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Stella Mordant.
—OR—
**The Cruise of the
"Kingfisher."**

CHAPTER XXXV.
"Gold?" she murmured, with a sharp note in her sweet voice. He laughed.

"Yes, gold. I found it on a hillside, and not a few specks and grains but nuggets and slabs. What is the matter, dearest; are you cold?"

"No, no!" she replied, almost inaudibly. "Go on!"

"It is found so sometimes; and the lucky man who comes upon it jumps from poverty to wealth in a few minutes. Mary, I was like one possessed when I saw it, and thought of all it meant to me—and to you, dearest. I saw your sweet image hovering beside me, I could almost hear your voice, see the tears in your eyes, tears of joy—as I looked at the yellow heap that meant—ah, what did it not mean to me!—happiness and joy unspeakable. I knew, as I held a nugget in my hand, that I had won the prize that I had gained the right to claim you. Oh, Mary! some day I will try and tell you how I rushed to the hut and broke in upon my friend and partner. He took it coolly—poor fellow, he was in trouble that all the gold in the world could not lighten; and he had left it there, intending to leave it there till the crack of doom for all he cared. And I should have felt the same if I had been in his place, and Heaven had bereft me of the girl I loved."

He leant a little nearer to her, and touched the sleeve of her sealskin jacket with his lips; and though Mary knew that she should have drawn away from him, should have forbidden him to caress her, she could not move or speak.

"Well, to cut out the details—but you shall have them all some day, Mary—we worked our mine for some time as men work when every stroke of the pick, every turn of the shovel means solid wealth, until I could stand it no longer. We were rich, fearfully, tremendously rich already."

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There were prospective riches in the mine itself, riches almost beyond computation, and I felt that if I did not come back and see you, and tell you, I should go mad. I wanted you, Mary. They say that the possession of gold kills love; but it only increased and strengthened mine. I dreamt of you, I saw you standing beside me as I worked. My partner sometimes asked me why I left off, and what I was gazing at. It was the vision of you, dearest. And at last I said I must go, that I could stay away from you no longer. Another man might have resented my sudden resolution, might have argued with me; but Rayne—God bless him for the truest friend a man ever had!—yielded at once. We packed up our gold and carried it to Victoria. I've got to tell you about that journey, too, Mary, some day. What heaps I have to tell you—got it safe to London—it is in the bank cellars, Mary—and—here I am."

He paused for a moment, but went on, having scarcely got his breath.

"Here I am, dearest, to claim my love. I can go to your father now, not boldly—who would dare to ask for you boldly, Mary!—but with a clear conscience, with a fortune which counts as nothing when set against the priceless treasure I want of him, but one which may persuade him to give you to me. Does it all seem like a wild romance? Ah, that is what it has seemed to me until I saw you, heard your voice to-night. Sometimes I have started awake from a dream that the finding of the gold was only a dream, have started up with a cry, and have fallen back on my pillow, thanking God that it was the dream that was unreal, and that the gold was an actual fact."

His lips quivered as he said this, his voice shook, and his head drooped for a moment. Too sudden a joy has its pains and penalties as well as too sudden a grief.

She knew, and her heart throbbled in sympathy with every swift emotion of his, and her hand slid towards his; but suddenly she drew it back and shuddered. She was forgetting for a moment that she was going to slay this joy of his with a sudden stroke which would be all the worse, more acute and terrible for its being dealt by her hand.

He became conscious of her silence, and looked up at her.

"Speak to me, Mary, dearest! Just tell me that—that you are glad. Of course I know; but I want to hear you say it."

"I—I am glad," she said, hoarsely.

He laughed.

"When I've taken you home I'll go back for your father, and we'll come back together—they'll forgive me at home when they know where I've been, when I've met. Rayne will tell them. Mary, dearest, I can scarcely believe that I'm sitting near you, that I can touch you with my hand. Put your hand in mine, dearest! I cannot kiss you—the man—but if you will take your glove off for a moment—"

Her pale face went whiter and her eyes closed.

"I—I cannot!" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "It—it is not my own—now."

He looked at her, not understanding in the least, looked at her with a faint, questioning smile.

"Not your own?" He laughed softly. "No, it's mine now, mine—mine! And can't a man do what he lives with his own?"

He looked at her, looked wistfully at the sweet lips, as a man gazes who has been waiting many weary months for the kiss that shall repay him for his waiting. Then they were passing

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WINGARNIS

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through the Hatherley gates at the moment, and the light from the lodge window fell upon Mary's face—he was startled by its pallor, but more by the agony in every line of it.

