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A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXXVIII
 FOUND AT LAST.

"An unmistakable case of somnolence," says Len. "Why, my dear boy, you must have been walking in your sleep."

"Well, suppose I was," Charley rather reluctantly admits; "but depend upon it, that dream, if it was a dream, was sent to me for some purpose. I mean to see what is behind that panel in spite of all the ridicule and skepticism in the world."

As a matter of course we all laugh at him for his superstition; but Charley is not to be moved from his purpose, and, as soon as breakfast is over, Len and he, armed with hammer and chisel, go upstairs to carry it out, with all the rest of us following in their wake to see what comes of it.

Two or three smart taps from Len's hammer, and a couple of wrenches from Charley's chisel, suffice to displace the worm-eaten old board, that, flying suddenly back from its place on a spring, reveals to our astonished eyes a small cupboardlike aperture in the wall—a roughly finished recess, in the middle of which stands a small tin box, which, on being examined, proves to contain but one article: a large, legal-looking document, with some faded writing on the outside.

"Good Heavens! Why, it is the will—the long-lost will! Squire Rutherford's will!" exclaims Len, who, having been the first to lay hands on the strangely discovered paper, drops it as suddenly as if it were a red hot coal.

"It is the will, sure enough!" exclaims my husband, who, pale as death, stoops to pick it up. Thank Heaven, it has come to light at last!

"Thanks to your dream, old fellow, or whatever it was," Leonard replies, in a bewildered sort of way.

"Thanks to my dream, if it was a dream," Charley returns. "And if it was, who shall say it has been sent in vain? The phantom figure that led me into this room last night wore the features of Squire Rutherford's dead-and-gone sister, Mrs. Erroll, whose portrait is preserved by her son, Mr. Erroll, the master of the Priory. Len, my dear fellow," he adds, less agitated than any of us by what has happened, "let me be the first to congratulate you on your good fortune. You are restored to your rights—the Priory is yours at last."

Strangely as it has come about, it is quite true. The long-hidden will has, indeed, come to light at last. The paper which Len, looking very much more bewildered than elated, stands holding in his trembling fingers, is the very deed by which Squire Rutherford's great property was bequeathed to my mother and her children so long ago.

"It is all right enough," Warden remarks, glancing it over with a professional eye. "There will be no difficulty about proving that; there can be no mistake. Len—the Priory is yours, as, indeed, it always has been."

"How I wonder what Gwendolen Clitheroe—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Erroll—will say to all this?" I remark, with a little burst of womanly triumph, as I think of the humiliation in store for that faithless beauty, who has sold herself to a miserable, decrepit, old man, for the sake of this very position, which, had she only remained true to poor Len, would have come to her now by right.

"I wonder how Mr. Erroll will take it? It will be a blow for him and his son," Len remarks, when, a little recovered from our surprise, we sit down in the long-dissused room to discuss the recovery of the will in all its bearings. "Heriot Erroll will be sorry enough to hear of this."

"On the contrary, no man living will rejoice in your good fortune more sincerely than Heriot Erroll," my husband replies, turning toward him with a quiet earnestness in his manner that puzzles us all. "Don't look at me so incredulously, Len," he adds, "for I have a difficult confession to make, as Warden will tell you. Heriot Erroll stands before you!"

"Forgive the deception I have practiced upon you all—a deception that was pursued from no unworthy motive, however. And the time has come when I wish you to know me for what I am—the son of the man who has so long usurped your rights—and the grandson of the woman who, there can be no doubt, stole that will and concealed it for her own wicked purposes."

In the bewilderment of the moment this announcement does not seem to astonish any of us so greatly as might be expected.

For myself, the day has gone past when I am very greatly concerned whether my husband's name is Denton or Erroll. It is enough for me that he is my husband, and that I love him as devotedly as he loves me.

