

## A Terrible Disclosure

### What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Palmer stared, and his face fell. The marquis going to the Badmore races! He, who had not been seen at a race for the last twenty years!

"Palmer," said the marquis, with a smile that was more terrible and threatening than any frown, "I have noticed of late that you have grown either hard of hearing or intensely stupid. Whichever may be the defect under which you are laboring, it will prove a sufficient reason for leaving my service, I fear."

"I heard you, my lord," said Mr. Palmer, abjectly. "Four horses, I think you said, my lord."

"Four, not fourteen, nor forty!" retorted the marquis. "Let the carriage be aired, and see that no notice is sent to the newspapers; you understand me! I do not choose that all the world should know what I intend doing."

"I understand, my lord."

"Good, you may go," and Mr. Palmer, more awed and amazed than he had been for some months, stole out.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day before the Badmore races arrived, and Lord Edgar, who had regarded the whole affair from the first with much distaste, now actually hated to hear the names of Badmore or of Assassin mentioned.

For he had not told Lela yet that he would be obliged to leave her.

He did not intend to tell her that he was going to ride in a race, because he knew the anguish and dread it would cost her: he intended to go down to Badmore in the afternoon, stay the night, ride, and win or lose the race, and return the next day, without her knowing the business which had taken him from her side.

He would tell her afterward; of course, and while telling her would rejoice in being able to add that it was the last race he would ever ride.

And now that the evening had arrived when he must leave her, he put off the evil moment as long as he possibly could.

He heard her stinging about the rooms as she made pretence of using the dusting brush which she had insisted upon buying; he saw her lovely face lit up with quiet happiness, and his heart ached.

"But it could not be put off any longer."

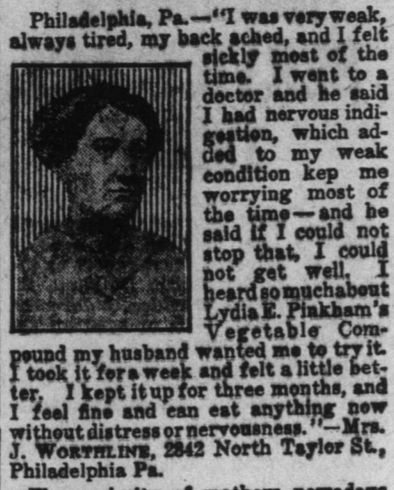
"Lela," he said, with a little cough, and a sinking of the heart, as they sat after lunch, she on the rug at his feet, he in the arm-chair with a cigarette, "I've something unpleasant to say to you, my darling."

"Unpleasant!" she echoed, but looking up at him with a fearless smile, which fled at the sight of his troubled face.

"Yes, dearest," he said, his hand resting on her head. "I ought to have told you before, but I have put it off because I hate and loathe the idea of giving you pain!"

## THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

### Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said I could not stop that I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I bought a box and took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything new without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. Wozniak, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, aching, irritable and depressed—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Wozniak."

"Ah, Edgar, what is it?" she faltered.

"Now, don't be alarmed! It's nothing to be alarmed at!" he said, mentally confounding his awkwardness.

"Why could he not learn something of the tact which Clifford Revel possessed?"

"Nothing in the slightest, dear. It's only that I shall be obliged to leave you for a few hours!"

"Leave me for a few hours!" she repeated, turning pale, and fixing her eyes upon him with a pained surprise.

"Yes," he said trying to smile. "Only for a few hours, dearest. Come don't look like that! I am not going to America."

She smiled, and tried to efface the pain and trouble from her face.

"But where are you going?" she asked.

"Now, that," he said, "is what I can't tell you."

"You cannot tell me, Edgar?" she said, but not complainingly, only with a quiet astonishment.

"No," he said, "biting his lip. 'I don't want to tell you—not that it is anything I am ashamed of. I'm not going on a housebreaking expedition,'" and he tried to laugh.

She shook her head.

"Why do you tell me that?" she said with quiet gravity.

"No, just so," he said. "And I am going to try your love for and your trust in me."

"Go on," she said, with a long breath.

"I shall be obliged to start on this business, which I cannot tell you about, this afternoon, and I shall not be home until to-morrow evening."

She started slightly, and he saw her lips quiver, but she smiled heroically.

"So long!" she murmured, and there was something in the tone in which she spoke the words that made him almost wish he had been dumb before he, yielding to Clifford Revel's persuasions, had promised to ride Assassin.

"It—it is not so very long, dearest."

eat!" he said, reassuringly. "It seems long to you, because I have not left you for more than an hour or two since we were married."

"Yes, that must be it," she assented in a low voice. "Never for more than one hour, and that has seemed to be a day!"

He bent over her and kissed her.

"Lela, if you know how I loathe this—this business which takes me from you—you would understand how much it costs me to leave you!"

