



**Plot That Failed;  
OR,  
Love That Would  
Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XXIV.

As the clock struck eleven he took up his hat and started on his momentous business.

While he was on his way to the Lackland mansion in Grosvenor Square the earl himself was seated in the breakfast-room munching his toast and sipping his coffee.

Lady Lacklands was seated at the table. Fitz and Ethel were out in the park at their morning gallop.

"Extraordinary," said Lady Lacklands, in answer to a remark of the earl's, "I cannot understand it. The man has done so much, made so much money and obtained such wonderful power that he makes one afraid. I always said he was clever, I could see it the first moment I saw him. Do you remember the conversation I had with him the day of the thunder storm? It seemed almost as if he knew the codicil would be found. And he has actually consented to Fitz's engagement with Violet Midway. More, he has promised in an indefinite, cautious sort of way to advance the match. A wonderful man. I hope he will succeed; we want money, we must have it."

"We must," said the earl. "It is a singular thing that we have not been ruined long before this. I feared that the bills would have been called in long ago, but I seem to have heard very little of them lately."

"Perhaps your creditors think that Fitz will marry well and are waiting till you shall get some money."

"Perhaps so," said the earl, coolly. "I wish Ethel were as well disposed of."

Lady Lackland sighed. "Ethel is my great trouble," she said. "She is beautiful enough to make a really great match, but there is no doing anything with her; she is as cold as ice to all of them, and I am powerless."

"Hem!" said the earl, and he shifted in his chair to get more comfortable. "There is one little difficulty about Ethel which you seem to forget; perhaps you do not know it."

"What is that?" asked the countess.

"That her private fortune has long since been swallowed up."

Lady Lackland looked grave.

"And if she marries, her husband will want it—at least, ask for it. If he should, where is it to come from?" He put the question quite calmly, and Lady Lackland sighed.

"Nobody were ever so poor as we are—"

"Or spent more money," said the

earl, comfortably. "Ethel is a difficult question; a big marriage would bring questions, questions would bring awkward answers. I have spent her fortune, and I cannot replace it."

At that moment, while the countess sat with a look of annoyance and distress, silent and dismayed, a servant entered with a card.

The earl glanced at it, and handed it to the countess.

"Bertie Fairfax!" she breathed. "Show Mr. Fairfax into the library," said the earl.

Then, when the servant had withdrawn, he smiled over his cup quite calmly and unmoved.

"Bertie Fairfax," said the countess, with a frown.

"What is to be done? Of course he comes to ask for Ethel."

"Not having seen him, I cannot say."

"What shall you say if he does?"

"It all depends," said the earl, wiping his mustache. "I may have to order him to leave the house, or I may—"

"Be careful," said the countess. The earl smiled coldly, and left the room.

Bertie rose as the earl entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fairfax," he said, fixing his cold, steely eyes on Bertie's face, and holding out a cold, impassive hand.

"Good-morning, my lord," said Bertie, who had determined to remain self-possessed and unembarrassed, whatever might be the issue of the interview, or, however the question might go. "Good-morning. I am afraid I am rather early, but I have come on a matter in which impatience is permissible."

"Pray sit down," said the earl, seating himself as he spoke in a hard, straight-backed chair, and looking as straight as the chair itself. "Nothing has happened, I hope?"

"Nothing of harm, I hope," said Bertie, gravely. "I have come, my lord, to ask you for the hand of Lady Bolsdale."

The earl raised his eyebrows, assuming a surprise which, of course, he did not feel.

"I had thought it best to declare my purpose and put my request as plainly and as straightforwardly as I could. I do not undervalue the prize which I pray for at your hands, my lord, and I am humbly conscious that I am not worthy to receive it from you. I can only plead that I love her with all my heart and that I have loved her for years. But, a few months ago, I should have deemed my request presumptuous to the extent of madness, but now, although I am not one whit more worthy of her, I am, perhaps, in the eyes of the world a little less presumptuous."

