



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

CHAPTER VI.

"Do you mean that she is out, or that she cannot see any one?" he asked.

"She is out, my lord, out riding," said the man. "Will your lordship come in and wait?" he ventured to add, knowing well the footing which Lord Edgar had made for himself in the house.

But Lord Edgar decided that he would walk to the Ride and meet her. Waiting, anyway, and for any one, would simply be intolerable this morning.

He wended his way to the park, his head erect, his broad shoulders well set back, so that the recruiting sergeant whom he passed looked after him longingly, and murmured, "If you weren't a swell, my fine fellow, I'd have a try for you; you'd make a splendid soldier, you would!" and joined the strollers on the path. The Ride was tolerably full, but he had no difficulty in finding Edith Drayton. She came along presently, riding his mare, and looking like an empress. Hats flew off, and men's faces lit up with a gleam of interest as she rode by, and she bowed here and there, but with an absent air of preoccupation which nettled many of the on-lookers, and caused them to murmur questioningly among themselves as to what had come to the beauty lately.

Lord Edgar advanced to the rails and waited, and presently she saw him. A light came into her beautiful eyes, and a faint tinge of color on her cheeks; and as he raised his hat she pulled the horse up easily and rode up to him. Be sure that the curious onlookers, who had received nothing but an absent, haughty bow, remarked this special favor.

"What a lovely morning!" she said. "You are not riding. Why not?" "I have been to your house," he said, "and came on because they said you was here."

She looked at him questioningly, and noticed his changed appearance in an instant. Her face grew pale again, and her lips tightened, but she smiled still.

"You wanted to see me?" He nodded, and in his eagerness, laid his hand on the mare's neck. "Yes, I have news," he said. "News! Good news?"

The words came smoothly enough, and yet they seemed to choke her. He nodded again.

"Yes, very good news. I have found her!"

The mare moved; she had tightened the rein, and, under cover of getting the animal still again, she concealed the effect of his words upon her.

"You—have found her!" she said. "I am very glad—very glad."

"I knew you would be," he said, gratefully. "I want to tell you all about it, but I cannot here. I will come around to the square soon—tomorrow, perhaps, if I may come."

"You will always be welcome, come when you will. Yes, come and tell me all about it. Is she well?"

He drew close and smiled up at her with a touch of red in his face.

"Yes, yes! and more beautiful than ever."

She winced, and yet so slightly that he did not notice it.

"I found her last night. Think of it! After leaving you, I was talking to her of you, a few hours only after I had been talking to you of her!"

She nodded; the hand that held the whip gripped it in a convulsive clasp.

"I told her you would be glad to see her again," he continued, "and that you would be her friend; and she was very grateful. She has suffered so much. But there! I cannot tell you all here; and I am keeping you."

"Come as soon as you can, and tell me everything," she murmured, leaning toward him; "and when you see her—I suppose you will be seeing her to-day—"

"Yes, I am to meet her again this evening."

"Give her my love," she said; and again the words did not choke her.

His hand closed on hers, and pressed it gratefully.

"Thanks, I will, I will!" he said, fervently. "How can I thank you for your kind sympathy?"

She might have answered, "By letting me ride away and hide my agony," but she sat her horse with graceful, indolent ease, and merely smiled down at him.

Two or three men ventured to draw near, and Lord Edgar, pressing the gauntleted hand again, raised his hat and drew back.

As he did so, some one laid a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning around, he saw that it was Clifford Revel.

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"Hello, Cliff!" he said, heartily seizing the hand, and shaking it. "What on earth brings you here?"

"Legs and business," said Clifford Revel, with his faint smile, and a glance that took in the group of men, and the tall, superb figure of Edith Drayton above them. "I am going to the War Office, and, having a minute or two, turned in the park—rather a roundabout way, but then we civil servants have so much time on our hands. Wait a moment, will you, while I pay my respects to Miss Drayton?"

Lord Edgar drew back, and Clifford Revel made his way through the little



circle. He was a nobody—a civil-service clerk, but there was something about him, a sang-froid, that cleared a way for him, and made men, and far greater and better men, make room for him. Now, for instance, they drew aside, as he came forward, nodding to one and the other, and raising his hat from his pale, clear-cut face, and left him alone with the beauty.

He did not lay his hand on the mare's neck as Lord Edgar had done; he would not have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette, of which Lord Edgar knew nothing, and, if he had known, would equally have cared nothing, but, though he stood with his hands resting on his umbrella, his attitude kept her motionless as much as Lord Edgar's hand upon the horse had done. Her whole bearing seemed to say, "Wait; I want to speak to you," and for the life of her, she could not throw him a word and ride away.

