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**A Terrible Disclosure ;**

**What Fools Men Are !**

OR.

CHAPTER XXII.

The marquis, though a stern, was a wise man. He was wise enough to accept the situation. When the Rev. Charles Nagle had gone, he turned to Lord Edgar, calmly.

"What are your plans, may I ask?" he said, not unkindly, but with a deep gravity.

"Plans, sir?" said Edgar, raising his head, for the unmasking of Clifford Revel had dealt him a heavy blow, that seemed to crush him for a while. He had trusted and believed in him so entirely.

"Yes, plans?" said the marquis. "I suppose you have some!" and he smiled.

Lord Edgar shook his head. He held Lela's hand in his own, and pressed it.

"May I suggest," said the marquis, "that, as you have no settled plans, you make the Abbey your home for six months of the year, the remainder you can spend as you think proper; there is the house in Apsley Square, and there is the Continent."

"You are very good, sir," said Lord Edgar.

"No," retorted the marquis, "I am not 'good,' as you call it, Edgar; I am simply just. You are married; there is a Viscountess Fane, a future Marchioness of Parintosh, and it is my desire that she should occupy the position in which you have placed her. She cannot do it more conveniently than by living at the Abbey a portion of the year. Remember, I do not lay any command on you; I merely venture to express a wish. Perhaps," and he looked at Lela, "you would rather have a

house of your own?"

Lela's hand clasped gently on her husband's, and a blush arose to her face, but she looked at the marquis steadily.

"I will do as your lordship wishes," she said.

A faint gleam of satisfaction crossed the marquis' face.

"I thank you," he said. "May I expect you in a month from now? You can," and he smiled, "take another honeymoon."

Then he intimated to Lord Edgar that a large sum of money would be placed to his credit at Coutta's and an hour later the four horses were dashing away with him toward Faneworth.

Lord Edgar and Lela started a day or two later to spend the month—the second honeymoon, as the marquis had called it—on the Continent, and one fine morning they marched in upon the professor, as he sat in his study in the German university, and while Lord Edgar held his hand, Lela swung her arms around his neck.

It was a touching meeting, and for the first time the professor forgot his class, and sat, with tearful eyes, listening to the story of Clifford's villainy and Lela's sorrows and triumphs.

"And now, dear, that we are all happy, you will come back, will you not?" she whispered, while Lord Edgar discreetly drew away to the window.

But the professor looked unsettled and disturbed.

"My dear," he said, naively, "they would not be able to get on without me here; they would not, indeed! And I think you would," and he glanced rather archly at Lord Edgar's tall figure.

"No, no, dear; you must come back!" she insisted.

"Well, we'll see," said the professor, and neither she nor Lord Edgar could draw or drive him further than that.

So, after staying a week with him in the quaint, old German town,

where Lela was worshiped, by the students and the masters, they left him, and continued their wanderings. They were very happy, superlatively happy, living entirely in the present and the future, and scarcely ever alluding to the past; indeed, Lord Edgar never mentioned Clifford Revel's name; and, at the end of the month, they reached Faneworth Abbey.

A surprise—a great surprise—was in store for them. During their absence the marquis had been busy. Decorators and upholsterers had been at work, and the old Abbey was transformed into a magnificent country seat.

The marquis stood in the hall, leaning on his stick, waiting to receive them; and, as Lela entered, he drew her toward him, and kissed her cheek.

It was a significant greeting, and the servants gathered around accepted it as a gentle hint that henceforth Viscountess Fane would rule at Faneworth Abbey.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," he said, when they were alone. "I hope you will be happy here. I have made some changes—have let the sunlight in. Do not expect to find much change in me. I am too old to be repainted and decorated. But I shall not interfere with you. I have kept my old rooms, and shall reserve to myself the liberty of shutting myself up when the mood takes me. As I feel rather better than usual, I hope you will let me dine with you to-night, and you must tell me about your travels."

Was this the stern, unbending marquis whose presence a few months ago in the cloister garden filled Lela Tremble with awe and trembling?

He was still less like his old self that evening, when, according to his promise, he dined with them; he talked freely, and with the grace and wit which have distinguished him in the bygone years, and, when Lela arose to say "good-night," he kissed her again, and held her hand as he looked up at her.

"You have improved, my dear," he said, scanning the lovely face and graceful figure affectionately. "I did you a great wrong; I don't think Edgar will grow tired of you."

And so the great marquis recanted, and made his retraction.

(To be Continued.)

**Ruled Destiny!**

CHAPTER I.  
 A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

The large gray eyes expressed a faint surprise, as if a visitor were an unusual thing, and she hesitated, with her fingers upon the handle of the drawing-room door. But, as a very thin voice from within said:

"Is that you, Floris? Come in!" she opened the door and entered.

Mrs. Carlisle was seated in a chair beside the fire—there was a fire, though it was June, because Mrs. Carlisle was an invalid, and never quite warm from January to December—and opposite her sat a thin, middle-aged gentleman, with gray hair and small, sharp eyes.

