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## HESTER, AND A LEGACY

"I mean," he said in a still lower voice, as he looked fixedly into her eyes, "that it looks suspiciously like foul play somewhere."  
In spite of the startling nature of this remark, he was almost surprised at the sudden and overwhelming agitation it caused in the face beside him. Every drop of blood seemed to drain from her cheeks and lips, and her eyes watered with a look of wild horror. She clasped her hands convulsively.  
"I did not mean to frighten you," he said, taking her hand kindly. "He sits down for a moment. I ought not to have spoken as I did. I see that I have startled you." She dropped into the chair and hid her face in her hands. He took out his brandy flask and made her drink a little, but her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold it to her lips.  
"I want to know what you mean?" she said in a shaking voice.  
"I can say nothing for certain, yet," he replied, "but you must not be frightened for I share deeply in your hope for help in this matter if I need it."  
"Thank you," she said, trying to regain her composure. Then pushing her hair back with her eyes, she looked up at him. "I hope you will trust me. I am not as weak as you think. I was only startled for the moment. What shall I do? What do you want?" she added nervously, rising from the chair.  
"I should like to have a look at the medicine chest," he said. "Who keeps the key? Do you?"  
"Lady Lynnmoor kept it, herself."  
"See if you can find it."  
She went straight to the dressing table, where purse, keys, and handkerchiefs were lying exactly as their owner had placed them the evening before going to bed. She brought the bunch of keys to Dr. Turner and singled out one as belonging to the medicine chest.  
Lady Lynnmoor's room had three doors. One opened into the gallery communicating with the great staircase, another led into Miss Phillips' bedroom, and a third belonged to her ladyship's dressing room.  
Into this room, Hester and the Doctor now went. She went forward, opened the chest, and taking out her handkerchief, flipped the dust from the shelves where her ladyship's private store of medicines reposed in their various labelled niches.  
"I am afraid things are not in very good order here," she said to him, as he came up to her side and stood looking over her shoulder. "There are only two bottles missing."  
"It seems," he replied, as he took out several in turn and looked at their contents. "Lady Lynnmoor was in the habit of taking narcotics at times, was she?"  
"Sometimes, when she was in pain."  
"What did she take?"  
"A few drops of laudanum, or sometimes, she would inhale chloroform on cotton wool or a handkerchief."  
"Who was in the habit of administering these remedies?"  
"I or her maid."  
"Did she take chloroform or laudanum last night?"  
"No."  
"And she seems perfectly well?"  
"Yes, perfectly."  
"And you were with her the whole evening before she retired to bed, and when you left her asleep you remained in your own room—is that so?"  
"After reading her to sleep I went down to the drawing-room to write a letter."  
"How long were you there?"  
"I cannot say exactly, but I remember it struck twelve after I was in my own room, so I suppose I must have been downstairs half an hour or perhaps a little longer."  
"When you returned to your room, did you go into Lady Lynnmoor's room?"  
"Yes, and she was sleeping quietly."  
"Dr. Turner turned back to the medicine chest.  
"It is as you say, there are several bottles missing—the chloroform, for instance."  
"Yes," said Hester, "and the camphor and iodine too. The laudanum bottle is empty, you see, and so is the rhubarb. The whole chest needed replenishing. Lady Lynnmoor gave away so much medicine among the poor."  
He was still fingering the little bottles, and while doing so he said, apparently carelessly—  
"Why did you disturb the dust with your handkerchief just now?"  
He raised his eyes suddenly as he spoke and regarded her narrowly. She evaded them.  
"I suppose I acted from instinct," she said, turning away from him a little as she spoke. "A woman has a natural antipathy to dust and dirt."  
"It was unwise of you, to say the least of it," he continued. "In a case like this one cannot be too careful. As it happens, you have spoiled a very conclusive bit of evidence. If any of these bottles had been touched we should most likely have been able to see which it was by a disturbance of the dust on the edge of the shelf."  
"I see," she said; "it was unwise of me, as you say."  
"Unwise! That is a mild word, to use. Do you know—and he looked her again full in the face—"that in the witness-box that one little act of yours would tell against you so strongly that it might lead to your being tried for murder?"  
"Murder!" She whispered the word below her breath, and again that horrid dilation of her eyes took place.  
"Oh, they couldn't!"  
"But they could, and have on no more evidence than that one act of yours. Miss Phillips you stand in a very critical position. I am sorry to say it but I believe it to be the truth."  
"How?" she demanded.  
"The cause of Lady Lynnmoor's death is unexplained, and until it is satisfactorily accounted for we are all more or less in a critical position. It took place in the night; you were the last person with her, and you slept near her; you therefore are the chief witness. I do not want to frighten you. I merely wish to warn you that your most careful attention should be given to the eyes of a jury."  
