

A Terrible Disclosure ;

What Fools Men Are !

CHAPTER VI. "Ah, I see you agree to accept the role, my dear Nagle. When? I am not quite sure. Soon, very soon, I think. But I will give you due notice. Come, you will be doing a good action! It is not given to every one to have the opportunity of saving the heir to a marquisate from a mesalliance. There is one point I wished to speak to you about: You said just now that you did not think my friend who relieved you the other night would recognize you?"

Nagle sprang from the table as if he had been shot. "What!" he cried. "Is it he?" "Yes, that was Lord Fane, the Marquis of Farintosh's only son and heir! What's the matter?"

"Nothing! nothing!" said Nagle, but his face was white and his hand trembled as he leaned it on the table. "And it is he! the man who saved me from starvation—death! He!" "Yes," said Clifford Revel. "Quite dramatic, isn't it? You ought to be grateful to fate for providing you with an opportunity of repaying him for his benevolence. He saved you from death, you save him from social ruin! Do you see?"

"Stop! Silence! Let me think!" exclaimed Nagle, hoarsely, and he paced the room, with his hand pressed to his brow.

He filled himself a glass of brandy and water, and drained it off, flung the cup upon the table, and, with a strange look in his eyes, confronted the tempter.

"Well?" said Clifford Revel. "What do you say? Will you play the part?" Nagle laughed wildly.

"The sum—the blood money, how much is it to be?" he demanded. "Two hundred pounds paid down the day of the marriage," and he smiled. "And if you say 'yes,' I'll add this as a retainer, and he took out his purse and laid a ten-pound note on the table. "Come, say yes, and thank Heaven for a good day's work."

Nagle stood as if rapt in a dream. "What are you afraid of? If you dread the consequences, why not leave England? You can have a fine ring abroad for two hundred pounds. See here, I'll make it another fifty. With that sum a man of your talents can make his way to the other side of the herring pond. Really, it is too much for half an hour's performance of a simple character like a clergyman, but for old acquaintance sake I must be generous. Come, what do you say? Yes, or no?"

Nagle started as if he had been absorbed in some deep, mental calculation.

"What do I say?" he said, hoarsely. "What should such a man as I am say to such a proposal? I am without a penny; you have seen my dinner. Unless I take that ten-pound note, I do not know where I shall find money to purchase another meal. What do I say? What can I say but 'Yes.'"

"Right," said Clifford Revel, rising

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and looking at his watch, "and if you would have said it half an hour ago! Yes! There is the note. Put it out of sight of that grimy slavey or you'll lose it."

Nagle took it up and crushed it in the palm of his hand, and Clifford Revel nodded, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Good-by, my dear fellow. Don't spend that ten pounds for brandy, and be ready when I send for you. I'll leave the 'properties' to you. Play your part well, and there are two hundred and fifty pounds and a fresh life for you. Good-by!" and he held out his hand.

Nagle did not take it; he had moved toward the door and opened it, and Clifford Revel passed out.

Nagle stood for a moment looking at vacancy; then, with a gesture of supreme loathing, he took the note, and, lighting a candle, held it to the flame; but suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he crushed out the part that had taken fire, and thrust the note in his pocket.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Edgar took the train to Sunbury, in a frame of mind not to be described. He had waited as he had promised for Clifford Revel, and had received a letter which startled and excited him. He walked from Sunbury to Larkworthy, in a state of excitement, and reached the old churchyard gate half an hour before his time. The night was dark, but the moon came through the clouds at intervals, and lit up the quaint, old place in an effective fashion, enabling him to see a slim figure hastening toward him from the little lane, and he held Lela in his arms.

"Have you been waiting long?" she asked. "I am so sorry! Grandpapa would not let me leave him for some time."

"It doesn't matter, darling. I would willingly wait an hour to have you with me for five minutes."

She looked up at him, with a fond smile. She seemed to have gained color since last night, seemed to be

something more like her old self. Happiness is a wonderful elixir! It laughs doctors to scorn; it is the most potent medicine under the sun, and if one could only put it into bottles and sell it at one shilling and three halfpence, what a fortune one would make.

"And did you ride?" she asked, in a low, soft, voice, that Lord Edgar thought the sweetest music under heaven.

