



**IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness
Comes at Last.**

**CHAPTER XXXVIII.
IN THE TOILS.**

OLIVE stood beside them for a minute or two, then she went to another part of the room, and half hidden by a heavy curtain which draped a pillared recess, withdrew the note, which nestled like a serpent amid the flowers.

She paused for a moment, eying it as if it were indeed a serpent, then, with a little shudder, she unfolded it and read it:

"Dear Lady Heatherdene: We—for as a friend I share your troubles and anxieties—we are in great danger. S. R. has returned, and threatens exposure. I have managed to keep him quiet until now, but fear that nothing but an interview with you will satisfy him. I would give my life to spare you the pain of meeting and speaking with him, but I dare not advise you to refuse his request. Indeed, I have, acting for the best, promised that he shall see you to-night, on the condition that he leaves England to-morrow. Believe me, that no other course was open to me! Will you come to fifty-one Grafton Street, at half-past ten to-night? A cab shall be waiting for you at the corner of the square—or will it be safer for you to walk? I dare not conceal from you the imminence of the danger in which you stand; knowing Heatherdene as I do, I feel that S. R.'s disclosure would entail utter ruin. If you intend coming, place a flower in the bosom of your dress, that I may know.—H.D."

For a moment Olive stared at the written words as if they conveyed no meaning to her; across the room came to her ear the clear, cheery tones of her husband's voice as he talked and laughed with the Marquis of Ellinton; around her the lights seemed to swim in a hazy fog; the grand salon faded away, and that other horrible scene with the spilled wine and the card tables, and the half-stupefied man

glaring up at her, seemed to take its place.

For a moment her senses left her; then, with a mighty effort, she leaned against the pillar and tried to grasp the situation.

Stephen Rawdon back, and threatening disclosure! She seemed to hear the strident voice gloating over that awful past; seemed to see the happy, handsome face of her husband grow white with utter loathing and horror; seemed to see him turning away from her as from a leper. No, at all costs the truth must be kept from him. She would lose anything, life itself, rather than his respect and love.

Was it true, this that Hastley Derrick asserted? Would this villain, who had wrecked her life, consent to be bought off, to be bribed into leaving England? Could she trust him? Could she trust Hastley Derrick? A shudder ran through her frame as the two men rose before her. What could she do? She looked round, and a great pang seized her heart. What if she threw herself at the feet of the man she loved, her husband, her god, and confessed all! But that "all" that terrible "all" daunted her, and she quailed. There was only one course, that which Hastley Derrick advised.

Yes, she must go at the bidding of the wretch who held her in his power. Then the remorse, the remorse that abode with her night and day, for the one deceit of her life, rose and crushed her. Why had she been tempted by her love to depart from her resolution to live out her shame alone?

Why had she been so weak as to drag the noble life of the man she loved in the dust. At this moment, as always, her first thought was for her husband. For herself she cared little—she could endure her shame as her fit and just punishment, but that she should have to discover that she, the woman whom he had trusted, was what she was, froze the blood in her veins and maddened her.

Anything to avert disgrace from him! She would go.

A footstep approaching the recess aroused her, and hastened her decision. She thrust the note into her bosom, and tearing a blossom from the bouquet, fastened it hurriedly into her dress. She had scarcely done so before Lady Florence reached her.

The two stood for a moment confronting each other. Olive white and naturally calm; Florence with the old false, glittering, watchful smile.

"Now we are going, dear Lady Heatherdene," she said. "How tired you look! You have had a trying evening, and must rest before coming on to us. You will, won't you, dear?"

Olive's lips moved, and she held out her hand.

"Au revoir," said Lady Florence, bending forward and kissing her.

As she did so, the note fell from Olive's bosom to the ground. In an instant Lady Florence dropped her handkerchief, and stooping, picked up both it and the note. Then, with another little smile, she placed her hand in the Marquis of Ellinton's arm and was gone.

Olive turned back into the room and walked straight up to the table at which Katrine was sitting, talking to Hastley Derrick.

