



## Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XVII.  
FALSE!

"Bad news. Mademoiselle is summoned home!"

The brougham door was shut with a bang and the pair of horses dashed towards the station.

Floris shrank into a corner and sat with clasped hands and closed eyes, and Josine was too wise to utter a word.

Presently the train came up. It was an express from the far north, and several passengers got out to stretch their legs for a moment or two.

Josine had taken a first-class ticket and found an empty compartment.

Floris got in, and would have gone without a word, but Josine leaned forward and said, with a quiver in her voice, which might have been due to remorse, but was more probably caused by excitement:

"Good-by, mademoiselle! You—you will not forget your promise to poor Josine!"

Floris looked at her vaguely, then she shook her head and turned away. "I will not forget. No!" she said.

The guard blew his whistle, and Josine stepped back.

As she did so a gentleman rushed out of the station with a sandwich in his hand, and had almost passed Josine on his way to his carriage when he saw her and stopped short.

"Josine!" he exclaimed. "Is that you?"

Josine—her nerves were getting unstrung—uttered a cry.

"Milord Clifford!" she cried, turning pale.

"Time's up, my lord!" said the guard, who knew Bertie well.

"All right," he said; "one moment." Then he turned to Josine.

"Are you going up to town? You had better get in!"

"No, no! It is mademoiselle!" returned Josine, with agitation.

"Mademoiselle?" he repeated. "Who?" and he went to the window and there saw Floris.

With a sudden pallor he looked from her to Josine.

## And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"It is Miss Carlisle!" he said. "And she is going up to London alone!"

"We really must be starting, my lord!" said the guard, coming up again.

"Yes, yes!" said Josine, hurriedly. "Alone, milord!"

"Why?" he demanded, with a troubled frown.

Josine bit her lip. "Go, milord!" she said. "The train will start without you."

He opened the door of Floris' carriage, nodded to the guard, and as the train started, jumped in.

Josine stood looking after the train with a bewildered stare for quite a minute. Then a curious expression gradually crept into her black eyes. An idea was developing itself in her acute brain.

Floris and Lord Clifford, who had been her lover, leaving Ballyfoe together! Surely that fact would fit into the plot.

With a smile on her lips she nodded approvingly, then turned and slowly went back to the brougham.

But she passed there and returned to the station and accosted the sleepy porter.

"Did you see that gentleman who accompanied the young lady who departed just now, sir?" she asked him with smooth politeness.

The man stared at her. Oh, yes, he had seen him.

"Well, that was a great personage, sir. It was Milord Clifford," said Josine, with an air of importance.

"Oh, was it?" said the man, grimly. "Well, lord or no lord, he hadn't any business to keep the train waiting."

"Certainly not!" said Josine. "Good-morning, sir."

Then she returned to the brougham. "It is likely that Milord Norman will not believe poor Josine. So! my friend the porter will bear witness that Miss Carlisle went off with Milord Clifford! Bah! but Milord Blanche is not so clever as I think her if she cannot make something of that!"

## CHAPTER XVIII. AN IRREPARABLE WRONG.

FLORIS looked up as Bertie entered the carriage.

"Lord Clifford!" she said, faintly. "Miss Carlisle!" he responded; and the two looked at each other in silence for a moment.

The shock of meeting had considerably moved Bertie, and he scarcely knew what to say.

He had thought of her every day since the night he had told her of his love and received his dismissal; she was, in fact, scarcely ever out of his mind.

"Are you going south—to London?" he asked, as carelessly as he could.

"I am so surprised at seeing you that I can scarcely realize that it is indeed you!" he added, ingenuously.

"Yes, I am going to London," she answered, wearily.

"I—I hope on no sad errand!" he said, very gently. "You look ill and tired—"

"I am both ill and tired," she said, trying to smile, and so bringing the tears to her eyes. "I have a telegram saying that mother is dying, Lord Clifford."

He did not say that he was sorry; his face, his eyes, said that sufficiently plainly, but he looked at his watch.

"I am glad that this is the express,"

# WRIGLEYS



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he said. "We shall be there early in the morning. I hope that you will find Mrs. Carlisle better than you expect."

Floris' lips moved in an inaudible "Thank you!" and she let her head sink back on the cushion.

Bertie got up and drew the window curtain, dragged his own foot-warmer forward for her, and carefully arranged his rugs over her.

"You must let me make you as comfortable as I can!" he said, apologetically. "It is not much one can do to get comfortable in a railway carriage, unfortunately."

"Thank you!" said poor Floris, faintly, finding her voice. "Are you going to London?" she asked.

"Yes, through London," he answered, his frank, blue eyes stealing an anxious glance at the pale face. "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I should happen to be traveling by this train. I did not know I was coming till the last moment."

"No!" she said.

There was silence for a moment. The one question haunted and worried him; why was she traveling alone? Even at the cost of wearying, perhaps harassing her, he must know.

"You have been staying at Ballyfoe?" he asked, gently.

