

The Rose of Wentworth

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A day or two after his visit to Jane Collins, Arley was impelled to go the art exhibition.

She had thought much about the pale, intellectual boy, and she felt herself growing increasingly interested in the poor little cripple.

Perhaps it was because of his condition, and the fact that he was an orphan, which appealed to her sympathy; or it might be on account of his evident love for art; at all events, she hoped she would meet him again, and she found herself looking eagerly about for him in every room that she entered.

She spent two or three hours in the galleries, but without catching sight of her new little friend, and she had at length come to the conclusion that he was not there at all, and, with a feeling of disappointment, was about to take her own departure, when she suddenly espied him in a small room, sitting upon a box behind a huge easel, as if he desired to escape observation, and a few days later in his sketchbook most diligently.

"Ah! I have found you at last," Arley said, in a low, eager tone, as she bent over his shoulder to gaze at the picture he was engaged upon. "I have been looking for you this long time."

"Have you?" Eddie cried, lifting a bright, flushed face to her, while he might have told her that he had anxiously scanned every face there for several days in the hope of seeing her again.

"Yes, I have; and, do you know, I went away the other day without asking your name, and so I've been obliged to think of you as 'that boy' ever since," Arley said, with a musical laugh.

"My name is Eddie Wentworth," "Thank you, Eddie," she returned, "and your uncle?"

"Oh, he isn't my uncle, really, you know."

"Not your uncle?" Arley cried, with a sudden thrill.

"No, but you are almost a stranger to me, and perhaps you wouldn't care anything about it," Eddie said, beginning to feel as if he was thrusting his story upon her.

"Oh, yes I do care; please tell me. I always love to know about people who are kind and good, and who do good."

"Then the boy told of the accident and of how he had been adopted."

Arley felt very strangely while listening to the story, and she thought that had flashed upon her, "what if he should prove to be Philip Paxton?"

"I tried to have him come here with me today," Eddie resumed, "for he was not able to go to his office; he had an ill-turn, and does not seem to get over it."

"An ill-turn?" Arley repeated, absently.

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Arley made a slight noise, and Eddie looked at her in a startled way.

"Are you faint?" he asked, for she was deathly pale.

"No, but I'm not feeling very well; I think I will go home now," she replied. "But, Eddie," she added, hesitatingly, "before I go, will you tell me what your Uncle Philip's other name is?"

"Why, yes, of course I will; he is Philip Paxton, Esq., attorney-at-law," the boy said, proudly.

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here, I came without waiting to be announced—I knew you would not mind, and I could not wait a moment longer."

Arley regarded her friend in surprise while she returned her tender greeting; she had never seen the fair, calm Lady Elaine so excited and disconcerted before.

The arms which encircled her trembled, the lips that kissed her quivered, and her voice shook with emotion.

Was it because this meeting brought back memories of poor, lost Will, and opened her wounds afresh?

"I too, have been very impatient to see you," she said, "I can never tell you how I have longed for you during the two years that we have been separated. I have been thinking of you only have poured my sorrows and trials into your sympathetic ear, and had you to guide and counsel me with your calm, wise judgment. I should have suffered much less; but that was a selfish feeling, wasn't it, dear? when you have had your own sorrows, and your own heavy ones, too, to bear?"

"We will not talk of 'sorrows' now, Arley," Lady Elaine replied, but growing white with sudden pain, "we both have had our sorrows, and I know, but we have so much to be thankful for that we must put our grief out of sight—and, perhaps, but for these very sorrows, the present joys would never have been granted to us. Oh! Arley—you know what I am here for—you know that I have solved the mystery of your birth, and the result is wonderful! you could never imagine the truth! and you will be rich, my dear, far richer than you were, for you have been granted to us a fortune of nearly five hundred thousand pounds coming to you."

"Eddie! you cannot mean it!" Arley cried, in astonishment, "but," she added, flushing, and tears starting in her eyes, "I do not care for riches if I can only have some one to own and love."

"Ah, my dear—my dear! I have not told you the best of my tidings," responded her companion, tremulously, "let me clasp you closely; let me look into your eyes, and tell it; my own Arley, you must never call me Lady Elaine again, for you are a ladyship, your own sweet self. My dear, I have not kept you in suspense a moment longer—you are Lady Alice, eldest daughter of his grace, the Duke of Mordant, and therefore, my own—my very own—"

[To be Continued.]

