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IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXVI. THREATENING CLOUDS. With all his free-and-easy manner, Lord Heatherdene was proud and haughty by nature, and in nothing was his pride more evident than in his wife. He had trusted her so entirely, too! Refusing to hear, even from her own lips the story of her own life. How often she had determined, with a fearful dread of some such discovery as the present; had determined to tell him everything, but he had always prevented her; always put off her confession by some simple assertion of his absolute trust and confidence in her. And she had been tempted, too easily, by her love for him, to let the past rest. He was still ignorant of the dark secret which she carried in her bosom, day and night. And now had come Mr. Hastley Derrick, who could and would, doubtless, betray her.

"No!" she murmured. "From me, first, and alone, shall he hear the truth. I will tell him to-morrow, and leave him."

Even as she made the resolve, she heard his footstep in the next room, his own room, and he knocked at the door. With a guilty stare she rose and opened it.

"Not in bed yet?" he said, putting his arm round her. "How tired you look, my darling! You are quite cold, too! We have had something too much of this merry-making. You must get a good night's, or rather a day's, sleep."

Then he kissed her and wished her good night, and left her. She had not uttered a word, only clung to him—clung to him with infinite humility and love. When he had gone she undressed and got into bed, and sheer exhaustion forced sleep upon her.

CHAPTER XXVII. WAIT—AND WIN. THERE was very little of early rising at Livermore Castle the next morning, and the breakfast room was untroubled by visitors until noon.

A little after twelve Olive came down, and her appearance was greeted with a volley of inquiries and congratulations. "Was she not tired? Really and

truly not quite too exhausted? And what a success it had been!—the most delightful and charming ball they had ever known!"

Groups of ladies scattered about the room, in their piquant morning robes, and taking chocolate and coffee, but very little substantial, by way of breakfast, from dainty porcelain; all began to attack her, after the fashion of ladies after a ball. Olive walked from one to the other, smiling, and her pale face did not challenge marked attention among so many. There were two or three gentlemen lounging about—among them Harry Fitzgerald, who, of course, came up ready to play the part of devoted slave.

Fitzgerald's devotion was so palpable, honest, and above board, that the place of cavalier servant had become his by the right of custom. He new came forward, not disguising that he had been waiting for her; and a small table was placed by his direction in the window, and a little service tea placed on it.

Olive thanked him; and Fitzgerald, seeing her look round the room, at once divined the object of her search, and answered her eyes.

"Heatherdene has gone out with Hastley Derrick, strolling round the castle, I think, showing Derrick the improvements in the stables. Do you want him?—I'll find him."

"No," said Olive; her face, which had grown even paler than before as she heard that Derrick and her husband were together. Had he betrayed her already? "No, I only wanted to know about the tenants' fete to-day."

"I think I can tell you," said Fitzgerald. "They've made me a sort of master of the ceremonies," and he took out his notebook. "Yes, there are some sports in the morning—some of the people have gone down to look on; dinner at two in the large marquee, a steeplechase, and some flat races, quoits, throwing the hammer, a tea, fireworks, and ball."

Olive smiled. "Poor master of the ceremonies!" she said. "Don't suppose we are inensible of, or ungrateful for, your kindness, Mr. Fitzgerald. I am afraid that we take advantage of your good nature. I do not know what we should have done without you."

Fitzgerald's eyes brightened; a word of praise from her was all he wanted—full reward for a mountain of trouble.

"I'm only amusing myself, I give you my word," he said. "A born busybody; must interfere in everything. Ah! here's the duchess and the earl. Well, your grace, how are things going since I left?"

"Capitally," said her grace; "they are now jumping in sacks, an amuse-

ment which seems to me to provoke merriment in the spectators and exasperate Providence at one and the same time. If there are no broken limbs at the close of the day, I think the local surgeon will have every right to feel disappointed. And how are you, my dear Adrienne—tired?—ah, yes, they tell me you young folk kept it up till a most unwholy hour. The earl and I made our disappearance at a comparatively early period."