"Yes," said Floris, her eyes fixed on the rug, her hands clasped tightly.

She knew what was passing in his mind and the question that was coming, and she dreaded it as the wounded man dreads the surgeon's probing knife.

"With the Lynches, of course?" said Bertie. "I remember reading your name among the list of visitors in the papers."

"Yes," she said.

"Is—Bruce there still? But, of course, he is not, or you would not be alone. I read of your—your engagement, Miss Carlisle," he added, hurriedly, and with a sudden flush on his handsome face that was rather paler than of old.

Floris winced.

"Lord Norman is still at Ballyfoe," she replied, in a low voice.

Bertie stared, crimsoned and turned pale.

Bruce at Ballyfoe, and permits her to take this long journey in the train alone.

"Is he?" he said. "Why didn't he—I beg your pardon. Please do not be angry or think me impertinent."

"No, no!" she broke in, with a quivering lip. "Do not say any more. I am tired, and—ah! I think!" piteously.

"Oh, forgive me!" he said, remorse-

fully; "but, indeed, it was not idly curiosity."

"I know," she murmured.

"I will not harass you," he said. "Will you try and get some sleep. Let me pull this rug more closely round you. Try and rest and get some sleep, if possible."

The train sped on, the green fields gave place to rows of houses and workshops, and presently, the engine snorted and steamed into the great terminus.

"Wait here; do not move," he said. "I will come for you when I am ready," and he got out and went for her luggage.

"I have got a cab," he said, when he returned. "There is just time to catch the other train."

He drew her arm within his and placed her in the cab, and then followed.

"Oh, do not come!" she said; "I have given you trouble and anxiety enough; please do not come any further!"

"I am coming to the station, if you will let me," he answered, simply, and he added, but too low for her to hear, "Would to Heaven that I could go all the way with you!"

"Will you write to me and let me know how you get on?" he asked, when the cab had got on the asphalt.

"I will give you the address."

"Yes," said Floris, meekly.

They neared the other station; the time was approaching when he must leave her. His heart began to beat with a wistful yearning to learn the truth; and suddenly, so suddenly that Floris started, he leaned forward.

"Floris—Miss Carlisle—I shall leave you in a few minutes. Heaven knows how sorrowfully and anxiously, I will you let that anxiety plead for me, if I ask you to tell me why you have left Bruce at Ballyfoe. Why he has let you take this journey alone?"

"I—I cannot tell you!" she answered, brokenly.

His face went pale.

"Then something has happened! For Heaven's sake, tell me, Floris. I cannot leave you without seeing whether I can help you. Have pity on me, and tell me."

"You cannot help me—no she can help me!" she murmured, her hands clasped tightly together, her face wan and white.

"You do not know, at any rate, tell me. You can confide in me as if—as if I were your brother. I would to Heaven that I were!"

Floris shook her head.

(To be continued.)

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## CABLE NEWS

WAR SUMMARY.

American troops standing at Verdun northwest of Chateau Thierry, have completely smashed repeated and determined counter attacks by the Germans who sought to oust the Americans from new positions. That the Germans have tried desperately to reverse the decision in the battle is an indication that the occupation of Vaux is viewed as important by the enemy commanders. Over the lines held by General Pershing there has been a bursting storm of steel from German cannon, high explosives and gas shells are being intermingled in the projectiles hurled by the foe cannot be denied. The Americans, however, have not yielded a foot of ground, and when the enemy has attacked he has been permitted to approach close to the American lines before a storm of bullets has cut through his ranks and broke his attack. As a result of these assaults the Germans have lost heavily, the ground being covered with their dead and wounded. They have in addition lost many prisoners who have been gathered when the tide of battle had ebbed. The battle is being fiercely waged. French units are said to be engaged in the region of Vaux, but it is probable that they are not very numerous. The battle at Vaux has seemingly absorbed the most of the activity on the west side of the salient running north from the Marne, but far up toward the Oise at Moulin-Sous-Touvent, a little village east of the De-Laignes forest, the French have struck the German line over a front of nearly two miles, and have penetrated to a depth of approximately half a mile. Prisoners to the number of 457 have been reported captured. The British were unable to retain the position seized on Sunday near Bouzincourt, north of Albert. After a terrific bombardment the Germans succeeded in retaking the ground on the north of the Ploeghe sector. At Boyelles and Moyennes, and in the Lys sector at Merris the British have taken prisoners in military operations. The Italians have again shifted their attack and this time chose the Piave front for a demonstration of their strength. After a bombardment which amounted to drum fire intensity, the Italians crossed the Piave northeast of Capo S. In some of the flooded areas behind them they made some progress, which is admitted by Vienna, and captured 1,800 prisoners and took valuable material. Austrian counter attacks in the Grappa region east of the Brenta have been repulsed. American fighters have participated in combats during the fighting at Vaux and are credited unofficially with destroying seven enemy machines. In fighting on Tuesday the British destroyed 10 airplanes and forced nine down out of control. The Ukraine military authorities is tottering to its fall.

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