



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued

James Wyatt paced his room in the darkening shadows, deep in thought. He had sent a poisoned barb to the heart of the man he hated, and he was glad. There was not a petty slight of days gone by, not a small insolence, for which he had not paid himself handsomely by to-night's work; but it was not to avenge the millionaire's petty slights and small insolences, not to uplift the wounded crest of his own self-esteem, viper-like, that he had stung his enemy. His hatred of Gilbert Sinclair had a deeper root than wounded pride. Disappointed love was its source. But for Gilbert Sinclair he might have been loved by the one woman whose regard he valued. Clara Walsingham's attachment to her old lover was the offense that made Gilbert longingly turn to his friend, and it was to gratify his own jealousy that he had aroused the demon of jealousy in his rival's breast.

"He shall know the flavor of the anguish he has caused me," thought Wyatt, "if his coarse soul can suffer as I have suffered for a woman's sake. Whether his wife is guilty or innocent, matters nothing to me. The pain will be his. If he were man enough to blow his brains out, now, there might be a chance for me with Clara. So long as he lives will cling to the hope of winning him back. Where is she hiding, I wonder, and what is her scheme of life, while I am weeping my life out for her sake?"

Mr. Wyatt had not seen Mrs. Walsingham since that interview in which she had refused to keep faith with him, clinging to him to the walls. He had gone to Half-Moon street on the following Saturday evening, determined to make peace with her at any sacrifice of his own dignity, with the slavish pertinacity of a man who passionately loves. He had driven up to the door, expecting to see the lighted windows shining out on the wintry street, to hear Herr Klavier-schager pounding the Eiard, and the hum and twitter of many voices, as he went up the narrow flower-scented staircase; but to his surprise the windows were all dark, and a sleepy little maid-servant came to the door with a sputtering tallow candle, and informed him that Mrs. Walsingham had gone abroad, the maid-servant knew not where.

"Was there no direction left for forwarding letters?" asked Mr. Wyatt.

"No, sir, as I know of. The agent, pr'aps, wot has the lettin of the 'oss might know."

Mr. Wyatt went to the solicitor, who politely refused to give his client's address.

"Perhaps she has gone into a convent," thought James Wyatt, at his wits' end, and this disappointment added not little to the bitterness of his feelings toward that profitable client of his, Gilbert Sinclair.

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Staples, the butler, came in with the lamps, shut the solid oak shutters, cleared the tables, and brought his master a cup of coffee, all in an orderly and respectable manner that was well worth his sixty pounds a year. Mr. Wyatt was a man who would not have kept a bad servant a week, and never parted with a good one.

The postman's knock sounded on the ponderous door while Mr. Wyatt was sipping his coffee, and Staples came in with several letters on a silver waiter.

James Wyatt spread them out before him thoughtfully, as if they were cards and he were calculating their value. Handsome, creamy envelopes, thick and aristocratic, with armorial bearings on the seals; others blue and business-like, and unpretendingly expressive. One narrow little envelope, thin, green, and shiny—this was the first he opened.

The letter it contained was written in a small, scratching hand, unmistakably foreign, litte curly tails to all the 'd's, a general scraginess in the 'y's, a panoply of capitals.

"Why do you not let me see you, cr write to me? Is not that it is cruel, after so much of promises? You leave me to languish without hope. Dream you that I shall come to be a servant for always, after what you have promised?" But do not believe that I have too much spirit. It must that I talk to you of all that at leisure, the eyes in eyes, that I may see you if you are true, if you have good intentions to my regard. Write me, and very quickly, my friend, it must that I have judge i her too leniently."

It was after midnight when Mr. Sinclair arrived at Davenant, and he had to ring up one of the servants to let him in, his return being altogether unlooked for. He did not see Constance until the next day, and by this time had regained the mastery of himself. The position of afal's between husband and wife since Mrs. Sinclair's recovery had been a kind of arm'd neutrality. Gilbert had never alluded to that awful day on which he had raised his hand against his wife, nor had Constance. Doubtful whether she remembered that unhappy occurrence, and deeply ashamed of the brutality into which passion had betrayed him, Mr. Sinclair wisely kept his own counsel. To apologize might be to make a revelation. His remorse showed itself by increased civility to his wife, and a new deference to her feelings, for which she was duly grateful. Gentle, submissive always, she gave her husband no cause of offense, save that one rankling sore which had begun to gall him directly the triumphant sense of possession had lost its power to satisfy—the consciousness that he had never won her heart. The smoldering fire needed but a spark of jealousy to raise a fatal flame.

