Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

He had not known until he began matters how this question of following up Enid's movements, of forcing himself, as it were, once again into her life, was going to cost him.

He never doubted (not for an instant) that she would fail him. When she was found, and his wishes were made known to her, she would unhesitatingly consent to do all that was required of her. Sometimes the thought would come (and this was chiefly at night, when he lay vainly trying to sleep), that perhaps Enid might not be found, that perhaps already the freedom he was scheming to obtain belonged to him, that perhaps—— He never let himself quite finish that sentence—he called himself a coward, and he did all he could to work up hard and bitter feelings for Enid; but he never could let himself go through with the supposition that she was dead. The very suggestion was like a physical pain.

The lawyers who were acting for him took the matter up in the most practical sort of way. There was no question of sentiment, no fear of intrusive questioning. To them it was a very ordinary case, and, when once Mrs. Bryant was found, would be carried out as expeditiously as possible. Money can buy nearly everything, and money would buy Julian Bryant his freedom!

He was now beginning to be tortured with the thought that it was absolutely due to Lady Ellen that she should be informed of the real position of affairs.

The more he saw of her the more her charming, bright, half-boyish companionship, cheered and comforted him; the more dishonorable it seemed to him that this woman should not know what was passing and yet he could not bring himself to speak to her.

He dreaded to lose her. She stood for so much in his life now, and he had the very convincing feeling that he meant so much to her. He never deceived himself. He was almost sure that Ellen Crooper was not in love with him, that something was holding her back. But he did know that she trusted him, that she turned to him as to one who would not fail her, and that certainly constituted the only real happiness that Julian Bryant had in his life now!

His mother had gone back to Italy. She had worn herself out in abuse of Mr. Ploydell, and in writing frantic letters of reproach and pleading to her son; but Julian had been firm. He would have nothing to do with his mother.

Had she been poor, struggling, unhappy, he would have taken all her burdens from her, but she wanted for nothing, and he could not forget that in his hour of greatest need, when he had asked for help, she had denied him!

He spoke frankly and easily to Lady Ellen about his mother. She was not wholly in sympathy with him.

One afternoon, as they sat together, he ventured to tell him that she thought that he had been a little cruel.

"You don't understand!" Julian said. "It is my mother who was cruel. You've only known me since I have had all this money. If you had known me in the days when I was walking the streets for some means of earning daily bread, perhaps you would find it in your heart to forgive me what I have done my mother."

"I wish I had known you in those days!" Lady Ellen said softly. "It is so nice to be able to do things for anyone one likes; and what can I do for you? You have everything."

"Not everything," said Julian Bryant, "not everything—yet."

The woman shivered a little and drew back. It was so often that he spoke like this, and yet he never actually came to the point.

Why did he not speak more definitely? She wanted him to speak now, she wanted things to be absolutely settled. She wanted to put dreams and fancies and sweetest thoughts all behind her and to face a new future. She was resolved that she was going to be happy with Julian. There was so much in him that appealed to her. She could be of such help to him. He was over-weighted now with his money. He seemed almost helpless at times, and Lady Ellen had begun to make all sorts of little plans and schemes for the future in which this money of his was to play such a big part, not frivolous schemes or foolish ambitions, but big, real work.

She was growing a little thin and becoming nervous. She did not attempt to disguise from herself that she was convinced, that she was quite sure that he intended to ask her to marry him; but what she did not understand was why he never did do this.

She laughed a little hurriedly, and said: "Perhaps I am thinking of things from your mother's point of view. I often imagine how I should have felt if I had had a son. I believe I should be a horribly jealous mother!"

"There is no comparison between such a nature as yours and my mother's nature," Julian answered.

They changed the conversation abruptly and he told her about Ketch's departure the day before, and of the man's enthusiasm, and of the wonderful fortune that he really believed was in store for this humble born inventor.

"It sounds like a fairy story," said Lady Ellen. "How lovely it must have been for you to have done something for him."

