

A Terrible Disclosure ; OR, What Fools Men Are !

CHAPTER XXII.

Edith Drayton gathered her habit skirt in her hand.

"Let me go with you, please," she said. "I should like to see the horse I am going to ride."

Several of the party accompanied them to the stables, and Lord Edgar walked down the stairs, looking for a suitable horse; but suddenly Edith Drayton stopped at a stall.

In it stood the mare which she had exchanged for Lord Edgar's horse.

"This is the horse I should like to ride," she said, quietly. "That is, if I may."

Lord Edgar shook his head.

"No," he said, curtly. "You know the horse. It is not safe."

She laughed—a hard, cold laugh.

"Not safe! You are not very complimentary to my equestrian powers, Lord Fane. I am not afraid. I will ride it, if you please."

Lord Edgar looked embarrassed, but a groom came up and touched his hat.

"The mare's quite quiet now, my lord. She was well exercised yesterday. If the lady gives her her head, she'll be as safe as a house."

"You see!" said Edith Drayton. "Let me have my way, please, Lord Fane."

Lord Edgar frowned, but a small crowd was gathering in the stable, the huntsman was anxious to be off, and after conferring with the groom for a minute he nodded his consent, and the mare was saddled. Half a dozen hands were eager to assist the beautiful Edith Drayton to her seat, and, with a dash of color on her face, she rode out of the yard and on to the lawn. Lord Edgar found time to reach the pony phaeton, and, bending over his wife, murmured:

"Why did you not let me send her away, Lela?"

But Lela shook her head, her pure, clear eyes fixed lovingly upon him.

"Why should we do that, dear? What harm can she do? I do not hate—I pity her!"

The next moment the hounds were away, and Lord Edgar hastened off to the front.

It was a keen scent, and a dog-fox, and there was every promise of a good run.

Lord Edgar and half a dozen of the best men went to the front, and took the Paneworth hedges in admirable style; and he grew so eager in his work that he quite forgot the unlooked-for presence of Edith Drayton until he was sharply reminded of it by finding her close by his side.

The hounds were going fast, the country was difficult, and the field had dwindled down to three or four, and he and she were almost alone, neck and neck.

"Well!" she said. "Have you repented, Lord Fane?"

He half turned his head. It cost him an effort to speak to her.

"Repented?"

"Yes," she said; "or have the sweets of married life not begun to cloy?"

He did not answer, but tried to get ahead of her; but she struck the mare, and kept pace with him.

"You will not speak to me? You despise me?" she said, with clinched teeth.

"What is there to be said between us two?" he said, gravely. "I had hoped that we should never meet again. Your presence here to-day is a blot on my happiness, and you know it."

"Is that so?" she said. "Am I still unforgiven? Ah! it is a hard world! My presence here is a blot on your happiness! And your happiness, but for my presence, would be so complete! I am so sorry that I came. And yet, no. I wanted to see with my own eyes whether you were still bewitched by that baby face, and I have seen. I am satisfied. Lord Edgar, my presence shall not again render you uncomfortable! Rest assured of that. I will leave you to your happiness—and to her! Look! The fox is heading!" and she raised her whip and pointed to the fox going at right angles from the field.

Lord Edgar uttered an exclamation. The hounds were making straight for a disused gravel pit, a certain death-trap for any one who did not know the country by heart.

"Ah! Stop! Pull up! There is danger, there—"

But, instead of pulling up, she shook her head savagely, and looked around upon him, with a defiant smile. The mare sprang forward, flinging the foam from her lips, and Lord Edgar, striking the spurs into his horse, rode after her, calling to her rider.

"Stop! Stop! The pit! For Heaven's sake, stop!"

She heard him, for she looked around, with the same set smile on her white face.

"Good-by, Lord Edgar!" she called back. "I shall not trouble your happiness again! Good-by!"

With a cry of horror, he tried to overtake her, but her weight was light and the mare fresh, and, with a low cry on her lips, she rose at the trail fence on the edge of the pit and disappeared.

They found her lying, quite dead, in the shallow water, and they carried her to the nearest village.

"The mare had bolted." That was the explanation offered and received, and only Lord Edgar, who never repeated a word of her last, despairing words, knew that she had died the death of a suicide.

They buried her—her, the beauty and queen of two seasons—a long time, an' you please—in the country churchyard of the parish where she died, and Lord Edgar attended, at Lela's special request.

As he stood over the grave from which all but he had turned, a tall, thin figure dressed in black, approached, and, utterly regardless of Lord Edgar's presence, knelt down upon the edge boards and gazed down at the flower-covered coffin.

Lord Edgar drew near; then started, for he saw that the man was Clifford Revel!