"As you all know," Charley puruses, in the course of the explanation that follows, "before I left England I quarreled with my father past all hope of reconciliation. What it was about does not matter now. As in most cases of the kind, there were doubtless faults on both sides."

"But from the first my father was

never a father to me; for some reason, although I was his only child, he always hated me; and when I left home, it was with the fixed resolve never to return to it!

"I have kept my word so far as entering my father's doors are concerned. He told me never to darken them again; and I never shall until he sends for me. But when I came back to England, some impulse, which could hardly have been homesickness, prompted me to run down to Devon and take a look at the old home, which, Heaven knows, had never been a very happy one for me!

"To prevent the possibility of recognition, I assumed, or, rather, retained the name of Denton, under which I had lived ever since leaving England. Of all the people who had known me as a boy, Warden alone recognized me!

(To be Continued.)

The Lost Will; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER I.

"I don't think so," returned Mr. Chalfont, with a faint smile. "I sized you up the moment you entered the room. I'm not an educated man, as you know well enough; there was no Board School in my young days; but I've got one useful little gift, and that is the knack of sizing a man up within five minutes. It's been a very useful gift to me, Mr. Chalfont, and I've got to believe in it and rely on it. I don't think you're the man to play it low down for a dinner or the chance of getting a parcel of shares cheap. Another thing: I'm not an ambitious man in the ordinary sense of the word; but I don't like making mistakes; I don't like to see ladies and gentlemen I'm thrown amongst sniggering at some little slip of mine. I want some one to teach me the ropes and see that I handle 'em properly, to keep an eye on me and set me on the bee-line when I look like going astray. Now, I want a gentleman, and I know you're one—that I sized up amongst other things when you came in."

"Much obliged," said Jack, simply.

"Yes. Then I was drawn by your name; seemed to me that, though there was no relationship, it would be rather nice to have a man, in a kind of bear-leader, with the same name. Just a fancy, of course; but fancy goes a long way with the cutest of us. Now, I understand you've no occupation?"

"Oh, well, I'm called to the Bar," said Jack, modestly.

"I know that game; there's precious little in it, as a rule. It's a chancy thing, and I'm about to offer you something like a certainty. Look here, Mr. John—"

"Try 'Jack,' Mr. Chalfont," said



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They will help you to keep well and active and to do your best work.

Jack: "You'll find it easier to pronounce, and I should prefer it. My friends all call me Jack."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Mr. Chalfont, his voice softening slightly. "Look here, I'm going to make you an offer. You come to me—not as a secretary; I've got a very good chap already, a man like a walking dictionary, complete letter-writer, and ready reckoner all in one. But he's just a machine; I've got machines all round me, and I don't want another one. No; what I want is a friend, a pal, who'll set me straight without sneering up his sleeve at me. You come to me, live with me, I mean, and take a hand in this society business, and I'll treat you—well, like a pal. Of course, you shall have free quarters at my place in Surrey and the other houses I've got—some of 'em I've scarcely been into—and I'll make you an allowance—mind, I don't call it salary!—and I'll treat you, if you'll let me, as if you were a near relations; we'll see how near as we go on."

Jack had grown red, very naturally, at this astounding proposal; he could find no words, and the millionaire continued to explain his proposition.

"I sused a lot of money—I don't know exactly how much—you'll have to spend money, and I'll put the allowance at a thousand a year to begin with; of course, we'll make it more if it's necessary."

Jack rose and went to the window, and, with his back to this strange man, said, with suppressed agitation: "Look here, Mr. Chalfont, this is an extraordinary offer you're making me. I desay a thousand a year doesn't seem much to you, but it's a very large sum to me, who have just about thirty shillings in my pocket and up to my neck in debt."

"We'll pay the debts; let me know the amount," cut in Mr. Chalfont, laconically.

"And another thing," continued Jack, "you don't know anything about me. Oh, I know you've been making inquiries as to my family and way of life, but with all your cuteness in reckoning people up you don't really know what kind of a chap I am. Oh, I'm decent enough; I shouldn't steal the plate or get drunk, but I may have the devil's temper, and—and the rest of it. Well, what I mean is, don't you think you're taking too many chances, Mr. Chalfont?"