The earl listened with an unmoved countenance, as if he were listening to some passage from a book which in no way concerned him.

"May I ask, Mr. Fairfax," he said, "if you have made Lady Bolsdale acquainted with the state of your feelings?"

Bertie flushed the slightest in the world.

"I regret to say that I have, my lord. No one can regret it more than I do. I know that I should have come to you first, and have gained permission to place myself at your daughter's feet. But the depth of my devotion must plead for me; may I hope that it will? We are all, the best of us, the slaves of impulse. There are times when the heart asserts itself and enslaves the will, which, perhaps for years, has bidden its voice be silent, as mine has done."

"May I ask," he said, "in what way Lady Ethel received your advances?"

"I found that, for once, true love had won its best return."

"She consented, do you mean?"

Bertie bowed.

"Then, doubtless, Mr. Fairfax," said the earl, as softly as ever, "you were kind enough to place her in possession of facts of which I am in ignorance?"

Bertie did not understand, and looked as if he did not.

"In such matters as this," said the earl, "it is best, as you say, to speak with candor. I refer to your position in the world, and your ability to keep Lady Bolsdale in the society which, all my friends tell me, she so greatly admires."

Bertie bowed.

"My lord, I should have shamed

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her by any such allusion, and lost all hope of winning her heart. To you, I may say that I am not poor in the eyes of many, though I may seem poor indeed to one of your lordship's position and wealth."

The earl winced inwardly, but showed nothing of it outwardly.

"I have an income of two thousand pounds a year, and I trust that I may be able before long to own with gratitude that it is doubled. It is not a large sum, my lord."

"I may conclude that the sum you mention is the whole—in fact, that you are not prepared to make any settlement."

"All that I have shall be hers," said Bertie. "The richest man in England can do no more."

"No settlement!" said the earl, coldly. "Under the circumstances, you would not, therefore, expect a fortune with her?"

Bertie crimsoned.

"Your lordship forgets," he said, with quiet dignity, "that I came to ask for your daughter and not for your money."

The earl showed no displeasure at the stern retort, but took it simply as an assent, and nodded.

"Mr. Fairfax, to be candid, as we have been all through, Lady Lackland and I have had higher hopes for Ethel, much higher. It is true that you are famous, and that you are well descended; the Fairfaxes run with ourselves, I think. It is usual—nay, it is the duty of a father to endeavor to place his daughter in a higher station than the one which she inherits from him. If I ignore that duty and consent to give up that hope, I trust I shall be pardoned if I make one suggestion."

"My lord, I am in your hands," said Bertie, with simple dignity and earnestness.

"And that is that you will give me both of you, a formal quitclaim of any fortune or estate that may be due to her. I simply suggest it as a fair and honorable thing. You may be aware, or you may not, that Lady Ethel has some small fortune of her own; under the circumstances I must make the condition that should I give

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NEURALGIA.**

my consent you will agree to let the money remain in the estate, vested, so to speak, in the family."

Bertie smiled. "As I said before, my lord, I ask only for Ethel. What money she may have is at her own disposal. I don't wish to touch one penny of it, directly or indirectly."

"My dear Mr. Fairfax, do not let us continue this branch of our subject, then," said the earl, with a smile, that was intended by cordial, but was more like a stray sunbeam on an October morning. "I will confess that I merely put the question to test you, not that I doubted your honor, but—well, well, you are young, she is young, and I am obliged to guard both of you. But, there, if you still feel confident that you can make her happy, and that you can take her for herself alone, my dear Fairfax, I give her to you, and with her my most hearty blessing."

Bertie gasped with astonishment.

To him, knowing nothing of Ethel's fortune which the earl had appropriated, his consent to Ethel's betrothal was simply astonishing.

He had expected to be repulsed, refused.

The tears sprang to his eyes, his gentle nature was filled with gratitude.

