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Only a Beggar;

A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XVII.

He walked to his club and dined, and when the footman's back was turned, took out the box, and, glancing round to see that no one was looking, opened it. It contained nine sovereigns.

He laughed with a contemptuous pity, put the gold in his pocket, and, crushing the cheap little box in his white hands, flung it into the fireplace, as he went to the smoking room.

Some men were standing talking, and they looked round as he entered in his slow, graceful way. One of them was the Captain Mortimer whom Diana had seen in the dog-cart on the night she had rescued Dalesford, and he nodded and looked at Desmond March with a kind of reserved scrutiny.

"Hello, March," he said. "We're just going into the card-room for some baccarat. Will you join?"

Desmond March was about to decline, then he remembered the nine sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket, and nodded. The men seated themselves at the table and play commenced. March looked quite cheerful and perfectly self-possessed, so much so that Mortimer felt it safe to venture on a word of condolence.

"Bit of a blow for you, March—Dalesford's engagement," he said, in a low voice—they were seated next each other. "Glad to see you're taking it like a man."

March shrugged his shoulders. "Is there any other way of taking it?" he said.

"Awful bit of bad luck!" Mortimer remarked. "I'd have rather bet on Dalesford's funeral than his marriage. Such a reckless fellow. Did

you ever hunt with him?"

"Never had that honor," replied Desmond languidly.

"Ah, well! Rides like the devil himself. I always feel as if he were going to break his neck."

"But he doesn't. I'm unlucky, as you say."

"And it isn't only when he's hunting. Did I ever tell you of his accident coming home from a mess-dinner at Lowminster last year?"

March shook his head and seemed intent on the game.

"Yes; a narrow squeak that must have been. He was riding that night and he fell off his horse, so they say. But I don't know. It looked to me as if he'd been in some kind of a fight, and Grayson, who was passing along the road the next day, saw that it was cut up with a horse's hoofs and a man's footsteps."

He stopped suddenly, for March's face had gone suddenly pale, and he looked straight before him, as if he were fighting against some weakness.

"Anything the matter, March?" Mortimer asked quickly.

Desmond March recovered from the attack, whatever it was, and turned to him laughingly.

"Nothing, thanks," he said coldly. "The room's confoundingly hot, I fancy. But I interrupted your interesting story—with a faint sneer."

"Oh, it's nothing. I'd finished," said Mortimer. "I was only going to say that there was a kind of mystery about that night's work. Open the window, there, please."

Desmond March won from the commencement of the game, and, with only a few exceptions, won all through. It seemed as if poor Lucy's little savings had broken the run of bad luck which had of late pursued him. The stakes increased as the play went on, and, as the dawn struggled between the curtains, Desmond March rose, the winner of a large sum.

Now, your gambler lives for the moment, and seldom for more than the moment, and with his pockets stuffed with notes and gold, his face flushed

with the excitement and the champagne he had drunk freely, Desmond March felt very differently to the Desmond March who had gone whirling to a woman for comfort—and had borrowed her savings.

After all, was the game up? Luck had swung his way again; it might continue in his favor, something might turn up. Anyway, flight was postponed for the present; and in the glow of his good fortune the vision of Lucy's pale face, the memory of her sweet, pleading voice, irritated and irked him.

Of course he would pay the nine pounds. But to do so he must go to her, and she would expect him to keep the promise she had cajoled him into making. He'd send it to her. But, heartless as he was, even he shrank from so brutal an act. Ah, well, she must wait.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the afternoon of the day of the dinner at Glenaskel; the dinner and the dance, for Dalesford, prompted by Mabel, who had discussed this addition with Bertie, had suggested that they "might as well do the thing properly," and kill two birds with one stone; and Diana, who had, of course, been consulted by Lady Selina and the earl, had, equally of course, welcomed her lover's proposal, as she would have welcomed any suggestion of his.

Mabel and Bertie were returning from the river with some sea-trout in their creels and a wealth of happiness in their hearts; and the boy, as he strode beside her with his pipe in his mouth, glanced now and again at the girlish face with its piquant, half-parted lips and radiant eyes.

"I suppose you'll give me a dance to-night?" he said, after a long pause in the conversation.

Mabel broke off in her soft whispering of "Ye Banks and Braes," and looked at him with a mischievously innocent air.

"I don't know. Can you dance?"

"Can I—?" He took the pipe from his mouth so that he might give vent to his indignation. "Can a duck swim? Of course, I can dance. What did you take me for?"

"If I took you for anything, it would be for a course of lessons in manners," she retorted smoothly. "But about the dance. I will see. You are doubtless aware that my card will be pretty well filled up; you see, I'm one of the ladies of the house, and everybody will have to ask me, for duty's sake."