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"An ill-turn?" Arley repeated, absently.

"Yes; the other night we were sitting together, and the postman brought him a letter—it was a very thick one and his face lighted up all over when he saw the writing on the back of it. But when he opened it he grew so white and looked so pained that I was frightened, and ran to get him some water to drink. I asked him what was the matter, and he said his head ached very badly—he had the headache ever since he got hurt, and the surgeon said that he mustn't work hard or he would have trouble. He went into his room after a while, but I don't believe that he slept much, for I heard him ever so many times in the night, and he has looked pale and sick ever since."

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"He said he had nobody to care for him, and I'm sure I don't know who his letter could have been from; I thought the writing was in a lady's hand, and I don't think he read it, for he put it away in his desk, and I am sure I heard him groan as he locked the drawer."

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"Are you faint?" he asked, for she was deathly pale.

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THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1903.

LONDON'S TIGHTENS GRIP ON CHAMPIONSHIP CHANCES

Defeated the McClary Nine Saturday by Close Score.

Rockets Lose in a Very One-Sided Game With St. John's A. C.

With two men out in the ninth, London on Saturday won the game which practically places the championship of the City League in their hands, and puts the McClarys into second place for keeps.

The game was distinctly "the game" of the season. Everything depended upon it, and it was only right that it should have been sensational. Sheere, the hero of scores of victories, did much towards keeping down the usual heavy hitting of the McClarys. Both sides did great work, and because of the closeness of the score interest was intense and the large crowd were very enthusiastic.

London scored in the first. Bert Stein was hit by the pitcher and stole second. Sippi sacrificed and Bell went out on a combination of Jackson and Sheere. Then Ed Stein got to the first on Jackson's error, bringing Bert Stein home. Fleming sent Ed Stein to third with a pretty double, but McClarys failed to find Gibson and the side was retired.

McClarys also tallied in their half. Jackson and Delaney went out to left and center respectively. George Gibson got first on Sippi's error and was sent to second by Steele's pass. Chester Stein put a pretty single to center and Gibson scored. Steele, however, was nipped at third in attempting to steal.

In the second nothing was done, but McClarys came up fresh in the third. Jackson got a pass and was sent to second on Delaney's sacrifice. He stole third cleverly. George Gibson hit in the third and Jackson came in. Steele sent Fleming's error, but Chester Stein was caught at first.

Nothing of consequence came about until the seventh. Bert Sheere got to first and the game was kept in a moment longer—you are Lady Alice, eldest daughter of his grace, the Duke of Mordant, and therefore, my own—my very own—"

