

## A Terrible Disclosure;

### What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER XIX.

"I am Lord Edgar's guest," said Clifford Revel. "And while he lives"—no one can describe the fiendish malignity of triumph that breathed in the tone in which the significant words were spoken—"I have the right to remain."

The marquise did not flinch, but eyed him with fierce scorn, but Lela shrank quivering into her chair.

Edith Drayton pointed to Lela.

"Mr. Revel, this lady says that she is the wife of Lord Edgar; I have denied the truth of her statement; I call upon you to bear evidence in my favor."

He winced, and looked at her reproachfully, and was silent for a moment, then he looked around.

"I came to inquire after Lord Edgar—my cousin. Is he alive?"

"Yes, sir," answered the marquise, with stern defiance.

"And is there any hope?" asked Clifford Revel.

The marquise's eyes dropped. Clifford Revel turned his head aside to hide the gleam of triumph that shone in his eyes, then he looked around again.

"As the heir to the head of the family," he said slowly, "it is my duty to make the truth known. Miss Drayton has spoken the truth. This young lady is—not my cousin's wife!"

Lela rose and confronted him.

"You lie!" she breathed. Then, with a swift movement, she turned to the marquise. "My lord, you—you are a man. You have been hard and cruel, but you are a man, while he—"

he—she pointed her finger at Clifford Revel with a sob. "You will protect me? This man who says that I am not Lord Edgar's wife was present at our marriage! He—he arranged it! It was he who suggested it! Oh, my lord, as there is a heaven above us he speaks falsely. He knows that my darling lies there helpless and—"

ab, dying—or he would not dare! My lord—my father—for you are my father—protect me from them!" and she fell quivering on the marquise's breast.

He trembled and his lips moved spasmodically; then he turned to the two who stood side by side.

Clifford Revel shook his head gravely.

"This is very, very painful," he said, in a tone of emotion. "This young lady thinks that she speaks the truth, but—"

"Go on, sir," said the marquise, sternly.

"But she has been deceived. Heaven knows that I would remain silent if I could. But she has forced me to speak out. She says that I was present at her marriage with Lord Edgar. That I planned it. My lord, you will understand and appreciate my position when I tell you that the marriage was a mock one."

The marquise started, and Lela raised her head.

"A mock one," said Clifford Revel.

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with a feigned reluctance. "It was performed by a man procured and bribed to personate a clergyman, and it—deceived her."

"There was a low, anguished cry from Lela, and her head fell upon the Marquis' breast again.

"You understand, my lord?" said Edith Drayton. "You have heard this tale of villainy"—Clifford Revel started—"you have but to hear my share in it. Mr. Clifford Revel, the next Marquis of Farintosh, could explain it better than I can. He could explain how he has succeeded in enfold-

ing me in his specious nets—from those nets I now free myself." She turned to Clifford Revel. "This man, who planned this false marriage, did so for two reasons; the first, that there might be no fresh barrier between him and the Farintosh title; the second, because he—loved me!"

Her white face twisted into a smile. "I permitted him to think that I was to be won when he had obtained his ambition. I now tell him that, though the prize he has schemed for lies so near his grasp, I loathe and detest him."

Clifford Revel started and moved forward, but she raised her hand.

"That I have hated him from the moment he bared his guilty soul to my view; that, rather than become his wife, I would have left the world he has made almost endurable. I tell him this that he may know, once and for all, that though he has succeeded in gaining his end so far, he has not and never had the slightest hold upon my consideration."

With gleaming eyes he stared at her, his lips quivered, his hands, clinched at his side, shook.

"You—you have betrayed me!" he said. "Was not that enough? Why should you stoop to insult me?"

Edith Drayton looked at him steadily.

"Because I love the man whose life you have ruined, have destroyed," she said, calmly.

Clifford Revel seemed bewildered for a moment, as if he could not realize the truth; then he drew a long breath, and smiled—an awful smile.

"And I never guessed it," he muttered. "Well, Miss Drayton"—and the smile grew into a sneer of triumph.

phant malignity—"for your sake I wish that my unfortunate cousin may recover. I think—and he looked around—"I will withdraw from this scene, in which I have played but a poor part. My lord, I wish you good-bye. You have paid me the compliment of treating me with great consistency, but I think you will acknowledge that I have returned it, and with full measure."

The marquise said not a word, but met the taunting eyes with the direct gaze of his own fierce and haughty ones; and Clifford Revel left the room.

The marquise stood leaning upon his stick, his head bowed; he had quite forgotten Lela in the moment of his bitter reflection that the man he hated would be the heir to Farintosh after all! That Lord Edgar lay dying—then he thought of the miserable girl whom this Clifford Revel had destroyed as surely, in a sense, as if he had taken her life, and he turned to her where she stood, her face covered with her hands.

"My girl," he said, not unkindly, though his face was stern, "you have heard what that—that villain said. Liar as he is, I think that he has spoken the truth, because the foul deed is just such as he would delight in performing. You see, my prophesy of the misery that would follow your friendship with my son has been fulfilled."