Both looked up, and a red flush sprang quickly to his face as he saw

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the flower in Olive's dress.

He sprang to his feet with a rapidity of movement unusual to him.

"I must go," he said. "Good night, Miss Haldine; good night, Lady Heatherdene. I am afraid I shall not be able to come on to Lady Merrivale's."

Olive held out her hand; he bowed over it for an instant, then left them. The earl had gone to his room some few minutes before, and Charlie now sauntered toward them. He came up and laid his hand upon his wife's shoulder with his usual tenderness—a tenderness which he did not mind displaying before Katrine, and looked at the beautiful face inquiringly.

"You look a little tired, Addy," he said; "feel tired?"

"A little," said Olive, almost shrinking from his touch.

"Go and take a rest," he said. "Katrine rose."

"I am going now," she said. Olive turned to her with a quiet gesture, almost of supplication.

"Don't go," she said; then, as suddenly, she smiled and said, "Yes, do."

Lord Charles stared at her, then laughed.

"That is feminine contradiction, if you like," he said.

"And as a woman I understand," said Katrine. "I am going."

"Let me see you down," he said, holding out his arm.

Katrine put her hand upon it, then bent forward and kissed Olive.

"Don't go out to-night, dear," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Olive, with a strange look of inquiry.

"I think—with Lord Heatherdene, that you are looking tired," said Katrine, "and ought to have some rest. Don't go to Lady Merrivale's."

"I am not going," said Olive. Lord Heatherdene took Katrine down to her brougham, and came back to the drawing-room, yawning and stretching.

"Well," he said, throwing himself upon the ottoman, and putting his arm round Olive, "I don't think I shall care to go out to-night—what do you say?"

Olive started.

"You must go," she said. He laughed.

"Why, must?" he asked. "Because you have promised," she said.

He made a wry face.

He bent forward, and took her face in his hands.

"What a tyrant you are!" he said. "You know that I would rather stay at home."

"Not to-night," said Olive, with a feverish eagerness. "You will go—to please me?"

"Of course I will," he said at once, and then he kissed her.

Olive threw her white arms round him, and looked at him with a wild, imploring look in her dark eyes.

"Charlie!" she said, "do you love me?"

He stared and laughed.

"It is too late to put that question," he answered, with a flush and a laugh; "you know the answer too well."

She nestled close to him.

"Yes, I do," she said, with a sigh. "Oh, Charlie, do you think that anything would kill your love for me—that you could ever be got to turn from me with coldness and contempt?"

She clung to him—her white hands on his shoulders, her dark eyes fixed on his, her beautiful face white with apprehension; but he had no suspicion.

"My darling, what are you talking about?" he said, staring at her.

"What a strange question! Could I cease to love you? No, you know I could not."

She rose, and looked at him with a mournful tenderness.

"No," she said slowly; "I think—I know that you love me. Sometimes I almost wish that—"

"What?" he asked, smiling.

"Nothing," she said, forcing a smile. "Now, I am going upstairs. You will go to-night, to make excuses, as you said; and I will rest."

"That's right," he said heartily; "go and lie down, darling. I shall not stay long. Good night for the present."

And he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Olive clung to him for a moment, then she unbound her arms, and slowly left the room.

Lord Charles looked after her for a moment, then stretched himself, and reluctantly rang for his servant to bring the brougham.

Olive went to her boudoir, where her maid was waiting.

"Do not sit up," she said; "I am not going out."

The maid took her departure, and Olive sat down to watch the clock. In half an hour she went to the wardrobe, and selected a dark dress and a thick shawl; for these she exchanged the evening dress, and replacing the diamond tiara for a hat and veil, looked at herself in the glass. No one would recognize the Lady Heatherdene in the dark dress and thick veil.

From the corridor in which her boudoir was situated, there was a staircase leading to the hall; she extinguished the candles, and locking the door of her room, made her way cautiously down the staircase, and opening the door, stood in the street, alone and unprotected.