"No," he said; "I came by train; the chestnut was not quick enough for me—why, the train seemed to crawl. But, Lela, my darling, now I have come I have something very important to say to you."

She shrank, and trembled instinctively, for, though his eyes were bright and eager with happiness, his voice was grave.

"What is it, Edgar? Not bad news! If so, don't tell me. I am so happy, that I cannot bear to hear of anything that—that might part us!" And she clung to him. "And that is the only bad news that can come to me."

What could he do but unfold her in his strong arms and kiss her? "It is not bad news, and it will not part us; in fact—now, prepare to be startled, darling!"

"I am prepared," she said, with a touch of her old naivete.

"Well, then, listen!" he said. "You know this state of things can't continue."

This state of things—namely, nestling against his heart—seemed so sweet, that she did not feel convinced.

"No?"

"No," he said, decidedly, "we can't go on like this. I mean that we cannot go on like this forever."

"Forever is a long time," she murmured.

"For any time, then," he said. "I couldn't live without seeing you, say, once a day; and to do that you must meet in this—this clandestine kind of fashion, which I don't like."

"If grandpapa knew, I should never be able to meet you again," she whispered.

"Exactly," he assented, as if she had given him a fresh advantage in argument; "exactly, and so we must bring it to an end."

She clung to him with her arms, but threw her head back, and looked at him, with alarm in her beautiful eyes.

"Are you—do you mean that—that we must not see each other?" she said, almost inaudibly.

"Heaven forbid! I mean that we must see each other every hour in the day, that we must be always together—together!" he said, fervently.

"I don't understand," she murmured.

"Let me tell you. You must know when I left you that I went to my Cousin Clifford and told him that I had found you."

"Yes."

"Well, I need not tell you that he was delighted! Clifford is always delighted at any good fortune that befalls me. Besides, he had tried to help me in finding you, you know!"

"Yes," she said again, her eyes fixed on his.

"And when I told him, he saw that this state of things could not go on. Why, think of it! I, might not be able to see you; Mr. Temple might find out that you meet me here! Oh, there are a hundred things to prevent our meeting!"

"Ah, yes!" she sighed.

"And so Clifford Revel suggested, advised that—"

"Why do you hesitate?" she murmured.

"Because I don't want to frighten you; because it seems so sudden and precipitate. Well, my darling, he agrees with me that we ought to be married!"

She started, and threw her head back, and her face paled in the moonlight.

"Be—married! Yes, so we shall some day," she whispered, faintly.

"Some day, yes; but I mean now, at once!" he said, as quietly and with as matter-of-fact a voice as he could manage, seeing that his heart was beating nineteen to the dozen.

She trembled in silence for a moment.

"Now!" she breathed; "now! But grandpapa would never consent—never!"

"Then we must be married without his consent!" he said.

"Without—?" The idea seemed so wild and outrageous that words failed her.

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wildly against his heart, her hand working nervously, her whole slender frame agitated by the thought.

"Yes, Lela! Come, darling, I don't want to frighten you: I meant to break it gently, but I am such a rough idiot, without the least tact! But think, Lela—why should we not be married?"

She thought. There seemed a hundred reasons, and yet not one, excepting that concerning her grandfather, which she could put into words.

"Why not?" he persisted. "If we waited for Mr. Temple's consent, after the way in which my father insulted him, we might wait for years, and—with a deep breath—"I could not do that!"

"Your father, the marquis?" she said, with a sudden shiver. "What would he say?"

Lord Edgar's face darkened.

"Don't let us think of that," he said.

"Ah, dear, dear Edgar, but I must think, if you don't! I know what he thinks, and he will tell me! and so plainly!"

"Not a word of that!" he said, in his impetuous way. "Forget all that, Lela. Between my father and myself yawns a wide gulf. He has done his best to ruin my happiness; he has wronged me past words. It is he who would have separated us, and who nearly succeeded in doing so."

"Ah, Edgar! But he is still your father!" said Lela.

"He is the Marquis of Farintosh," he said, coldly, and until now she did not know how coldly he could speak. "He has fought against me with edged tools; he cannot complain if I use them in my turn, and against him!"

She listened, trembling and uncertain.