"He was very good to me once," said Judian.

He shut his eyes and his memory wafted him back to the cold, dark morning hours in the garage, to the rough work, and to Bill Ketch's sturdy friendship.

There was a little pause, and at that moment the door opened and Colonel Dawney was announced.

With a little catch in her voice, almost like a cry, Lady Ellen got up.

"Adrian! Oh, you stranger! Where have you been. Some one told me that you had gone to the Riveria."

"I paid a flying visit to Nice," Colonel Dawney said as he shook hands with her, and then nodded pleasantly to Bryant. "You know my sister Milly is there, and she has not been well lately, so I ran over to see how she was."

Lady Ellen's hands were trembling a little, and there was a nervous, excited thrill in her voice.

"Please ring the bell, Mr. Bryant," she said. "We'll have some fresh tea, and perhaps we had better have some light."

As one well used to his surroundings, Julian Bryant turned on the various lamps and then took his stand on the hearthrug with his back to the fire. His attitude seemed to signify possession.

When tea was brought Adrian Dawney looked at him thoughtfully.

What a fine, splendid-looking man he was! Just the sort of man to take the heart of a young creature like Ellen Crooper.

They chatted together pleasantly for quite half an hour, and then Colonel Dawney got up.

Lady Ellen got up too.

"Oh!—oh! you're not going, and I've such a lot to say to you, Adrian! If you disappear now, goodness knows when I shall see you again. Can't you—can't we dine together?"

"With pleasure," said Colonel Dawney; "as a matter of fact I came to ask you if you would care to dine with some friends of mine this evening, the wife of my rector is in town. You saw her that day at the farm, you remember. She is staying for a little while with her sister, and I know she would like to meet you."

Lady Ellen clapped her hands. She was quite excited.

"Oh, it sounds lovely!" Then she turned quite apologetically to Bryant. "You are already engaged, aren't you, this evening?"

Julian said "Yes," and then prepared to take his leave.

"I'll come with you," said Dawney.

He just paused to impress upon Lady Ellen the time, and tell her that he would be waiting for her at the entrance of the Ritz, and then they went down the stairs, and left the house together, he and Julian.

They walked some little distance in silence, and then as Julian was about to make some casual remark, Colonel Dawney said to him rather abruptly—

"I wonder, Mr. Bryant, if you would give me five minutes' quiet chat."

"Of course," said Julian, though his heart began to beat a little nervously. "I shall be delighted. Will you come to my hotel? I am not in my house for the moment."

"That will do very well," said Dawney, and they walked on briskly.

When they were in Julian's sitting-room, Adrian Dawney put down his hat and stick and unloosened his big coat.

"I hope you won't think me intrusive, Mr. Bryant," he said; "but I have to put a very pertinent question to you. For some little time past the Duchess of Wiltshire, myself, and others connected with Lady Ellen have been rather perplexed how to act. We have been waiting, and it seems to me we are likely to wait indefinitely to know what your intentions are. I must tell you," Dawney went on very quickly, "although I am not actually a relation of Lady Ellen's, I have known her all my life practically, and I—have stood to her very much in the light of a brother, perhaps even of a father. Hence the reason I approach you."

"I won't misunderstand you," said Julian Bryant. He had grown very pale, and had moved to the fireplace, and was standing with one foot on the fender. "You allude to my friendship with Lady Ellen?"

"Yes. What the Duchess and we others are anxious to know is, is your sentiment for Lady Ellen friendship only, or have you other views? You see," Colonel Dawney added, with his charming smile, "she is very young. I don't know what her age is really, but she is one of those sort of women who never grow old, and she needs to be looked after, to have all sorts of care lavished on her."

Bryant looked at the other man for a moment, and then said—

"It is my earnest desire to give Lady Ellen this care."

"Have you spoken to her?"

He shook his head.

"No."