She paused a moment under the gaslight to collect her thoughts. It was hard to realize! A few hours ago she was the bright planet in a galaxy of stars, the observed of all observers, glistening in silk and satin and the Livermore diamonds, and now she stood in the London streets, bound for an appointment with a scoundrel, who held her honor and her husband's in his hand! At the corner of the square a cab stood waiting, but Olive drew back into the shadow and hurried on. She knew the way to Grafton Street, and shrank from contact even with a cabman.

As she turned the corner of the square a woman, who had been watching in the shadow, came out of the darkness and followed her.

(To be Continued.)

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The Lost City of Constanza.

RUMANIA'S NATIONAL PORT—THE BLACK SEA ROUTE.

Under the conditions now imposed on Rumania by the Central Powers the City of Constanza, together with the whole province of the Dobruja, will be ceded to Bulgaria.

It has been surmised that the Central Powers intend to offer the lost province of Bessarabia to Rumania in compensation—an intention apparently indicated by one feature of the Peace Treaty. Such an arrangement would have been welcomed by the past generation of Rumanians as an act of historical retribution; they would gladly have surrendered the Dobruja, with its mixed population, in order to recover their lost kith and kin in Bessarabia. But the Kustenje of their days was very different from the Constanza of to-day. Immense sums have been spent on the development of the national port; its rapid progress has been watched with pride by the entire nation, and its loss, though only regarded as a temporary sacrifice, is felt as a bitter humiliation by all Rumanians.

When, in January, 1878, Russia announced her intention to resume possession of that portion of Bessarabia which had been assigned to Moldavia by the Treaty of Paris in 1856, and to compensate Rumania by allowing her to annex the delta of the Danube and the northern portion of the Dobruja, no little indignation prevailed at Bukarest. Every effort was made to obtain a reversal of this decision, which, however, received the sanction of Europe at Berlin in the following July.

It was necessary to accept the inevitable, and Rumania had to make the best of her new acquisition, which at least brought her the advantage of a considerable extent of sea-coast with the as yet undeveloped ports of Sulina, Constanza, and Mangalia. Of these Sulina was soon to become a place of considerable importance owing to the great engineering works in the central arm of the delta designed by the genius of Sir Charles Hartley, and carried out under his superintendence. Mangalia, with its large and deep inlet, was capable of being transformed into a great naval port affording accommodation for a more numerous fleet than Rumania was ever likely to possess.

Constanza, at the time of the annexation of the Dobruja, was little more than a fishing village, with a population of about 5,000. It was originally a Greek colony, and owed its former name of Tomis according to the legend, to the terrible crime of the enchantress Medea, who, flying across the Black Sea from the Court of her father, King Aetes of Colchis, murdered her young brother Absyrtus, whom she had brought with her, and cutting the body in pieces, scattered the fragments on the waves in order to arrest her father's pursuit. The King, overwhelmed with horror, stopped the course of his ship in order to pick up the pieces, and buried them on the neighboring shore.

In the time of Constantine the Great, from whom it derived its present name, the fortunes of Constanza revived, and again in the Middle Ages it became a place of commercial importance under the Genoese. Under the blight of Turkish rule its prosperity declined.

In recent years, however, Constanza has made remarkable progress, especially since the establishment of railway communication with Moldavia and Wallachia by the construction of the great bridge over the Danube at Tchernavoda in 1895. Since then a spacious harbor has been enclosed by long breakwaters; on the quays have arisen great silos for the storage of grain and reservoirs for petroleum. The port will eventually be connected with the oilfields by a pipe-line. Up to the outbreak of war Rumania had a fleet of steamers, as well as those of the Austrian-Lloyd, connected Constanza with the principal ports of the Black Sea and the Levant, while a fast maritime service to Constantinople supplemented the overland Orient Express route via Belgrade and Sofia.