"A beautiful morning, Miss Drayton," he said, aloud, for the benefit of the little circle, then, in a lower voice, he added: "You have heard the news?"

She looked straight in front of her, but her lips made a movement of assent.

"He has told you he has found her! An unlucky accident. I would have liked to have kept them apart for a few weeks longer. But one always has to allow for a chance."

"And chance has beaten you," she said, and, even in her intense agony, she could not altogether repress a tone of triumph.

But he either did not notice it, or chose to appear as if he did not.

"Beaten is a hard word. I have still some cards left. I am about to play a very strong one. I came here this morning—knowing that he would tell you—that you might not be discouraged."

Her eyes sought his for the first time with a glance of interest and curiosity.

He smiled.

"Oh, yes, I have some cards left. The game is not yet won; there is no Marchioness of Parintosh at present."

Her hand trembled as she gathered the reins between her fingers.

"I do not see—" then she paused. He smiled.

"But you will; trust to me." Then, as the mare began to fidget, he raised his hat, as if he had been merely exchanging commonplace greetings, and stepped back.

Edith Drayton glanced at Lord Edgar sitting on an arm of a seat, and then rode on.

Clifford Revel sauntered back to Lord Edgar, quite regardless of the opol glances directed toward him by the other admirers, whom he had so calmly displaced, and linked his arm in his cousin's.

"I was just telling Miss Drayton that she ought to be grateful to you for that horse, my dear Edgar; it suits her admirably."

"Grateful! It is I who ought to be grateful to her!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, warmly. "She has been a true friend! I don't know what I should have done without her during the last seven miserable days."

"And now you have found Miss Lela, you will be able to do without Miss Drayton very well," said Clifford Revel, with his caustic smile. "I am glad I met you, my dear fellow; I was just coming on to your rooms."

"Come on, then," said Lord Edgar, impetuously.

"To ask you not to set off for that place. What is it—Thrusfield?"

"Larkworthy."

"Ah, yes, Larkworthy, until I had seen you. I have been thinking over

your situation, my dear Edgar; in fact, I must admit that I have spent seven hours that ought to have been devoted to Bedfordshire last night in pondering over the position."

"That is just like you!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, warmly. Well!

"Well, and I'll tell you the result of my cogitations; but not now. Wait at your rooms for a couple of hours, will you? at least, I will be there as soon as I can, and I'll tell you of a plan I have hit upon to get you out of your difficulties."

"Any plan you propose will be a good one, Cliff!" said Lord Edgar. Then he looked at his watch. "I want to catch the afternoon train. Come and lunch with me; come now."

"I can't do that—the business of the state, you know. I have some work to do. I'll be with you at two o'clock; will that do?"

"Admirably," returned Lord Edgar. "Very well, then. Till then, au revoir," and touching Lord Edgar lightly on the shoulder, he parted from him.

Getting clear of the crowd, Clifford Revel called a hansom and told the man to drive him to Southwark Bridge.

The man stared for a moment—fares from Hyde Park don't generally go so far eastward—then, with a grunt of disgust, whipped up the horse and started.

It is a good distance from Hyde Park to Southwark Bridge, but Clifford Revel leaned back and smoked a cigar with cool patience, and, giving the man sixpence over his fare—when he expected at least two shillings in excess—strolled quietly over the dirty bridge, and made his way for Espalter Terrace.

He did not ask the way to Espalter Terrace of a policeman, because he had taken the precaution to look it out on the map.

Espalter Terrace was a row of grimy, dingy houses in the heart of a grimy, dingy network of streets.

Clifford Revel thought it was the most wretched place he had ever seen, one house being exactly like its neighbors, and all squalid and hideously commonplace. There were two or three poverty-stricken shops, mostly in the "general" way, and a down-at-the-heels public-house, which smelt fearfully of stale beer and silent spirits. Clifford Revel stopped and lit another cigar as a deodorizer.

He walked down the terrace, examining the numbers, until he reached No. 7. At No. 7 he stopped, and, obeying the injunction on a small brass plate, rang and knocked. A slipshod girl, whose appearance would warrant any one in arriving at the conclusion that she had been called away from cleaning the grate with the tip of her nose and one cheek, so smutty with blacklead were they, opened the door, and stared at him as if he had been an apparition or some curious monster. Curious, indeed, he was to her, for in all the course of her life, perhaps, she had never seen a well-dressed gentleman, with a costly exotic in his buttonhole and a fragrant Havana in his mouth.