"I suppose you mean to be kind," she smiled, with a flash of the eyes, "but I do not know that I care to accept that sort of kindness."  
"I speak as a friend, believe me, Miss Phillips."  
"The kind of friend I do not choose to acknowledge," she replied, turning her back on him and walking out of the room. She faced him again, however, as he followed her. "Why do you put the worst construction on the case?" she asked.  
"Why must you accuse innocent people of murder? What evidence is there? Had she not heart disease? Was she not always suffering from heart attacks?"  
"Her heart was weak, but, as far as I know, there was no organic disease, nothing to cause death in this sudden and mysterious manner. However, there must be a post-mortem examination, and after that we shall know better what we are about."  
There was nothing more to be done. They left the room, and she locked the door behind them, and she took the key to her room. "They then went down to the morning room, and she, at his instigation, wrote to Lady Lynnmoor's lawyer, while he sent off a telegram to Dr. Morgan, her ladyship's eminent physician, asking him to come down to Lynnmoor at once. As he rode home he was thinking over all in connection with this mysterious and sudden death, and the circumstance that struck him most unpleasant of all was Hester's excessive agitation and inability to meet his eyes. What did it mean? Before a favorite of his, and never before had failed to look him straight in the face with the direct and gentle gaze of absolute innocence. To-day however, she had not been able to do this. In his own mind he had very little doubt that there had been some carelessness, some mistake, some oversight, surrounding what was Hester's death, as her actual state of health would not account for it. He did not necessarily conclude that there had been foul play; that was going too far, he thought. He could then be for such an awful action? But he considered it probable that a narcotic had been administered, and possibly an overdose which, in the weak state of her ladyship's heart, had caused almost immediate death. And, if this were so, was it not Miss Phillips who would be likely to know more about it than anybody else?  
He thought again of her excessive agitation that seemed greater than the circumstances would warrant perhaps. Did she know more about the matter than she chose to confess? Had she anything to confess? Had she a favourite of his, as has been said before, and the idea was so unpleasant that he reached home in anything but a good temper and in no way inclined to satisfy his wife's curiosity concerning the tragic occurrence that had already set the whole village gossiping.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
Every one was naturally horrified at the news of what had occurred at the Chase, and awaited further details with breathless interest.  
In the course of the day there were several arrivals at the house. The London physician was closeted with Doctor Turner in the chamber of death, and Mr. Broadbent, the lawyer, arrived with copy of her ladyship's will and other important documents. Besides these two business personages there were constant inquiries and messages to answer from friends in the neighborhood who had heard the news and were polite in their attentions to the bereaved family.  
In the evening Lord Lynnmoor arrived from France. He came late, and looked pale and exhausted, having travelled without rest and almost without food. It was Hester who heard his horse's gallop before it reached the cars of any one else, seated as she was at the open windows of the dining-room which led on to the terrace, from the end of which one could look straight down the long avenue that led to the great gates of the Chase.  
The clock had struck nine and the darkness of a September night had fallen over the land but lights had not yet been brought into the room, as it seemed as though its occupants preferred the twilight.  
Hester sat at the open window with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes seeming to penetrate the mysterious gloom of the garden. She never raised them to the sky, where the dusky clouds were chasing one another before the soft wind, or seemed to see when the moon suddenly came out from her hiding place among the and shone on to the earth with her softest brilliance, lighting up the white stonework of the terrace and touching her pale profile as she sat motionless.  
On a couch at a little distance from her lay Mrs. Vavasour, surrounded by a paraphernalia of shawls, scents, fans and smelling salts, indulging in a bad attack of "nerves." Her aunt's death had however really upset her, and for once in a way she was experiencing what nerves really meant. She wore a graceful morning gown of pale blue silk and held in her hand a gold-topped bottle of eau-de-Cologne, with which she constantly besprinkled her forehead and handkerchief.  
At the end of the long dining table were the remains of a meal which had been laid for the London physician, who was now talking in a low voice with Doctor Turner and the lawyer at the farther end of the room, near

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A small table on which stood a lamp the one light in the room.  
Suddenly Hester rose and went out on to the terrace.

