

A Terrible Disclosure ; OR, What Fools Men Are !

CHAPTER XI

Lord Edgar and Edith Drayton were silent for a moment, then he said:

"You will understand why our marriage is kept secret for a time, Miss Drayton?"

"Your father?"

"Yes," he assented, with a short sigh. "I hate and detest concealment, but I am helpless. I can only trust that his enmity to it will not exist long. You will keep our secret, will you not?"

"Ah, yes," she said. "I wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "that Clifford Revel did not drop a word, did not tell you outright, in fact."

A gleam of fire came into her eyes. Why had he hidden it from her? she asked herself. What dark game was he playing?

"He said nothing," she answered, simply.

"And I will bring Lela when we come to town," he said, hurriedly, for Lord Claxtone had recognized him and approached them.

"Do," she said, quietly.

"Hello, Clax!" he said, as the lad seized his hand and swung it.

"Why, Fane, who would have thought of seeing you! Did you follow us down from town?"

Lord Edgar looked him full in the eyes.

"No, Claxtone, I am staying here, but quite in seclusion, you understand!"

"Quite!" assented the lad, coloring. "And you won't come back. Try and persuade him, Miss Drayton."

Edith shook her head, and Lord Edgar laughed softly.

"No, I can't come back. Take Miss Drayton back, Clax, and don't mention that you found me rusticated like a savage in the woods."

He took Edith's outstretched hand and bowed over it, and, as he pressed it, said, in a low voice:

"Good-by, my true friend!" and then turned and went back to Lela.

Edith Drayton stood for a moment, not looking after him, but with her eyes fixed on the ground, which seemed to rock beneath her feet. She had grown white to the lips.

"Miss Drayton!" exclaimed Lord Claxtone, with alarm.

"Hush!" she said, hoarsely. "Don't speak to me. It—it is the sun. Take my handkerchief and dip it in the water. Quick!"

He ran down to the river and brought the handkerchief cool and wet, and she took it and pressed it against her forehead for a moment. The she dropped it on the grass, and turned to him with a smile.

"I'm all right now, Lord Claxtone. Do not look so alarmed. It was not your fault, but mine for straying still further without my sunshade. Will you give me your arm? Thanks!"

CHAPTER XII

The light from half a dozen wax

And the Worst is Yet to Come



SICK WOMAN NOW WELL

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read Her Letter.

Pottsville, Pa.—"For a long time I was bothered with pains in my side, and was so weak from my trouble that I could not do any lifting or hard work of any kind. If I tried to straighten out when lying down it seemed as though something would tear loose. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored my health and I am quite myself once more."

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Such women should profit by Mrs. Chubuck's experience and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find relief from their sufferings as she did.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

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and in a tone of constraint that should have warned him of the storm that was raging within her, and which, if he had but guessed it, threatened to overwhelm him.

"Good to sit up," he explained. "I know where you have been. I met that boy Claxtone, and he told me. I hope you have had a pleasant day?"

"Very pleasant!" she answered; and this time his acute ear caught the bitterness in her tone.

"Not pleasant? Too long a journey, and too hot a day? I am sorry! It makes your goodness in sitting up to see me all the greater. While I think of it, let me offer you these flowers—they are the orchid blossoms from Nice of which I spoke."

And he drew from his coat pocket a dainty little tissue-paper parcel and opened it, revealing half a dozen exquisite blossoms.

"Thanks," she said coldly. "Will you put them on the table, please?" She had not glanced at them.

He looked down at her with his brows drawn together, but obeyed her instantly.

"You have forgotten them, forgotten your extreme desire to possess them," he said. "No matter—there they are, in case you should feel inclined to bestow a glance upon them. Happy flowers! If you do not look at them, they will not feel your coldness as I do."

And he sighed. She remained perfectly cool under this delicate reproach, and silent for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, you are right—I did sit up tonight, thinking that you might perhaps call."

"Ah!" he said, with suppressed joy. "I only hoped it; now I know it."

"Wait! You will find you have little cause for gratitude."

"Yes?" he said, coming and standing beside her, his hands clasped behind his back, his keen eyes resting on her watchfully.

"What have I done?—how offended you? For I see that you are angry with me."

"Your discernment is at fault; I am not angry with you, as you term it. It was the cold return. 'We are angry only with those we respect or esteem. I have neither respect nor esteem for you, Mr. Revel.'"

He was silent for a moment—his acute brain was at work. What had happened to rouse her like this?

"Go on, please. Remember that my love is long-suffering and patient. I warn you that you cannot try or test it, however severely, without discovering that it is steadfast and unyielding."

"Your love!" she echoed, leaning forward for a moment, then sinking back. "Do not profane the word. Love cannot exist in the heart of a traitor."

His face paled and his lips twitched.

"Do not call me that," he said, in a low, still voice. "If I am a traitor, I have not betrayed you."

"Yes! yes! a thousand times, yes!" she exclaimed then she restrained herself. "Mr. Revel—"

"Why not call me Clifford; you will do so presently," he said, gently, with inclusive conviction.

"Never!" she retorted, with a pant. "Never! Listen to me, and as this is the last time you will have the opportunity, listen attentively. Some time since you made me an offer of your hand—"

"My heart was already yours," he murmured.

"Of your hand. You appealed not to my heart, but to my ambition, and knowing you for what you are, an unscrupulous adventurer and schemer, I accepted—o none condition: that you should be the Marquis of Parin-toah."