He stood and waited, and, after a

time, Clifford Revel arose; as he did so, Lord Edgar went around to him, and extended his hand.

"Clifford," he said, in a broken voice, for he was much moved—"let us forgive and forget—"

Clifford Revel raised his white face—which was haggard and wan—and glared at him, with a nameless hate and defiance; then, striking Lord Edgar's extended hand aside, covered his face with his hands, and moved slowly away.

It was the last time they met this side of the Final River. From that moment Clifford Revel was lost to the world. He disappeared so completely that he might have been buried with the woman whom he loved so dearly, and for whom he had sinned so deeply.

THE END.

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER I.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

"There are the costs of these last two trials, Miss Carlisle," and they amounted to a little over five thousand pounds!"

The blow for which he had been mercifully preparing her was struck at last.

Floris stood quite still for a moment, then she went and laid her white hand tenderly and soothingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"Five thousand pounds!" she murmured, in a low, distinct voice, that quivered for all her effort to keep it firm. "We have to pay that?"

The lawyer inclined his head.

"Each side to pay its own costs," he said. "Yours will be quite that sum; but don't be alarmed, Miss Carlisle—"

She did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, her heart beating slowly and heavily.

Five thousand pounds! She knew what it meant! Five thousand pounds! It would nearly ruin them! In a moment she saw the lovely view, lying bathed in the sunset, fading slowly away, giving place to some squalid London street, the comfortable apartment was transformed to a miserable parlor in a dirty lodging house! This, then, was what this man had come to tell them! That they were ruined!

Her hand shook upon the feeble shoulder, and her parted lips quivered as the tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

Mr. Morrel had stopped abruptly as he saw that she was not listening; but now he went on again, his dry, sharp voice striking on her ears discordantly.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Carlisle; you have not heard me out, yet. I have still some intelligence to communicate."

She turned her head toward him very slowly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, quietly; "I was startled."

"No doubt, no doubt," he sniffed. "Every excuse; my fault, Miss Carlisle, I ought to have told you first what I am going to tell you now."

She listened with pale, sorrowful face.

"At the close of the trial, immediately after the decision of the judges, we received a communication from Lord Norman—through his lawyer, of course."

"Yes?"

"It was a communication which surprised us; surprised us very much. We had no right or reason to expect an offer of such a kind from Mr. Norman, and it does him the greatest credit, the very greatest."

"An offer from Lord Norman?" she repeated, dully.

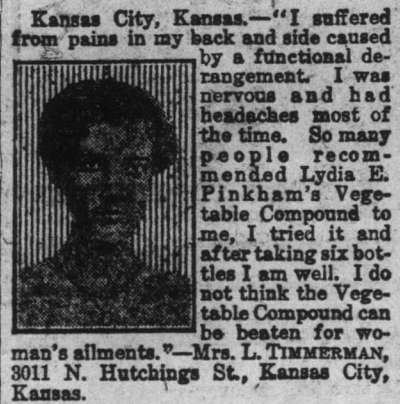
"Yes!" snapped Mr. Morrel. "Immediately upon hearing that he had won his cause, his lordship sent and offered to pay your costs for you."

There was a silence while one could count twenty. The lovely face turned to the window was white and set. The hand resting on the feeble woman's shoulder shut tightly; the soft, firm lips closed with a close compression. Mr. Morrel was too much taken up with his own satisfaction to notice the effect of his announcement.

"It was a remarkably generous offer; extraordinarily so!" he said, wagging his head. "I was never more

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surprised in my life; never! Such a new experience for me, I assure you! I have often known of offers of compromise before cases have been finally tried, but never after. Why, it is a clear gift of five thousand pounds. I congratulate you and your mamma, Miss Carlisle," and he made a little bow, which broke off short as Floris' voice rose clear and full, though low, with the single word:

"Stop!"

Mr. Morrel looked up at her with a start. He had expected, if not a gush of gratitude, at any rate, an expression of thankfulness and relief; but the "Stop!" sounded anything but that.

"You say that Lord Norman has offered of his own free will to pay these costs; to give us, you said, this money?"

"Yes, oh, yes; there is no mistake!" replied Mr. Morrel, "and we should have accepted, but thought it better, as a matter of form, to lay the offer before you. We thought that, perhaps, you would like to make something more than a formal acknowledgment of his lordship's kindness."

"Yes, yes," murmured Mrs. Carlisle, tremulously.

"Hush, hush!" breathed Floris, bending over her; then she raised her head and fixed her eyes upon the man of law.

"You did right, sir," she said; and at the solemnity in her voice he started and stared at her. "We should like to make something more than a formal acknowledgment through a lawyer of Lord Norman's kindness!"

