



Ruled BY Destiny!

CHAPTER IV.
"I ALWAYS HATED YOU."
CARLISLE! Lord Bruce Norman stood with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on Floris's face, his own almost stern with the shock of surprise the name had caused him.

As for Floris, she tried to meet the intent gaze with a calm, steadfast regard, but her eyes drooped, and her face grew flushed.

"Why, yes! And why not? What is the matter with you both?" demanded Lady Pendleton, volubly. "You look as if you had seen a ghost, Bruce, and you, Miss Carlisle, as if you had been caught doing something especially naughty!"

Lord Norman was one of the first to recover.

With a grim smile he took his eyes off the beautiful, downcast face, and turned them to his cousin with a kind of pitying amazement.

"Don't be alarmed, Betty," he said, quietly; "I didn't know that I had caught the name rightly. I think I will go now," and he gave her his hand, his eyes wandering again to Floris's face, pale and proud once more.

"Now mind, Bruce!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton, clinging to his hand and covering a yawn with her fan at the same time. "You are to come to-morrow, and help us with your valuable suggestions about the fancy fair costumes; isn't he, my dear?"

"I will not promise," he said, abruptly. "Good-night."

He held his hat in his hand, looking to see if Floris would extend her hand, but she merely inclined her head, and with a very low but stern bow he left them together.

Lady Pendleton drooped into a chair with a little laugh and looked at the door through which he had passed.

"Dear Bruce! Isn't he handsome, my dear? Not dollified, you know—hate your pretty men—but right down handsome."

"Why do you call him Bruce—and not Lord Norman?" asked Floris, almost abruptly.

"Because we always called him Bruce while his father was alive, and can't get out of the way now, my dear," said Lady Pendleton. "We used to be playmates. I was always a favorite of his. Perhaps—" she sighed, then laughed. "But he was so poor and Sir Edward was so pressing. You've no idea what a good fellow my husband is, my dear!"

quicker—"the very best in the world!"

And now, good-night. Shall I come up to show you your room?"

But Floris would not permit this, and assuring her ladyship that she could find the way by herself, went to her own room.

When she fell asleep, after hours of wakefulness, it was but to dream that Lord Bruce stood before her, the fatal sheet of paper in his hand, the dark eyes fixed reproachfully upon her.

Lord Norman descended the steps, and stood for a moment looking absently out at the quiet street, but when a cab pulled up, he shook his head, and strode off with the air of a man too restless to sit quiet. He passed out into Park Lane and down beside the railings, and crossed the road into Oxford street.

Then he paused, half resolved to go to his club, but turned westward instead, and reaching a quiet street beyond the marble arch, palatial in size, was divided into sets of chambers.

Ascending to his own suite, he opened the door with his key, and entered a luxuriantly decorated and furnished sitting-room.

The rays of the lamp, standing on the sandal-wood table, fell upon Persian hangings and Pex china, on delicately-inlaid Chippendale chairs, and tapestry-covered lounges.

For some time he walked to and fro, his brows knit, his dark eyes flashing with the intensity of his thoughts; then he drew the sheet of notepaper from his pocket, and held it over the lamp, as if he had suddenly arrived at some decision. But as the paper began to curl and turn brown with the heat he drew it away.

"No, I cannot! What is the good of burning it when the girl's face, and her voice, and the very turn of her head, possess and haunt me! How beautiful she is! How beautiful!"

With a sigh he turned out the lamp and went into the next room. It was the dressing-room, between the sitting-room and bedchamber, and was dimly lit by a shaded lamp, held in the hands of a Venus Aphrodite.

There was a couch and a couple of chairs, besides the inevitable bath, and Lord Norman was taking off his coat, when suddenly from the couch there rose a man.

Lord Norman started, and stood perfectly motionless. With a yawn the man stretched himself and stood upright, and, in doing so, presented, in form and feature, an almost perfect copy of Lord Norman himself. Excepting that the earl was in evening dress and the man in a well worn suit of serge, the resemblance in figure was almost complete.

Lord Norman did not start, but stood as if turned to stone. The awakened man yawned, and stared vacantly for a moment, then, rubbing his eyes, exclaimed:

"Is that you, Bruce?"

"Raymond!" exclaimed Lord Norman, sternly. "What brings you here? Why have you come?"

The man called Raymond laughed out loud.

"That means a long story; and you hate long stories, don't you? You always did! I've come from Australia. Why have I come? Because I'd nowhere else to go! Where should I go, but to my old friend, Bruce Norman?" and the visitor smiled with ineffable satisfaction, as if he had answered the question completely.

"How did you make your way in here?" Norman asked.

"I told your man—capital valet you've got, Bruce—that I was your brother, and, convinced by the likeness that I spoke the truth, he let me in!"

"Listen to me, Raymond," said Lord



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Norman, regarding him gravely, and almost sternly; "if any one were told that I found you lying here in one of my rooms at midnight, they would conclude that, as you are no relation of mine, there was some tie of friendship or interest between us, would they not? Beyond the fact that we were schoolfellows, that we spent some foolish youthful days together, and that you are said to resemble me, what claim have you upon me?"

"None at all!" responded the other, after a moment's pause. "Did I ever say that I had?"

"Acts speak more plainly than words sometimes. Why are you here in my rooms at midnight?"

"For the best of all possible reasons, my dear Bruce! Because I haven't anywhere else to go. I'd go to a hotel if I could, but I haven't a penny. Of course, if I am unwelcome I will go. I don't need to be told twice. You are looking well—and yet slightly worried; that comes of being a noble, you see! Now, if you were simple Oscar Raymond, you would look as careless as I do. Good-night," and he took up his hat, a soft felt, much the worse for wear, and moved toward the door.