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Summary: First race, handicap, 11-16 miles—Cauldwell, 15 (Barnum), 2 to 1; 2 to 1; 3 to 1; 4 to 1; 5 to 1; 6 to 1; 7 to 1; 8 to 1; 9 to 1; 10 to 1; 11 to 1; 12 to 1; 13 to 1; 14 to 1; 15 to 1; 16 to 1; 17 to 1; 18 to 1; 19 to 1; 20 to 1; 21 to 1; 22 to 1; 23 to 1; 24 to 1; 25 to 1; 26 to 1; 27 to 1; 28 to 1; 29 to 1; 30 to 1; 31 to 1; 32 to 1; 33 to 1; 34 to 1; 35 to 1; 36 to 1; 37 to 1; 38 to 1; 39 to 1; 40 to 1; 41 to 1; 42 to 1; 43 to 1; 44 to 1; 45 to 1; 46 to 1; 47 to 1; 48 to 1; 49 to 1; 50 to 1; 51 to 1; 52 to 1; 53 to 1; 54 to 1; 55 to 1; 56 to 1; 57 to 1; 58 to 1; 59 to 1; 60 to 1; 61 to 1; 62 to 1; 63 to 1; 64 to 1; 65 to 1; 66 to 1; 67 to 1; 68 to 1; 69 to 1; 70 to 1; 71 to 1; 72 to 1; 73 to 1; 74 to 1; 75 to 1; 76 to 1; 77 to 1; 78 to 1; 79 to 1; 80 to 1; 81 to 1; 82 to 1; 83 to 1; 84 to 1; 85 to 1; 86 to 1; 87 to 1; 88 to 1; 89 to 1; 90 to 1; 91 to 1; 92 to 1; 93 to 1; 94 to 1; 95 to 1; 96 to 1; 97 to 1; 98 to 1; 99 to 1; 100 to 1; 101 to 1; 102 to 1; 103 to 1; 104 to 1; 105 to 1; 106 to 1; 107 to 1; 108 to 1; 109 to 1; 110 to 1; 111 to 1; 112 to 1; 113 to 1; 114 to 1; 115 to 1; 116 to 1; 117 to 1; 118 to 1; 119 to 1; 120 to 1; 121 to 1; 122 to 1; 123 to 1; 124 to 1; 125 to 1; 126 to 1; 127 to 1; 128 to 1; 129 to 1; 130 to 1; 131 to 1; 132 to 1; 133 to 1; 134 to 1; 135 to 1; 136 to 1; 137 to 1; 138 to 1; 139 to 1; 140 to 1; 141 to 1; 142 to 1; 143 to 1; 144 to 1; 145 to 1; 146 to 1; 147 to 1; 148 to 1; 149 to 1; 150 to 1; 151 to 1; 152 to 1; 153 to 1; 154 to 1; 155 to 1; 156 to 1; 157 to 1; 158 to 1; 159 to 1; 160 to 1; 161 to 1; 162 to 1; 163 to 1; 164 to 1; 165 to 1; 166 to 1; 167 to 1; 168 to 1; 169 to 1; 170 to 1; 171 to 1; 172 to 1; 173 to 1; 174 to 1; 175 to 1; 176 to 1; 177 to 1; 178 to 1; 179 to 1; 180 to 1; 181 to 1; 182 to 1; 183 to 1; 184 to 1; 185 to 1; 186 to 1; 187 to 1; 188 to 1; 189 to 1; 190 to 1; 191 to 1; 192 to 1; 193 to 1; 194 to 1; 195 to 1; 196 to 1; 197 to 1; 198 to 1; 199 to 1; 200 to 1; 201 to 1; 202 to 1; 203 to 1; 204 to 1; 205 to 1; 206 to 1; 207 to 1; 208 to 1; 209 to 1; 210 to 1; 211 to 1; 212 to 1; 213 to 1; 214 to 1; 215 to 1; 216 to 1; 217 to 1; 218 to 1; 219 to 1; 220 to 1; 221 to 1; 222 to 1; 223 to 1; 224 to 1; 225 to 1; 226 to 1; 227 to 1; 228 to 1; 229 to 1; 230 to 1; 231 to 1; 232 to 1; 233 to 1; 234 to 1; 235 to 1; 236 to 1; 237 to 1; 238 to 1; 239 to 1; 240 to 1; 241 to 1; 242 to 1; 243 to 1; 244 to 1; 245 to 1; 246 to 1; 247 to 1; 248 to 1; 249 to 1; 250 to 1; 251 to 1; 252 to 1; 253 to 1; 254 to 1; 255 to 1; 256 to 1; 257 to 1; 258 to 1; 259 to 1; 260 to 1; 261 to 1; 262 to 1; 263 to 1; 264 to 1; 265 to 1; 266 to 1; 267 to 1; 268 to 1; 269 to 1; 270 to 1; 271 to 1; 272 to 1; 273 to 1; 274 to 1; 275 to 1; 276 to 1; 277 to 1; 278 to 1; 279 to 1; 280 to 1; 281 to 1; 282 to 1; 283 to 1; 284 to 1; 285 to 1; 286 to 1; 287 to 1; 288 to 1; 289 to 1; 290 to 1; 291 to 1; 292 to 1; 293 to 1; 294 to 1; 295 to 1; 296 to 1; 297 to 1; 298 to 1; 299 to 1; 300 to 1; 301 to 1; 302 to 1; 303 to 1; 304 to 1; 305 to 1; 306 to 1; 307 to 1; 308 to 1; 309 to 1; 310 to 1; 311 to 1; 312 to 1; 313 to 1; 314 to 1; 315 to 1; 316 to 1; 317 to 1; 318 to 1; 319 to 1; 320