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The Lost Will; LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I beg you not to cry, Nora," he said. "Do not grieve. And don't say any more. I know what you would tell me. Your heart is as easy to read almost as your face, and the blow is not altogether unexpected. There have been moments—recently—when I dreaded—some chance word of yours, a kind of coldness in your tone, your eyes—" He shrugged his shoulders. "But, you know: a man's perceptions are almost as keen as a woman's when he is in love, and he is quick to notice any change in the manner, the voice, the look, of the woman he loves. Besides—well, consciously or unconsciously, Blanche has given me warning of what has happened."

There was a pause. Nora's tears ceased, and she rose and held out both her hands with an impulsive gesture.

"Oh, you are good, good!" she said, fighting with a sob. "You are sparing me all you can. Lord Ferndale, I am ashamed of myself, my coldness of heart—"

He shook his head and smiled at her, still holding her hands.

"Your heart is not cold," he said. "It is that I have failed to touch it. It is I—no one else—who am in fault. I should have seen how it was with you; that it was respect, liking, anything just short of love." He frowned, suddenly, and dropped her hands. "People will say that the engagement has been broken because of your sudden deprivation—"

He stopped abruptly, coloured, and threw back his head. "I beg your pardon." It was an unworthy thought—an—

"It was an unjust, an unfounded one," she said, her face flushing, her

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



without a word that should add to her grief or cause her a pang of remorse.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JACK lay very still, horribly still, with his long arms outstretched, his fingers dug into the sand, at which he had clutched in his agony. And above him shone the placid moon, as if typifying, in its serenity, Nature's bland indifference to the sufferings of her creatures.

The men were getting ready for their supper, and it was Molly who first missed her big playmate.

"Bill isn't here, mother," she said, and she tugged at Mrs. Ryan's apron as she repeated the information.

"Don't worry, Molly; he'll come in presently," responded her mother. But Molly, after another five minutes of impatient waiting, reiterated her cry with a fretful wail, and Mrs. Ryan, to quiet her, asked the men generally whether they had seen the missing one. One man replied that he had caught sight of Bill mooching off to the beach, and Mrs. Ryan accepted the answer with a muttered assurance to Molly that Bill would be coming in presently; but Molly was not satisfied, and after awhile she stole out, unnoticed by the others, and trotted towards the spot where she and Jack had so often sat to watch the gulls or to throw stones in the water.

Presently the silence of the night was broken by her shrill, childish scream, the door of the hut was flung open, and she ran in, crying:

"Oh, mother, mother, I've found Bill! He's dead! He's lying there by the breakwater, all over blood."

The men sprang to their feet, as Mrs. Ryan caught the terrified child by her bosom, and streamed out silently, as is the way with Englishmen when they are intent on the chase; and they were still silent when they found the prostrate, blood-stained figure, and raised it in their arms.

"He ain't dead," said one, at last, "but he's precious near it."

"There's been what I call foul play here," grunted Walsh, the old navy, who had first befriended Jack, and his eyes shone angrily. "Some one's been bashing him. Now, who's done it?"

The men looked at each other, but questioning rather than suspiciously; for Jack, with his pleasant smile and frank and easy ways, had become popular; and as they looked they missed, for the first time, the new hand, who, by reason of his sulphuriness and tactfulness, was by no means unpopular.

"Where's that chap we call Pitcher?" inquired one.

Both the question and the silence that followed were significant, and one or two of the men remembered that they had seen the man they called Pitcher watching Jack with a covert and unfriendly eye.

With a tenderness which would have surprised those who have not learned that the rough exterior of the navy is often the sheath for a remarkably soft heart, they bore Jack to the hut. They were met at the door by Mrs. Ryan, who had put Molly to bed and turned the key on her, and they could hear the child still crying and sobbing. It was not the first time Mrs. Ryan had seen a badly-hurt man, and she was calm, though pale and deeply grieved.

"This is no place for a man who has been bashed like that," she said, with a troubled countenance. "Then she remembered a little cottage, or, rather, hut, which stood a short distance from the men's quarters, and she bade some of the men carry Jack there, while others were told off to take down a sufficient quantity of furniture and bedding. Two or three of the men had already started for the mainland in search of a doctor, and on reaching the quay had made a discovery which was not altogether unexpected. One of the boats had gone, evidently stolen by the flying Pitcher.

Mrs. Ryan made the tiny place as comfortable as she could, and washed the blood from the wound and dressed it to the best of her surgical ability. It was a terrible wound, and the blow had nearly driven the life out of Jack, who lay unconscious, and, to all appearances, absolutely lifeless.

Of course, the men sent in search of the doctor had found him out. He generally is late when the case is an extremely urgent one; but at last he arrived, and the impression made by his examination of the injured man was evident from the gravity of his countenance.

"This is serious, very serious," he

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observed, somewhat unnecessarily, to Mrs. Ryan. "The man who did this meant murder, and I'm not sure that he hasn't accomplished it."