"I hear a horse coming up the avenue," she said to those within the room. "It is probably Lord Lynnmoor."

The clasp of three broke up and the London doctor looked at his watch. Mrs. Vavasour turned, her pretty fair face towards the window, and Hester walked out upon the terrace and disappeared in the darkness.

A few minutes afterwards Lord Lynnmoor entered the room. He came late, for the telegram bearing the news of his mother's illness arrived at his hotel after he had started for Calais, where he received it on landing from the Channel boat. He had not immediately without giving himself time for rest or food.

His dress bore signs of hurried travelling and was powdered with dust, while his face was pale with fatigue, anxiety and excitement.

As he entered the room he threw a searching glance around it, as though he were expecting to see some one or something which did not meet his eyes, but they ceased to be seen by Doctor Turner, who had come forward to greet him. He shook hands with the three men and then made his way to his cousin, who had half risen on his entrance. She clung to his arm and burst into hysterical sobs.

"Have you heard the worst, Dudley?" she cried.

"Yes, I was told at the station."  
"Isn't it dreadful?" she cried. "So sudden, so mysterious. I hadn't the least idea, and now I am so frightened that I dare not be alone a minute or go upstairs near the room. Oh, I am glad you have come!"

(To be Continued)

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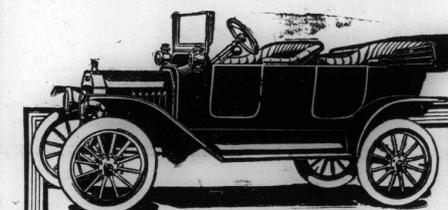
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## MORALE GERMAN

Dvinsk Will Little Advance to Huns—born Fighting

By Special Wire to the Courier  
London, Sept. 20.—Ished confidence in high circles that the Russia make a successful retreat. It is reported by the grad correspondent of the The Germans, he says, a ing most desperate effort some of the remaining armies before the winter completed, but the heavy port trains and munitions already beyond the danger and there is hope that the sian forces will extricate selves.  
It is important to bear the correspondent wire many meshes in the Ger are composed not of infan of comparatively weak units, which will be swam less quickly withdrawn.  
Viewing the situation Northern sector of opera a whole, the correspondent is not unworthy th many cavalry seized and Vilna-Dvinsk on the rat though a whole week elap are still awaiting a decisio though communications a to the Vilna group of fo the latter are able to con erations without any app

(Continued on Page

## CHAPLAIN OF APPEALS

—Address on

Last night at evensong, 8 Church was well filled and th the re-ator on camp life, held gregation enraptured for over an hour. Looking well, and speaking with that simple elation which have made his masterpieces of pure Engli Chaplain of the 58th was a splendid.

The work of the Chaplain the moral and spiritual life soldier when in sickness or he said. "We do not force or our gospel into their li rather, by a kindly word, and shake try to have them re our interests are theirs; that come to us.

The routine of camp is same, opening after "gunfire" call with a prayer, which the leads in then the Lord's Pr which all participate, then " is visited and the men che some outside influence their at such a time, and it is en see just how well they a their Chaplain around.

AN APPEAL  
In the work of camp there of hymns and prayer man can be had in one book and peal was made that the me St. Jude and friends would e by sending same to the reci nesday night meetings are which so far, there has be attendance and it is notewo the men asked the meeting b ed to one hour in length as enjoyed it.

THE OFFICERS AND  
Speaking of his comrades the rector made a touching allusion. "Fine men, each making the big sacrifice cap been as lance points, to an duty's call—I am proud to kn all," he averred with emph The battalion held a rou and he had accompanied their tramp, they had ten minute hour and in that period he through the ranks talking to

## Issue Turn Side Take Say Ita

By Special Wire to the C ROME, Sept. 20.—Acti along the frontiers of the B competent sources. It ay planned for the latter part sion of 500,000 men from simultaneous securing of B from Budapest to Constant The Tribuna and other move by the concentration entire allies, declaring th first, the Austro-Germans it danelles.