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The Old Marquis;
OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XVI
THE DEPARTURE FROM THE
ABBEY.

She ate no breakfast, though both made a hollow pretense of doing so, and as the sun was rising above the hills they left the Abbey. One of the stable-boys had wheeled their boxes to the platform, and they found them obeyed the mandate with surprising alacrity.

"Let me send for a doctor, sir," said Lord Edgar.

"I shouldn't see him," curtly responded the marquis. "I would sooner die. As to that, I am not so sure that I am not going to die at last, Edgar!"

"Yes, sir," responded Lord Edgar, quietly.

"Don't leave me,"

"Certainly not," he said. "I had no intention of doing so."

"Promise me that you will not leave my rooms until I give you leave. I want you near me. Strange request, isn't it?" with a bitter smile of irony.

"Strance or natural, of course I grant it, sir," said Lord Edgar, flushing.

"I'm very ill. I have never been worse. I can not account for it. Oh, Edgar, sit down; there is an easy-chair there. Be comfortable. Talk if you like; smoke—"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, wounded to the quick. "Do you think I am utterly devoid of feeling, sir?"

"I don't know," said the marquis, in

And he? All unconscious of the anonymous letter and all that it was to effect, he had left his darling to meet the professor and confess his love. He walked to the vicarage gate without seeing anything of the old man, and waited outside smoking a cigar and quite content to wait, seeing that he could, in the silence of the beautiful night, think upon his darling and his happiness. At last he grew doubtful and rung the bell. The servant informed him that the vicar and the professor had gone for a walk, and that they would return to supper. Would his lordship step in and wait?

Lord Edgar preferred the moonlight and went outside and sat upon the gate, and took up the sweet thread of his meditation. And there the vicar found him.

"Mr. Temple?" he said, in answer to Lord Edgar's inquiry. "Oh, yes, he was coming back, but we got talking and the time passed, and he decided to go home instead of returning."

Lord Edgar shook hands hastily and started off home. Why, he knew not, but he was filled with a distinct presentiment that he must see the old man and come to an understanding that night; and his stride changed, as he approached the Abbey, to that half-run which "varstly men acquire by accompanying the boats along the tow-paths. No sooner did he come within the Abbey grounds than a footman met him.

"Beg pardon, my lord, but the marquis sent me to meet you. His lordship wishes to see you at once."

Lord Edgar pulled up and looked perplexed and undecided.

"At once, did he say? Won't a quarter—half an hour, do?"

"At once, his lordship said, my lord," answered the man.

Bitting his lip and suppressing his impatience, Lord Edgar followed the man into the house, and found Mr. Palmer standing in the hall.

He looked more solemn even than usual, and hailed Lord Edgar's arrival with a sort of relieved gasp.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Lord Edgar, wondering whether there

would still be time to reach the cloisters before Mr. Temple went to bed.

"His lordship is very bad, my lord, and wishes to see you."

"Very bad?"

"I never saw him worse, my lord," said Mr. Palmer, with emphasis.

Lord Edgar flung his cigar away, and followed Mr. Palmer upstairs. To his surprise the butler passed through the marquis' sitting-room, and ushered him into the bedroom.

It was the first time Lord Edgar had ever entered it.

The marquis was in bed, and looked most frightfully ill; his face was distorted, his lips livid, his eyes staring fiercely; the gout was taking its revenge for the time during which its slave had suppressed it.

Ill as he was, the marquis turned as Lord Edgar entered, and bent a searching glance upon him. Something in the young man's face seemed to reassure him, for he groaned and sighed with relief.

Lord Edgar came up to the bed, and the marquis exclaimed at once:

"Don't touch me, or I shall go mad! Where have you been?"

"To the vicarage," said Lord Edgar.

"I'm awfully sorry—"

"Yes, yes, thanks," broke in the marquis, evidently with an effort. "Don't commiserate me; I hate it. Leave the room!" this was to the valet and Mr. Palmer, both of whom obeyed the mandate with surprising alacrity.

"Let me send for a doctor, sir," said Lord Edgar.

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his caustic fashion. "I had hoped so. To possess feelings is to be the target for every dart which misfortune, malice, hatred and envy carry in their quiver."

"At any rate, sir, I have feeling enough to sympathize with and to be most sincerely sorry for you. Are you sure I can do nothing to help you?"

"Nothing, unless you pour me out a full dose of prussic acid, which you will find in that top drawer," retorted the marquis. "Yes, you can remain with me."

"At least I can do that," said Lord Edgar, sadly, and he sat down quietly.

The marquis looked relieved and satisfied, and occasionally, as the hours passed, in his lapses of consciousness, he turned his keen eyes on the handsome face, and his lips twisted with something like a smile.

The night passed, and Lord Edgar sat there a fast prisoner, but not an unwilling one, while Lela was packing her boxes and preparing for flight. The night passed; every now and then the marquis asked Lord Edgar to give him some brandy—which, of course, was adding fuel to fire—and Lord Edgar obeyed. Beyond this the marquis would allow him to do nothing, taking the glass from him with a cold "thank you," and accom-

panying the expression of gratitude with a searching look, followed by the same twisted smile of satisfaction.

Toward morning he fell asleep, and Lord Edgar half dozed, but was awakened after a time by the marquis starting up in bed and exclaiming in a fierce voice:

"Palmer, you sound! Where is he?"