"No!" he continued. "By stratagem he sought to part us—we who love each other so dearly, and it is only just that by stratagem he should be met."

"Edgar, dear," she murmured, "this is not your language; it is that of some one else—your cousin."

He started, remembering that he had used the very words which Clifford Revel had spoken just before they parted.

"They are good words, let them be whose they may, Lela," he said. "I owe the marquis nothing. I shall not consult him. I shall not need to do so. He has been kind to me, but he has balanced that kindness by his conduct toward you. Don't speak of him again, dear! After all, it will not matter to him. He cares nothing for me, and why, therefore, should I sacrifice to him?"

(To be continued.)

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London

Loss of Kemmel Enemy Occ and

PREPARING THE PUBLIC. LONDON, April 28. Some of the newspapers appear to be preparing the public for the loss of the Channel ports. The Times today says: "There is no denying that the loss of Kemmel Hill is a considerable tactical success for the enemy, and it will be well therefore to prepare for the receipt of other disagreeable news. If the enemy is able to extend his grip on Kemmel, we may be compelled to evacuate Ypres. Such evacuation would not inevitably entail the evacuation of Dunkirk, Ghis and Boulogne, but it is well to realize that these consequences might ensue. We must remember that the Germans cannot win the war by the occupation of Ypres and the Channel ports. The British News said last night that the capture of Kemmel Hill undoubtedly is a useful step in the direction of Calais and Boulogne, and it is frankly admitted that its loss gravely imperils Ypres. We hope and believe the Channel ports will be saved, yet we must face the fact that their loss comes within the range of contingency to be reckoned with."

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, April 27. (Official)—There was great artillery activity during the night on the whole battlefield north of the Lys River. The fighting in this area was very severe, the enemy making repeated and determined attempts to develop the advantage gained by him on the previous day. After many hours of fluctuating battles the enemy's advance was held at all points. Heavy casualties were suffered by his troops in the course of his many unsuccessful attacks. The enemy's assaults on the French positions from Loire to Lacluyte were pressed with extreme violence, and after three attacks had been beaten off with great loss, his troops succeeded at the fourth attempt in carrying the village of Loire. In the evening our Allies counter attacked and drove the enemy out, regaining possession of the village. At other points all the enemy's attacks were repulsed. Fierce fighting took place north of Kemmel Hill and in the neighborhood of Voomezeele, which after a prolonged struggle remains in the hands of our troops. In the afternoon the enemy again heavily attacked our positions at the Ridge Wood southwest of Voomezeele and was completely repulsed. Some hundreds of prisoners were captured by us in this fighting. Local fighting also took place yesterday afternoon on the Lys battlefield in the neighborhood of Givenchy, as a result of which forty prisoners were captured by us. South of the Somme the fighting continued during the afternoon to the advantage of the Allied troops. In the Hangard-Villers-Bretonneux sector our line was again advanced at certain points and a hostile attack with tanks early in the afternoon was broken up by our fire and failed to develop. The number of prisoners captured by us in this area is over 900. Successful raids were carried out by us during the night in the neighborhood of Arleux, northwest of Arras, and in the Vieux-Berquin sector, southwest of Hazelbrouck we captured twenty prisoners. On the remainder of the front there is nothing to report.

RETIREMENT ON FLANDERS FRONT.

BERLIN, April 27. (Via London, April 28.)—The British have made a retirement on the Flanders front in the sector west of Ypres, it was announced officially this evening. The statement says the Germans advanced to a line from a point southwest of Langemarck, four and a half miles northeast of Ypres to Verlorenhoek two miles northeast of Ypres, Hooge, two miles east of Ypres, and Zillebeke, two miles southeast of Ypres.

SITUATION CHANGED FOR THE WORST.

LONDON, April 27. The Daily News, in an editorial says the situation has changed seriously for the worst as a result of the German drive toward the Channel. It is a matter of serious concern. Nevertheless it regards the situation as in no wise established, and says that if the Germans mean to break through they must do it quickly before the American reinforcements turn up. The effect of the capture of Mount Kemmel upon the situation at Ypres is canvassed anxiously by some papers. The Daily Chronicle thinks that Ypres could be held, despite the loss at Mount Kemmel, but the tenure

And the Worst is Yet to Come