"Mary!" he said in a low voice. "What is the matter? Are you ill? Tell me, dearest!"

As he spoke, he put his left arm round her; but she drew away from him, shrinking as far into the corner of the phaeton as possible.

"Mary," he asked, amazed and startled, and with just the shadow of a terrible fear and doubt crossing his mind, "what is it? Have I said—done anything?"

"No—no!" she responded, with a sob catching her voice and almost choking her. "Oh, how can I tell you, how can I? It is cruel—cruel—cruel! Edward"—she faced him with sudden resolution, the resolution of one driven to bay and facing the death which he has brought on himself—"Edward, it—it is too late."

"Too late!" he echoed, dully. "What is too late? I don't understand. For God's sake, Mary, don't—don't keep me in suspense. Explain! It—it is torture—what has happened, why do you look at me like that—speak to me in this way?"

"Can you not guess?" she said, almost inaudibly, with her hand at her throat, as if she were suffocating. "Oh! must I speak plainly—can't you spare me? Oh, God! have pity on me—and him!"

The prayer was only breathed, as such prayers are, but he caught it. His hand gripped her arm, and his face, white as her own now, was near hers, his eyes bent on hers as if he would wring the truth from her.

"What do you mean? Speak! Mary, you—you have not—Ah, no! I had your promise, and you are too true—too true!"

"My promise!" she wailed.

"Yes," he said, sternly. "You have kept it, Mary? Come to me!" The groom had got down and was walking up the gentle rise in the avenue—walking in fear and trembling. "Come to me!" He dropped the reins and held out his arm. "You are mine—you belong to me!"

"No, no!" she gasped.

"No! What—what do you say? If not to me, then to whom? Wait! hold on!" he cried, hoarsely, for he read her answer in her face. "Give—give me time!" he fought for breath, and stared before him, his teeth set hard.

"Now, then—quick! Put me out of the misery of suspense. You say that you are not mine. Is it true? My God! it can't be true that you have been false to me!"

Her head fell, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Yes!" he stammered, dully—"yes, false to me! Mary—you! Oh! I must be mad! I must be dreaming? Who"—he could scarcely go on—"who is it?" he asked at last, hoarsely.

"Lord Ratton!"

He started, and turned on her.

"Your promise! You have broken it!"

Her lips formed the "No," but it did not leave them. Of what use to remind him that she had promised not to marry Lord Ratton "if she could help it"? Better to let him think her

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2 1/4 x 3 1/4	15c
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4 x 5	25c
5 x 7	40c

War News

Messages Received Previous to

OFFICIAL.

LONDON.

The Governor, Newfoundland.

The French Government great activity during the days. Fighting north of Galicia between the San and developed extreme intensity and progress was made as wholly maintained near Neuville. Eleven Germans were engaged and suffered high losses. Over six hundred were captured. They considerable progress in and Alsace, where the 500 prisoners.

The Russian Government every severe engagements. Galicia between the San of Lubucow. On the Dan the enemy were thrown back the River Tysanica and Zarawno. Nearly 5,000 were captured with six machine-guns.

The Italian Government satisfactory progress towards Carnic Alps, and on the front. Near Montecero 500 were captured.

BONN.

CANADIANS AGAIN UN

OTTAWA.

The Canadians have the firing line. The First according to advices received day, has been in an engagement sustained a number of exact location of the trenches, but it is presumed at Festubert, where, according to John French, one line of trenches were taken in subsequently ground had been.

REPORTED BULGARIA TO AN AGREEMENT

LONDON.

Reports are in circulation Bulgaria has come to an agreement with the Allied Powers. The lack of confirmation, although any of the Petrograd Bulletin in London as important events are near opinion is generally expected that there is no chance of will enter the war on the day, the strength of the Board and a sudden change rates, led to the Dardanelles Straits were of being penetrated by the financiers had received private news of great That some great coup spring is considered as for following their great Galicia, the Russian had not possibly have developed strength exhibited to

BERLIN OFFICIAL

BERLIN.

An official announcement here to-day that an Allied attacked a German position La Basse, in northwest was destroyed, only a few in retreating.

NAVAL ACTIVITY IN

PARIS.

The Ministry of Marine an announcement of Anglo-French naval force

1,500 TH

For the largest For the second For the third

All persons scheme must the day the morning package to

The wait when present immediately

NOW, AND WATER

Imp