"Do you want me, sir?" said Lord Edgar, rising.

The marquis stared at him, then nodded and fell back.

"Yes; I thought you had gone. You—have not been away, Edgar?"

"Certainly not, sir. I should not dream of leaving you."

The marquis sighed.

"Thanks. I—I can scarcely forgive myself for trespassing on your good nature, Edgar, although I endeavor to console myself with the reflection that it is the first time I have been so exacting. I promise you that it shall be the last."

Lord Edgar said nothing in response to this characteristic speech, but rose and put the bedclothes straight.

Something in the handsome face, in the gentleness of the touch of the strong hand, seemed to touch the suffering schemer, and he looked up at Lord Edgar with a curious gaze.

"You are very attentive. Have you ever been ill yourself?"

It was a strange question for a father to ask his son, and plainly marked the gulf that yawned between them.

"No, sir," said Lord Edgar, carelessly. "Except when I broke my arm and the rest of it."

"I am sorry that I was not near you. But no, I should have been of no use. The sight of pain in others irritates me. What's that?" he broke off to demand.

Lord Edgar went to the window and looked out.

"A train leaving the station," he answered, calmly, little dreaming that it contained Lela.

The marquis drew a long breath.

"It is quite morning, then?" he said.

"Will you ring the bell?"

Lord Edgar obeyed.

"Bring some breakfast for his lordship and lay it in the next room," panted the marquis. "But, perhaps," reluctantly, "you would like to have it down-stairs."

"I would rather have it up here," replied Lord Edgar.

The marquis nodded; the breakfast was brought, and he waved Lord Edgar out of the room.

Lord Edgar was so anxious that he did not enjoy the luxurious meal; the presentiment that had set in upon his mind as he left the vicarage had increased into a settled sentiment.

As he reflected that he might be detained by the marquis' sick-bed for the day, days perhaps, he felt the vague dread become insupportable. He must communicate with Lela in some fashion.

He went to the marquis' writing-table and scribbled a few lines, telling her the cause of his absence, and sealing the envelope, called softly to Palmer.

"Give this—you, yourself, please—to Miss Temple, will you, Palmer, and wait for an answer."

Mr. Palmer took the note, and was leaving the room, when the marquis called him.

The butler stole in on tiptoe.

"The brandy—" said the marquis, and as Palmer approached the bed with the glass he added, in a low, stern voice: "And that note!"

Mr. Palmer started, and, of course, placed it on the bed. The marquis eyed it with a sardonic smile, and coolly tucked it under his pillow.

"Go," he said, with a glance which meant, "But not to Miss Temple," and Mr. Palmer, quite comprehending, stole out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

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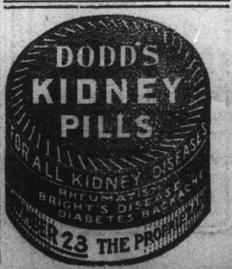


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**What a N
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Erected Flag-Po
By H

It has always been stated that matter what part of the world a visit he is certain to come across one or more of the ubiquitous flags, but to those of us who have followed the history of our own country the same remark may be applied. It is this to be wondered at, because during the sixties of the past century and at later dates, hundreds of Newfoundland sea-faring men had emigrated to the United States, Canada and elsewhere, and entered the Navy and mercantile marine of the countries. They were eagerly sought after and employed, and very many of them attained high positions in the service. They were remarkable for their agility, seamanship, love of adventure and contempt of danger. They were trained from childhood to board our great fleet of ice-hunters, very many of which their fathers were owners and masters, when they pursued the seal-fishery in years ago, by, inured to all the dangers of the storms of the Arctic regions. During the summer months, and from October to February, they manned our mercantile marine, and thus they became the most competent sailors in the world, and their history is written in the annals of our country from our earliest days. By their pluck, perseverance and hardihood they conquered the storms and hurricanes of the oceans, and none but Newfoundland sailors could have withstood the snow and ice as they did in their determination to reach the Coast of Newfoundland during the winter months. They were mariners to be proud of, and few of them but could make the sails, rig and spar the ship, and all these qualifications were turned to good account when the depression in trade and the innovation of steam compelled our great sailing fleet to become almost a thing of the past, and gave way to modern ideas and improvements. In every emergency the Newfoundland sailor was to the fore, and with his natural ingenuity he conquered all obstacles, and this fact shall establish in the following the story.

We hear so much these days of what scientists can perform, that I think it only just and proper to tell an episode wherein an old Newfoundland sailor overcame a difficulty that puzzled the scientists and compelled them to take a back seat.

Not many years ago when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had accomplished their task of building their lines to Vancouver, and erected their immense hotel in that city, they referred to the General Manager that it would be a splendid advertisement for the Lumber Industry of British Columbia if they were to place on the ground a flag pole from one of the wonderfully great Douglas Fir Trees that grew to such extraordinary heights in that Province. These trees grow as straight as an arrow to a height of from 200 to 300 feet, and measure many feet in circumference. It is needless to say that the best tree was selected by the engineers and those in charge, and it was conveyed to Vancouver, where it was skinned and fashioned into a flag pole. When it was completed what was the consternation of those eminent engineers to find that notwithstanding all their scientific ability, not one of them knew how to get the pole on end. It was a splendid stick, and being such length, and of such a heavy weight, they were completely perplexed. They found themselves in such a position

And the Worst

