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TORONTO, CANADA

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

CHAPTER XXII

When she had gone, he sat in silence for a minute or two; then he said to Edgar:

"Yes, I do not think you will grow tired of her; she has become more beautiful than when I saw her in the garden yonder. Happiness, I suppose—there is nothing like it. Now, Edgar, I wish you to consider the Abbey as your own, barring my own den. You will not let it be dull for your wife; ask your friends, as many as you please, and do what you please. I have done what I could to make the house fit. Let there be no coldness between us for the future. You are married, and will have an heir, I trust; and—and that scoundrel—Clifford Revel—"

"Do not speak of him, sir, please," said Lord Edgar, with a frown.

"No! Well, good-night. Be happy, and I shall be content."

Lela, being particularly happy, would have been content also, but Lord Edgar understood his father, and persuaded her to issue invitations and the great place was soon filled.

The county people called, and were charmed with the young viscountess. The men raved of her beauty, and the women more calmly approved of her quiet, well-bred style. She became popular before three months had passed, and the marquise had the pleasure of seeing at the head of the county the girl to whom he had prophesied ruin and misfortune.

Lord Edgar became master of the hounds, added to the stables, and built a splendid kennel, the envy and admiration of all the other masters; and he rode his great chestnut twice a week with credit and renown, but with nothing of his old recklessness. He knew that every time he mounted his horse Lela was only kept from fretting by his promise to be very careful and circumspect; and, having discovered that life was worth living, he took special guard of it.

One day there was a grand hunt breakfast at the Abbey; and a big party gathered on the lawn—the men in their red coats, and the women in their Redfern habits. It was a pretty sight; and the marquise, tempted by a bit of sunshine, sallied out from his den and joined the group, by which he was received with the most intense respect and cordiality.

Lela, who could never be persuaded to mount a horse—she had always had a horror of the animal

since that awful morning on Bedmore Hill—was to drive as far as she could after the hounds in her pony phaeton; and she was seated in it, with the reins in her hand, ready to start, my life," said Lord Combermere, "Splendid morning, Lady Fane!" he said, with his old, courtly smile. "What fine form Lord Edgar appears to be in! Ah, he makes one regret one's lost youth!" and he looked across the lawn where Lord Edgar rode here and there, exchanging a word with this man and the other, and keeping an eye on his dogs and his huntsman the while.

Lela blushed, as her eyes rested lovingly on her husband.

"Never met such a happy man in my life," said Lord Combermere, peering at him; "just told the marquise that he ought to be proud of such a son—and daughter!" and he bowed and smiled.

Lela laughed.

"They are just going to start, Lord Combermere; you had better get in." He was about to enter the phaeton, when a carriage drove up, with a neighboring baronet and his wife, and the first to alight was a lady in a habit, with her veil drawn over her face.

Lela started as she saw her, but the suspicion that flashed on her mind seemed too absurd, and she was struggling with it, when the veiled lady approached the phaeton, and, raising her veil, disclosed the face of Edith Drayton.

She had changed greatly since Lela had last seen her; her face was thin, and marked with faint, fine lines; the lips were colorless, and the glorious eyes were filled with a restless fire.

She stood looking down at Lela, with a half-defiant smile, and Lela, whose gentleness ever placed her at a disadvantage at such moments, looked up at her, with timid surprise.

"You are astonished to see me, Lady Fane," she said, with a cold smile. "Permit me to explain the cause of my presence. I am paying a visit to Thorley Hall, and Sir Ashley, my host, insisted upon bringing me here. I had no excuse to offer, excepting the true one, and I thought it best to conceal that. Was I right? If you think otherwise, please say so, and I will go away. In any case, rest assured that my presence here is as unpleasant to me as it is to you."

Lela opened her lips, but could find

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CHAPTER I  
A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

"I've come down to tell your mamma, Miss Carlisle, that the case has closed," he said, looking at her with a sharp interest in his small eyes.

"The case?" repeated Floris, knitting her brows; then she smiled. "I beg your pardon. I had almost forgotten," she explained. "I have known about it so long, ever since I can remember, that strange as it all seems, I have almost learned to forget it!"

"No doubt," he said, gravely. "The lawsuit was commenced during your grandfather's time."

"Yes," said Floris, smiling still; "I can remember, when I was a child, hearing another girl boast that she had a baronet in her family, and my retort that we had a chancery suit in ours."

The lawyer didn't look quite so amused as he might have done; perhaps he felt that there was some sarcasm on "the laws' delays."

"In your grandfather's time," he repeated. "He and Lord Norman were distantly connected—"

"We always denied the relationship," murmured Mrs. Carlisle. The lawyer bowed.

"At any rate, the two families, the Carlises and the Normans, were mixed up, if I may use the expression, in some way or other."

"It was something to do with some land," murmured Mrs. Carlisle. "I don't understand it; I never did."

"And no one else, it would appear," said Floris, gently, but with a smile, "seeing that it has taken two generations to puzzle it out."

"And some of the most learned men on the bench, at the bar!" said Mr. Morrel. "At any rate, the two families quarrelled about the land, and threw it into chancery. It is very easy—indeed, it is the easiest thing in the world to put a thing into chancery, and about the hardest thing to get it out again," and he then coughed behind his hand.

Floris leaned back in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap, and her beautiful gray eyes fixed on the window opposite her with dreamy intentness.