With a swift, yet graceful and all too haughty gesture, she glided to a side-table, and, bending, not sitting, wrote hastily, then she glided back, and with the air of an indignant empress, she extended her white hand with the paper in it.

"There's an acknowledgment of his lordship's offer. Be good enough to read it, Mr. Morrel."

The lawyer held the paper near the lamp, and, in his amazement, read the written words aloud:

"A Carlisle demands justice, not charity, and having received the former, has no desire to become the recipient of the latter, even though it should be at the hands of the Earl of Norman."

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

A delicious flavour is given to any simple cake by laying fresh peach leaves in the cake pan before pouring in the batter.

No baked potato will be light and fluffy if it has to wait to be eaten. It should go straight from the oven to the table.

Make a lawn care for fine, heavy blankets if you want them to stay clean a long time. But they should be well aired.

If there is a dark corner in the room, try hanging a mirror there; this will carry a great deal of light into a corner.

Ink can be removed from linen if you place a thick white blotter under it and wash out the ink by means of a damp sponge.

A delicious simple salad can be made of sweet peppers, shredded together with sliced tomatoes and served with French dressing.

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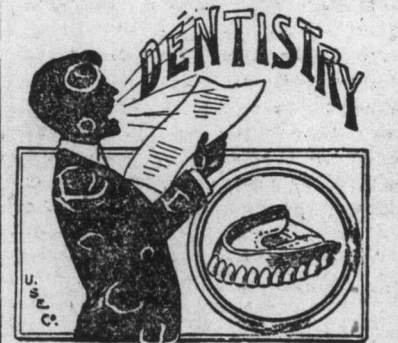
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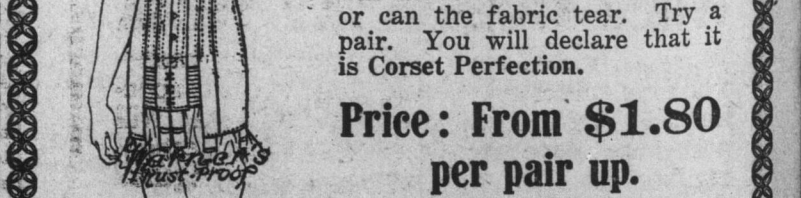
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SUBMARINES ON THIS SIDE.

NEW YORK, June 3.

One steamer, one schooner, a two or three other vessels have been sunk off the Jersey coast by a German submarine. The ships were attacked some time during the night according to information which has been received here. Details were not immediately available. The port authorities barred the departure of going ships this forenoon. It is thought here that the submarines are now being dealt with by American destroyers. One of the ships was the Edward H. Cloe, a sailing vessel. It was asserted in shipping circles that it was possible as many as six additional vessels were destroyed, not including those known to have been sunk.

ANOTHER REPORT.

CHEATHAM, Mass., June 3.

A report is current on the Cape that a ship has been torpedoed off Nantuxet Shoals. No official confirmation of the report is obtainable.

VICTIMS MOSTLY SCHOONERS.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Germany has carried her unrestricted submarine warfare to the side of the ocean, and at least five vessels have been sunk by submarine attacks off the Atlantic coast. Some reports say the number of victims already has reached 15. Besides the "Cloe" four other schooners are reported as having been sunk. Details of the additional sinkings had not been received up to early this afternoon, but the report was that the had fallen victims to the enemy somewhere off the New England coast. They are the Hattie Dunn, three-masted schooner of 365 tons built in Thomaston, Me., in 1884; Samuel W. Hathaway, a four masted built at Brewer, Me., in 1901; Jacob M. Haskell, also a four-masted built at Rockland, Me., of 1,392 tons; and Isabel B. Willets, of Bath, Me., a three-master of 611 tons.

BAY CLOSED.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., June 3.

Narragansett Bay was closed to outgoing vessels this morning, by order of the Commandant of the Navy Station at Newport.

LINER ATTACKED.

NEW YORK, June 3.

A wireless S.O.S. call from the New York and Porto Rico line passenger steaming Carolina, saying that it was being attacked by a submarine, was received here to-day. The Carolina, with 220 passengers aboard and 130 in her crew, was bound for Atlantic port, at which she is expected to arrive this afternoon, in twelve hours overdue. Her wireless call for help was received at seven o'clock last night. Shipping authorities estimate that when attacked she was in about the same position as the schooner Edward H. Cole, when that vessel was destroyed by a submarine. The Carolina was commanded by T. R. D. B. Ber.

SUBS. WELL ARMED.

WASHINGTON, June 3.

A Navy Department statement, announcing the sinkings, says: The Navy Department has been informed that three American schooners have been sunk off the coast by enemy submarines. The steamship Bristol, arriving at New York this morning, was

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