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CHAPTER XIV.  
**THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.**

Olive was as pale as her lover.

"Lord Cravenden," she said. "I cannot."

He started, then stood motionless beside her.

"You cannot!" he said hoarsely.

"You mean you—you send me away; there is no hope?"

"No, no. I will not let you deceive yourself," said Olive, in distress.

"You mean—you can't mean—that you love some one else?" he questioned.

For a moment her face flushed; then she said, in a low voice full of dignity:

"You have no right to ask that, I think."

"No," he said, hoarsely. "I have no right. Forgive me! Forgive me, as you will soon forget me. Olive—Miss Seymour, I shall not trouble you again. I accept my sentence. After tonight, I will go away, perhaps for years—you shall not be annoyed by my presence any more."

He held out his arm to take her back to the ballroom; but she shrank away.

"No—I will stay a little while. Please leave me, Lord Cravenden."

She held out her hand in farewell to him, and he raised it to his lips; then he drew aside the curtain that screened the recess, and left her.

As he did so, a figure in red—sophisticated—raised his hand to his scarlet feather in his cap; and forgan Verner, from the opposite end of the ballroom, nodded in answer, and came across to him.

"Now," said Normanby. "Now is your time. Quick! Before she has time to leave the place."

"But—but," stammered Morgan, "how do you know she has refused him?"

"Look at his face!" said Normanby scornfully. "Go, man—go!" He pushed Morgan forward.

Morgan reached the recess, when a sudden fear seized him, and he sought himself of some excuse for not entering the Hon's den. And then he remembered that he had in his pocket a letter from Polly—it was the

letter that Polly had given to Reuben, and which he had posted after all—which Morgan, in his hurry to dress for the ball, had thrust unread into his pocket. The time required for the perusal of the letter would give him the respite he wanted. So with a trembling hand, Morgan Verner opened the missive and read as follows:

"My Dear, Dear Morgan: I hope you will forgive my writing to you, but I am so dreadfully unhappy and I miss you so. Father wants me to marry Reuben, and oh, dear, dear Morgan I believe I shall have to if you don't come back quick. I don't know what to do and though Reuben don't care for me a bit, I'm afraid, not likin to tell father he is wrong, I shall have to—I do for you and you only and am tryin to make myself a lady fit to be your wife—so come back quick to your own devoted POLLY."

It was a pathetic letter—confused, ill-spelled, tear-stained—but it was more effectual than all Normanby's hints and lectures. Morgan loved Polly Styles—as much as it was possible for his selfish nature to love any one except himself. Now, therefore, he thrust the note into the blue silk waistband of his Romeo costume, and turned savagely on Normanby, who had suddenly come back to him, chafing at the delay.

"Let me alone, Normanby," he whispered fiercely. "Here is a letter I have just found in my pocket, and it's from the other—the little girl I told you about."

"What does it matter, you idiot?" said his friend, losing his habitual calm for the moment.

"Yes," said Morgan. "It matters, and I don't care what you say, but I won't go in there—I'm hanged if I do." Having thus spoken he thrust Polly's letter into his pocket, and, pushing aside the angry Normanby, returned to the ballroom.

CHAPTER XV.  
**IDLE WORDS.**

IT was the morning after the ball, and Olive sat in her boudoir with the blinds down, under the pretense of resting from the fatigue of the preceding night. But, as a matter of fact, she was almost beside herself with despair and shame, for the outburst of Lord Cravenden had let light on her real state of mind. Now, at last, she knew why she could not marry Lord Cravenden or Morgan Verner; it was because she was herself in love—and the object of her love was Reuben Wynter, the steward of Bingleigh Hall.

With a start she rose from the couch, pacing restlessly up and down the room.

"It is madness," she murmured, "an infatuation. What shall I do?"

Presently the door opened softly, and Sir Edwin entered.

"Olive," he said, "why, how dark the room is. Are you ill?"

"No, father, dear," she answered, bravely struggling to keep her voice calm, "but very tired."

"Yes, of course, dear," said her father. "I don't know whether this life is good for you. I have news from Bingleigh." Olive started. "Bad news, too—Spade Oak Farm is burned down—I feel half inclined to return."

"Oh, yes, do, father!" said Olive impulsively. "I am tired of London already. Do go back!"