"Deserters, who should be tried by court-martial," was the comment. "Small hours don't suit old bones," said the earl, who looked as fresh as any, and fresher than many of them. "We have been down to the park," he said, looking round. "Some of you young ones will find your lost roses down there. Mr. Fitzgerald, there were anxious inquiries for you—"

"I am going now, my lord," said Fitzgerald, looking wistfully at Olive. "Can I get you anything more, Lady Heatherdene? Will you come down to the park presently? I have told them to have some carriages ready in case any of the ladies would rather ride. Shall I send a brougham for you?"

But Olive, transferring the question to those around her, elicited the opinion that they would rather walk. At last Fitz tore himself away, and left the earl standing by Olive. The old man laid his hand gently and caressingly on her head.

"What a pale lily it is this morning!" he said. "A little fresh air will do you good. Where is Charlie?"

"With Mr. Derrick," said Olive. "Ah!" said the earl, with a smile; "a most amusing fellow. I am very glad he came down. Did you ask him to stay? Yes, I remember. Very amusing; reminds me of Green, of the Blues—Evergreen they called him—you don't remember him, of course, my dear; a man always ready with a repartee or an apropos story. You'll like Mr. Derrick, I think."

"I will go and get my things on," said Olive, rising with downcast eyes. "You will come, Lady Maud?"

"We will all come now you are going," was the reply, and they went upstairs to dress.

On the terrace they found some half dozen gentlemen sauntering about, enjoying the morning cigars, which were instantly flung aside, and the whole party walked down to the park.

It was a glorious morning, and the sun shone down upon a scene made gay and inspiring by the crowd of holiday makers scattered about the gorgeous marquee. The athletic sports which the duchess considered so tempting to Providence, were in full swing; and in a circle formed by the spectators, tenants, servants and laborers, and many visitors who had driven from all parts of the neighborhood, the program which Fitzgerald had drawn up was in due progress.

The appearance of Lady Heatherdene and the castle party was the cause of great excitement; the proceedings were suspended while three hearty cheers were given. Then Fitzgerald came up with a silver tankard in a velvet stand in his hand.

"Prize Number Six, just won. Will you give it to the winner, Lady Heatherdene?"

Olive looked round for one of her guests to occupy the post of honor, but they resolved that she should bestow the prizes; and Olive, amid a general cheer, handed the tankard to the winner, a young farmer, to whom the prize acquired an additional value from the fact of its reaching him by the hands of the Lady Heatherdene.

There were other prizes to be given, and Olive found out the young bride and created her the Queen of Beauty in the tournament of strength and skill.

"Your appearance has made the fete a success," said Fitzgerald. "You will stay and see the races, Lady Heatherdene?"

"Yes, if they all like to do so," said Olive.

"There is to be an additional steeplechase for gentlemen riders," said Fitzgerald. "That was made up this morning at a suggestion of Mr. Derrick's. He and Heatherdene are going to ride."

Olive looked up with a little start. "There is no danger," said Fitzgerald quietly. "There is nothing formidable excepting the water jump, and Heatherdene has hopped over impediments of twice its breadth. Do not be nervous, Lady Heatherdene."

Olive blushed. "I am not nervous—yes, I am," she

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said, with that sweet, sudden smile. "I am always nervous of any real or apparent danger for Charlie—you know how reckless he is, Mr. Fitzgerald."

"I know, and as he is not alone in that falling, I had the course pretty plain and straightforward."

As he spoke, Lord Heatherdene and Hastley Derrick came riding up; they had been trying two hunters they intended to ride in the afternoon.

Hastley Derrick uncovered and pulled up his horse with the ease and aplomb of a skilled horseman. He looked just as usual, fresh and keen and capable, as if he had gone to bed with the birds on the preceding evening.

"Well, Ad," said Charlie, bending down in his saddle, and looking at her with the ever-unchanging smile of tenderness and love.