"Why not, Mr. Bryant?"

Julian caught his breath very quickly and then said—

"There are reasons why I hesitate."

"If your mind is not sure," Dawney said sternly, "then you must not give the world the reason to suppose otherwise. You must not suffer Lady Ellen's name to be whispered about. You must not expose her to gossip and comment; in short, Mr. Bryant, if you do not intend to ask Lady Ellen to be your wife, then you must keep away from her altogether."

"I do intend to ask Lady Ellen to be my wife," Julian Bryant answered now, very quietly. "If I have not done so before, it is because, as I said, just now I have hesitated—but I have been wrong! I will speak to her to-morrow."

"I think I can guess what her answer will be," said Adrian Dawney; and he stretched out his hand, smiling again; "and I hope you will both be very happy. I think—you are just the type of man to suit her. I hope you will not harbor any very hard feeling for me because I have spoken to you so openly."

"That would be impossible," said Bryant; and he gripped Colonel Dawney's hand almost passionately.

He walked with his guest out into the hall, and they parted with a feeling of mutual liking; but after Adrian Dawney had gone, a sudden chill gripped Julian's heart.

He had pledged himself to speak, and yet he knew that if he did speak he must tell all, and that would mean that Lady Ellen would never consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Ellen thoroughly enjoyed the dinner. She fell in love with Mrs. Gresham, and she liked Mrs. Hammond too, but she was not at all favorably impressed by Mrs. Hammond's son, who came to fetch his mother and aunt.

"What a surly young man!" she said to Adrian Dawney, as he put her into a cab to take her home. "Was it my idea, or did he mean to be disagreeable to you, Adrian?"

"Well, I rather think you are right, Nell. I really don't know very much about young Hammond; but I have come across him once or twice lately, and now that you mention it, I remember that he always has been rather rude in his manner."

"I don't suppose he counts for very much," said Lady Ellen casually; "but he isn't at all bad looking, and his mother adores him, doesn't she? But that is only natural."

All the way home, which was not very far, Lady Ellen chatted away as happily as possible, and she enticed Colonel Dawney to come in just for a moment.

"I have had such a lovely time," she said. "Oh, I do wish, Adrian, you'd ask me out very often."

"I'm such a dull, stupid old frump," Dawney answered, "not a bit of good, for all the gay, light-hearted things you love!"

She answered him very, very quickly.

"I like many, many things besides frivolity. Sometimes, Adrian, I don't believe you understand me one little tiny bit."

He looked at her tenderly. She was very, very pretty to-night, with a flush on her cheeks and a wonderful light in her eyes; and her slim body moving so gracefully about the room, in a gown of diaphonous black stuff, was most fascinating.

"How did you like Julian Bryant?" she asked him abruptly.

"Very, very much," he answered her at once.

"He is a great friend of mine," Ellen Crooper said, with a curious note in her voice, and this other man answered her—

"Yes, I know, and I think—you are lucky to have such a good friend."

"Shall I see you again soon?" Lady Ellen asked, as he stretched out his hand in farewell.

"Very, very soon; and if anything big happens to you, Nell, you'll write and tell me, won't you? Remember, your happiness is something very dear to me."

"My happiness!" Lady Ellen said to herself as she stood alone. "Oh, Adrian! Adrian!"

She covered her face with her hands and, sitting down, she cried unrestrainedly. There was no one to mark her grief, the maids had gone to bed. She was quite alone; and this night it seemed to her so surely that it was a wasted gift to lavish love on Adrian Dawney and that the finger of fate pointed absolutely to a future with Julian Bryant.

* * * * * *

Norah Powis was sitting writing in her cosy little sitting-room late next day, when a sharp knock at the door aroused her, and she gave a little exclamation of pleasure as she saw that Lady Ellen Crooper come in.

"My dear," she said, "I was just thinking about you, wondering when we were going to meet."

Lady Ellen put on a plaintive expression.

