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**A Terrible Disclosure;  
OR,  
What Fools Men Are!**

CHAPTER XVII.

Clifford Revel was waiting for Lord Edgar at the station, and greeted him with a smile that was rather one of relief. He had had his doubts whether honor would prevail over love.

"Here you are then!" he said. "I've got your ticket; and here's a carriage."

Lord Edgar got in, and Clifford Revel followed and lit a cigar.

"Much trouble in getting away?" he asked, with a smile; but Lord Edgar did not seem in a smiling mood. Indeed, there was a look in his face which Clifford Revel had seen once or twice before—a look which denoted that Lord Edgar was not in the mood for trifling, and might at any moment become dangerous if not carefully handled. It was the look he had worn when Clifford Revel had suggested that they should conceal Flyaway's lameness and make capital out of it.

"I suppose Lady Fane did not like your leaving her?" said Clifford Revel.

"No," said Edgar, almost coldly. "And I did not like coming; a very little would have made me throw up the engagement."

"Ah!" said Clifford Revel, with a smile that was almost a sneer. "It would have been the first time you have broken your word to my knowledge."

Lord Edgar nodded curtly. Then he half arose from his seat and looked out of the carriage window eagerly.

"What is it?" demanded Clifford Revel.

"Eh?" said Lord Edgar. "That's strange!"

"What is strange? Heaven and earth, my dear fellow, what are you staring at?" he said, with an impatience which was novel in him.

Lord Edgar sank back and took out a cigar.

"Why, it is rather a singular coincidence," he said, "but I have just seen your Mr. Brown, and he was with the man Lela described to me."

Clifford Revel did not change color, but his eyes scanned Edgar's face keenly.

"Not much of a coincidence," he said, lightly. "Perhaps Brown is just starting abroad; or he may have gone mad, and that is his keeper. By the way, don't call him 'my' Mr. Brown, my dear Edgar; I only met him the day before your marriage, quite casually, and he offered to perform the ceremony."

Lord Edgar nodded. The point seemed to him quite unimportant. He sighed as he made himself comfortable; the allusion to his marriage called up a vision of his darling left alone in the quiet rooms.

"You have made all arrangements, I suppose?" he said, listlessly.

"Yes," said Clifford Revel. "I have rented the same little house for the week—"

"I go back to-morrow, immediately after the race," said Lord Edgar, quickly.

A strange smile gleamed in Clifford Revel's eyes and flickered about his lips, a smile that, if one could have interpreted it, would have made one's heart shrink with a nameless fear.

"Yes," he said, lightly. "Well, that's only natural. But I couldn't take the house for less than a week."

"And the horse?" said Lord Edgar, still listlessly.

"Went down last night," answered Clifford Revel. "He looked as fit as his most devoted admirers could wish! You saw him the day before?"

"Yes," said Lord Edgar.

"And you thought he was all right?" asked Clifford Revel.

"Yes," assented Lord Edgar, absently.

"Hem! Well, that's all right. I fancied that he was unusually restless and fidgety."

"You said just now that he was fit," said Lord Edgar, moodily. His thoughts were with Lela, and he longed to be quiet, and to be free to think of her. For once in his life "the horse" did not absorb him.

"I said 'looked!'" responded Clifford Revel, with a smile. "But it might only have been my fancy—I mean his restlessness. Only, if he should be in a worse temper than usual to-morrow, you will remember what I said."

Lord Edgar nodded.

"I dare say he will be in his usual tantrums when the crowd begins to shout. I wish we were well through it," and he sighed.

"Are you fudging it?" asked Clifford Revel, with the nearest approach to a sneer that he permitted himself.

Lord Edgar looked up with astonishment.

"You know that I have never been afraid of him," he said, simply. "I certainly have not grown to fear him within the last week!"

"I'm glad of it," said Clifford Revel, "seeing that if you had, the race is as good as lost, and with it an immense amount of money! But if you are not afraid of Assassin, you are seriously down in the dumps, my dear fellow, and that will look bad."

Lord Edgar raised himself.

"See here, Cliff," he said, "I am a little—quiet, because I hate the thing I am doing, and I detest having to do it without Lela's knowledge. It is the first concealment I have had from her, but do not fear, I shall carry out what I have promised, and if we have any

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luck at all, your—and my—money is quite safe."

"Right!" exclaimed Clifford. "That is something like the tone I wanted; and now I've roused the lion. I will subside in my paper till it is safe to emerge again," and laughing, he unfolded the Globe, and got into a corner with it.

Seeing that every one knows all about the Badmore meeting, it would be a display of impertinence to attempt to describe it. Every one knows the aspect the little town—so quiet on all the other three hundred and sixty-four days in the year—puts on for the Race Day; how the streets are thronged with people more or less respectable; how every inn, however modest, is filled to crumming; how every house that is lettable is snapped up for the week at fancy prices, and how everybody, gentle and simple, in the place, is utterly absorbed and engrossed by the one great question: "Which horse will win the Gentlemen's Race?"

Everybody also knows that the Badmore meeting is the most aristocratic race of the year; that the number of splendid equipages, and owners thereof, exceed by four-fold those which gather around any other course; and that, though the spectators are aristocratic, the betting runs higher than that which occurs either at the Derby or the Oaks.