At the entrance of the girl, the small eyes glanced at her with a sudden flash of admiration and surprise, then sought the fire again.

Mrs. Carlisle's face was very pale, and there was a troubled, anxious and extremely perplexed look in her face.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Morrel," she said, faintly; "Floris, this is Mr. Morrel, the lawyer."

Mr. Morrel rose and bowed sharply and quickly, as if he could scarcely spare time for the ceremony, and Floris inclined her head with a slight look of curiosity.

There was silence for a moment; then Mrs. Carlisle rose, and drew her silk shawl around her.

"You will stay and dine with us, Mr. Morrel?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

The lawyer glanced at his watch with a frown, as if he had a private quarrel with it, and looked up sharply.

"I have to catch the eight o'clock train, ma'am."

"You will have plenty of time," said Mrs. Carlisle; "I—I should be glad if you will stay, because you can ex-



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plain this—this business to my daughter better than I can. Indeed, I fear I do not understand it," and she looked from one to the other with a perplexed and feeble glance.

Floris went toward her and arranged the shawl that had fallen askew, and the three went into the dining-room. It was the picture of comfort, and the hatched-faced lawyer looked around and rubbed his hands, then frowned as if he had remembered something, coughed huskily, and sank into his chair with a sigh.

Mrs. Carlisle sat at the bottom of the table, and Floris at the head, and it was to Floris that the soup was brought, as if she were the presiding genius.

"Have you come from London, Mr. Morrel?" she asked, in the clear, soft voice, which made one pause before answering, in case she should speak again.

"Yes," he said, sharply; "by the four-thirty! Very slow train! Shamefully late! But railway directors don't understand the value of time."

"And lawyers do!" said Floris, with a smile.

"They do," he assented, and then attacked the fish as if in illustration of the truth of his assertion.

"Where have you been, Floris?" asked Mrs. Carlisle, to break the silence.

"To Lady Burton's tennis party, mamma."

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten," said Mrs. Carlisle, with a sigh.

"Do you play tennis, Mr. Morrel?" asked Floris.

"No, Miss Carlisle; I have no leisure for tennis. I hope you had a pleasant afternoon."

"Yes, very!" she said.

The conversation dropped again. It was evident both the lawyer and Mrs. Carlisle were too full of some business matter to talk of anything else, and Floris relapsed into silent attention to their guest.

Presently the servant left the room, and Mrs. Carlisle, gently pushing the port decanter to the lawyer, said:

"Perhaps you will let us stay while you take your wine, Mr. Morrel, and—and tell my daughter about this business."

"Certainly, ma'am; but I don't drink port; it muddles the brains, and lawyers have to keep their clear."

Mrs. Carlisle sighed, and Floris rose and brought some claret from the sideboard.

The lawyer bowed, sipped the wine, and cleared his throat.

(To be Continued.)

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Notice is hereby given that the time within which application may be made to the Tribunal for a certificate of exemption from Military Service by or in respect of any man of Class 1 called out by Proclamation dated the 11th day of May now present, has been extended from the 24th of May to Saturday the 1st day of June, inclusive.

**BY ORDER OF THE TRIBUNAL.**  
 ROBERT ALSOP, Clerk to the Tribunal.  
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**Cable News.**  
 OUT OF RANGE OF "MARIA."  
 PARIS, May 30.  
 The removal of children from Paris was begun this morning when 1,000 children from the Monto Marto district of the city were placed aboard a special train bound for an evacuation colony in the dept. of Aisne, in Central France. This is the first action taken under a plan for removing Paris children from the possibility of harm from a long range gunshell striking a school filled with pupils, as a church where worship was in progress, was struck on Good Friday last.

**RAIDER DOWNED.**  
 PARIS, May 30.  
 An enemy airplane was brought down by French anti-air craft guns during an attempted raid on Paris last night. None of the German machines were able to fly over the city. A few bombs were dropped in the suburbs.

**IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.**  
 LONDON, May 30.  
 (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The Colonial Institute, at its annual meeting passed a resolution on the motion of Lord Brassey, urging separation of control of Imperial matters from the domestic affairs of the Motherland, and that the settlement of the future constitution of the United Kingdom is an essential preliminary to the discussion of the future government of the Empire at the special Imperial Conference to be summoned after the war.

**OFFENSIVE INCREASINGLY FORMALIDABLE.**  
 LONDON, May 30.  
 The Times refers to the enemy offensive as increasingly formidable, and after discussing the seriousness of the menace, it points to the first sign in which the French are meeting the enemy's blows. They recall, says the newspaper, that they have lived through far darker days, and that the end have invariably defeated their invaders. The loss of Soissons was announced at too late an hour to develop much comment in the morning papers. The loss in itself, says the Times, is not of military importance, but the enemy is now on the high road which passes through Villers Cottinets, about 45 miles from Paris. On the other hand, in an article written

**Superior**