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**IN THE TOILS,
But Happiness
Comes at Last.**

CHAPTER XXXII.
LIKE AN INQUISITOR.

IT was an hour after the opera, and Hastley Derrick stood leaning against the mantelshelf in his chambers, in Gratton Street.

Of those said chambers it was not every one of his friends who had the entrée—very few, indeed, knew exactly where Hastley Derrick abode. He lived so much at his club and at the Heatherdene mansion, in Grosvenor Square, that there was a general opinion abroad that Hastley Derrick slept at a hotel. But that astute gentleman was too wise to put up with discomfort when comfort and luxury could be obtained with so little trouble; so his chambers were an admirable suite, in one of the best localities, and replete with every modern luxury. There was a living room, a parlor elegantly furnished in the medieval style, with embroidered curtains of neutral tint; curiously carved furniture, some of it of Indian workmanship; a carpet of Turkestan, showing a border of inlaid wood. On the walls, where they were not covered with Persian hangings, were specimens of the ancient and modern schools, and by no means indifferent specimens. Rare and costly china and bronzes, collected from all parts of the globe by their owner himself, stood upon pedestals of Parian marble. A heavy hanging near one corner of the room only half concealed a doorway leading to an inner room, in which was considerable wealth, and was lined with bookcases. It was noticeable that, beside the many valuable copies of rare editions and specimens of bindings, there was a small collection of busts, both statuettes and phrenological. They had served as helps to Hastley Derrick's study of his fellow creatures. In one corner of the room stood a small, ornamental easel, and upon a table were painting materials.

The canvas on the easel was covered by a mahogany case, which effectually prevented the curious from criticizing Hastley Derrick's artistic efforts. Add a piano and a chamber organ—both of the finest description

compatible with size—a rafter and a case of dueling pistols, both of which weapons had seen service on Indian sands, and the inventory of furniture and effects is almost complete. The bedroom and dressing room adjoined, his valet sleeping in a room on the upper floor.

So much for the furniture and effects; but there were two persons in the room, the one, Hastley Derrick, tall and aristocratic in his perfectly fitting evening dress, standing against the mantelshelf looking down on the second, a bent, prematurely aged man, who sat in a low chair, against the purple satin of which his dark, pale face, worn with dissipation and privation, showed with ghastly incisiveness, vainly trying to assume an appearance of composure, but visibly shrinking and quailing under the keen scrutiny of the hawklike eyes looking down at him.

It was Stephen Rawdon. He was miserably dressed, and, notwithstanding the season, and that, as usual, there was a fire in the room, he shivered occasionally, and drew his threadbare coat round him with a convulsive, irritable movement.

Hastley Derrick looked down at him with the criticizing scrutiny that would have done honor to a professor examining a new specimen, or an old one under a new phase. Then he motioned to a chair nearer the fire, and said:

"You are cold; go and sit there."

The tone was polite, but as commanding as if it had been used to a dog.

With a moment of hesitation, the miserable man moved to the chair and sank into it, holding his hands to the fire.

Hastley Derrick walked to a bureau and took out a couple of flasks of rare Venetian workmanship, with glasses to match.

"You are also thirsty, no doubt," he said, with a curve of the thin lip. "There is some Liebfraumilch and some brandy. Help yourself."

Stephen Rawdon robe.

"Which is the brandy?" he asked.

"The farther flask; you prefer brandy to German wine?"

"Yes, I do," answered the other curtly.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat?"

"No; I don't want anything to eat. I never do now. Give me brandy and I am content."

Hastley Derrick watched him as he poured out the brandy—a full glass,

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and drained it at a draft.

"When a man learns the habit of drinking brandy, and forgets the habit of eating, he is in a bad way, my friend."

Stephen Rawdon looked up with a sullen grin.

"I know all about that," he said. "It's easy to talk, and it does no good. Brandy is the only thing that keeps me going, and I must have it."

He stretched out his hand as he spoke toward the flask, but Hastley Derrick's white hand fell upon the trembling arm with a grasp of iron.

"Not yet," he said. "I did not bring you here to get you drunk; you can do that later on. I want to talk to you."

Stephen Rawdon leaned back, with an angry scowl at the calm face—a scowl which waxed resolute and transferred itself to the fire, as he answered:

"Well, go on. I'm listening."

"Pardon me," said Hastley; "it is I who wish—and intend to listen. First, what are you doing here in England?"

"What am I doing?" repeated Stephen Rawdon, with an attempt at resentment. "What are you doing? What is any man doing? I suppose I have a right to be in England or anywhere else, for that matter?"

"I am glad you put it in the form of a question, because the right is questionable," said Hastley Derrick, with the same imperturbable smile of power.

"Well, if you must know, I am doing nothing, except starve."

"So I suspected; you might do worse," said Hastley Derrick significantly.