"You never do come and see me," she said. "I believe you forget all about me."

"Silly child," said the other woman. "Take off your furs and sit down. What a wretched afternoon! Fancy coming all this way, Nell, in such dreadful weather."

"Well, I want to see you, dear, very much," Lady Ellen said as she drew off her coat and furs and sat down in a cosy chair; "and then I wanted to ask you something."

"I hope it is something that I can do," said Miss Powis.

"It isn't difficult," Lady Ellen answered. She seemed subdued and looked pale; though she smiled, her smiles seemed to come with an effort. "Do you remember once upon a time you took me off for a week to a little seaside place on the East Coast. I can't remember what the name of it was.—I wonder if I could go there now? I want to get away—I must get away, Norah."

"It isn't the best weather for the seaside," said Miss Powis in her quietest way, "but still you rather enjoy roughing it, and I think it would do you good to get out of London."

She paused a moment, and then she put a hand on the other woman's shoulders. "What's the matter, Nell, something worrying you?"

"Yes," said Lady Ellen in a stifled sort of way. "I'm not a bit happy, Norah." She changed very swiftly: I'm so stupid. I can't get into the trick of taking the best that life offers me. I always want something more."

"Well, my dear, that is not peculiar to you only," said Miss Powis brightly. "We all sigh for the unattainable at times, you know."

"It isn't any consolation to know that. Will you give me the address of the little hotel, Norah, and then tell me can you come down and stay a week-end with me, or are you piled up with work?"

"I think I could run away for a couple of days," said Miss Powis; "and I should love to. It would be very delightful to be with you and this dull, grey, foggy weather does get on one's nerves."

"Well, your life is full of interests," Lady Ellen went on. "You never have a moment to sit down and think about yourself. It is so dull thinking about one's self. I'm sick to death of me."

"The best thing you can do is to run away," said Miss Powis. "All the cobwebs will disappear. You must be out in the air all the time, never mind the rain or the wind, however bleak it is!"

Lady Ellen laughed a little bit more like her usual cheery self.

"Well, I ought to be pretty hardy. The duke used to keep me out for hours at a time when I was up in Scotland. I used to tell him that I should look like a weather-beaten sailor, but that didn't have much effect."

There was a knock at the door at this moment and the maid-servant came in with a message.

"If you please, miss, can you possibly see Mrs. Sinclair. She seems very anxious to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Mrs. Sinclair! Out in this weather!" exclaimed Miss Powis. "Oh! please let her come up."

"A patient of mine," she exclaimed to Lady Ellen; "and one who has no right to be wandering in this rain. You don't mind her coming in, do you?"

"Good gracious, no," said Lady Ellen.

Miss Powis went to the top of the stairs to meet her guest.

"My dear," she said. "I'm going to scold you; although you are now almost well, you know you are hardly strong enough to risk this kind of thing. What would Dr. Hughes say?"

Lady Ellen heard a voice say hurriedly, "I've something I want to say to you. I was obliged to come."

"Take o, your damp coat," said Miss Powis; "and then come in and sit down. Nell," she added, turning to Lady Ellen, "let me introduce a patient of mine, Mrs. Sinclair."

"How do you do?" said Lady Ellen, and then she gave a little start.

She was standing face to face with the girl whom she had met that by-gone afternoon on the rough pathway leading to Adrian Dawney's farm! The surprise was so great as to be almost a shock.

On her side Enid drew back visibly. She, too, had recognized Lady Ellen. She remembered how much she had admired that photograph in Colonel Dawney's drawing-room.

This encounter with one of his friends troubled her, how or why she hardly knew, only she was conscious of the trouble.

"You have met?" said Miss Powis.

"Only just met," Lady Ellen said.

She was the first to regain composure. She turned to Enid.

"Colonel Dawney was speaking to me about you not so very long ago. I am very glad to see you again, Miss Sinclair."

"Thank you," said Enid.