Constance expressed herself much pleased at Goblin's success, when Gilbert informed her the fact, with very little elation on the day after the race. They were dining together to a-ate in the spacious room which had been set aside for them. These ceremonious late dinners were Constance's aversion. In her husband's absence she dined early with Christabel, and spent the long afternoon walking or driving, and came home at twilight to a social tea-party with Mrs. Briggs and the baby.

Mr. Wyatt went to his writing-table, and answered Mlle. Dupont's letter without delay—briefly and cautiously.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GILBERT ASKS A QUESTION

Lord Clancyard had been within easy reach, Gilbert Sinclair would have gone straightway to upbraid him with his treachery in bringing Sir Cyprian to Davenant disguised and in a false name; but Lord Clancyard, finding himself at 50 years of age entirely unfettered by domestic incumbrances, was indulging his natural

"I didn't think you cared about race-horses," said Gilbert, as if doubting the sincerity of his wife's congratulations.

"Not in the abstract: they are such far-off creatures. One never gets on intimate terms with them. They are like the strange animals which the Emperor Commodus brought to Rome—articles of luxury. But I am very glad your horse has won, Gilbert, on your account."

"Yes, it's a great triumph for me. If I can win the Derby I shall be satisfied. Racing is confoundedly expensive, and I've had quite enough of it. I think I shall sell 'Goblin' and the whle stud after Epsom, and the new stables into the bargain, and then I shall improve that great barracks of a place in the North and settle down. I'm sick of this part of the world. It's too d—d civilized," added Mr. Sinclair, forcibly.

"Do you mean that you would leave Davenant?" asked Constance, with asperntion.

"Yes. I ought to have told you, by the way—Davenant ceases to be mine after mid-summer-day. I've sold it."

"Sold Davenant?"

"Yes. I have never really cared for the place, and I had a good offer for it while you were ill. Things were not looking very well in the North just then, and I was in want of money. I dare say you'll be pleased when you hear who is the purchaser," said Gilbert, with an uncomfortable smile.

Constance seemed hardly aware of the latter part of his speech.

"To think that you should have sold Davenant—the dear old place!"

"I thought you did not care for it." "Not just at first, perhaps. It seemed to be for me. I liked shabby old Mansfield better. But I have been so happy here lately, and it is so nice to live among people one has known all one's life."

"Yes, old associations are sweetest," sneered Gilbert, the demon jealousy getting the upper hand.

"But, aft-arr all, the place itself matters very little," said Constance, anxious to avoid anything that might seem like upbraiding—no wife so conscientious in the discharge of her duty as a good woman who does not love her husband. "I should be just as happy in any cottage in the neighborhood."

"Especially if you had old friend settled here," said Gilbert. "You haven't asked me the name of my successor; but perhaps you know."

"You might have means of obtaining information."

"Who is the person, Gilbert?"

"Sir Cyprian Davenant."

He watched her closely. Was she all about it, and was that look of grave astonishment a touch of social consciousness?

She looked at him earnestly for a minute, and grew somewhat paler, he thought, as if the very sound of his rival's name were a shock to her.

"Indeed, he has bought the old place again," she said, quily. "That seems to be right. But I thought he had gone back to Africa."

"Did you really?" with a somewhat ironical elevation of his eyebrows. "Well, I thought so, too. But it seems he is still in England. Oh, by the by, do you remember that German doctor, who came to see you when you were ill?"

