



NON RUSTABLE
D & A
CORSETS

**The Lost Will;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS
AT LAST!**

CHAPTER XVIII.

"And you'd have me take advantage of her gratitude for the few small services I've been able to render her!" broke in Jack, scornfully. "Jiggles, when I regard you calmly—which I am endeavouring to do now—I am more than ever convinced that to be a successful lawyer, as you are, it is necessary to be something of a scoundrel; for a man who will advise a chap to lay siege to a girl who may think she is under some obligation to him is something precious near—I beg your pardon, Jiggles, don't mind me; I'm a bit filed to-day—but you can't touch pitch without being defiled; there's just two of you—Jiggles, a dear old chap, who is always ready to slip a friend, and Francis Tredgate, Esq., K.C., who looks at everything through a lawyer's spectacles; and they are always crooked. I forgive you, Jiggles; but, for Heaven's sake, don't tell me again that I'd better marry Miss Norton—or I shall have your blood."

"All right," said Jiggles calmly, and not a whit offended. "It's good advice, all the same. But what are you going to do when Miss Norton marries, as you say she will, and you resign your present position?"

"I don't know," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders. "There's the Colonies—"

"There are also the Continents of Europe, Asia, and America," remarked Jiggles. "My dear fellow, if you're too much of a gentleman for the Law Courts, you're certainly too much of a swell for the Colonies. I may be lacking in imagination, but I am unable to picture you breaking stones, driving a milkcart, or waiting at an hotel; and that is what I think most men of your kind do when they go to those parts."

"I don't know that I should mind driving a milkcart," mused Jack, thoughtfully. "Anyhow, that will be better than hanging about Chertson and eating my heart—"

"He stopped suddenly and, laying his hand on Jiggles' head, tousled his scant hair.

"Yes, you're a good chap, Jiggles, and Heaven knows I'm grateful to you; but I'm afraid you can't help me in this business. Well, I'll get my name painted on the door-post and sell my wig and gown; then we'll consider the milkcart proposition."

Jack's troubles never sat very heavily on him for long, and by the time he had reached Chertson that afternoon he was very nearly in his usual cheerful frame of mind. If he could not bring himself to entertain Jiggles'

absurd suggestion, he could at least see Nora now and again; and he was going to see her now.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and he wondered whether Nora could be induced to come out into the park with him, or perhaps they could go for a ride together. Then he came up to the Delman's cottage, and suddenly he remembered Maud. He ought to look in and tell her mother of her success. He hesitated a moment reluctantly, then he knocked at the door.

"Oh, I won't come in," he said, when Mrs. Delman appeared and invited him to enter. "I just stopped as I was passing to tell you that Maud—Miss Delman—had a very big success last night."

Mrs. Delman nodded with no sign of elation.

"Yes, I had a telegram from her this morning," she said. "I am very much surprised, and I don't know that I am particularly glad, for I was hoping she'd make a mess of it, and that she'd drop the stage and come back and settle down."

"I'm afraid she wouldn't have done that in any case," said Jack. "She is the kind of girl who sticks to a thing to the bitter end, and now she's made a bit she'll go on with it."

"Well, I suppose she will," admitted Mrs. Delman, rather sourly. "As I said, I can't say I'm glad. I'd rather have seen her married to some decent man and living a quiet life away from unhealthy excitement and temptation."

"We can't all lead that kind of life," remarked Jack, soothingly. "And as to temptation—oh, well, of course, there are temptations in the theatrical life—so there are in others—but I don't think you need be afraid, anxious about your daughter. I think Miss Maud can take care of herself, don't you know," he wound up, awkwardly.

She shot a glance at him, a by no means friendly, and indeed a rather suspicious, glance.

"I hope so," she said grimly. "Maud's been well brought up, and has kept herself respectable—up till now."

"Oh, she's all right; don't you worry, Mrs. Delman," said Jack cheerfully. "Well, good-afternoon."

It had not been a very pleasant little interview, and its effect was to make Jack feel that Mrs. Delman held him in no slight measure responsible for her daughter's welfare, and "Bother the girl!" he muttered, as he strode on.

But presently he paused again. He remembered that he had told one of the woodmen that some of the trees should be cleared in the home wood, and that he had promised the man to go and look at them. The wood was only a little way out of his road, and, glancing at his watch, he turned aside, intending to make a detour through the plantation to the Hall. He had reached the spot the woodman had indicated when he heard footsteps, and, thinking it was the man, gave a call. But it was not the woodman,

but Stephen Fleming, who came up. "Halloa, Fleming!" said Jack. "That you? I beg your pardon. I thought it was one of the Chertson men. Fine day, isn't it?"

Stephen Fleming made no response to this meteorological observation, but with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his head bent, he regarded Jack under lowering brows.

"It's just as well we've met—Mr. Chalfonte," he growled. "I've wanted to have a few words with you for some time past."

Jack thought that the man had been drinking, and was therefore patient under the provocation of his half-insolent, half-threatening tone.

