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WHO IS PARTICULAR
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St. John's, Newfoundland,
Representative.**

After the Ball;
OR,
**The Mystery Solved
at Last.**

CHAPTER XXIX.
A Retrospect.

Re-entering his chamber, he caught at the flagon and drank a draught of wine, then, thrusting out his strong, stony hand before him, he regarded it with a stern frown until its tremor had ceased and it was firm again, then tore open the damp, weather-stained envelope.

Once more he paused in an effort to regain his old stern serenity, and stood gazing with tightly clinched lips and lowered brows upon the envelope; slowly, calmly, he extracted a slip of paper, unfolded it and read it, then, with a cry that a soul emancipated from hades might utter, fell fainting across the table, in the very spot, on the very same day of the year, where Gerald, his father, had fallen, clutching in his hand, as did he, a piece of paper.

The news of his son's marriage and dishonor had stunned the father; the tidings of the woman's death had felled the son.

It was a small piece of foreign paper, bearing the official heading of a small Italian province.

Within its ruled lines ran, in a priest's crabbed handwriting, these words, in Italian:

"Felice Faustine—surname unknown—aged about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, died the twentieth day of —, 18—. Was buried in the cemetery of this village by me, Baptiste Verox. (Signed)

"Baptiste Verox, Vicar of San Prestari."

"Claude Loraire, Sexton of San Prestari."

CHAPTER XXX.
The Agony of Love.

"Our love has brought us naught but sorrow, now Heaven forbid it brings no sin."

CLARENCE HOUSE—Lord Crownbrilliant's villa in Park Lane—was one blaze of light, for it was the night

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of the Crownbrilliant's ball, which had been the talk for the last three weeks.

Lady Crownbrilliant had become the fashion, Clarence House the rage, and her soirees the most sought after and desired.

By what means she had reached to the high position of leader of the town it would be difficult to say. The men declared that it was because she was the most beautiful and regal of women. The women whispered that the Crownbrilliant's wealth explained it. Let the reason be what it might, there was no disputing the fact—though many envious ladies were dying to do so—that Lady Crownbrilliant's assemblies, dinners and balls were the best and most brilliantly attended of any held within the charmed circle of the upper ten.

To-night was the grand ball of the season. The list of expected guests comprised the *creme de la creme* of the nobility and included—so it was whispered—royal blood.

The magnificent drawing-rooms and ballrooms, fitted up with princely gorgeness, had been decorated with flowers and perfumed by a novel process. The band was to perform within a little grotto of ferns and fountains. The conservatories were thrown open and illuminated, the choice singing birds fluttering now and then into the brilliant world of gas and music, but speedily flying back to their cool retreats dazzled by the light and heat.

Every luxury that could be devised had been procured, and no expense had been spared to make the Clarence House ball the great success of the season.

An hour before the time appointed for the opening, the countess, already decked out in her ball costume, sat silent and alone in the little pink parlour called my lady's drawing-room.

With the soft light of the Etruscan lamp playing upon her perfect features, and glistening on her magnificent dress she looked superlatively lovely, yet very sad.

The white, bejeweled hand that supported her queenly brow trembled visibly, and a tear dropped from beneath the fringe of her silken eyelashes.

With a suddenness that made her start—for the Countess Crownbrilliant was less of nerve and more given to starting and trembling than Carlotta Lawley—a knock came softly on the panel of the rosewood door, and in answer to her ladyship's "Come in," her own maid entered and announced that Mr. Chichester waited admission.

Her ladyship having given permission, the next minute Chudleigh Chichester entered the room.

If she was changed so was he.

He looked old, somewhat more worn, and a great deal more eager, excited and anxious.

"Carlotta!" he cried, in a low, glad voice, almost springing to her side,

and pressing her soft, white hands to his lips. "I knew you would see me! How beautiful you look—oh, Heaven, how beautiful!" and he drew back a step to gaze at her now flushed face and downcast eyes.

"Have you come from the House?" she said, looking up at him with eyes in which love shone with a dim, wistful pain that proclaimed at once its guilt and unguiltiness.

"Yes," he said, sinking down by her side and still holding her hands, "but I am going back directly. You said I might come for a few minutes before the ball, and I could not stay away. I am going back directly."

There was something piteous in the wistful helplessness of his low, thrilling tones, and the countess' eyes filled with tears.

"You will be at the ball to-night?" she asked, eagerly.

"I speak to-night," he said, wearily. "I don't think—"

"You must," she said, tremulously. "Oh, come, if only for a few minutes."

"I will," he said, simply. "You will save me a dance?"

She nodded.

"Two, if you like."