"Yes, yes!" she said, eagerly, almost punitively. "I am unreasonable and exacting, Edgar: don't notice my—my reluctance to let you go. Think it is childish, as it is—as it is! Say something not harsh, ah, not harsh, but sensible! Who am I that I should question your coming and going?" humbly.

"You are my wife, my love, my darling, my queen!" he said, passionately, "and if I do not tell you the whole of the business that calls me away, you will know, Lela, that I do it for your sake!"

"For my sake! Then—quickly, and turning pale again—then it is unpleasant business, or—or—ah, no, Edgar!—there is danger!" and she grasped his arm with a piteous look in her eyes.

He laughed, as he soothed her and said, as he thought truthfully, for he was not afraid of Assassin and thought nothing of the newspaper men:

"There is no danger, Lela, be assured of that! I shall come back to you to-morrow, and then we can laugh over your fears."

"Come back to-morrow, but I shall not laugh," she said, gravely. "And—and—are you going alone, Edgar?"

She asked, calmly, without any significance in the question.

"No," he said. "Clifford is going with me."

"Clifford Revel," she said, and once again the spasm of fear seized her.

"Yes; so that you see I shall be quite safe," and he laughed.

"Yes," she murmured, but without much heartiness.

"And I'll bring him back with me—I'll tell you what, dearest, you shall have a little dinner for us, for we shall both be hungry. A nice little dinner, you know. Lovel will see to it."

"Lovel? Won't you take him with you?"

"What, and leave you unprotected," he said, smiling. "No, no! The faithful Lovel shall remain as a watchdog to guard over you, and keep you safe and secure until his lord and master returns."

"Very well, dear," she said, quietly.

"And—and is there anything you can do while I am away to amuse yourself to pass the time away? You must have the broom and do some shopping—"

She shook her head; it was hanging suspiciously low.

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I shall not go out; I will wait and count the hours till you come. Ah, Edgar!" and she raised her head, the tears running down her face, "do you think there is anything in the whole world that would make time seem short to me while you were absent?"

Her tears, tears that she tried hard to suppress, maddened him.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it's not too late! What does what does anything matter, compared with your unhappiness? I will not go!" and he sprang to his feet.

Instantly she was standing beside him, her hands clasped on the heart.

"What have I said? What have I done? Edgar! Tell me—this business, is your honor concerned in it?"

"Yes," he said, his face grave and almost white.

"Then," she said, gently, but so firmly, "you must go, Edgar! Not all the tears I can shed should keep you back. Your honor is almost as dear to me as your love. You must go. See, I am not crying now! Why, you don't call a few tears crying. Look—I am—quite happy!" and she raised her head and smiled up at him, a brave but a woe-filled smile.

"Say but the word," he said, with a troubled frown.

"I shall never say it! I would rather die than say it," she said, and a light shone in her eyes that he had never before seen there. "Who am I that I should demand your honor as the price of a few hours? No! Edgar, you shall go and you shall not tell me where and why you went, until you come back."

"You are sure?" he said, still troubled, his eyes scanning her face.

## Nerves of the Stomach Fashion Plates

### Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

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"Quite. Certain!" she breathed.

"And you go this afternoon," she added, bravely.

"In an hour—or less," he said, glancing over his shoulder at the clock.

"Then I must see to your things," she said, resolutely, and she moved away toward the dressing-room.

"Lovel has done that," he said, feeling wretched and guilty.

She smiled.

"Lovel! Do you think that I would leave it to Lovel! Lovel does all very well, did all very well until you got a wife, sir, but now that you have one, and one who knows her place, Lovel is not to be trusted!" and with a smile she glided away.

He knew that she had gone, woman-like, to find some comfort in her duty, and so he let her go. In a few minutes she came back and nestled in his arms.

"It is all right, dear. After all Lovel is to be trusted!"

"That is why I leave him to guard you, dearest," he murmured. "And you will be brave, Lela! You will not fret while I am gone? If I thought that you were going to spend the time I'm away in fretting—"

"Edgar, I will promise you that I will not shed a tear!" she said with sweet solemnity, and he knew what her promise meant, and was quieted.

Hours roll away all too quickly at such times, how much sooner than they were to part. If Lela had guessed of the business upon which he was bent, if he had known how much depended on the fatefully morning, there would have been no parting that afternoon between my Lord and Lady Fane! But they are like the rest of us poor mortals, were unable to pierce the thick veil between the present and the future, and so they whispered their loving good-by in blind trustfulness.

"To-morrow afternoon have dinner ready the usual time," he whispered, manlike, thinking of the event of the day. "And for Heaven's sake, don't fret!"

"I have promised!" she said, clinging to him for a moment. "Good-by! Oh, my love, my husband!"

Then she reached on tiptoe and put her sweet, pure lips to his, for his last kiss, and gently, clingingly still, put him from her.

(To be Continued.)

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## Plates

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The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 4 year size.

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

### SMART LITTLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



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