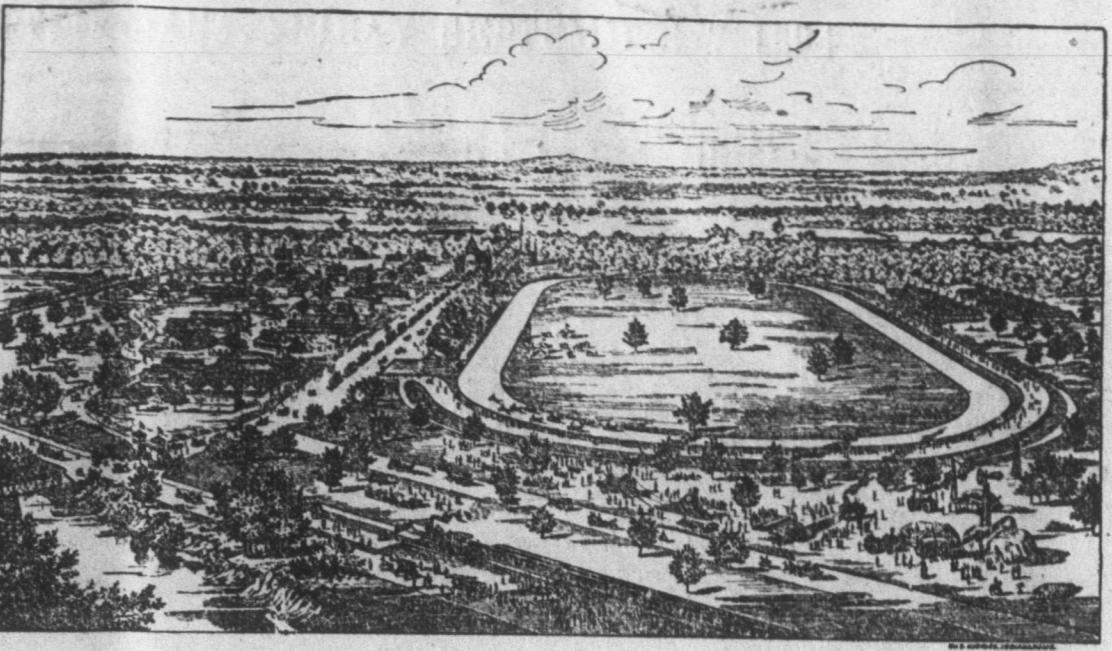
"You were so ill when the little girl was brought home," suggested Melanie, with an air of conscientious doubt.

"Not too ill to remember my Christabel. We knew each other, did we not, darling?" Our lips clung together as if we had never been parted. Not know my own child, indeed! Never dare to make such a suggestion again, Melanie!"

There was a purpose in the absence of this question. He wanted to take her off her guard; if possible startle her into betraying herself. If there were any truth in Wyatt's assertions, this question must be a startling one that took place at Roby: Billy Woods and Sol Smith, all the others being represented by their attorney, John B. Peterson of Crown Point. A proposal was advanced by the defendants that all the riot, conspiracy, and prize fight cases were to be dismissed against all the defendants. Doctor O'Malley, Soly Smith, and Billy Woods would plead guilty of assault and battery. This was finally agreed to by the prosecution, and O'Malley was fined \$1,000 and Smith and Woods \$900 each. These cases have cost the county in round figures about \$4,000, and in return the county has received \$6,100, including the for-eiture of Costello's bond. There is an end to prize fighting at Roby for all time to come.

THE INDIANA STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

Beautifully Situated and Splendidly Improved Modern Buildings—Fine Race Course.



The above cut gives the reader an excellent birds-eye view of the new Indiana State Fair Grounds at Indianapolis, upon which the State Fair will be held on September 17 to 22 inclusive. The new grounds are located northeast of the city on the banks of the White River, and reached by pretty drives and the electric cars on the Citizen Street Railway. The trip to the grounds is through the most interesting part of the Capital City, and one of the pleasant features of a visit to the State Fair. The Electric Railway has made special arrangements for the rapid and safe transportation of the thousands, and commodious and neat stations have been constructed at the grounds. The fair can also be reached on the Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The buildings erected last year are all commodious, modern, and tasty. They are so situated as to afford the visitor the very best means of Nancey Hanks made her famous record of 2:04 in 1893. The races this year will doubtless be more than interesting.

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF INDIANA NEWS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianaans.

Roxy Cases Settled.

The celebrated Roxy prize fight cases, which have attracted the attention of the sporting world from Maine to California and from Chicago to New Orleans, were settled in the Lake Circuit Court at Crown Point, the other day. Martin Costello, at the November term, 1893, of the Lake Circuit Court, was tried, found guilty of riotous conspiracy and sentenced to two years in prison, it was the first time in the history of the United States that any one ever received a penitentiary sentence for prize fighting.

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