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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EXTRAORDINARY WEDDING.

If he had had his will, Lord Edgar would have purchased sufficient lady's wearing apparel to stock a small shop; but Lela summoned up sufficient courage to check him, and at last, with great obstinacy, refused to try on or even to look at another article.

As it was, he had succeeded in purchasing a magnificent outfit, the cost of which neither he nor she guessed at.

"Where shall we send them, madame?" asked the man.

Lela looked at Lord Edgar, and unthinkingly he gave his own name and address.

The man glanced, not disrespectfully, but curiously at Lela, but bowed and took down the directions, and with the profoundest respect, he and the shop-walker accompanied them to the door and bowed them out.

"A nice little order, that!" remarked the man who had served them to his superior. "Her ladyship is well set up for a time, at least," and he smiled as he pronounced the title, and the shop-walker smiled too. Both of them had noticed that Lord Edgar had not asked the boxes to be addressed to "Lady Fane," and drew their own conclusions.

As they drove to Paddington, Lord Edgar explained where they were to go to spend their honeymoon.

"It is the loveliest little place on the Thames, Lela; it is like one of those little villages in Italy, with the advantage that we shall not have to cross the Channel, and that we can get up to town in an hour and a half. I hope you will like it, darling!"

"I shall like it or any other place to which you are taking me," she murmured.

"If I were to try and describe the journey down I should utterly fail to convey an idea of its happiness. There was an old gentleman in the carriage who watched them covertly, and guessed their situation at a glance, and who said when he got home that he had never seen two faces so full of quiet joy in all his life, and he spoke the truth.

Suffice it that they reached Pangley, and found the hostess of the ivy-covered inn—it is called The Moorhen—anxiously awaiting them with a



Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

welcome, and that Lela confessed that Pangley was as beautiful as Lord Edgar described it, and it was far, far better than any place in Italy could possibly be.

There is no more beautiful part of the silver Thames than Pangley; two lovers just made one could not find in all the world a more fitting spot for a honeymoon, and the days that followed immediately after her strange wedding were as a period of rapturous delight to Lela.

Lord Edgar's love seemed to grow with the hours; he appeared to read her every wish and desire in her eyes, and all his thoughts were how to gratify them. He hired a boat, and had his dog-cart and the chestnut sent down from town and they spent some part of the day rowing on the river, floating down the back waters, and lying coolly under the shadows of the trees that lined the banks, and some part in driving about the beautiful Buckinghamshire country.

All Lela's old beauty came back to her—the bright light in the lovely eyes, the shell-like tint to her face; her voice, which had grown somewhat sad, rang with the same girlish music, and her laugh—the laugh that had so touched his heart when he had first heard it at the Abbey—rang out on the surface of the water and in the green, leafy lanes.

One thing alone might have wrecked her happiness, but she was spared that. On the second morning of their honeymoon a letter came from the professor, having been forwarded from the Albany.

It was a touching letter, in which he forgave and blessed her tenderly, and in which he implored Lord Edgar to cherish her. He would not come to them as they had asked him to do, he said, but would wait until they had returned to him! One thing in the letter struck a sorrowful chord—it was a line in which he said that he had determined to accept the German citizenship; but Lord Edgar consoled Lela.

"All right," he said; "we'll see about that! I think I can persuade him to give that idea up. Don't fret about it, darling! We shall see!" And encouraged by his assurance, Lela rested satisfied with imploring the professor in her letter not to leave her and England. It was a beautiful letter, full of her own sweet love and gratitude, but the professor did not receive it until he had reached Germany.

Yes, they were very happy; their life was a poem set to love's music, and it is a pity that such poems can not be extended to many volumes.

Lord Edgar expressed the regret as he lay on his back at the bottom of the boat with his head on Lela's lap and her hand stroking his short, wavy hair.

"Why shouldn't we buy a little place down here," he said, "and live here all the summer? You would like it, darling?"

Lela smiled; there was no occasion to reply.

