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THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER IX.

"My dear fellow, anything!" Clarence Clifford nodded carelessly, and looked around with calm indifference. "What is it?"

"Will you be my second in a duel with Lord Harcourt, Dalton?"

The young fellow's face fell, and he rose with genuine alarm.

"By Jove, Clifford!" he said—"quarrelled with Harcourt! You could not have picked out a worse man. He is a dead shot and as clever at the sword as the pistol. Can't it be arranged?"

"No," said Clarence Clifford, sternly. "There is only one settlement possible, and that is to fight. I would not have it arranged if I could, and the apology must come from me if it come at all."

"Oh, apologize, there's a dear, good fellow, do; it is certain death; he never misses; he—"

Clarence Clifford cut short the flood of persuasion by ringing the bell.

"Norton entered with the pistol and sword cases."

At the sight of them the young fellow changed his tone and rose with alacrity.

"All right," he said. "I am your man, if it must be, but on my honor, I would rather it had been anyone else, for I owe you a debt of gratitude, Clifford, and—ah—but there! Ah, good swords, these! Do you fence tolerably?"

Clarence Clifford nodded.

"Tolerably, and now let us go and hear the Mariana sing. You will sup with me to-night; to-morrow, hail! Calais Sands!"

Young Dalton sighed, and the two gentlemen strolled to the opera.

Clarence Clifford's companion studied him closely but carefully, for Mr. Clifford was not a man to be watched with impunity. A strange sort of excitement, not bravado, lit up his face, and Mr. Dalton, with only half an ear for the grand music, could not help wondering what had been the topic of disagreement. He wondered, but did not ask, for Clarence Clifford was chary of answers to questions of a personal nature, and could meet the questioner with a glance of haughty displeasure that was, to say the least, disconcerting.

The house was full, the stalls crowded with men of fashion and rank. Dalton looked round and saw Lord Harcourt leaning against the partition, talking to an iron-gray, restlessness-eyed man, whose fingers were fidgeting at his enamelled buttons with a dissatisfied, hungry movement. Teaching Clarence Clifford's arm, Dalton whispered:

"There's Harcourt, and that is Hawkinsley; he is telling him and asking him to be his second. I know the width of Hawkinsley's thumb, he is the most bloodthirsty fellow in the regiment."

Clarence Clifford nodded carelessly, and looked around with calm indifference.

Dalton watched them until they had repeated themselves, then rose.

"Come," he said, "you are too cool for me; I can't sit here and listen to this tomfoolery while that villain is plotting for your blood. I swear the sight of that Hawkinsley gives me the horrors. I wish I was going to have a pop at him on my own account."

Clarence Clifford smiled.

"Who knows? You may have a chance. The seconds become principals in their turn sometimes. But come, dismiss the subject from your mind, my dear Dalton; Col. Hawkinsley has no terrors for me, and now for supper."

Norton had dispatched his master's cab from him, and the two rattled home to chambers again.

A splendid supper awaited them—delicacies for which the four corners of the world had been ransacked—served up in rare porcelain and cunningly worked silver.

Dalton, whose appetite was always good, seated himself and eyed the tempting viands approvingly.

"You have a splendid chef, old fellow," he said, holding his glass for the valet to fill; "he must be worth three hundred a year. What who is this? Ah, life of this sort is too good to get rid of," and he sighed.

Clarence Clifford laughed.

"Listen! there is a foot on the stair."

The valet went outside the door and re-entering announced that Col. Hawkinsley wished to see Mr. Clifford.

"Tell Col. Hawkinsley he is expected," said Clarence Clifford, "and bid him to walk in."

The colonel, who was close, behind the servant's heels, stepped in, made his bow, and said with a smooth, polite voice, that contrasted with his restless and well-known fire-eating disposition:

"Mr. Clifford, I have the honor of bearing a message from Lord Harcourt."

"Do me the honor in return, my dear colonel, of supping with us. Norton, set a cover for Col. Hawkinsley."

The colonel took off his gloves, consigned his overcoat to the valet, and taking his seat prepared to make himself pleasant.

Clarence Clifford would have realized then at that moment, if he had not so long before, what a hollow world he was trifling in.

The pleasant-voiced man at his side, enveloping them with laughter—prooking anecdotes and flashes of ready wit was looking forward to the hour when he might place the weapon in the hands of his adversary, and wondering even while he drank his wine whether Lord Harcourt would "drop him for dead" or only wing him.

The last course was removed before Clarence Clifford opened his missive, and then, glancing at it carelessly, threw it over with a smile to Mr. Dalton, saying:

"My dear Dalton, here is an invitation: pray accept for me, and arrange with Col. Hawkinsley," and he bowed with an easy smile to the restlessness-eyed officer.

"Ah, now, this is friendly and comfortable," said he, as Dalton read the curt challenge and bit his lip.

"This is as it should be, Mr. Clifford. Dear me, why should not these little affairs d'honneur always be got through as pleasantly. Hock, please. And as I was about to say"—and he concluded, his anecdote as if the letter had been but a simple invitation to a supper or dinner party instead of a challenge to the death.