With the growth of its commercial activity the town has increased rapidly extending beyond the little peninsula which formed its original site, and spreading along the coast to the north. It has become a place of resort in the summer season; some fine hotels have been built on the promontory as well as a large casino, which was wont to provide the fashionable world with amusement in the shape of bacarat and roulette and, like the sister establishment at Sinai, maintained a thriving existence in the face of apparently prohibitive taxation. For sea-bathing there is a magnificent beach at Mamaia, a little to the north of the town, while to the south, at Tekir-Ghioel, accommodation is provided for those who desire to take mud baths, an excellent specific for rheumatism. Apart from the influx of summer visitors Constanza before its capture in 1916, reckoned some 35,000 inhabitants.—The Times.

Poor cooking creates waste because the food will not be eaten. Try all the new war dishes—you can never tell what you will like.

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Unsung Heroes.

By E. T. Bronsdon, in the April Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Fritz does not consider a trench or set of trenches lost until at least two hours after the allied troops have taken it. In two hours much can happen. The two hours of grace represents the time Fritz has found French and British troops consume, under ordinary conditions, in getting lines of communication established. Until this is done, the captors are very much at the mercy of a strong counter-attack. . . . The most intense moment of an attack comes, not, as many think, at the moment when one leaps over the parapet, not during the mad seconds or minutes when the bayonet attack brings women within arm's length, but during the terrible period of suspense that ensues when an objective is first attained. Then it is, when the machine gunners have practically exhausted their supplies, when the bombers have nothing but rows of empty catches on their belts, that the heart skips regular beats, and the fear of death really grows to overwhelming proportions. When one is fighting desperately there is no time for fear, and as long as a man has weapons in his hand he devotes his whole strength of mind and body to the task of getting the last cartridge in sight, however, panic strikes into the heart.

It is at this moment that one of the most heroic figures of modern warfare—the ammunition runner—has his day.

His business is simple. He has merely to take chances of death ten times greater than the fighter in the ranks. He is not in the van when the attack starts; he waits in the shelter of the old fire trench with a comrade and a 200-pound case of cartridges. When it is time for him to make his run, in the judgment of the officer commanding the reserves, he crawls over the parapet, seizes one of the box handles, and then with his comrade he makes a stooping run for the new trench at as fast a sprint as he is capable of.

The barrage? He goes through it! Stumbling along over bits of barbed

wire, shell craters, and human bodies he runs straight into the deadly hail that the enemy is keeping around the advanced position for the express purpose of stopping him.

Once in a while a runner who, through unaccounted, of course, but he is the exception. Four out of every five are wounded, and one of the four is either killed outright or dies later of his wounds.

At an attack at Craonne, the barrage was particularly deadly. The Germans had established a zone of death which did for six runners who were the first to essay the trip. They came another terrible period of waiting, and another set of runners tried to get across. These fell, and before their relief had time to get even half-way, the Germans tumbled them down like nine-pins. The defenders came, the horrible realization that the Boches, shielded by their parapets, were picking off the runners with rifle fire in addition to the barrage.

It was a desperate condition and demanded a desperate remedy. Though the paradocs was lower than the parapet, French snipers by the score, and even ordinary privates mounted to a point where they could see the German snipers. They sniped an unequal combat. The Germans had the best of it, killing many more French than the latter did Germans. It was successful in the one respect, however, that the German snipers were kept busy, and while this was going on a few moments of ammunition came in.

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Everyday Etiquette.

"When making a social call before long is it proper to stay?" asked Betty. "Social calls should last for from fifteen to twenty minutes. It may be prolonged only upon the urgent invitation of the hostess," advised Miss Suster.

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HAIG'S REPORT.

LONDON, April 4. Field Marshal Haig's report tonight from British headquarters in France says: After heavy artillery preparation the enemy launched a strong attack this morning on the whole front between the Somme and the River.

On the right and centre the British lines the attacking German infantry were repulsed, but on the left the weight of the assault succeeded in pressing back our troops for a short distance in the neighborhood of Hamel, on the south bank of the Somme. The fighting is continuing in this area. Early in the morning the enemy attacked our line west of Albert and was completely repulsed. During the past few days there has been heavy fighting south of the River Luce. A Canadian cavalry brigade greatly distinguished itself in many successful actions both mounted and dismounted.

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