It is the night before the Derby. The West End is thronged with men. The streets are perceptibly more thronged with well-dressed males than at any other time in the year. All the new-comers are in their most gorgeous raiment, for is not this the great "gaudy" week of the Wicked? Every haunt of dissipation is holding highest holiday. The stupid, obscene Cider Cellars find, for one night at least, that they have attractions still; the music halls are tropical with heat and rankest human vegetation; Cremorne, after the crowded theatres have disgorged their steaming crowds, is like a fair. The strangers' room at all the clubs has been hespokeu this night for weeks. In the card rooms, the smokingrooms, the billiard-rooms, there is scarcely space to move, far less to breathe in; yet there is everywhere a babblement of tongues and the words that are bandied about from feverish mouth to mouth, are first, The King, and secondly, Menelaus. The tout had kept his word—either from fear or nicest honor-until the stipulated week had had elapsed, and then the news of the trialrace began to circulate; from his outsiders' place, to that of fourth favorite, then of third, and at last to that of second, had "the French horse" gradually risen.

Ralph Derrick had "put the pot on" his Manylaws, and would be a millionare if he won; but Walter Lisgard had put more than the pot. If the French cotors did not show in front at the winning-post, the captain, still to use the elegant metaphor of the sporting fraternity, would be in Queer Street. So infatuated had the young man grown, that he had absolutely hedged even that one bet which insured him a thousand pounds in case The King should win the race. Notwithstanding his coyness in accepting the first offer of a loan from his uncultivated friend, he had borrowed of him twice since, in each case giving his

A few hours before the great race, Jack Witners, the jockey of Menelaus, was missing, as also Mr. Derrick's partner, they seemingly having been bought off by the owner of The King. A fresh jockey had accordingly to be procured.

The race was run, and all went well with Menelaus, he being ahead until within a few strides of the winning post, when he stopped very suddenly, and threw the fresh jockey, who did not understand the horse, and may have touched him unintentionally with a spur at the supreme moment. Although the boy was told the horse was tricky and cautioned not to touch him in any way, the accident cost him his life.

After the race was over, Walter and Derrick sough, their hansom. "The fellow's not drunk, for a wonder," exclaimed Der-

" Where's the horse, man?".

"In this next booth, sir," returned the driver. "I will put him to in no time-I am afraid your honors have not won."

"See, Walter, lad," cried Derrick, in remonstance; "that's your fault. Don't hang out such signals of distress that everybody who meets us offers us their confounded pity. Be a man, lad; be a man. A good marriage would mend all this, and "——

"Go to the dence !" exclaimed the young man passionately.

"You are out of temper, lad," returned the other gravely; "but don't say those sort of things to me, for I have not deserved

" Not deserved them? you have been my ruin, curse you?" continued the other with veheme.ce. "But for you, you drunken'

"Take you care, Walter Lisgard !" roared the bearded man in a voice of thunder, her and Walter, I promise save a few bundreds?"

"Yes," returned the other, producing

his pocket-book, "here are three I O.U.'s bearing your signature, for two, three and

"You shall be paid, sir, never fear," joined the young man insolently. "No man but you, however, would have produced them at such a time. But it serves me right

for herding with such people. "Thank you, young man. At the same time, few. of your fine gentlemen would treat them this way." Thus saying, he tore them into little pieces, and scattered them to the wind.—" All I ask, by way of repayment, now is, that you will listen to a few words I have to say. I have loved you Walter Lisgard, in spite of yourself, and would have laid down my life for yours. I have have laid down my life for yours. I have concealed from my own heart as well as I could the selfish baseness that underlies ever, all as struck me then was the beauty your every act-but that is over now. Look of the jewels; and I thought there was no you, on the coasts where I came from, there is many a bay which, if you saw it at high of the great swing mirror. I clasped on tide, you would say: 'What a beautiful the pearl necklace and bracelets, and was harbor! what smooth and smiling water! admining myself, when all of a sudden I saw This is a place for all men to east anchor.' But when the tide is going out, you see how you have been deceived. Here is a rect thief! I could send you to prison Anne that would wreck a navy; here is a jagged Rees, for this. You break open my drawer, and cruel rock, and there another and another. With every one, you say to your-self, this is the last. But for this and for that, there was never a better anchorage, and how beautiful the place is! What luxuriant foliage-what exquisite verdure fringes the shore-just the shores you know. But when the tide is quite out, it is impossible to like the place any longer. There are nothing but reefs and rocks to be seen then, and a few loathsome reptiles among the slime. Now. Walter Lisgard, I have come upon you at dead low water, and I don't wish to meet you any more. You will deceive others, of course, who may see you for I was in such a state of terror that I at the flow, but you will never deceive me. I shall go down to Mirk, after a little, to bring away my wife. Take my advice, and myself." don't be there. Above all things see that your mother does not cross me in that matter, or it will be worse for all concerned. I said. But now, what about Master Walter." I have nobody now in the world who cares for me save Mary Forest, and they shall not rob me of her. Here is the hansom in which we no longer can sit together. You gare not used to walking, being what is called a gentleman, so you had better take it. All I ask you is, to leave your lodgings before I reach them, since you will arrive there first; or if not - I will take myself off elsewhere : I should be sorry to be under

The nulling his hat forward on his brow, in place of farewell, Ra'ph Derrick turned his back upon Walter Lisgard, and took his way to town on foot. As the captain, sitting alone in no very enviable frame of

the same roof, with you again, young man."

mind, passed him afterwards on the road,

CHAPTER XX.