"Want to talk to me?" said Jack.

"What's the matter? Look here, Fleming, now we've met, I should like to say something to you, if you won't be offended. I'm not much of a plaster saint myself, but I think it's foolish to play the giddy-goat as you've been doing lately, so I'm told. It's too early in the afternoon to take liquor on board."

"Oh, you think I'm drunk, do you?" snarled Fleming, moistening his thick lips and glaring at him. "Well, if I'm not one of your servants—or your mistress's," he corrected himself with a sneer. "But I'm not drunk, as it happens. Anyway, I'm sober enough to say what I've got to say to you, and you've got to listen to me."

"My dear Fleming, I'm quite ready to listen to you," said Jack quietly. "Fire away."

He seated himself on the fallen tree-trunk on which he had sat while Maud had recited her part, and there was something in the unconscious ease and grace of his attitude which seemed to increase the fury of hatred with which Fleming was battling. He was silent for a moment, regarding Jack malevolently, then he blurted out suddenly:

"What have you done with Maud Delman?"

Jack coloured as much with surprise as resentment, for he had no idea that Fleming took an interest in Maud. But though the man's question and manner of putting it were exasperating in the extreme, Jack replied, after a second or two, as quietly as before:

"That's a strange question, and a singular way of putting it, Fleming. I might ask you what business it is of yours?"

"I'll tell you quick enough," broke in Fleming, with a passionate gesture. "She was my sweetheart till you came to these parts. I've a right to know what you've done with her."

Jack doubted the truth of the man's assertion, but he thought it not at all unlikely that Maud had indulged in a little flirtation with Fleming, and, pitying the man, he said, almost soothingly:

"I've done nothing with Miss Delman."

"That's a lie!" flashed Fleming. "Jack half rose, but sank down again. He had the strongest objection to lying, either in or out of the Law Courts, but he controlled himself and sat still.

"You've taken her away from here, from me," went on Fleming. "Oh, it's no use you denying it. I know all about it. I've been watching you. You've been going to the house, meeting her; you've met her in this very spot, spent hours with her. Look here, Mr. Chalfonte, you can fool her mother, you can fool Maud, but you can't fool me. You can't deny that you've taken her away."

"But I do," said Jack, fighting against his anger. "Miss Delman has gone to London on her own business, and beyond giving her a little friendly advice, I have—"

But Fleming would not wait for the conclusion of the sentence.

"In London, is she?" he said quickly. "What's her address? You'd better give it to me; I want it, and I mean to have it," he added, threateningly.

"Then you must go to Mrs. Delman for it," said Jack. "I am not authorized to give you Maud's—the name slipped from him unconsciously, and he hastened to correct himself—"Miss Delman's address, and I decline to do so."

"Oh, it's Maud; one minute and Miss Delman's the other," sneered Fleming. "It's Maud; and yet you say you've no hand in her going. I know well enough that you've taken her away, hidden her in London; there can be only one explanation, one reason for your doing so. You've got her into your power. You're going

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TWO MILE ADVANCE.

LONDON, Oct. 17. The attack by the British south of La Cateau to-day has resulted in an advance of two miles. The manoeuvre is still progressing.

BEHAVING STRONG REARGUARDS.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE LILLE SECTOR, Oct. 17.—The Germans in the Lille sector are leaving strong rearguards in selected places in an effort to protect their being comrades. These rearguards have orders to inflict the greatest number of casualties possible. Outflanking tactics are usually sufficient to clear up these strong points. The Germans on evacuating the Channel coast and submarine base of Ostend behind them rearguards all of which were killed or captured. British warships landed forces in the town of Belgium aviators alighted in the face.

RETIREMENT WELL ORGANIZED.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN Flanders, Oct. 17.—The German retreat appears to be methodical and well organized. How far or how fast is going remains to be seen. The enemy is putting a strong delaying action so as to cover his flank. Belgian and French troops pivoting on Lombardye early to-day began to push steadily northward toward the Belgian coast. The Belgians in their rapid drive northward in Belgium have captured hundreds and have passed beyond that town. Belgian infantry is now less than six miles from Ostend. The Belgians are reported to be well west of Thieit and to have reached a point east of Pitthem. Cavalry patrols have pushed far forward in Eeghem district. The Belgians are driving northward for the Ghent canal.

ATTEMPT ON TIZA'S LIFE.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 17. As Count Stephen Tizza, the former Hungarian Premier, was leaving the lower House of Parliament at Budapest, Wednesday, a youth approached a motor car with a revolver, according to a despatch received here from the Hungarian capital. Count Tizza's chauffeur struck the would-be assassin down before he was able to fire.

NEW ATTACK ON WIDE FRONT.

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY IN FRANCE, Oct. 17.—In conjunction with the British First Army, the French attacked this morning over a wide front. The attack is progressing favourably.

TIDAL WAVE FOLLOWS EARTHQUAKE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17. Tidal waves, which followed the earthquake in Porto Rico, added to the way feeling and devastation, the Am-

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