She was very, very pale; and she looked changed, still young and still very pretty, but changed!

Ellen Crooper's warm heart went out to her. She had such a delicate, nervous look.

(To be continued.)

Husband and Father of this Family in Danger.

This picture shows the wife and children of Private Lonsdale, a British prisoner of war at Doberitz in Germany, who was sentenced to death for striking a German officer in the concentration camp. It was only through the intervention of James W. Gerard, the American ambassador at Berlin, that his life was saved, and it is now stated that the drastic sentence will probably not be carried out. Instead the soldier may have to undergo the original sentence of ten years' imprisonment. The entire matter may be taken up by a higher military court of the German army.

Always Forgetting.

They had just been married, and were about to start on their wedding trip. As is the custom with bridegrooms, he was embarrassed to the point of forgetfulness, but he met the situation like an expert. "Why, Harry, you bought only one ticket," said the bride reproachfully. "Just like me, dear," said Harry, quickly, "always forgetting myself."

Take every chance you can possibly get to be kind; because some day there may be no more chances.

He who gives too much attention to the business of other people is surely neglecting his own.

Husband—"After all civilization has its drawbacks. People in the savage state seldom get ill." Wife—"I wonder if that's the reason you're so healthy."

A WAR QUESTION.

Is Great Britain Justified in Fighting for Belgian Neutrality?

Posterity is sure to hold the nation that was responsible for this, the greatest and most devastating war known to history, in great abhorence, and it is for this reason, mainly, that the German savants have issued their special plea on behalf of the Kaiser, and that her Press has come to their air in a stupendous endeavor to place responsibility anywhere, so long as Germany and her war lord are exempted.

Neutrality as applied to nations, means the refusal of a third power to go to war in behalf of either of two belligerent nations, and though always looked upon by hard fighting nations unfavorably, the right is as old as history.

The Napoleonic wars broke up very many of the small states of Europe; and when that war ended the five great powers that successfully emerged from it formed a combine for the future government of Europe, and worked out a new scheme for the surviving small states which were especially important as strategical ground from their geographical location.

They called it a "perpetual neutralization," the signatory powers consisting of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and England, entered into a treaty that certain designated small countries should be reserved from conquest by every other power, and they united in what they called a "guaranty of neutrality." There were nine such areas, not all in Europe, covered by this treaty, among them Belgium, in 1821, Luxemburg, Switzerland, etc., coming in at different dates later on.

The great significance of these treaties is that they indicate a definite purpose on the part of the great powers to remove certain possible points of friction from the arena of war.

The Belgian treaty was superceded by a later one, bearing date in 1839, and all were in full force and effect when the present great war began. The chief purpose of these agreements was to remove the possibility of any one nation gaining an advantage over its neighbor by destroying or annexing a region in which other powers were intensely interested, and not so much to protect the weak nation from spoliation.

This system of neutralization was greatly strengthened by the second Hague Conference in 1907, which adopted a chapter on "the Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers," and the first signature to this was by a distinguished official representative of the German Government. Each of the signatory nations (and this includes Great Britain), gained the right to demand and expect that none of the other powers would violate the neutrality of any of the states enumerated in the treaty in case of war. Each agreed to keep "hands off" entirely, so that the others might have no excuse for laying hands on! But, independent of all treaties or Hague Conventions, the right of any state to remain neutral has ever been recognized throughout history. A state has a right to be treated as neutral simply because it is in fact neutral. Switzerland has succeeded in maintaining her neutrality because of the peculiar conformation of her surface, and while Belgium's neutralization has been threatened several times since 1830, because the country is flat and easily invaded on every side.