"If life could be all Pangley!" he said again. But he knew it could not be. He was Lord Fane of Farintosh; he would be the Marquis of Farin-

tos, and there would be duties to perform which must not be neglected.

"Never mind," he said, as she still remained silent, "we will enjoy ourselves while we can; the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Now, you lazy girl, are you going to sit there all day? Why don't you get up and row?" and he looked up at her with a smile and with the light of ardent love in his eyes.

She got up, and scarcely disturbing him, seated herself with the scull; he had taught her to row, and his great delight was to sit and watch her as she pulled the light boat down stream, her figure, clad in a well-fitting dress of white flannel, taking a thousand graceful outlines as she bent to her task.

"I wonder," he said, lazily, "what has become of Clifford? I haven't heard a line from him since—since we were married!"

Lela started and stopped rowing. During all these days she had scarcely given a thought to any one but her husband-lover—to anything but her perfect happiness.

"Does he write often?" she asked. Lord Edgar shrugged his shoulders. "Not very, but he might have written. Shall we ask him to come down, Lela?"

"If you like—yes," she added, quickly, seeing a look that was scarcely disappointment, but surprise at the coldness of her assent.

"You say 'Yes!'" he said, lighting his pipe, and leaning on his elbow to look at her, "but your eyes say 'No,' and your eyes are very eloquent, Lela," he added, laughing. "What do you mean?"

She colored faintly, and took a long stroke before replying.

"I meant 'Yes,' Edgar," she said, quietly.

"And 'No,'" he retorted, smiling. Then his face grew graver, and he looked at her thoughtfully.

"Lela, I want to ask you a question. I know you will answer it truthfully, because you are truth-

ful."

"All right," he said; "we'll see about that! I think I can persuade him to give that idea up. Don't fret about it, darling! We shall see!"

And encouraged by his assurance, Lela rested satisfied with imploring the professor in her letter not to leave her and England. It was a beautiful letter, full of her own sweet love and gratitude, but the professor did not receive it until he had reached Germany.

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self, darling. Tell me, do you like Clifford?"

A faint look of pain and regret came into her eyes.

She would have given the world to have answered "Yes," but, as he had said, she was truth itself, and not to him—certainly not to him—would she falsify a thought or a sentiment of her heart.

She remained silent, looking at the water that shone like a bar of silver in the sun.

"Come, darling!" he said, sitting up. "Why should you hesitate? There should be no hesitation between us! Tell me! Do you know, an idea has taken possession of me that—I scarcely know how to put it—that you were not favorably impressed by Clifford? Am I right?"

"It is my duty to love all whom you love and all who love you," she said softly; and he should have been satisfied, but he was not.

"But, Clifford," he said, troubled and uneasy. "You don't like him, Lela?"

"Don't ask me!" she said, quickly, with a little imploring look in her eyes. "Let us talk of something else, Edgar. Why do you ask me? You know I can only tell you the truth! You can look into my heart and learn the truth, even if I spoke falsely."

"Then you don't like him?" he said, anxiously.

She stopped rowing and looked at him, pained by his persistence.

"Why will you press me, dear?" she murmured.

"Because I want to know," he said. "Because if it is as I suspect I want to convince you, to persuade you that you are wrong—"

"I know I am wrong," she said, quickly. "I know it, and it is a trouble and grief to me, but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"But—ah, Edgar! why will you force me?"

"Tell me! Let there be no concealment between us, darling! You do not like him?"

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I am so sorry, so bitterly sorry, Edgar! I wish you had not asked me!"

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

"I can not understand it," he said. "You are not angry, no, not angry, dear?"

"Angry!" and he took her hand and kissed it. "How can you ask that? No, not angry, but surprised. I do not understand why you do not, he has been so kind."

She shook her head.

"Yes, yes, I know! And if you are not angry with me I am angry with myself, dear!"

