brooding over the past.

"There's a lot goes to the making up of a good prospector; it's a kind ofof gift; a matter of instinct; you

other gulch, with nothing particular about it; but, before you've got a hundred yards, you know, if you're a of whisky and water and he took a

the ground, it isn't the rocks, or the were repeating something he had recolour of the banks, it's just instinct.

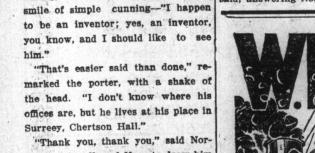
I was in such a gulch one evening when the feeling came over me that I fore Bradshaw came-that was his was going to hit it. I stopped the name-but it set in with a rush from

we'd got a cart-and I pitched the a'most frightened-at least, I did-at tent there and then. We were down the amount of stuff we raised; and we almost to the last bag of flour that worked like demons all through the

world, but the weather was warm and there was a moon, far into the night; we'd clothes, and food enough for a for we both of us knew that we week or two, at any rate. I started shouldn't have the place to ourselves prospecting the next morning and I for long. Besides, I was getting anxcame upon the gold, almost right ious about your mother: I wanted to

Nora made a murmur of sympathy. "Yes, it was there all right enough: told him this and said that we'd have placer, easy to get at. But I knew by a square-up. We'd got a fortune-a what we call indications that there big fortune-buried in a hole in the

was a lot of it below the surface, and tent, and I arranged that next day I was afeared that we shouldn't get at we'd divide it: I'd take my share with almost meekly. "Do you happen to it and clear it before the news spread. me; he could come along too with his, know where he lives? Excuse me for Oh, we were there by ourselves," he or he could stay on and work the digun with a



ton, and he allowed Nora to draw him away. His grey, set face, his strange and unnatural calmness frightened her, and she hailed a taxi-cab; he made no remonstrance, But entered at once. On the journey home he maintained an absolute silence, merely nodding in response to her anxious inquiries; he seemed lost in thought. and she noticed that the brooding, restless. expression had left his face and that one of calculation and resolution had taken its place. When they reached home she got him into his chair and filled his pipe, and mixed him some whisky and water; he accepted these attentions absently, and sat smoking and gazing at the fire for some time, while she, watching him covertly, busied herself noiselessly about the room. Presently he called to her and pointed to the chair oppos ite, and she sat down.

"I'm going to tell you something Nora." he said; "something I've kept all these years ......

"Not to-night, father; you're tired and ill," she said. "Tell me in the morning, after you've had a good night's rest."

"What I'm going to tell you about," he went on, ignoring her remontrance, "happened a long time ago efore you were born. We were out allarat way, your mother and me You don't remember her; she died a weeks after your birth. You're her. She was a good wife to me: all through the hard times an leaven knows they were hard!-she ever said a word of complaint. But I don't want to talk about her. It's ething else. I was a prospeci and we were out, she and I, in the new sold district. That was in the en