To protect Belgium from the Dutch, and still more, to protect France, England and Prussia (Germany) from each other, the aforesaid five great powers in 1831 signed a treaty that "Belgium shall form an independent and perpetually neutral state, "and shall be bound to observe neutrality towards all other states." The first serious danger to Belgium neutrality came through the annexation of Hanover and other German states by Prussia in 1866; but the storm blew over, and Belgian neutrality was only strengthened asd cofirmed by the strong stand taken by the Gladstone Government at the time, and to which the other great powers, including Germany, gracefully acceded.

Things remained in statu quo, as the lawyers phrase it, until on the 4th of August, 1914, Germany, without any other excuse than "military necessity," as her Chancellor expressed it, invaded Belgian soil, well knowing that France, depending upon the aforesaid treaty, had omitted to fortify her possessions along the Belgian frontier, and that invasion of France by the Kaiser's forces from that direction, would meet with but little resistance. Treaties, we were told by the same great German Lord Chancellor, are of no more importance than scraps of waste paper, and thus he metaphorically tore up the neutrality papers and contemptuously scattered them to the four winds of heaven.

The foregoing official announcements and historic dates should settle the question of responsibility for the war, but this has been met by German critics and apologists in unofficial assertions, printed and scattered broadcast throughout the United States, claiming that Belgium, between July 24 and August 4, the date of German occupancy of Belgium, was guilty of hostile acts justifying German invasion.

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THE SOLDIER AND HIS WILL.

How the State Arranges Important Matters for Him.

The soldier, according to Kipling, is an absent-minded beggar. The British law itself seems to have the prevalent idea about Tommy Atkins being absent-minded, for it gives him a special privilege which is denied to the civilian. This is in regard to the making of a will.

If the ordinary civilian in the Old Country wishes to make his will he has to comply with all sorts of formalities and technicalities. He is practically bound to go to a trained lawyer—otherwise there will be trouble and expense when he dies.

For Tommy Atkins none of these terrors exist. He has the privilege of ignoring them altogether, and disposing of his belongings in a very simple way. He does not need any witnesses, nor technical phrases, nor elaborate clauses. He can even dispense with writing if he so desires, and just say, by word of mouth, what his will is with regard to his property.

The law says that a soldier who is in actual military service may dispose of his personal estate without the usual formalities.

It can be either in writing or by word of mouth. He need not wait until he is twenty-one either, as a civilian has to do. The important point which is always cropping up, however, is, when is a soldier in actual military service?

There were some interesting cases on the point, after the Boer War. When the War Office wanted volunteers for South Africa a certain young man offered himself. He passed all the medical tests and went into barracks, which happened to be in the same town. He then made his will in barracks.

Later on he went out to South Africa, where he was killed in action. His will was disputed, and an attempt made to upset it on the ground that he was not in actual military service when it was made. It was decided, however, that as soon as he had taken certain steps under orders preliminary to going to the front he was in actual military service, and the will was declared to be a good and valid soldier's will.

The privilege extends not only to soldiers, but to sailors as well. In the case of a sailor he must be at sea when the will is made. As usual in these cases, it is left to the courts to say who is a sailor within the meaning of the Act. For instance, a purser on board a warship had made a will without the usual formalities. Subsequently the will was questioned and the question was, "Was a purser a seaman?" The court decided that he was.

More than one will has been made on the battlefield, and more than one soldier has died from wounds within a few minutes of scribbling out a dying message which has been construed into a will.

During the Boer war, one of our soldiers, before going to the trenches, told one of his officers that if he were killed he wanted all his property to go to a certain person. The officer happened to make a note of it.

Later on the soldier's name found its way on the roll of honor, and a dispute arose over his belongings. The officer produced his notes of the dead man's wishes, and it was held that they were a good and valid will.

Lastly, it may be remarked that this privilege of the soldier is no new thing, for it was introduced by Julius Cæsar for the benefit of his Roman army. It was introduced in England in 1837.

"You claim that you love me," said Gladys. "And so I do," responded Clarence fervently. "Do you love me enough to die for me?" she continued. "Well, hardly that," said Clarence, "because mine, you see, is an undying love."

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