"I would if it were not for business in the city," said Sir Edwin.

"Why should you bother yourself with it, dear?" said Olive. "We are rich enough, surely. Besides, let Mr. Verner attend to it; it is all his fault; you would never have thought of it if it hadn't been for him. Do let us go back to Bingleigh, dear."

"Very well, I will tell Reuben so," said her father, weakly yielding, as usual.

"Reuben!" she exclaimed. "Why, where is he?"

"Downstairs," said Sir Edwin. "He

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brought me the news himself, like the good fellow he is."

Sir Edwin left the room, and Olive strove bravely to render herself sufficiently calm to meet Reuben; but when, after a little time spent in removing all traces of emotion, she descended to the dining room, she found her father there alone. Reuben Wynter had made his report, and had left London once more for Bingleigh.

"He looks very ill," said Sir Edwin, in answer to her inquiries. "I fear the responsibility is too much for him."

Olive returned to her room to help Topsy to pack. Her heart beat high with renewed hope; perhaps there, in peaceful Bingleigh, away from all the rank and glitter of society into which she had plunged so, happily, she might come to a better understanding of her feelings.

Mr. Normanby, who happened to call on the following day, seemed genuinely surprised and regretful at the hurried departure of his tenants, but put it down to the plotting of John Verner.

"Poor Sir Edwin!" he murmured, as he left the pretty house, "the bubble is about to burst."

All unconscious of the storm which was so soon to break over their heads, Olive and her father traveled back to Bingleigh Hall.

"There's no place like home after all, father," said Olive happily, when they met at breakfast on the following day.

"No, Olive, my dear—but I shall have to go up to London again," said her father abstractedly, as he pushed aside his letters. "I have sent for Reuben now."

Olive blushed as there came a quiet knock at the door, and Reuben Wynter entered. He was pale and haggard, and after the first bow to Olive, he fixed his attention rigidly on Sir Edwin and his papers. All his accounts, which were neatly kept, were submitted to his master's scrutiny; and after a hasty glance at them, Sir Edwin professed himself more than satisfied.

"Do you know if Lord Cravenden has returned, Reuben?" he asked, as the steward gathered up his papers.

"No, Sir Edwin. I heard one of the men say that his lordship was off on his travels again—I don't know whether it's true," returned Reuben gravely.

Almost unconsciously, Olive gave a sigh of relief; and Reuben, without so much as a glance at her, made a deep bow and left the room.

Later in the day when Olive, accompanied by Topsy laden with books and cushions, was wandering restlessly about the park, she saw Reuben in the distance, and Topsy, with whom he was a prime favorite, ventured to speak.

"Mr. Wynter don't look well, Miss Olive," she remarked; then she giggled. "They do say as he's in love with Polly Styles."

Olive was averse to gossip at all times; but at the girl's idle words her heart seemed to stand still.

"With whom, pray?" she said coldly.

"With Polly Styles, miss. Why, the day he went to London, she tramped over the fields to say good-bye to him."

"It would be a most suitable match," said her mistress, carelessly, rising to her feet as she spoke.

"Come, Topsy, it is getting cool, I think. We will go back home."

All beauty seemed to have vanished from the landscape, all interest from the neighborhood; and when she reached the privacy of her room, she knelt down and hid her face in her hands. She, Olive Seymour, was in love with her father's steward, who was in love with Polly Styles!

She wandered restlessly about the house, till at last she determined to ride off the agitation that showed it-

brought round, she sent up a message to her father, and rode off alone. As if by custom, the horse took its way to the downs, and Olive put it to a sharp canter.

Suddenly she turned her head at the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, behind her, saw a horseman riding toward her fast and furiously. It was Reuben! He shouted some words that sounded like a warning, but Olive rode on: her horse was too fresh to be pulled up sharply, and she could not hold him. Reuben came nearer and called again:

"The mill stream is not safe."

This time Olive distinguished the words, and she tried to turn her horse, but vainly. He dashed off at a hard pace, and, as he heard Reuben's horse pounding behind him, fairly bolted. Olive smiled with the excitement of the ride, and her increased confidence in her own powers of riding; but the smile vanished as she came in sight of the roaring mill stream. She understood now what Reuben meant—but too late. She tried again to restrain the now maddened animal; but with a tug at the bit that dashed the reins from Olive's weak hands, the horse bore straight on, and attempted to leap the foaming water.