"I suppose, Mary, that I shall be sure of getting a letter from Mr. Arthur to-day?" bserved my Lady to her maid, as that conidential domestic was proceeding with the duties -- which were by no means mysteries -of her toilet, upon the morning after the picnic at Belcomb. "He is certain to reply to a matter which was important enough to cause the use of telegraph "

"I suppose so, my Ledy; very likely." Nothing could be more in contrast than he tones in which these two persons had poken; the question had been earnest, almost fervent, and one which evidently was put in order to evoke an affirmative answer; the reply was given carelessly enough, or rather as though the thoughts of ner who uttered it were absent from the matter altogether.

"Very likely" Mary! Why how can it be otherwise? Just run down and open the etter-bag; you know where to find the key."

"Yes, my Lady." When Mary Forest returned, my Lady

"Well, Mary, is there no letter from Mr. Arthur?' ! No, ma'am; none."

"Then there is one more cause for anxiety added to the rest of my troubles, that is all. Perhaps he never got the telegraph, and not understanding why the letter came to him, has transmitted it back to the person to whom it was addressed. Mr. Arthur could not possibly know the London addiess of that person, could he?"

"Very likely, my Lady, yes -- at least, I don't know."

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied he waiting-maid, starting like one aroused from a dream. "I was not thinking what I said; I was thinking of something else.

"I think you might give me your attention, Mary," returned my Lady sighing; "you cannot be thinking of anything so momentous as this matter, which involves sorrow, shame, and perchance utter ruin." "Alas! but I can, my Lady," answered

the other gravely; "and I am doing it. There has something happened worse than anything you can guess at. O mistress dear, a terr ble disgrace has befallen you, through that infamous young hussy, Miss Rose Aynton .-- , hough what Master Walter could have seen in the Jade, I am sure passes my comprehension altogether."

"Disgrace! Walter! Rose Aynton! Lady angrily. "You must be mad, to say such things."

"Let me tell you the whole story. Miss Letty heard Mester Walter cursing Miss Rose at the picnic. She had never heard such words before, and could scarcely force her innocent lips to repeat them; but I made her do it. And certainly Muster Walter expressed himself pretty atrong. It seems he was angered about the young woman's behaviour to his brother yesterday. Master Walter might have been annoyed, madam, but what right had he to be jealous? and especially what relation could exist between him and Miss Rose, which justified him in using such dreadful words? Fancy swearing at her, my Lady. When Miss Letty told me. I instantly sought out Anne Recs, and bade her come with me to my room

"Now," said I, when I got her alone, "Anne Rees, there is nobody to listen to what we say, and you may speak to me as to your own mother."

"Ah, Mistress Forest," answered she, beginning to whimper, "I only wish I

the whole truth of what is going on between you than I'l "Do not make me strike you, for I would turn her thumb back. It will burt her a as soon strike my son. How can all this little-and that you won't he sorry for, perbe my fault? Do you suppose I have not haps-and it will set you free. Now, Anne, lost also-almost all I have in the world said I, you must tell me, whether you will or not; for you have gone too far to turn "Ay, mine, I suppose," exclaimed Wal-back. How did Rose Aynton make a slave of a well-conducted girl like you-with nothing but vanity, that I know of, to be dence this long time--not indeed for your which I have patiently been preparing evidence. said against you--and compel you to do all this dirty work for her?"

"Well, Mistress Forest, as you truly say, I was always a vain child; and Heaven has punished me pretty sharp for it. One day, "No when the young ladies were out, and I was in Miss Aynton's room a-setting it to rights, what should I come upon-- where, perhaps, I had no right to look for it, for it was evidently meant to be hidden --- but a queershaped leather box with triakets in it."

" A jewel-case, I suppose you mean,

"Yes, ma'm; but they were none of those as Miss Aynton was in the habit of wearing-nor had she that box when she first her after she went back to London for a week in the early part of the year. harm in me just trying them on in the front an angry face looking over my shoulder, and heard a cruel voice whisper. 'Thief, not a word, you had girl, or I'll send to Dalwych for a policeman.

"I scarcely recognized Miss Rose, who had always been so pleasant and smooth-

"'I will send you to prison,' continued she, 'if you don't do everything I tell you, whether against your late mistress or not see you do it; and dare not to breathe one word of anything that I do, or speak, or possess -- such as these jewels, for instanceor you will rue it bitterly, Anne Rees.'