"The question at issue," resumed Mr. Morrel, "was very small to begin with, but its proportions grew as the case progressed."

"Yes," said Floris, softly, "and the costs, too, Mr. Morrel. We used to live at the Hall at one time."

The lawyer coughed again.

"Costs will grow, Miss Carlisle, in such a case as this. The suit's become one of the most celebrated on record. It will—here he bowed impressively—"supply precedents for future cases unto the end of time."

"We ought to feel very proud," says Floris, with a low laugh.

"You ought," he assented, quite seriously. "It is quite an honor to be a party to the suit of Norman versus Carlisle!"

"It has been a very expensive honor," she said, smiling gently.

"Ahem! Yes, no doubt. But to come to the point. The case, I am proud and happy to say, was closed to-day. That is, I should be proud and happy," he corrected himself, with a slight flush, "if it had been closed with a different decision."

"Then we have lost!" said Floris, without any great show of interest. He wagged his head gravely.

"I regret to say that you have, Miss Carlisle. After patient hearing in one court after another, the case has been carried to the Lords, and the final decision has been pronounced in favor of Lord Norman."

Mrs. Carlisle uttered a feeble moan, but Floris turned her lovely gray eyes on the thin face of the lawyer, without any suspicion of the significance of his words.

"Lord Norman," she repeated, softly, almost absently, thinking how, throughout her short life, that name had haunted and hovered about her. "Well, I suppose it is just."

"We always considered that his claim was most unjust," murmured Mrs. Carlisle. "I never understood it! Your poor father used to spend hours in trying to explain the case to me, but I always got confused and muddled."

"The effect upon a great many persons beside yourself, madam," said the lawyer.

Floris had risen, and stood at the window looking out at the view which, like a lovely panorama, stretched before her. There was not a hill or tree that she did not know and love. The lawyer's dry voice recalled her to herself.

"Yes, we, on our side, always thought the Norman claim unjust, of course, or we should not have continued fighting."

"But do you not think so, now?" said Floris, turning to him.

"The highest court in the land has pronounced 'in his favor,'" replied the lawyer, significantly. Floris sighed.

"Well," she said, gently, "I am sure that we are glad that it is all over, and that the case is decided. Lord Norman is quite welcome to the prize he has fought for—whatever it is—I don't know what it is!"

"A very large sum of money," said the lawyer, grimly, and Mrs. Carlisle moaned again.

"Which we might have won, and which would have made us rich again. Never mind, mamma," and as she spoke she turned, with a bright, consoling smile, upon the feeble lady shivering in her easy-chair. "Money isn't everything, as somebody says. Lord Norman is quite welcome to it, is he not?"

Mrs. Carlisle did not reply, and Mr. Morrel looked from one to the other rather curiously and in silence for a minute or so. Then he coughed, and with hesitation and embarrassment staring from every sharp feature, said:

"Ahem! If it were only the sum in dispute that was affected by the decision, Miss Carlisle, it would not so much matter."

"What else is there?" asked Floris, with quiet surprise.

"The costs," replied the lawyer, grimly; "the expenses of this trial and the one preceding it—"

"But we have been paying costs ever since I can remember!" she said. "It is the costs in this 'celebrated case,' of which we ought to be so proud, which has driven us from the Hall to this cottage; it is the costs and expenses which, like Aaron's serpent, Mr. Morrel, have swallowed up our carriages and horses and menservants and reduced us to the condition in which we are quite content," she added, with simple dignity that awed the dry and musty lawyer and made him cough again. "Surely there are no further demands upon us!"

"I regret to say that there are," he replied, and to his credit, he said, that he looked sorry, as his glance rested upon the slim, graceful girl, with the clear, soft voice and large, gray eyes.

Mrs. Carlisle groaned.

(To be Continued.)

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**BY ORDER OF THE TRIBUNAL.**

ROBERT ALSOP, Clerk to the Tribunal.

may 25, 18

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GERMANS REACH THE MA LONDON, Ma

The Germans in their Char drive in France have now the right bank of the River Ma a ten mile front, according to a ment given to the Associated to-day by the British General. The statement says that the G have not yet entered Chateau but that they are attacking there and toward the northwest announcement, which is said to press the situation around Rh not quite clear, but if it is not lost, it seems clear it must f soon. Yesterday the French driven back to a line from No. Soissons. A new development German attempt to extend th tacks to the east of Rheims, they were reported to be at last night, but no further detai yet been received.

FRENCH OFFICIAL. PARIS, M

A French official says: "The man are extending their off their right so far as the Othe lent attacks in the region of etc.—The French fell back on positions to the north of the of Soissons and further sou German attack broke down the heroic resistance of the who maintained their position along the road to Chateau. In the centre the Germans su in making a slight advance region north of the Marne. east as well as northwest an of Rheims all German efforts progress were in vain. An e ounter attack delivered by troops won back Thillers.

DESPERATE FIGHTING. FRENCH ARMY HEADQUA May 31. (Via Reuter's Ottawa 23.)—There is no sign of reia the German pressure. The on the right, despite the most gistance, has been able to p his line north and south of astride the Aisne. In the ce advanced parties are still i progress. Along the whole fr tchments of German infan filtering steadily through the and along the valleys, where is a weak spot in the thin French line. The roads are with refugees carrying th goods and vehicles of all kin wear brave faces, and seem interested by the sight. I my has been able to main daily progress by constant his front with fresh troops.

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