"Then I am not Edgar's wife!" said Lela, in a hollow voice, her hands dropping to her side, her white face turned to him.

"I fear not," he said. "Would to Heaven that I could say otherwise; but I fear not."

She drew a long, quivering breath, then, with a slow step, moved to the door.

The marquise looked at her with a stern pity. His heart had grown softer during the last few months; it had almost melted in his bosom when she had thrown herself upon his breast and prayed him to protect her, when she had called him her father; it was terrible that she should go out ruined, helpless, perchance homeless.

"Stay," he said. "Where are you going?"

She looked around at him with weary surprise that he should ask the question.

"To Edgar," she said, dully.

Edith Drayton, who had been standing, disregarded by the others, turned crimson.

"Lela," she said, coldly, "you cannot do that. You have been cruelly used; but the world's opinion—"

With a suddenness that startled even the marquise, Lela turned upon her; her slim figure seemed to grow taller and take to itself an imperial dignity.

"How dare you speak to me!" she said, holding out her hand as if to indicate the gulf that yawned between them. "You, who pretended to be my friend, and knew of what had been done to me! You tell me I must not go and watch beside him whom I have deemed my husband, who, even now, deems me his wife; you would hint at shame!—You, whose lips have made the shameful avowal of the motive that led you to conspire against me! You, Edith Drayton, would separate us even in death—ah, in death, not because you care for my fate or my reputation, but because you love him! I—who am utterly undone, who have no hope in life left, I the target at which such as you will be free to shoot the arrow of scorn—am going to the man who in the sight of Heaven was and is my husband. And who shall prevent me?" And with a gesture that made the marquise's cold blood run with swift admiration and emotion she raised her arms to heaven.

Edith Drayton shrank back, white with rage and jealousy.

"My lord," she panted.

"Silence!" said the marquise. "It is for me to answer that question. Girl, I could prevent you, but I do not! Go!"

Without a word, but with a glance of grateful humility toward him, Lela glided out and entered the next room.

Edith Drayton hesitated for a moment, then the marquise, with a bow that was more scathing than any words, limped forward and opened the door, and with bent head she passed out.

The doctor looked up as Lela entered; a nurse had arrived in the interval, and the motionless figure had been put in the bed.

"You have come back, Lady Fane?" he said, in a low voice.

"I have come to nurse—my husband," she said, with a quiver of the lips, as she laid her hand, soft as a snowflake, on Edgar's.

The doctor inclined his head.

"Very good, my lady; you will follow my instructions with the nurse, and, above all, let me impress upon you the danger of a sudden shock. Lord Edgar will come to presently, I trust, and that moment will be a critical one. We have to wait—we can do no more than we have done."

The marquise entered the room, and the doctor drew him away into a corner.

"It all depends, my lord," he said, in a whisper, answering the glance which the marquise despairingly cast toward the bed. "I am a stranger to Lord Fane, or I could speak with some certainty. The case is not a complicated one. It is one of severe concussion. Now, the result depends almost entirely upon the constitution and the manner of life of the patient. His lordship's constitution seems to be a particularly good one; I may say that I have seldom of ever seen so superb a physique; as to his manner of life—well, I presume that he has lived that of most of the young men of the day—"

The marquise shook his head.

"If you mean that he has been dissipated, you are wrong," he said; "my son is temperate in the extreme."

"Then, there is—hope!" said the doctor. "I have only one thing more to say, my lord, and that is that I should like further assistance, the physician who usually attends Lord Edgar—"

The old marquise smiled, grimly.

"There is no such person that I know of. Send for whom you please."

The doctor wrote on a piece of paper the names of two physicians, and the marquise himself went out with it, and, finding Lela waiting outside the door, dispatched him to the telegraph office.



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(To be Continued.)

There are some very full and fluffy summer dresses in spite of the fashionable straight lines.

Peplum blouses are much liked and so are Cosack and other styles that are worn outside the skirt.

The Crotona knitting bag is not so much in favor, smart women carry their knitting in large leather hand-bags.

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The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material.

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

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## I'M FOR THIS HOSE

Germany's untiring offerings to the rebel Irish in Ireland with a statement from the Official Press Bureau reviewing the Irish political situation since the rebellion of Easter week, 1916. Plans were made for revolt in 1917, but these were cancelled because of the entry into the war and Germany's inability to send troops to Ireland. The story of the German offers in the west had been successful when Great Britain, in summer of 1916, stripped of troops, called for the recent arrests in Ireland. The statement says that the Irish Government for obvious reasons cannot discuss at this time nor can it discuss the reasons between Germany and Ireland. The plan called for the establishment of military bases in Ireland. In the present circumstances it is added no other events permit of the Government, if it is possible, to be avoided and its duties to the Allies fulfilled, but to intern the Irish and abettors of this crime. The statement from the Official Press Bureau follows:

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