At last the colonel rose to go, and Dalton proposing to walk a little way

with him they took their departure, leaving Clarence Clifford to his meditation.

Strange ones they were, but first, and foremost was the remembrance of the lady's face and the musical, agitated ring of her voice.

How wonderfully they had moved him!

What strange revolution of fate's wheel had brought about that first meeting which was doomed to end in a tragedy?

Facing the floor, revolving all this in his mind sadly and with all that callousness bred of a disappointed life, he was about to close the reverie with a scornful laugh when the valet, who had been waiting for his bell, entered with a small note.

"Who brought it and who waits?" asked his master, his quick eyes scanning the superscription and failing to recognize it.

"A servant in livery, sir, and he was not directed to wait. He has gone."

Clarence opened the note and read with a slight start:

Noble Sir: I have but an hour since learned your address. I thank you for your chivalrous protection, but I deplore it. Oh, sir, you are young; your men, your words proclaim you generous and noble-hearted; do not be led into any rashness as a consequence of the blow you struck for an insulted and outraged woman. Lord Harcourt is implacable, revengeful—a demon in hate and bloodthirstiness. He will before this reaches you have sent you a challenge. I implore you by all you hold sacred on earth not to meet him. Let him but induce you to meet him and you are dead. Oh, sir, by the sacred name of mother, who will, if on earth, weep for your wasted life, I beseech you to balk him of his unholy, inhuman revenge!

There was no signature. Clarence Clifford sank into a chair and sat with the letter in his hand with one word ringing its changes in his heart—"mother."

"By the name of that mother who, if on earth, will weep for your wasted life," ran the note, and the sentence worried him through the sleepless hours of the night.

CHAPTER X.

A dazzling rain was falling through the dark, raw coldness of the morning and cutting rivulets in the moist sands of Calais.

From dawn the rain had been falling and now, when the sun should have broken through the thick, gray mist, it was raining still with a noiseless, quiet persistence, than, taken in conjunction with the mist, the raw cold and the mournful plash of the outgoing tide, was suggestive of the utmost misery and discomfort.

It was not a morning for anyone save amphibious boatmen and coast-guardsmen to be out, yet there were two figures pacing along the damp stretch of sands, shrouding themselves in thick cloaks, and keeping the rain from their faces by dint of forcing their hats low on their foreheads.

"Six o'clock," said one, with the voice of Clarence Clifford. "They are late."

"But they will be here, never fear," said Dalton. "Lord Harcourt never breaks his engagement. What a morning! This fine rain wets one through. I hope—oh, how I hope!—that beast of a Hawkinsley will catch his death!"

"The tide is going out!" mused Clarence, listening. "There is a sea-bird; he cries as if he were in pain. Ah, look! yonder come our men over the rocks."

(To be continued.)

When the city council convenes next Tuesday for one of their final gatherings before the summer holidays the aldermen will be agreeably surprised to find copies of the revised traffic code on the table all set for their consideration.

This Code has taken years to prepare and is a complete revision of all existing traffic by-laws and regulations, and is as up to date as it is possible to make. If under the circumstances, a special commission having incorporated all the best points of other city's laws into the document.

In all there are thirteen chapters and ninety articles, while it repeals forty former by-laws heretofore on the books.

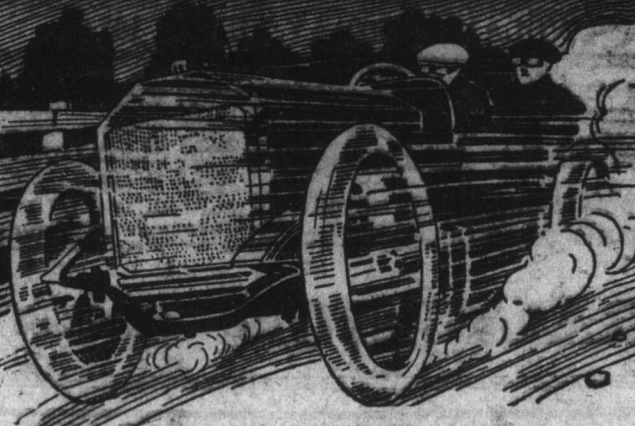
Definitions of thirty-five terms used in traffic regulation are contained in the first chapter. There are complete designations of avenue, street, curb, intersection, ordinary and "despatch"—the name given a corner graded by a traffic cop, parking, speed, zones, peak hours, and vehicles of different types.

Peak or rush hours are defined from 8.45 to 9.30 a.m. and 5 to 6.30 p.m. Parking is remaining stationary more than three minutes. A parade is a procession of more than twenty persons or ten vehicles under a common leader. This does not include funerals.

Any speed under 16 miles is considered slow while twenty miles is considered "speed."

One important clause eliminates the

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Montreal's New Traffic Code

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stands, etc., shall be obtained from the Chief of Police. School Crossing signs shall be established by the Chief of Police.

Immediately on approval by the Chief of Police.

Immediately on approval by the City Council this Traffic Code will be in operation.—Montreal Herald, June 28.

RUSSIAN CHURCH
CHANGES HANDS.
NEW YORK, July 2.

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