"My lord," he said, grasping the cold hand, "I cannot thank you; thanks for such a gift were idle and vain. Only one who has waited for years, hoping against hope until the heart was sick, can tell what I feel now. My lord, if you will pardon me I will take my leave."

"Good-by, my dear boy," said the earl, "good-by; you will find Ethel in the park. Heaven bless you!"

Bertie found himself outside—how he scarcely knew—bathed in delight and satisfaction.

"Where should he find Ethel? Every moment he was away from her now seemed an insane delay."

Where—As he hurried to make his way to the park there came around the corner, smiling and serene as usual, Mr. Howard Murpoint.

A short gentleman—leaned upon his arm.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax, how d'ye do?" said the captain, with a sunny smile of friendly greeting. "What a delightful morning. Allow me to introduce my friend—Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, Mr. Bertie Fairfax."

Bertie shook hands with the captain, and bowed slightly to his friend, then with a nod hurried on.

He turned at the corner in time to see the captain and his friend standing on the doorsteps of the Lackland house, and as he saw an indefinable and intangible shadow creep over him and chilled him.

(To be Continued.)

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**Burial of Naval  
Reservist Young.**

All that was mortal of the late Edward Young, of Bonne Bay, was laid to rest Saturday afternoon. Deceased was a member of the contingent of Naval Reservists who left here on the Mongolian and returned again, and on board of which he contracted a severe cold and succumbed after a short illness. At 3 o'clock the funeral took place from the General Hospital, witnessed by a large concourse of people. Preceded by a firing squad with arms reversed, accompanied by drummer and bugler, the coffin conveying the remains, was draped in the Union Jack, borne on a gun carriage, after which was George Young, brother of deceased and who was also one of the Mongolian's squad of reservists. Following in turn was the full force of the Naval Reserve of H.M.S. Calypso, including Commander McDermott, Dr. Chater and other officers of the ship, Capt. A. Goodridge, representing His Excellency the Governor; a squad from the Second Nfld. Contingent, whilst the rear was brought up by a large gathering of citizens, all testifying to the loss sustained in the departure of the volunteer sailor. The sad cortege proceeded slowly from the Hospital grounds to the Church of England Cemetery. At the graveside the service was conducted by Rev. Henry Uphill, Rector of St. Mary's Church and Chaplain of the C. of E. Reservists. Following the rendition of the hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the remains were committed to Mother Earth. The Calypso's firing squad fired three volleys over the grave while bugler Young, a volunteer of the Nfld. Regiment, sounded the last post.

**Farewell Post Cards.**

Of N.F.L.D. Second Contingent Groups, Farewell Dance, Boys Leaving on Neptune, On Board s.s. Dominion, and other interesting pictures, only Five Cents each at **PARSONS' ART STORE.** febr.15

**T. A. Meeting.**

The T. A. and B. Society held its regular monthly meeting yesterday afternoon. President W. J. Ellis being in the chair. Six new members were admitted. Rev. J. Pippy, Spiritual Director, gave an encouraging address. Letters were read from Messrs. Summers, Murphy, Dohoney, Moss and Cleary, thanking the Society for comforts sent them at Fort George. Copy of a congratulatory address, which the Society presented to Mr. and Mrs. T. Smyth on the golden anniversary of their wedding, was read.

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**Kindly Contribution.**

On Friday evening last the Telegram referred to some sad cases of distress in the community, and mentioned the case of Mrs. Palmer and her daughter, New Yorkers. On Saturday Inspector General Sullivan received an anonymous letter signed "S. H." enclosing \$2.00 to assist the two persons mentioned. The amount was promptly handed to the beneficiaries.

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**Lenten Regulations.**

At all the Masses in the Roman Catholic Churches the following Lenten regulations were read:—Every day in Lent is a fast day. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Rosary and Benediction at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays, Fasting, Sermon and Benediction at 7.30 p.m. Fridays Stations of the Cross at 7.30 p.m. Saturday nights will be devoted to hearing confessions.

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