"I'm asking for pleasure, Mabel," he put in, not undroitly. "The thing will be spoiled for me if you don't dance with me. And you know that. But never mind. I dare say I shall get some partners; don't worry on my account."

"I'm not worrying in the least, I assure you," she retorted, smiling at him in an exasperating fashion. "I've ever so many other things to think of. There's my dress, for instance. I can't make up my mind between a white silk and a pale blue crepe de Chine."

"Wear 'em both," he suggested. "The white becomes me best, but then I look ever so much older in the blue; it's almost long."

"Let down the white one."

She ignored this valuable suggestion, also.

"And Captain Fairbourne says that blue is really my color."

Captain Fairbourne was one of the "guns," a young linesman who had fallen a victim to Mabel's girlish spells and impish humors; and Bertie were capable of hating any one, the aforesaid captain would have been that ill-fated person.

"What's Captain Fairbourne know about color?" he remarked, with a toss of his head. "He'd much better confine his expression of opinion to the goosestep and musketry drill."

"Strange how civilians always dislike a soldier," observed Mabel reflectively. "Can it be envy, I wonder? Is this a walking-match? If you are going to tear on like this, I must ask you to go on alone."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Sorry I was walking too fast for you; but you do make me mad sometimes."

"Only sometimes?" she queried, smiling up at him. "Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me when you are sane, so that I may know when to be—"

gin; for I think I rather like you when you're a little—just a little—mad."

"Do you—Mabel?" he responded eagerly, the gloom of his boyish face relaxing. "That's good news! But I like you all the time."

"Even when I tease you?" with a sideways glance.

"Even when you tease me—by flirting with that conceited redcoat, Fairbourne."

"I never flirt," she declared, red-dening.

"Never?"

"Well, not to speak of." She faltered a little. "If you consider that I am flirting if I speak pleasantly to

any other person than a conceited cock-sparrow of a schoolboy—"

"Now, that's unjust, and—and not like you, Mabel! I'm not conceited, and you know it."

"I call a person conceited who contradicts every one who holds a different opinion to his own. And I saw you looking in the glass as we went through the hall this morning."

"I did; but it was because I wanted to look at your new fishing hat without your seeing me do it."

"Isn't it a pretty hat?" she said, beaming up at him so that the boy longed to take her in his arms and kiss the face beneath it. But he checked himself, and, boy-like took refuge in banter.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "But you might wear it straight."

"Isn't it straight?" she asked.

"Please put it right, will you?" she requested, as boy to boy, and with a child-like look in the blue eyes raised to his.

Poor Bertie slipped his pipe in his pocket and set the coquettish hat straight, his hands trembling a little, his lips tightly set, and his eyes fixed carefully on an imaginary spot in the centre of her forehead; for he felt that he needed all his strength to resist the temptation to kiss the half-parted lips so close to his.

"There you are," he said, roughly and a little huskily. "You ought to have a nurse with you."

"Oh, I find a young bear quite as good," she retorted sweetly.

"Well, don't forget that some bears can dance," he said, "and to-night remember this one. I shan't mind pinning up your dress or tying your pinafore. I suppose it will be a splendid affair!"

"Rather!" she assented enthusiastically. "All the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road; and, oh, Bertie, you wait until you see Diana's dress! And she's going to wear the old diamonds Uncle Edward has given her!"

She cast her eyes up to heaven, as if she were in the ecstasy of some glorious vision. "I tell you, my dear boy, that there has never been seen any one so entirely unsurpassable as Diana will look to-night."

"The Queen of Sheba?"

"Her majesty was not in it with our Di!" declared Mabel, with absolute finality. "It's— But what's the use of trying to describe a ball-dress to a stupid boy!" She broke off in despair.

"Perhaps I shall like your simple little frock as well," he said.

(To be continued.)

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Jack Munroe Has Voted

One of the latest to vote for the Empire is the puglist miner, of North West, Munroe was in St. John's, having round bout here about with Mike Shallow in Rink.

Born in Bonladaric, was the first to defeat white champion of the world, at Butte, Montana, won great prominence. Munroe was better known and a successful one and in that direction amassed a fortune in the West. He Mayor of a town which "Munroe." It is hoped miner-volunteer will prove opponent in the battle with in other engagements.

Ordination at R. C. Ca

The ordination of the right to the sacred office of hood took place at the R. this morning in the large congregation.

The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Bishop March, assisted by Rt. Rev. Mar. and Rev. Dr. Whalen, River, Rev. Dr. Greene, Cermonies, and the other the Sanctuary were Rev. Kitchen, Rev. Frs. McLess Bay; P. Kelly, P. She Nangle.

Minor Orders had been during last week, and young man who has given the service of his Divine made Deacon. To-day he with that power which the Apostles by Our Lo

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