"Wait," said Lord Norman, following him. "I am sorry that I spoke harshly to you; but when I saw you so unexpectedly, I remembered one or two similar visits that you had paid me in the old days; I could not forget that I had given you a large sum of money to enable you to leave the country, and—"

"I ought to have stopped there," Raymond finished for him. "So I ought. But, upon my word, Bruce, five years of stone-breaking is sufficient for any man—"

Lord Norman looked at the white hands significantly.

"When I say stone-breaking, of course I speak figuratively. If I haven't been stone-breaking, I have been doing things equally unpleasant."

"Well, I will give you some money," said Lord Norman. "I don't ask you to leave England again, but I do trust that your visits to me will be few and far between."

As he spoke—not unpleasantly, but with a grave smile—he went to a cabinet, and, unlocking a drawer, took out some money, and without counting it laid it on the table.

Raymond's dark eyes gleamed for a moment in a peculiar fashion, which transformed his handsome face into anything but a pleasant one; then, with a sudden laugh, he took up the money and dropped it into his coat pocket.

"Thanks!"

Lord Norman turned to the cabinet and took out a decanter and a glass and some biscuits.

As he did so his sleeve knocked down an ivory box, and a pack of cards fell out. While he was filling the glass with wine, Raymond's eyes were fixed on the cards, and the same gleam which had shone in them before now lit them up.

Slowly he drank the wine and set the glass down, then he stooped and picked up the cards, and in an absent kind of way, began to shuffle them.

"Do you remember the cards we used to have, Bruce?"

Lord Norman nodded.

"You used to play a good game—"

almost as good as I did. It is some months since I touched a card."

He glanced at the clock, and turned his face, with a smile of peculiar winningness, half playful, half-mournful, to Lord Norman's.

"Bruce, let us have one game! Just for auld lang syne! Humor the returned wanderer upon whom you have lavished your gold—by trying to win it back again!" and he laughed a soft, musical laugh that few would have been able to withstand.

Lord Norman, with a shrug of the shoulders, dropped into a chair beside the little table.

The game proceeded, Raymond chatted and Lord Bruce replying now and again in indifferent monosyllables; and the luck, which had smiled on the earl from the beginning, remained faithful until one solitary sovereign stood beside Raymond's elbow.

"The last!" he exclaimed. "Let us see whether it will follow the others, or call them back!"

Strange to say, the luck seemed to change, and game after game fell to Raymond. His face grew flushed, his eyes sparkled. A pile of gold and notes stood on the spot where the solitary sovereign had stood, and Lord Norman, with a smile, rose to fetch some more money from the cabinet.

As he did so he happened to glance in the small mirror over the mantel, and saw something that made him turn crimson and then pale and stern.

He said nothing, however, but brought some notes and gold from the cabinet and returned to his seat.

The game proceeded and reached a point at which the first man who scored would win.

Raymond held the cards in his hand, and looked up suddenly.

"Bruce," he said, "this must be our last game! What do you say now, double or quits?"

Lord Norman nodded, and with a dexterous movement Raymond swept his pile of money into the middle of the table.

"Double or quits!" he said! "By Heavens, if I win this I will swear never to play another game—until the next opportunity!" and he laughed.

"Are you ready? It is your deal! Now I mean to play my very best."

"Just so," said Lord Bruce, "but before we begin, hadn't we better see whether all the kings are in the pack!" and very quietly, but with terrible strength, he seized Raymond's arm, forced it up, and took the king of diamonds from his sleeve.

There was a moment's awful silence, as the two men looked into each other's eyes; like the reflection of one face, so alike were they in features, but fearfully unlike in expression.

Slowly Lord Norman got up. (To be Continued.)

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June 6, 1918

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EARLY M

WAR SUMMARY.

There has been no let up in the offensive of American and French troops against the Germans in the region northwest of Chateau Thierry, where in the past two days, severe defeats have been inflicted on the enemy and American marines have won great praise for their valiant fighting. Battering shoulder to shoulder over a front of six miles from Vimay, which lies just to the northwest of Veulville La Poterie, to Bouresches, the Americans and French have captured the towns of Veully, La Poterie and Bouresches, and also made progress along the front. Previously Troops had fallen into the hands of the Americans. The losses to the enemy thus far are said to have been extremely heavy and the ground they have lost is considered of high strategic value inasmuch as it is on that part of the battle front through which the Germans had hoped to crush their way forward and attain an open road to Paris. The casualties of the enemy were particularly severe during the street fighting in Bouresches where the Americans pushed him back step by step. Hard held on the other sectors from Soissons to Chateau Thierry the Germans after very heavy bombardments have essayed attacks on the Marne front near Rheims. These attacks were all stopped and the enemy had to accept defeat. A French attack on Bligny resulted in that village falling into their hands in its entirety. The remainder of the battle front there is still slightly active aside from bombardments and patrol encounters.

VILLAGE CAPTURED.

PARIS, June 7. The French and American troops operating against the Germans northwest of Chateau Thierry during today's fighting made additional gains of ground and took the villages of Veully, La Poterie and Bouresches according to the French report issued this evening.

AMERICANS TAKE TOURCY.

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES ON THE MARNE, June 7. (By Associated Press.)—The American marines who began a second attack on the German lines late yesterday and captured the village of Torcy drove their way into Bouresches northwest of Chateau Thierry, this morning they were holding Torcy and were pushing back the German troops through the streets of Bouresches. Virtually all their objectives in the