"True," he said, quietly. "And I was content."

"I am glad for your sake," she said, with bitter irony, "that the condition satisfied you; you will be all the more ready to admit that you have no claim upon my consideration, because that condition can never be fulfilled."

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"Yes," he repeated, as calmly as before. She smiled with fierce scorn.

"And I know what you have hidden from me, what, like a coward and a cheat, you have kept secret."

"What is this you know?" he asked, his eyes fixed on hers.

"I know that they are married!" she hissed.

He looked at her in silence, a strange light in his eyes.

She waited a second, then she laughed with a scorn that should have cut him to the quick.

"They are married, and you knew it. You betrayed me—and yourself! Into the air go all your hysterical boasts and vanities. You have no chance of becoming the marquis, or the heir to the marquis, so I cast you off!"

Still he remained silent.

"You must feel small and mean," she went on, fiercely, torturing herself while she thought she was torturing him—"you, who made so sure of reaching your ambition; you, who thought it so easy to make a fool and dupe of the man who stood between you and all you desire, all you would have purchased me with! You are the tool and dupe; you have been beaten by the man you sought to cheat; I will have no tool or dupe for a husband! I recall—no, I abide by my promise—and I cast you off now and forever!" and, with a gesture of infinite scorn, she threw her splendid arms as if she were discarding some worthless, hateful object.

He stood pale, white to the lips. Her scorn cut him to the heart. With all his baseness, he loved her, as passionately, as truly, as a better man might have done, and her words cut into his soul.

(To be Continued.)

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go to a Crowd or to Stay Alone—His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone, and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

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EARLY M

FRENCH IMPROVE POSITIONS.

LONDON, May 12. French troops on the Flanders front improved their positions north of Kemmel Village yesterday and took more than 100 prisoners. The War Office announces the German artillery is active in the Ancre River sector, east of Loos, and in Flanders, south of Voormezeele.

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

ROME, May 12. Italian troops yesterday stormed an Austrian post at Col Dell Orso on the northern mountain front, destroying its garrison, the War Office announces. Sharp local fighting occurred at other points.

PLUCKY FIGHT OF AIRMEN.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE, May 11.—In addition to destroying eight of the German airplanes which were engaged so successfully on Tuesday by two British machines, the British aviators sent down five others damaged. The battle began when the British aviators attacked seven German planes. Two enemy formations came up raising the total of German machines to twenty, but instead of retiring the British fighters pressed the attack. In and out among the large enemy force these two planes with their gallant little crews sped and charged. Little crews worked their rapid fire guns like mad. One of the British got on the tail of a big German machine and riddled it with bullets. The enemy airplane hung quivering in the air for a moment and then turning its nose toward the earth, came crashing down with shots of flame bursting from it. The seven other German machines were shot to pieces in rapid succession and took the final plunge, three of them leaving a wake of fire and black smoke to tell the story of the terrible fate suffered by the men strapped in their seats. The five others dived away in the hope of reaching the ground safely. Thirty minutes had sufficed for the British machines to accomplish all this. The British had used up all their ammunition in the furious melee, however, and there was nothing left to do but to withdraw, which they did in safety.

A GLORIOUS END.

LONDON, May 11. (Via Reuter's.)—The Vindictive's noble end is acclaimed by the newspapers as securing her a place in history for association with two of the most heroic deeds in naval annals. It is declared that Nelson never did anything finer, and that if his ship, the Victory, is the cathedral of the Navy, the Vindictive is the twentieth century witness of its fighting spirit. Occasion is taken to pay tribute to the skill and devotion with which the Navy secured a triumph of sea-power in a manner unprecedented in the history of warfare. Deeds as intrepid and skillful as those now applauded are done daily and nightly, but the well concealing the navy's work is rarely lifted. Jellicoe's prediction that the submarine menace would be ended by August is now being recalled in connection not only with the Zebrugges-Ostend exploits, but the closing of the North Sea from the Orkneys to Norway by the greatest mine field ever laid. Millions in mines and money have been devoted to this North Sea barrage, which the Germans will be able to evade only if they use Norwegian waters. The completion of the mine field and the Belgian coast operations are regarded as the most important naval undertakings of the war, and confidence is expressed that this aggressive policy will be further extended.

THE RAID ON OSTEND.

LONDON, May 11. A large number of the officers and men who took part in the campaign against Zebrugges Mole on April 23rd, claimed the right to participate in the Ostend operations, says the Central News story of the raid, and their wish was gratified. All the men on the Vindictive were volunteers from the Dover patrol. At 3.15 o'clock the Warwick, flagship of Admiral Keyes, headed a motor boat which had on board two officers and 38 men of the Vindictive. An officer who was on the destroyer described the operations. Up to 1.45 o'clock, we heard nothing of the enemy, he said, then he sent up star shells and flashed his searchlights. A heavy bombardment followed when we were about two and a half miles from the shore. By the light of the star shells and searchlights the entrance was located, then a fog came on, and the air was prevented from continuing their work. For an hour this state of things continued, but then the weather cleared sufficiently to permit our armmen to commence operations. Heavy fire was carried on the Vindictive. When at two miles we found the entrance to the harbor she ran her stern into the pier and was abandoned. The crews of the motor launches behaved in the most gallant manner rushing into the water utterly regardless of their safety. It was that no one was left behind. The launch brought off two officers and 20 men from the Vindictive. An-