

Ruled BY Destiny!

CHAPTER XXI.
THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.
"Shall I tell you why I asked so large a sum, Lady Blanche?" he said, flinging his cigar away and taking off his hat with an air of easy assurance. "I am not, I think you will admit, a vulgar adventurer—an adventurer truly, but not a vulgar one—and I have no wish to descend into the condition of the vilest of mankind; the creature who exists upon blackmail. Lady Blanche, I have resolved upon asking for this large sum of money from you, who can spare it so well, that I may be able to leave England forever. When I say forever, I mean what I say to the hilt; I shall never return. The twenty thousand pounds properly invested will produce an income which will enable me to live in ease and luxury on the Continent. If I had asked for a smaller sum, I should have been compelled to come to you again, not once or twice, but continuously; that would not have been pleasant for either you or me."

Lady Blanche flushed, and bit her white lip.
"No! Very unpleasant, rather. Therefore I have asked for this sum in a lump. As I say, I shall leave England; you will never see me again, unless you chance to meet me by accident in one of your continental trips—perhaps on your honeymoon with Lord Norman—"
A fierce flush dyed Lady Blanche's face, as he looked up, and saw the sardonic smile in his eyes.
"You will be relieved of all dread of blackmail, and may, if you please, forget that such a person as Oscar Raymond ever existed. In time, I have no doubt, you will be able to convince yourself that the little comedy we enacted in the house yonder was never performed, excepting in your fevered imagination. At any rate, if you cannot forget me, it will be agreeable to reflect that I shall never put myself in evidence against you."
She stopped him with a gesture.
"I am not afraid of that," she said. "You may have sunk as low—you may be what you are now, but you were once a gentleman."
"And once a gentleman, always a gentleman," he finished for her, with a very soft laugh.
"But if I do not fear you, I have still to deal with your assistant—Josine!" said Lady Blanche.
He shrugged his shoulders.
"Josine will give you no trouble, Lady Blanche," he said, with quiet confidence. "She will invest her two thousand pounds in a husband and some comfortable cafe in the region of Leicester Square, and will settle down into entire oblivion of Ballyfoe and all that occurred there. Besides, I think Josine has too wholesome a fear of your humble servant to ever dream of betraying us."
There were a few moments of silence, then Lady Blanche looked down upon him.
"You shall have the money you ask for," she said, gravely. How shall I



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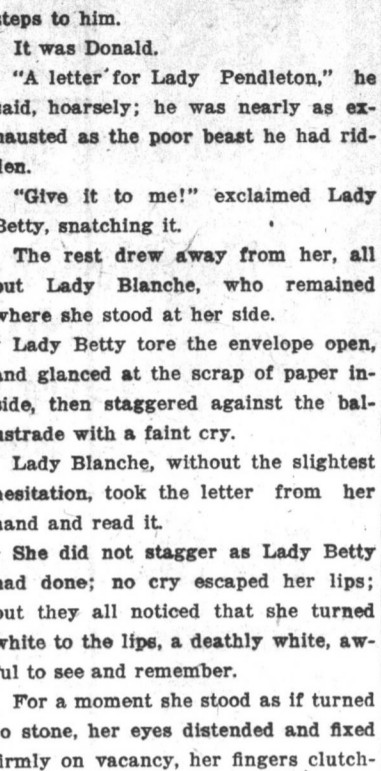
give it to you? I do not know how I can draw so large an amount from the bank without attracting some attention and remark.
"Draw two checks for ten thousand each," he said, coolly; "and if any remark is made, say that you are buying jewelry."
She inclined her head.
"If you will please send them to this address," he said, handing her a slip of paper—it was the name of a large London hotel—"I will wait until I receive them, and then leave England at once; so that, Lady Blanche, we may say farewell."
He came close to the balustrade, and held up his smooth white hand, and Lady Blanche touched it with her finger tips.
Some impulse, too strong to be resisted, prompted her to say, in a very sudden whisper:
"You have no remorse, then, for what you have done?"
He smiled up at her, a smile of perfect calmness and repose.
"Remorse! Certainly not; only the supreme satisfaction. For the first time for months I feel at ease—as if my self-love had been avenged and satisfied. Oh, you mean that young lady's account," he added, and he laughed softly. "No, no remorse on her account, either. She is too young to feel deeply; she will get over this little disappointment very quickly. Josine tells me that she is good looking. I may presume that she is beautiful."
"You saw her," murmured Lady Blanche.
He shrugged his shoulders.
"For a moment; I did not notice her particularly, and I do not think I should know her if I met her. Well, she is beautiful, and will soon get another lover. What is love? Men have died, and worms have eaten them," as Shakespeare says, "but not of love." As for Lord Norman—and his face darkened—"he and I are quits, more than quits, for the balance is in my favor. I think. Good-night, Lady Blanche—farewell! I wish you every happiness."
And raising his hat, disappeared in the dimness of the night.
Lady Blanche shuddered as if a chill had passed over her.
"Bad men's blessings are good men's curses," says the Spanish proverb, and she felt as if she had been banned.
Drawing her shawl around her she went into the house, and the first person her gaze fell upon was Lady Betty, sitting pale and anxious over the fire, her hands clasped, her brows knitted.
She looked up as Lady Blanche entered, and tried to smile, but there were traces of tears in her eyes, and a most cruel triumph filled Lady Blanche's heart.
"This woman," she thought, "triumphed over me a short time ago. She helped Floris Carlisle to rob me of my lover. Now it is my hour of triumph. They are parted forever, and I shall win him back."
With this flow of unholy satisfaction within her bosom, she went to bed and slept the sleep of an innocent child, for the simple reason that the awful excitement she had undergone had resulted in complete exhaustion.