Stephen Rawdon looked up suspiciously from under his dark eyebrows.

"Did you bring me here to insult me?" he demanded.

Hastley Derrick let the question pass unnoticed.

"How long have you been in England?" he asked.

"How long? I don't know what you mean. I've never been out of England."

He stopped short, warned by the scar which showed upon Hastley Derrick's face.

"Will you answer one question promptly, I wonder?" he said. "Now, then, why did you ask me the name of the lady who came out of the opera, on my arm?"

Stephen Rawdon glanced up at the keen eyes, then fixed his own on the fire.

"Curiosity," he said. "Hungry men are amused at trifles. I—"

"That will do," said Hastley Derrick, interrupting him with a motion of the white hand.

"You had a reason for the question—what was it?"

Stephen Rawdon hesitated, then he answered sullenly:

"What business is it of yours? Then he looked up with a sudden ferocity on his face, and added, with an oath:

"What are you aiming at? What do you mean by badgering me in this manner? You know well enough why I asked the question. Could I do anything else but ask it? Curse me if I didn't think that I had lost my senses, that I had gone mad in real earnest—gone mad by hunger, and cold, and weariness, and brandy; then I saw her come out—and she wasn't leaning on your arm, you are wrong there! I tell you when I saw her all ablaze with diamonds, and looking like a queen, I thought that I had got another attack of D. T., and that the dream I had had so often at night, when I have dropped off into a hungry sleep, I thought that the dream was going to seize me out there in the streets."

He rose from his chair, and stood upright—as upright as his bent figure would allow him—and extended his emaciated hands, clawlike, to Hastley Derrick. "Yes," he repeated, almost as if he were speaking to himself, "I couldn't believe it for the moment. I had often seen her, asleep and waking, but she always looked as she did that night when—" He stopped, and sank into the chair again.

"Very different to what she looked to-night. But—God! altered as she was, I knew her."

He clasped his hands, and bent over the fire, murmuring: "I knew her—I knew her," as if he had forgotten the presence of the silent inquirer above him.

Hastley Derrick turned the diamond ring on his finger, still keeping his eyes fixed on the bent figure.

"Of whom are you speaking?" he

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asked, with a pure affectation of polite interest; "of the lady whom you saw me escort to her carriage?"

"Yes," replied Stephen Rawdon, with a strange, upward glance. "What—what is her name?"

Hastley Derrick smiled.

"The tall lady, with the dark eyes and eyebrows—rather pale—beautiful—"

"Yes, yes—you know," broke in the other.

"That," said Hastley Derrick, watching his victim keenly, "is the Viscountess Heatherdene."

Stephen Rawdon looked up, with a startled stare on his haggard face.

"The—the Viscountess Heatherdene?" he echoed, as if he could not trust his ears.

Hastley Derrick inclined his head.

"Yes, Lady Heatherdene, the future Countess of Livermore. For one who has never left his native land, you are strangely ignorant of the best-known woman in society, my friend."

But the taunt passed Stephen Rawdon unnoticed.

"She—Lady Heatherdene—Countess of Livermore?" he repeated, staring at the fire.

Then he looked up suddenly.

"Who was the man she was with?"

"Who, but her husband!" replied Hastley Derrick leisurely. "Lord Charles, Viscount Heatherdene; her husband, my friend."

Stephen Rawdon raised his white face, and stared at Hastley Derrick; then he smiled curiously and rubbed his hands together in an aimless kind of manner.

"Oh!" he said slyly.

"Have you got all the information you require?" asked Hastley Derrick, with comical politeness. "Is there anything else—her ladyship's address, perhaps?"

"Yes," added Stephen Rawdon.

"Where does she live?"

"At present, at the Heatherdene mansion, in Grosvenor Square. Anything else?"

Stephen Rawdon shook his head.

"No," he said. Then he added suddenly: "Yes; are there any children?"

"No," said Hastley Derrick calmly.

"There are no children."

(To be continued.)

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(Toronto Globe.)

Lord Lansdowne's utterance having a disquieting effect in countries. The Globe has reported that in Canada they have only been widely resented, but in many minds the realities of the situation respond more nearly to Lansdowne's pessimism than to official optimism.

Before the echoes of his first utterance died away, Lord Lansdowne writes a second one in a strain of humiliatingly to British pride, equally calculated to undermine confidence in British diplomacy and statesmanship. The recent utterance of Count Von Hertling, the German Chancellor, was characterized by Balfour a few days ago as "completely unsatisfactory," but Lord Lansdowne professes to find in it a "deplorable advance." He favors the suggestion of an international meeting of representatives of all belligerent nations, and the solution of all territorial questions at a final peace conference.

What inferences are to be drawn from the contention of the foreign secretary who has held that great office belongs to the same party, and was until lately a member of the