On the morning which broke upon this particular Badmore day, the crowd was, if anything, larger than usual; the turnpike man was prepared to assert, on oath, if need be, that twice the number of carriages had passed through his gate than at any previous meeting; and, as a matter of fact, the seats in the grand stand ran to a premium which exceeded anything that had ever before been demanded. Royalty itself was present on a stand of its own; royalty as represented by a popular prince and princess, surrounded by a bevy of personal friends.

In the inclosure, sacred—it is rather an incongruous word, by the way—to the fraternity of men who get their living by book-making, a vast crowd was surging to and fro howling the odds, and trying to out-yell each other; but above the din could be heard now and again the name of one horse, the "Assassin." Indeed, all through the whole crowd, his name was most frequently heard.

Little groups of men clustered in corners and whispered it; ladies murmured it behind their race chairs and fans, and the prince himself showed a deep interest in the animal, who seemed to occupy the position of favorite.

Indeed, so great a favorite was he, that the race would have been accorded to him by popular prophecy beforehand, but for that serious defect in him of which all were talking.

And that defect was his temper.

"What sort of humor would Assassin be in?" That was the question they were asking. Would he be in a good temper? If so, the Gentlemen's Race was his, and his owner and rider Lord Fane's. But then he was so rarely in a good temper! It was well known that the Assassin was a proud and haughty beast, upon whom yelling and hooting crowds had a maddening effect, and that it was quite within the bounds of possibility, that at the moment of starting he might refuse to move, or sway around, and make a dash for the paddock he had just left.

The crowd knew that there was only one man who could ride him, and that was Lord Edgar, and they planned

their faith on him; and relying on him so entirely they grew impatient to see him, to judge for themselves whether the gentleman who was to ride Assassin was fit, and in good courage.

But while they were yelling his name, Lord Edgar sat in the parlor of Hollybank Villa—as the little house was called—smoking a cigar, and quietly waiting for the last moment. Until that arrived he was resolved not to appear.

There had been times when such an occasion as this would have been provocative of gratified pride, and full of satisfaction; but he felt no pleasure in it this morning.

He sat in the little parlor quietly smoking his cigar, while notabilities of fashion and the turf came in, all eager to see and to greet him, and to exchange a word with the hero of the day—the man with whom the fate of their money rested.

He was quite cool; the Farintosh blood asserted itself on such occasions as this, and he was by far the most self-possessed of those around him; more self-possessed than Clifford Revel, who for once—amazing wonder!—looked pale and haggard.

So much so, so unusually so, that a great duke twitted him upon it.

"Revel," he said, "you look as if you were going to ride Assassin, and Fane, here, looks as if he had laid against you."

Clifford Revel smiled, but though he showed his white teeth to the fullest, there was little of merriment in the smile.

"If you knew how much depended on it, your grace," he said, "you would not be surprised."

And there was a significance in his tone which they afterward remembered and noted.

At last the moment had arrived when Lord Edgar must get down to the course and don the Farintosh blue silk, whether he had finished his cigar or not. He arose, and surrounded by a ring of what were nothing else but courtiers, strolled down to the paddock. Clifford Revel, who had scarcely left him for a moment, was still by his side, the haggard look upon his face quite as marked as before. It did not lessen as the portly form of Mr. Palmer broke through the crush, and that gentleman, respectfully touching Lord Edgar's arm to attract his attention, said:

"My lord, the marquis is here, and would be glad if you could see him for a moment."

"Impossible!" said Clifford Revel, with almost fierce impatience; "the time is nearly up."

But Lord Edgar turned calmly.

"Certainly," he said. "Gentlemen, excuse me for a few minutes."

(To be Continued.)

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**Patriots and Patriotism.**

THE REAL AND THE FALSE.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—The dictionaries define "patriotism" as "love of one's country" and a "patriot" as "one who loves and faithfully serves his country." These definitions are generally accepted as correct, and they should be well kept in mind, especially at such times in which we are now living, when the word "patriotism" is used every lip, and an appeal to "patriotism" from whomsoever it may come, and by whatever motive it may be prompted, is sure to draw popular applause. Even those who see the glaring baseness of the false "patriotism" amongst us, are, alas only too willing to forgive, in the name of "patriotism," the gross injustices done that sacred name.

The extension of the life of the present rump parliament is, just one example of the many crimes, that are being done those days in the name of "patriotism." The very essence of popular control, which is essential to the wellbeing of free government, is laid in the gutter by a bunch of political parasites, who cover their hideous actions by resorting to the use of the word "patriotism." These are the class of "patriots" who are well fitted by Dr. Samuel Johnson's robust saying, "Patriots" of the Coaker, McGrath, Bennett, Harvey, Caslin, Crobie type will be always seen and heard amongst the most noxious of "patriots," in whose opinions no action is too drastic and no measure too far-reaching, as long as they can exploit their fellow countrymen by using patriotism as a smoke screen to cover their baseness of purpose, and their contempt for the rights of others.

In the name of "patriotism" they will leave no stone unturned to break down the spirit of those public men who remain sufficiently cool, when the clouds seem darkest, to guard the public interest. They will, by their pub-

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