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# The Web;

## TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### In Love With a Face.

"And generally miserable. Having been in the same condition myself, I knew the signs and felt a fellow-feeling."

"You stopped and spoke," resumed Cyril, his voice so full of music that it stirred the heart of the listener, "and insisted upon my coming home with you and sharing your supper. You asked no questions, and therefore got no fibs. And you have asked none from that hour to this."

"Which proves that I have not inherited my Mother Eve's crowning fault—curiosity," put in Jack under his breath.

"You took me on trust, helped me to gain my living—were, in short, that rarest of all rare things, a friend, a true friend in need; and, as a return for all your kindness, I refuse to confide in you!"

There was silence for a moment, then Jack Wesley looked up.

"Why should you confide in me?" he said. "Keep your secret, whatever it may be, my dear Cyril. I am quite content with my ignorance concerning it. A man's a poor kind of friend who wants to pry into his chum's private affairs. And now, will you come back to London to-morrow?"

Cyril Burne thrust his hands in his pockets, and frowned at the carpet. "No," he said, not ill-naturedly, but with firm emphasis, "Jack, I cannot." Jack Wesley knocked the ashes from his pipe, and regarded it intently before saying anything further; then he said:

"Then I must go alone. All play and no work will make Jack a hungry boy. You can paint down here as well—better than in town; I must be near my books. Yes, I'll return; but—" He paused, and, getting up, regarded the handsome, pensive face with a shrewd, kindly smile. "You didn't see the lady—old or young—who quoted Shakespeare on the terrace to-night, Cyril?"

Cyril Burne's face reddened under its tan, but he raised his eyes, and met his friend's gaze steadily.

"No," he said. "I know what you mean, and I plead guilty. Jack, I'll

### A Triumph of Brains Over Matter, By Dorgan.



take if you think I am going to try and persuade you; but you'll let me say that, if I were indeed the friend you call me, I should secure you by main force and convey you as a lunatic out of harm's way; that is to say, miles away from Santeigh Court and the girl who resembles the De Vinci picture. Cyril, what good can come of this? For all you know she may be engaged—perhaps married!"

Cyril almost started, and bit his lip. "At any rate, she is on a visit to an earl. She may be no end of a swell herself."

"And I am a miserable painter," broke in Cyril. "I know. There is nothing you can say that I have not thought of, and yet I cannot go. Leave me here, Jack, for a few days at least. I know it's madness, but—well, knowing it won't cure it."

Jack Wesley nodded.

"I understand, old fellow," he said in a voice full of sympathy; "that artistic nature of yours has caught fire, and I'll leave you to blaze it out. Is there anything I can do before I go? Anything in the shape of—" he hesitated and colored slightly—"well, to put it bluntly, anything in the exchequer line?"

Cyril Burne grasped his hand.

"That's just like you, Jack," he said in a low voice. "No, thank you. I've enough for my modest wants, and I shall work—no, you needn't smile; I mean it."

"Well, then, I'll go to bed," said Jack. "Good-night."

"Stop!" said Cyril. "We—we shan't want to talk over this again to-morrow, and I've remembered one thing you can do, or rather refrain from doing."

Jack held the door in his hand and waited, while Cyril paused.

"It's this: I've an idea that possibly some one may hunt you up and make some inquiries about me. It's not very probable, but it's possible. If any one should do so, will you tell them as little as you can?"

Jack nodded.

"The Sphinx shall not be more discreet," he responded, with a smile. "I'll forget that such a person as Cyril Burne exists."

"That's just what I want," said Cyril. "Good-night, old fellow, and pleasant dreams."

"Left alone, he resumed his seat on the table, and fell into deep thought. Presently he took some money from his pocket, and counted it out on the table. It was anything but a large sum, but he appeared satisfied, and returned it to his pocket. In doing so his hand came in contact with a small fusee box, and he drew it out, and looked at it thoughtfully. It was of silver, and bore an elaborate monogram, and it seemed to suggest some idea to him, for, holding it still in his hand, he opened the door and went into the street. There was a horse pond close by, and he walked to it and hung the fusee case into the middle. It fell with a little splash, and he stood absently looking at the circle it had made in the water.

"I don't think there is anything else," he murmured, feeling in his pockets. "No, that was the last link and it is gone to the frogs." Then he was turning to retrace his steps to the cottage, when he heard a voice, a woman's voice, in the lane on the other side of the pond.