The man rode fearfully hard, and soon passed into the road leading to the house; and they saw that the horse was covered with foam and nearly exhausted.
One or two others, attracted and alarmed by the sight of the horse, had joined them on the terrace, and as the man rode up and flung himself out of the saddle almost at their feet, one of the gentlemen ran down the steps to him.
It was Donald.
"A letter for Lady Pendleton," he said, hoarsely; he was nearly as exhausted as the poor beast he had ridden.
"Give it to me!" exclaimed Lady Betty, snatching it.
The rest drew away from her, all but Lady Blanche, who remained where she stood at her side.
Lady Betty tore the envelope open, and glanced at the scrap of paper inside, then staggered against the balustrade with a faint cry.
Lady Blanche, without the slightest hesitation, took the letter from her hand and read it.
She did not stagger as Lady Betty had done; no cry escaped her lips; but they all noticed that she turned white to the lips, a deathly white, awful to see and remember.
For a moment she stood as if turned to stone, her eyes distended and fixed firmly on vacancy, her fingers clutching the scrap of paper.
For a moment only, then she looked around and in a low, hard voice, so unlike her usual smooth tones, said: "Lord Norman has met with an accident; he is in great danger."
There was a murmur of alarm and sympathy as the group gathered around Lady Blanche.
With a piteous cry Lady Betty held out her hand.
"Give me the letter! Oh! what shall I do? Poor Bruce! Poor Bruce! I can't read it!" she sobbed. "Will someone—"
One of the gentlemen took it from her trembling hand and read it aloud.
Sir Joseph had written a few lines only, saying that Lord Norman had met with a serious accident, and that one or both of the medical men who were staying in the house was to come on to Scarcross with the necessary things.
He added in a postscript: "I need not exhort you to be careful not to alarm Miss Carlisle!"
As those words were read out, Lady Betty groaned and put her hands before her face.
"Oh! what is to be done?" she wailed. "Do you think he is killed?—no, not killed or they would not send for a doctor! Where is Dr. Greene?"
Some one set off to find the young doctor, who was playing tennis, and came bounding on to the terrace alert and ready witted.
"What is to be done?" panted Lady Betty, who, like most of her class, was thrown into a complete state of helpless despair.
Suddenly a shiver ran through Lady Blanche's frame, and, as if she had recovered from an awful stupor, she turned to Dr. Greene.
"There is no time to lose," she said, in a low, hard voice. "Will you start at once, Dr. Greene? I will see that a conveyance follows you with anything you may order."
He glanced at her white, set face approvingly.
(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates

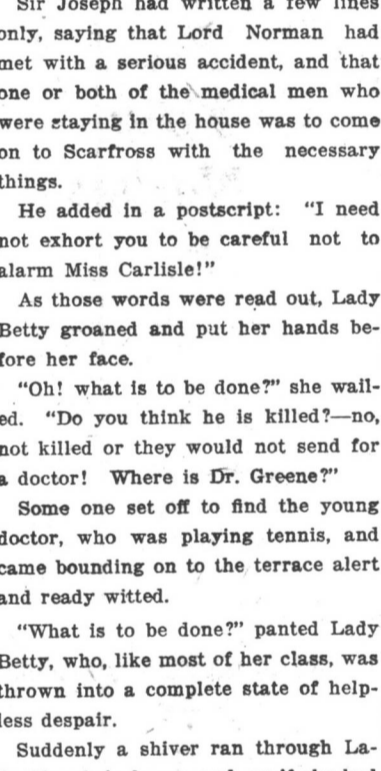
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The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 38-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.
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2509—This is just the style for satin, crepe, gabardine, foulard, silk or wool Jersey cloth and nice for other seasonable materials. The tunic blouse is arranged on a simple skirt foundation, cut in princess style and so combining an underwaist for the blouse. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.
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 - Rose's Lime Juice.
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LONDON

LONDON, June 10th. PERMBERTON BILLING AND ALLAN.

The trial of Member of Parliament Permberton Billing for a false and defamatory libel of Maud Allan, famous dancer, and of J. T. G. naturalised Dutchman who produces plays here, practised and lapsed after a very sensational and lasting many days. The will be known to readers by long before this, but it is interesting to record that many years ago made such a sensation. People stood in crowds round the various editions of newspapers were dated to grab hold of early copies of the latest reports in. When the trial ended with the acquittal of Permberton Billing, Maud Allan, when, further, the other side against him were withdrawn scene inside the Central Criminal Court baffled description. Like such tempests of cheering and plauding have ever before seen in those almost sacred precincts side the Old Bailey the charges taken up and the victorious Maud Allan, Permberton Billing, had to fight his way into his car and out of the thoroughfare newspapers of the following day here appeared to universally denounce the verdict of "Not Guilty" of this the newspapers were with the general public who predominating pro-Billing. The mind of the average citizen of the country the feeling remains that is something wrong in high and that while this is so the forward action of the war is impeded.

MEM OF MARK.
Fleet Street is greatly interested in the news that Mr. Le Sage has a title at last. The famous Street editor (of the "Daily Graph"), who is now 81, is believed to have several times previously been a knight. He has every journal for over fifty years, interesting to note to-day that he was the first correspondent to London the news of the Prussians into Paris. He is a vigorous man, scarcely more middle-aged in appearance, and fact that he is in the honours of the Legion of Honour. For the Londoner, Food Controller, Lord Rhonda's viscount is the noted and praised in the list of nobles, fairness, and a clear mind gained him more than public fame. General popularity has followed from a task that looks most thankless in the world. Lord Rhonda would not have been unpopular. He has every big thing, and solving problems of organization or finance which hopeless. Having a mind which one in a million, he finds near and, indeed, life in using it.

KAISER AND THE U-BOAT.
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