"But tell me, how do you feel toward him, Lela? He was so—so what shall I say—so anxious to gain your good will. Why, think of it, but for him and all he did we should not be here now, man and wife."

"I know! I know!" she exclaimed, almost piteously. "But for all that—oh, Edgar, don't let us talk of it!"

"Yes, but I must! It troubles me! Why, most people like him who have no special cause—"

"And I have such special cause!" she said, regretfully, humbly. "But I can not help it, Edgar, I do not like him. The first moment I saw him I felt—"

She stopped, as if even now she would like to remain silent.

"Go on, dearest!"

"Must I? Will you make me, Edgar, dear? Well, I felt as if—it is cruel and unjust!—as if I could not trust him!"

"Trust him! Why, he is faithful—himself!" said Lord Edgar, amazed and puzzled.

"Yes, I know," she said, with a sigh. "It is the only blot on my happiness, and I would give the world to get rid of the feeling, but I can not. I feel as if Clifford were my mortal foe—you see how fanciful and stupid a girl you have married, dear—and that he is only biding his time to work me a mortal injury!"

Lord Edgar stared at her for a moment, then burst into a laugh, and after a second she joined in; but if he had been looking at her keenly, he would have seen a gleam of fear in her eyes that belied the laugh on her lips.

(To be Continued.)

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No Necessity Verbal

Time is up for German Machine Picked Gage ment in G Winnipeg Strik

TIME FOR TALK PASSED. PARIS, May 31.

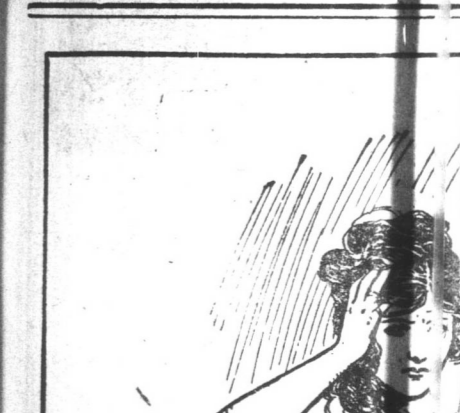
The greater part of the objections raised in the German counter proposals have in the opinion of French diplomatic and political circles been already set forth in separate notes duly answered by the Allies. Consequently there can be no modification of the peace terms and there is no necessity for verbal discussions in which the Berlin Government desires to involve the Allied Powers. It is understood the Council of Four will agree in taking this view in answering the Germans. The German peace delegation has been notified that the period of delay for presenting observations having expired at three o'clock Thursday afternoon, no further notes will be accepted from the delegation.

THE GERMAN WHINE. PARIS, May 31.

It became known to-day that the German counter proposals were accompanied by a covering of ten typewritten pages. One letter is apparently the work of Count Brockdorff Rantzau as it is more conciliatory and adroit than the counter proposals which were elaborated by the Berlin Government. The letter paints a most gloomy picture of the fate to which the peace terms condemn Germany, and refers to the sacred character of treaties. The letter disavows the treaty made with Russia at Brest-Litovsk and concludes with the following phrase: "We shall only undertake those obligations which we are sure of keeping, because the German people, who in the last resort will give its assent to the treaty."

ANOTHER WEEK. PARIS, June 1.

The Council of Four of the Peace Conference, were to meet to-day but the representatives of the great powers continued their examination of the German counter proposals to the peace terms. The answer of the Allies and associated powers will probably



Ne

THIS word "neurathia" means nerve weakness. exhaustion of the nerve affects the whole body, making tired, listless and discouraged. Symptoms vary in individual cases.

One may suffer from nerve aches; another may have a third nervous indigestion or action of the kidneys or bowels.

Some patients look cheerfully are cheerful, while others are ill and mentally gloomy and despondent.

Neurathia might be described "curable" form of nervous disease. This way it differs from paralysis motor ataxia; which in its more advanced stages cannot be cured.

It requires patient treatment up the exhausted nervous system are sure to have discouraging results when you wonder if you are really better after all.

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