"Of course I promised, Mistress Forset, would have promised anything; but you cannot imagine to what a slavery I bound

"My Lady, would never believe a word of your intending to steal those things.'

"Well, Mistress Forest, the jewels were his present, to begin with. There have been very wicked goings on."

"And then, my Lady," pursued Mistress Forest, "she told me things which it is not necessary to repeat to you. I knew she was telling the truth; but in order to assure myself that it was so. I crept out with naked feet, and listened at Miss Aynton's door, and I heard two voices"----

"Did you recognize them, woman; are you sure of that? added my Lady sternly.

"Ah, yes madam-there is no doubt," " Heaven help us and forgive us!" murmured my Lady with bowed head. "Ah,

Walter, Walter, I had expected Shame, but he could not help remarking to himself how not from any deed of yours! Where is thi old and bowed the insolent fellow looked. ...Miss Ayuton, Mary?"

"At her breakfast, my Lady; and doubt-less making a good one. She is not one to let he conscience interfere with her appe tite, bless you.

"Send her to me, Mary-in the boudoi yonder," and my Lady gravely. "Tell her I desire to speak to her very particularly. Breakfast? No, alas! I feel as though a morsel of food would choke me. Send her hither at once.

Miss Rose had almost gathered the truth from the trembling fingers and frightened manner of her tiring-maid that morning; and the thing had been quite confirmed her by the malicious triumph with which Mary Forest had delivered her mistress's request to see her in the bondoir on very particular business.

"Will you please to sit down Miss Ayn ton ?'

Yes it was so. The secret was out. Not even a morning salutation from her friend and hostess; and the hand only strenched out to point her to a chair at the other ex-

tremity of the room. "Before proceeding with what I have to say," began my Lady, "I wish to know whether your aunt is in town,"

"I believe so, Lady Lisgard." "That is well. When I hinted, yesterday morning that it would be better for you to return to London, I was unaware of the

necessity for your departure from this roof at once—immediately—and forever. "Indeed!" Not a muscle moved; conscious of the possession of a Damascus poniard, undreamed of by the foe, and admirable for close encounters, her right hand nervously opened and shut as though to clutch the handle that was all.

"You have disgraced this house and me yourself and your sex."

"You lie, insolent woman," returned the other; "and judge others by yourself." Each started to her feet, and looked her enemy in the face as she slung these words

"It is worse than useless girl, thus to brazen it out," continued my Lady, attaching no importance to the emphasis the other laid upon her last words. Outraging not only moral laws, but even the rites of hospitality, you have intrigued with my own son under my own roof."

"You dare to say so, Lady Lisgard, do ou? It is only for his sake, I swear, that I do not brand you Wanton, for that cal-umny. I could do it; you know I could, although you wear that look of wonder. Was not that man Derrick once your lover? "Disgrace! Walter! Rose Aynton! Ah you wince at that. Sin Robert-good, What do you mean, woman?" asked my easy man—he knew nothing, of course." "Be silent, bad, bold girl! You shoot

your poisoned arrows at a venture, and ain nothing home. You know not what a wife should be-how should you? You!" Rose Aynton cowered before that keer

contempt.

"I will never forgive you this, Lady Lisgard," muttered she, "never, never!"
"You! you forgive! To such as you, it would be adde to protest my soul is spotless. The man whose name you have soiled by ut-tering it, my husband, he, in high heaven, knows right well that never so much as thought of mine has wronged him. Vile, evil-minded girl, as false as frail!"

"That is sufficient, madam; almost enough, even if I were indeed the thing you take me for," Here the girl paused to moisten her dry lips, and catch her breath, of which passion had deprived her. "Now, look you, I was wrong. I have seen things with my own eyes, and through the eyes of choor, that might wall entitle me to say." others, that might well entitle me to say: 'I still believe it.' I tell you, Lady Lisgard, I have proofs--or what seemed to me to be so a few minutes back--of the charge that

"This young lady has got you under her tify my disbelief in your denial. But I thumb, I see, Anne. Now, if you'll tell me honestly avow that I was wrong." has moved you so, such as would amply jus-"I thank you. Miss Rose Avntor your charity."

"Spare your scorn, madam. It is no charity that moves me; nay, far from it. Convinced almost against my will, I own, by your unsupported assertion -- your mere I have withdrawn an accusation for dence this long time -- not indeed for your hurt, but for my own safety and convenience, now, on your part, I do beseech you, make amends to me. You, too' have had your seeining proofs of my disgrace; you, too, have heard and seen vourself. through the eyes and ears of others, certain

"Add not, lost, wretched girl," interposed my Lady, "deceit to sin! All that is left you is to pray to Heaven for pardon, and to leave that hospitable roof which you have disgraced."

Go home, boys. Don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see hoys play good, earnest, healthy rames. I would give the boys a good spacious play ground. I should have plenty of green grass, and trees, and fountains, and a broad place to run and jump, and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant and as lovely as it could be and give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended 1 would tell them to go liome.

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