"Oh, doctor! And he's such a fine young fellow—so kind-hearted and pleasant-spoken," said Mrs. Ryan, pitifully.

"I dare say," said the doctor, who, like most men of his profession, was not devoid of acuteness. "This young fellow is a gentleman."

"Lor', now, you don't say so, doctor!" said Mrs. Ryan, but with only faint surprise. "Well, I allus knew he was different somehow from the others. Not that there's anything to complain of in them; they're rough enough, as their sort always is, but this one here was softer spoken and polite like. My little gel just washes up the ground he treads on, for he's got a wonderful 'taking' way with children. Oh, do 'ee try and save him, doctor!"

"Of course," he responded, with a half smile; "but if he's saved at all, he'll do his own saving. He's a fine specimen; muscles like steel, skin like silk. In fact, he's in the pink of condition. I left word for my people to send over a nurse; she'll be here presently. And she can't come too soon. Oh, yes, everything you've done was right. We'll cut away the hair, so as to get at the wound better. My word, it's an ugly knock! It must have been done with a spade, I fancy."

His conjecture proved accurate. They found the blood-stained spade at a little distance from the spot where Jack had been stricken down. By the time the nurse arrived Jack was in a high fever and delirious, and the men, gathering in little groups at a respectful distance from the impromptu hospital, could hear the shouts and cries and ravings of the sick man; and, as they listened, they muttered vows of vengeance, larded with strange oaths, against the absent criminal. The nurse was young, but she had had a good training, and her calmness, self-possession and capacity, the results of that hard discipline which a hospital course imposes, extorted the admiration and approval of the doctor, who, like the rest of his profession, was chary as a rule in his praise of a nurse. It is professional etiquette to expect and accept from a nurse skill and devotion, however extraordinary and self-sacrificing.

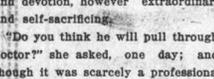
"Do you think he will pull through, doctor?" she asked, one day; and though it was scarcely a professional question, the doctor did not rebuke her.

(To be continued.)

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The attention of the public is drawn to the very urgent necessity of strictly observing the regulations published by this Department from time to time concerning the despatch of parcels to members of the Regiment overseas and the following particulars should be strictly observed:

- (1) Parcels must not exceed eleven pounds.
- (2) Parcels should be addressed with the Regimental number, rank, name and surname of addressee, followed by the last known address of the Unit with which the individual was serving; for example:
No. 0978 Cpl. John J. Kent,
2nd Battalion
The Royal Newfoundland Regt.,
Hazeley Down Camp,
Winchester,
Hant's Camp,
England.
- (3) Parcels should bear the name and address of a second addressee to whom the parcel may be delivered or forwarded, if it should prove impossible to deliver to the first. The Original address should be written on the FRONT of the parcel where the postage stamps and customs declaration are affixed, and the second or alternative address should be written on the BACK of the parcel.
- (4) If second address is not furnished at the time of posting and delivery cannot be effected, the contents of the parcel, unless of exceptional value or of a personal nature, will be turned over to the Military Authorities for distribution.
- (5) Parcels containing articles of personal nature or of special value will be returned if request for their return, in case of non-delivery, is made by the sender, such request to be written on the cover of the parcel at the time of posting.
- (6) The procedure outlined in (4) and (5) is adopted at the suggestion of the British Post Office, to prevent the waste of a large quantity of perishable food stuffs which form the contents of 90 per cent. of parcels sent to soldiers.
- (7) Parcels should be packed securely.
- (8) Attention is drawn to the Notice concerning Christmas parcels recently published by the Postmaster General. All Christmas mail for B. E. F. should be posted in time to arrive at the Pay and Record Office, London, not later than the end of November.

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REVOLUTION IN HUNGARY.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 1. A successful revolution has taken place in Budapest and the Hungarian National Council has taken over the government, according to a message received here by Count Michael Karolyi to the Berlin Tagblatt. The message reads: "The revolution in Budapest and National Council took over government. Military and police acknowledge National Council completely. Inhabitants rejoicing." (Signed) Karolyi, President National Council.

RIOTING IN BUDAPEST.

BERNE, Oct. 31. The Berlin Vossische Zeitung prints a despatch from Budapest saying that a crowd stormed the military prison and released political and military prisoners. Revolutionary troops seized the eastern railroad terminals and a troop train which were to start on the front. The soldiers in these trains joined the insurgents, who had machine guns and enormous quantities of arms and ammunition and entered the arsenal.

REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 1. A despatch from Vienna printed in the Tagblatt of Berlin says: "The National Assembly met at 3 o'clock this afternoon. A vast crowd had gathered before the Diet and frantically cheered the red flag which was played by laborers from the suburbs of Vienna. Socialist members of the Diet were cheered when they addressed the crowd in favor of a re-

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