In deference to the exotic, she made an attempt, a futile one, to wipe the smut from her cheek.

"Is Mr. Nagle at home?" asked Clifford Revel, quietly.

The girl stared and shook her head. The power of speech had deserted her for the moment.

"Not? When will he be?" he asked. "He lives here, I presume?"

"Yes," said the girl, without taking her eyes from him. "If you'll wait, I'll go and ask."

And, with a cautiousness peculiar to the neighborhood, she closed the door in his face.

After a minute or two, during which he heard an upstairs window open, and knew that a head had been thrust out to stare at him, the girl returned and opened the door again.

"Yes, he lives here. He's a lodger. He's out now; but perhaps you'd better come in—he mayn't be long."

Clifford Revel accepted this not particularly warm invitation, and entered the murky passage; and the girl jerked her hand toward the dirty stairs.

"His room's the second floor back," she said. "You'd better go up and wait for him; he said he shouldn't be many minutes."

Clifford Revel held up his cigar. "I may smoke?" he said.

(To be Continued.)

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OUT BOLERO.



242—This is a good model for combinations of material. Gingham and organdy, voile and lawn, foulard and crepe could be used. The style is also also for linen, percale, dimity and other lingerie fabrics. The bolero may be finished separately.

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OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

LONDON, April 24. (Official.)—About 4.20 a.m. to-day after a violent bombardment, the enemy attacked our whole front south of the Somme and was repulsed. Later an attack on our positions on this sector was renewed in strength, and although renewed with loss on the though repulsed throughout the day, the progress at Villers-Bretonneux, where the fighting has been severe, enemy had gained possession of the village and the fight was continued. Other attacks during this morning on the north bank of the Somme and north of Albert were repulsed. We took a few prisoners by a local operation carried out northwest of Festubert. A post captured by the enemy in this locality on the 22nd was retaken. The hostile garrison offered a strong resistance and lost heavily. We captured a few prisoners and four machine guns. Early in the day the enemy delivered a strong attack without success against our new positions east of Ronneval. Our line was maintained intact, and 84 prisoners were left in our hands. Additional prisoners were captured in minor enterprises in the forest of Néppe and in the neighborhood of Metereux.

THE CAPTURE OF VILLERS-BRETONNEUX.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE, April 24. (By the Associated Press.)—The first enemy attack along the whole British front, south of the Somme River, to-day, was thrown back, but the Germans returned and pushed on towards Villers-Bretonneux with three tanks leading. The Germans got a footing in the east bridge of the town, where the battle is still raging. The enemy attacked along the southern end of the line of Villers-Bretonneux, Hangard, Hailles and Castel. Villers-Bretonneux was the storm center. Accompanying the infantry were the three tanks, which, at the latest reports had battled forward into the eastern outskirts of the town. Trouble has been spreading in the Somme sector for days, the enemy maintaining a bombardment of more or less intensity over the area. Throughout yesterday Villers-Bretonneux and surrounding places were heavily shelled and this morning the bombardment was greatly increased. In the northern front the German artillery pounded the British positions yesterday, especially in the Ronce and Merville sector, and this morning an intense bombardment was directed down on the British positions on both sides of the River Lave. This large sector of the north battlefield was seething. To-day the attack above Albert came after a half hour's bombardment by the enemy. As the German infantry left their trenches the British deluged them with rifle and machine gun fire, and forced a hasty retreat. A British operation yesterday over a 2,000 yard front in the Riez di Vinage sector was successful and greatly improved the defending lines. A nasty salient about 500 yards wide and the same depth had bulged into the British territory just north of Riez di Vinage. By their attack the British drove the enemy from this salient and straightened their line.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, April 24. (Official.)—An intense bombardment of the Franco-American positions south of the Somme sector was followed by a German attack carried all along this front by a considerable force at 5 o'clock in the morning. The efforts of the enemy were directed against Hangard and Santerre, the region of Hailles, Senecat Woods, south of the Avre. The battle which lasted all day continues at the present hour. It was particularly stubborn in the region of Hangard. After furious assaults the enemy succeeded in gaining a footing in the wood north of Hangard and in the outskirts of the village which our troops are desperately defending. The fighting was less violent near Hailles. Several enemy assaults against the ridge east of the village were broken down by our counter attacks. Furious

And the Worst is Yet to Come