Dimly Olive heard a hoarse cry of dismay from the man behind—the next minute her horse had missed his footing, and she was struggling in the swift, cold current.

Without a second's pause Reuben threw himself off his own horse and plunged into the water. By a bold stroke he managed to get in front of her, and, seizing her by her habit, he brought his precious prize to the bank. Olive had only fainted, but Reuben, as he held her limp form to his breast, gazed at her white face with horror-stricken eyes—for he thought that she was dead.

(To be continued.)

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**Evening Telegram**

W. J. HERDER, Proprietor  
H. A. WINTER, B.A., Editor

MONDAY, December 31, 1917

**The New Year.**

Deep as the feelings which always stir our hearts and minds on the day of all the year, are a hundred deeper and more impressive in historic times through which we pass. We have travelled through a year memorable for many events even in those times, and stand on the threshold of another which we know with certainty must contain other events great still. Does it contain peace? Will the Allies' side, fighting with more and greater determination for right and justice which alone can make peace worth achieving, ask ourselves first, does it contain victory? We have every reason to hope so. If we look forward to much natural misgiving and doubt we can do so also with much great hope and confidence, born of the firm foundation of the conclusions that has been ours from the beginning of the purity and righteousness of our cause. In the inspiration that hope and confidence we our readers the happiest of the Years.

**Our New Press.**

We have attempted another page to sketch the most cursory fashion some of the landmarks of our history. We have been handicapped by the task and compelled to omit many that we had intended to give our readers by the fact that our new press which we had hoped to have installed a month ago, has only just been up and got in running order. The fact that, in spite of the magnitude of the task which this has involved, the Telegram has appeared as regular and as full as ever, without a day's interruption, is one which reflects the greatest credit on those who have done the work in hand. Those who know what such an undertaking means will not be slow to appreciate the return to those features of the Telegram which our readers have been good enough to approve in the past, and of which they have shown such kind appreciation.

**First Nfld. Prisoner of War Exchanged.**

Minister of Militia Bennett is in receipt of a cablegram intimating that 2nd Lieut. Alexander Baird, of "Ours", son of Mr. J. C. Baird, of the city, was in Switzerland with a leg. Lieut. Baird was wounded and captured by the Germans in the battle of Monchy, April 14th last. He was in Lemberg camp with a number of others of "Ours" up to recently when he was removed to Garmisch, Garmisch, Garmisch, Garmisch. He is evidently one of the exchanged prisoners, reference to whom is made in to-day's public dispatch. The many friends of "Sandy" will regret the fact that his wounds are still affecting him, will rejoice to hear that he is out of captivity and will look forward with eagerness to his return to his native land.

**Hockey Skates Sharpened and Attached. J. J. CHANNING**  
Long's Hill.—dec31,17

**Obituary.**

On Wednesday last, Dec. 25th, there passed peacefully away after a short illness, one of the best known and most respected residents of Wills Bay, in the person of Mrs. Margaret Walsh. The deceased had been married but a short while and the end came unexpectedly. She leaves to mourn her husband, Christopher Walsh, four children, two grand-children and two brothers in Wills Bay and two brothers in the U.S.A. Her loss will be keenly felt by her family and by the large circle of friends all over the Southern Shore. Deceased was over 59th year.—Cor.

**Watchnight Services**

C. of E. CATHEDRAL.—There will be a Watchnight Service to-night at 11.15. Collection to purchase coal for the poor.

ST. MARY'S.—There will be a Watchnight Service to-night at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, commencing at 10 o'clock.

COCHRANE ST.—The usual Watchnight Service will be held in Cochrane Street Methodist Centennial Church this evening, to commence at 10 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Boyd. The offering will be in aid of the funds of the Methodist Orphanage.

GOWER ST.—The usual Watchnight Service will be held to-night, beginning at 11 o'clock. Friends will be taken up in aid of the collection to be taken up for the poor.

Just received: a fresh shipment of Henry Clay and Bock Cigars, also El Proposo Cigars in boxes of 25's, at ROYAL CIGAR STORE, Gen.-F. Traill, Proprietor.—dec31,17