"I've been taking chances all my life," said the millionaire, grimly, "and, as you see, they've turned up right. It's you who are taking chances. I may have a devil of a temper. In fact, I have. You might find the job too stiff a one and get 'fed up' with it? Isn't that what you swells say? Come, is it a bargain—Jack?"

Jack swung round and held out his hand. He was an impressionable young man, and not a little moved.

"It's a bargain, Mr. Chalfont," he said; "and, of course, if you find that it doesn't pan out as you expected, you'll chuck it."

"Same with you," said Mr. Chalfont, grasping in his great hand Jack's equally strong, but more shapely paw.

"Now, look here. I'm a man of action. What I mean is that, when I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it at once. You go back to your chambers, pack up your dunder, or as many of 'em as you can, and send 'em down to Chertson. That's my place in Surrey. Then you come here again at five o'clock, and we'll go down in my car. Your rooms are prepared for you, because I told them you were coming. Oh, yes, I knew you would consent. Well, five o'clock, then—Jack."

(To be Continued.)

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The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material.

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WAR REVIEW.

The American First Army has carried out with the utmost despatch the initial task assigned to it. This task was the leveling of the famous St. Mihiel salient in Lorraine, and in a little more than 24 hours not alone had the work been accomplished, but General Pershing's men had all the important towns, villages and strategic positions in the sector within their hands, and were standing on the banks of the Moselle River at Pagny looking across the stream into German territory, and the southern outer fortifications of Metz, the great German stronghold in Lorraine, were only four miles distant. Large numbers of Germans had been taken prisoners. More than 12,000 have been counted and others are still on their way back to the prisoner cages. Many guns and machine guns and tons on tons of ammunition and other war stores are in American hands. From Hattenville, situated in the foothills of the heights of the Meuse on the north, across the salient eastward to Pagny, the Americans have closed the mouth of the big sack that extended southward to St. Mihiel, trapping within it by their fast advance all the enemy forces who failed to take refuge in flight when the great bombardment of Thursday morning heralded the approach of the offensive. In addition, along the eastern side of the heights north of Hattenville, the Americans have debouched from the hill region and are astride the railroad running from Commercy to Verdun. Likewise the Thiaucourt-Metz and Nancy-Metz railways are in American hands. Beginning in the northwest and crossing the salient eastward, Les Eparges, Hattenville, Pagny and Pagny and all the ground lying between them, are in American hands. The towns of Vigonville, Thiaucourt, Pont-a-Mousson and St. Mihiel are far in the rear of the present line. Metz, the dominating height in the centre of the salient and from which much trouble had been expected, fell without fighting. Among the numerous prisoners taken were men from Austro-Hungarian armies. Although the operation of the Americans has been described as having limited objectives, it nevertheless bears on the future of the war.

From the straightened line growing out of the St. Mihiel salient the Americans now are in a splendid position to act with their brothers in arms on sectors eastward when the time is ripe for a stroke on Germany direct. Also they now are aligned on territory from which it is possible to go behind both the Meuse and Moselle Rivers, and thus make null the reported plans of the Germans to stabilize their front along the Meuse should they be unable to hold the Allies in the west in check. Already Allied airmen are heavily bombing the Moselle region around Metz and its outlying fortifications, having dropped many tons of bombs on the strategic railways leading from the great fortress, and it seemingly is not without reason to suspect that with the apparent supremacy in the air, Metz and surrounding country henceforth is to be badly harassed by Allied flying squadrons. Meanwhile the manoeuvres on the west front around Cambrai and St. Quentin should not be lost sight of by the Allies. Here the British and French are daily enlarging their efforts in the process of outflanking and capturing these two important towns, which are well within their grasp. Farther to the north in Flanders the British also

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