"Two, then!" he said, eagerly.

Then there followed a short silence, both sitting gazing at the opposite wall and listening to each other's breathing, with that restful, glorious stillness and repose which alone kept their love from driving them mad.

Then he arose.

"Time is up, Carlotta," he whispered, bending over her until his breath dimmed the tarsi on her brow. "I must go. I seem to have been here only a second"—and he sighed. "Good-by—"

"Till what time?" she asked, earnestly.

"Till two o'clock."

"Good-by!" and she walked with him to the door.

"Lady Mildred and Maud are coming about twelve," he said, as he opened it. "I begged them to come earlier, but Maudie had a headache, and intended lying down. Good-by till two. Keep me two dances, remember, my—"

At that moment a footstep, which Carlotta knew only too well, sounded along the corridor, and starting with a sudden pallor, she grasped Chudleigh's arm to draw him into the room again.

But he, his face darkening, whispered:

"No, no; let me go out," and stepped out into the corridor.

"Hello, Ch-Ch-Chichester," hiccupped as well as stammered his lordship—he had been drinking heavily.

"What the deuce do you mean by d-d-deserting the Hon-house, eh? Ha! ha!"

Chudleigh tried to smile, but his face only grew heavier.

"I came out for a breath of air, and looked in as I passed," he said.

"Th-that's right," hiccupped my lord. "Seen Carlotta? She's togging herself up for this con-confounded ball. Beastly wet, I c-c-call it. I hate b-balls. I say, old f-fellow, I've had a terrible let-down over that how-while handicap. L-lost a hatful."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Chudleigh, burning at his coarse allusion to the woman whom he loved and revered, but whom this man, her husband, had grown to regard in the light of a superb piece of furniture or a thorough-bred horse.

"S-so was I," laughed his lordship.

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"I'm hanged if I've pulled a single event off lately. Frightful 1-luck—frightful! W-where's Carlotta?"

"I do not know," answered Chudleigh, with some truth, for he could not tell whether she had stayed in the drawing-room or gone into the adjoining chamber.

"D-don't know!" retorted his lordship, whose tipsy mood was ready on the slightest provocation to change from the good to the bad tempered.

"H-haven't you just 1-left her?"

"Yes," said Chudleigh, walking away and trying to keep the contempt raging in his heart from becoming manifest in his tones. "I left her in the drawing-room."

"Ah!" said his lordship, "th-where are you, you see. Why couldn't you say so?" and he stared, with drunken gravity, after the retreating figure of his unhappy, unsuccessful rival, adding, with a ponderous shake of the head: "Y-you're a g-good d-deal too much with her 1-ladyship, Mr. Ch-Chichester. I'll—Where's the countess?" he broke off to ask of her maid, who at that moment came out of one of the rooms.

"In her room, dressing, my lord," replied the woman, with prompt glibness, and his lordship, not daring to penetrate the sanctum sanctorum of her whom he had ceased to love, but not to fear, stumbled downstairs again.

The countess, who had stood trembling behind the door of the drawing-room, where she could hear every word, threw herself on the couch in an agony of despair and remorse as her husband's shuffling, uncertain footsteps followed the steady, stern ones of the man it was her agony to love.

(To be Continued.)

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**Smart
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Old
War News**

**Messages Received
Previous to 5 A.**

BRITISH ADVANCE CONTINUED

LONDON, March 4.—Against stubborn German resistance British troops to-day advanced a line on the Ancre in France a distance of a quarter of a mile on a front of nearly five miles, says the official statement which follows: During the day our troops made further progress north of Pusieux au Mont and of Gommecourt. Our line was advanced for an average distance a quarter of a mile on a front of nearly five miles. The enemy's stubborn resistance. A local German counter attack made against our advanced positions northeast of Gommecourt last night was stopped by artillery barrage and rifle fire. enemy bombing attack forced troops to evacuate a trench east of Pusieux. The British troops in their forward movement in the Ancre area. They made another advance east of Gommecourt along a two mile front about two-thirds of a mile to reach an official communication headquarters to-night. Newly captured prisoners were captured. Text reads: "This morning our troops captured and captured an enemy support east of Bouchavesnes on a front of twelve hundred yards, taking 173 prisoners and three machine guns. During the day we repulsed four heavy enemy losses seven counter attacks. East of Gommecourt, the enemy continues to yield ground. This neighborhood we advanced a two mile front to an average distance of twelve hundred yards. Our prisoners were taken in a successful last night northeast of Gommecourt. During the last 24 hours we have captured a total of 190 prisoners, machine guns and two trench mortars.

Some of the prettiest war hang straight from a round-broke.