It was a pleading, agitated voice, and he caught these words distinctly: "You are hard—hard! Why do you treat me so? Do you think I am made of stone?"

Then a man's voice came in response: "Nonsense! I am prudent for both our sakes, that is all. Trust to me and be patient. Go home now, and don't fret over nothing."

The woman's voice murmured complainingly for a moment, then all was silent.

Cyril Burne smiled to himself. "I'm in for adventures to-night," he mused. "A lovers' quarrel, I suppose."

At that moment he heard a step, a man's quick, firm step, coming toward him, and instinctively drew back into the shadow.

A tall, thin young man passed him rapidly, and went down the road, glancing to right and left as if he were anxious to avoid recognition.

Cyril Burne looked after him with a faint wonder and speculation.

"If I were the young lady, I should think twice before I trusted you, my friend," he said to himself; "you are too cautious and careful in your movements."

Then he went back to the cottage, and the incident vanished from his mind. The canvas at which Jack Wesley had pointed attracted his attention, and, going up to it, he took up a piece of charcoal and rapidly sketched an outline of a woman's head.

Quickly as it was done, it bore a striking resemblance to the head that he had seen at the carriage window, to Lady Norah Arrowdale.

He looked at it for a moment with heightened color, then muttering "A Hie!" smudged it out impatiently, turned out the lamp, and went to bed.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A Trespasser.

WHEN Norah woke the next morning, and, raising herself on her elbow, looked round the luxurious room, she felt bewildered and confused; it was all so different to the small and plain, though neatly furnished little room at Cliff Cottage. Then it flashed upon her that she was in Santeigh Court, and that she was Lady Norah Arrowdale.

Instantly another remembrance sprang into her mind—the mysterious voice she had heard on the terrace. She got out of bed and peered through an opening of the window curtains, certainly not expecting to see the owner of the voice, nor to revive her memory of the incident every phase of which was strongly impressed on her mind.

Norah was not a sentimental young lady, by any means, but she was not without a natural sympathy for romance, and the mystery of the unseen, unknown visitor who had been, all unconsciously, so close to her, affected her more than she would have liked to admit.

A knock at the door caused her to hurry into her dressing gown. It was Harman, who had come to help her dress.

"Good-morning, my lady," she said in her subdued manner; "I hope your ladyship slept well."

"Oh, yes," replied Norah; "I always sleep well."

"Yes, my lady," murmured Harman as she prepared the bath; "will you have hot water?"

"Oh, cold, please," said Norah, promptly.

"The bath is ready, my lady. I will come when your ladyship rings," and he went into the next room, where Norah heard her at the wardrobe.

It seemed strange to be waited upon, and and foot, and Norah thought with a smile what a helpless creature a fine lady must become in course of time.

When she rang, Harman appeared with a couple of morning dresses on her arm.

"Which will you have, my lady?" she asked, as if the question were of the deepest importance.

"Oh, I don't care," said Norah; "you shall choose for me."

Harman considered the matter with evident conscientiousness, and at last selected one of white pique with small black leaves.

(To be Continued.)

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# War News.

## Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

### CANALRY DETACHMENT MEET.

PARIS, Oct. 25. The cavalry of the Salonika army is in touch with Italian cavalry detachments from Avlona on the Adriatic coast.

### THE ROMANIANS.

BUCHAREST, Oct. 25. In the Uzal Valley the Roumanians advanced westward, taking more than 100 prisoners. At Otuz enemy troops were driven beyond the frontier, losing 195 prisoners.

### HELPING ROMANIA.

LONDON, Oct. 25. In reply to a question in the House of Commons to-day regarding the situation in Roumania, David Lloyd George, Secretary for War, said: "We and our Allies are working in concert. Everything that is possible is being done to help Roumania. Obviously it is undesirable to detail more exactly the measures being taken."

### FRENCH HOLD DOUAMONT.

PARIS, Oct. 25. The clearing out of Fort Douaumont was completed during the night. The commander of the fort who was in doubt was taken prisoner.

### THE LOSS OF CONSTANZA.

PETROGRAD, Oct. 25. The loss of Constanza, the Roumanian chief seaport on the Black Sea, according to semi-official comment among members of the general staff, the Roumanians in a serious position, but it is not to be supposed that it will entail any catastrophe. Colonel Shumsky, military critic of the Bourgeoisie, says the success of the Teutonic Allies lacks that importance which it appears to have, and means only that the Roumanians have fallen back to a new defensive line from Tchernavoda to the Black Sea, slightly

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