"Feel in trim this morning, Lady Maud? I see you have been creating confusion and discomfiture among the buccles! The handsome fellow has completely lost his head, and declares that he will jump twice the distance for a word from you, to say nothing of a more substantial prize. What do you think of the steeplechase? We have put one up for ourselves. Derrick and Hamilton, and Fitz—you are going to ride, Fitz?"

Fitzgerald hesitated a moment.

"You will ride, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Olive. "You were telling us yesterday how well that black horse of yours could jump."

"Yes, I will ride," said Fitzgerald, as a matter of course.

"The black, Irish horse I saw in the stable, Fitzgerald!" said Hastley Derrick, speaking for the first time. "Scarcely up to the work, is he?"

"I've seen him do worse," said Fitzgerald quietly.

"Betting already?" laughed Charlie. "Come, I'll open the ball. Derrick, Fitz's nigger, though quiet-looking, is dangerous. I'll bet you an even pony."

"And I another," said Fitz. "Taken with you both," was Derrick's quiet reply.

Olive looked up with an interest that was rather over-proportioned to the subject. But to her strained mind it was her husband and her friend against the man she feared and distrusted, and she felt as if more than a mere steeplechase hung upon the result. Moved by a sudden impulse she turned to Lady Maud.

"Why should we not have a little excitement, dear? I will risk a box of gloves on Mr. Fitzgerald's black horse."

"Very well," laughed Lady Maud, and very soon dainty pocketbooks cropped up, and gloves were being wagered in every direction. The impromptu steeplechase seemed likely to become rather an important matter; the crowd got word of it, and immediately after the dinner in the marquee they rushed back to the course, and were betting eagerly.

Derrick and Fitzgerald were the favorites; Lord Heatherdene's weight told too much against him to allow him much chance against the lighter Derrick and Fitz; but there were many, who, remembering Lord Heatherdene's pluck and his neck-or-nothing style, backed him with cheerful confidence.

(To be Continued.)

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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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David Griffiths, examined by counsel, said:—I am 24 years of age, and was born at Long Harbor, P.B. I was a second class passenger on the "New York" on her last voyage. I was on the ship, I went to bed with a cold, and slept all night in the harbour and slept all night on the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship, but I do not know what time I came out of the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship.

Thursday's Proceedings. David Griffiths, examined by counsel, said:—I am 24 years of age, and was born at Long Harbor, P.B. I was a second class passenger on the "New York" on her last voyage. I was on the ship, I went to bed with a cold, and slept all night in the harbour and slept all night on the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship, but I do not know what time I came out of the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship. I do not know what time I came out of the ship.

There were three heavy seas came. I was washed to the lee side and down the railway. I was taken off my feet. I then held on to a post. I was next washed forward. I was speaking to a man, he was I think a member of the crew, when I fell overboard. I was picked up and brought to the Marconi room where I came to. There was no confusion as far as I know. No one was refused admission to the Marconi room. To Mr. Warren: I was the last in the smoking room deck. The man with a grey coat on was taken away to the second sea. He was fairly tall and had light hair. It was daylight. (Mr. Fitz was the man described by witness). There was also a woman. The woman was a short woman and had 20 years of age. I was fully dressed with the exception of my socks. To Mr. Wintor: I came up against a crowd when I left my room. I do not have a lifebelt on. To Mr. Warren: I did not know the man Dauphinee. To Mr. Blackwood: There was a lifebelt in my room. I don't know what many life belts. There was a man from Torbay in the room with me. I do not know his name. I heard him strike. There was no one called to hear someone say the ship was ashore.

Alexander Fleet, sworn and examined by Mr. Dunfield, said: I am 24 years of age. I am a native of St. John's, and was a waiter on the Florizel for 10 years. I was in room 22 when the truck falling water out which came through a broken port hole. I saw a watch at 11 o'clock. A man named Dauphinee and Capt. Belliveau were in the room. Dauphinee was alone in the room. I went on the deck when she struck. I went to the deck where the carpenter was. He was to get an axe. I got an axe when I got back the boat was gone. I tried to get back to my room to get my hat. Gordon Ivany was my neighbor.

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