

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VII. A CHAINED HEART.

"LET us go by the stream by all your breakfast with no one to speak says Lord Edgar; and Lela, with a in, Clifford Revel, drops in just after little, almost unconscious, thrill of on his way to the office, but not alpleasure at his reason for choosing ways, and I'm left to the paper, which it, takes the path that winds along- I hate." side the babbling little river.

The innocent remark of the miller's fast?" she asks, with all the curiosity child has produced a slight shade of of an innocent country girl. fest in her lowered lids, a faint color and take a turn in the park." in her face and a slight tendency to silence, and Lord Edgar is so fright- ly. ened lest she should take alarm that Lord Edgar stares. he strides on beside her, humming the last of the comic opera airs rather other-oh-ah, yes! Yes, Hyde Park.

But presently the shyness, to his in- the stable and go down to the club finite delight, wears off, and he takes and look at the paper." courage to remark that he hopes she ts not tired.

"Tired!" she says, flashing around He nods and laughs. her soft brown eyes that twenty times fellow you know drops in and you echo the words. "It-it is very soon." this morning have made his heart get to talking about anythinghere—to the mill I mean—and back or a cutlet and a glass of the Boy—" welcome, though it is my father's."

he puts it into a word.

papa wouldn't walk so far from his saw before and never want to see terness. "Mr. Temple? No," he says. "I ter, and then I go to the club and or with whom I walk, so that I don't thought-perhaps-that is-that there somebody proposes a game at bac-trouble him."

carat_"

She ponders a moment, her long

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lashes sweeping her cheek.

She looked at him with grave sur-

"I didn't know," he rejoins, meekly, dull." ut with an inward throb of satisfac-

"I know no one," she continues "Grandpapa and I are quite alone. This is the first time," she adds, innocertly, "that I have had a companion." He draws a little nearer.

"Don't you find it dull-walking alone, I mean?" he says.

"Oh, no! There is always some thing to amuse one: some bird to lis ten to, a squirrel running up a tree-I saw three once!-and there are al ways the trees to talk to me. Oh, am never dull-never, in the open air He looks rather disappointed.

"Trees-I didn't know they talked."

She laughs.

"Oh, yes, they do. Listen!" and sho He stops dead short as if he had been shot. "Don't you hear them? That is the leaves rustling against each other in the summer breeze. That is what I call talking. If we were poets we should understand then, and be able to tell the world what they

Lord Edgar tilts his hat back and shakes his head despairingly.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of poet," he says, ruefully. "And you come here all alone? And you don't find it dull? I'm always dull if I'm alone. I hate being alone. That's why I hate my rooms in town."

She looks up at him sympathetic ally and with unconcealed interest She is curious as to how the heir to the marquisate lives and spends his

"You live alone?" she says. another cigar. "You don't mind,

you're sure?"

She shakes her head. "Yes, quite alene. Of course I've got a man, a valet, you know; but a fellow can't make a companion of him. He never speaks unless he's spoken to, but be's a decent fellow, My rooms are up west, near the clubs, you know."

"Clubs?" she says, doubtfully, then the quick, intelligent light flashes into her soft brown eyes. "Ah, yes, 1

awfully sick of it! I hate it. I like

She thinks a moment, then she looks up at him.

"This is the country. Why do you He colors, and examines his cigar

with more than needful scruting

"Why? Because I am not asked. come unless I am asked, and he

"Why do you stay, then?" she asks, frightfully dull. I'm always glad to

He flings the cigar into the river seems anything to do; fancy eating and makes a great pretense of choos-"Oh. because-because-it's such

> beautiful weather, you know." reason in the best of faith-"beauti-

"But I can't stay long; no fellow can stay when he isn't wanted. I

A sudden thrill-a cold thrill runs "Hyde Park?" she says, hesitatingthrough her, a chill that surprises and puzzles her.

"To-morrow!" she says, vaguely. "Yes, I didn't know there was any

intimation from Mr. Palmer that I "You've done that," she says, naive-

at him with one of the glances from Yes, but I do it again; then some the stream as if she expected them to

"Yes," he admits; "and I don't want leap. "Why, we have not walked any nothing; more often nothing; then to go, I assure you I don't. But I distance to speak of. I often come lunch-time comes, and you get a chop can't stay in a house where I'm not

> "The Boy?" she says, puzzled. "No," she admits, but faintly. "Per-"Champagne, you know," he says; haps"-with a sudden start-"your "and after that I go for another trot father, the marquis, would rather in the park, and perhaps I meet with that you stayed with him to-day than some one who asks me to dinner, and -than walked with me?"

beloved library to-to save his life!" again, and then I look in at the thea- "My father doesn't care where I go

sweetly so sweetly that he draws a which close over them firmly, and "A game with cards; and I play, little nearer. "I thought that rich steps onto the first stone. and lose, and then I go home to bed, people, lords especially, were always and there's an end. It is awfully happy, and that the world was made way toward the next one, "be careful for them!"

"You were wrong," he says; "I am | "I'm not afraid!" she says, an instance of the contrary."

finding life a bore. There is no music

"The music of the trees."

"I can hear the music of the stream.

to cross here. Dear me!" "What's the matter?" he asks.

"Why, the river is awfully swollen. It is the rain of last week! The stepping-stones are almost covered!" He looks down at the river and nods

there is a rude and rough ford made of stepping-stones, which the swollen river has nearly obliterated.

"Here is where we ought to cross." she says, her brows knitted with per-

"Not half of the stones are visible," he says. "We shall have to go back." She pulls out her watch, and con-

sults it thoughtfully. "Go back!" she says. "Why, it will take a couple of hours! And by that

time grandpapa will be in a fit! We

must cross it!" "You will get wet." he says.

She laughs. "I can't help that! We must cross here." and she runs down the bank. and stands looking at the brawling

"Let me give you a hand," he says:

"You are standing in the water!"

He laughs carelessly. "What does it matter?" he rejoius, "Yes, of course, alone! Why, grand- I go and meet a lot of people I never He laughs with a half tone of hit- from his extended hand. "It won't

She hesitates a moment, then puts "I am so sorry," she murmurs, her small hands into his strong ones,

to step firmly. "Don't be afraid." the firm grip of his hands, which seem | velvet and corduroy. to swallow hers and yet to hold them

so tenderly. "Bravo!" he exclaims, as she reaches stone No. 2. "That was first-rate!" "How deep the water is," she says, ruefully, looking down at his legs, in silver or stamps. against which the stream is rushing angrily. "How terribly wet you will

"Please don't think of me," he says, pleadingly. "It will do me good. Now for the next one."

doubtfully: but she manages to reach it, and no sooner has done so than she utters a faint cry of dismay.

"What's the matter?" he says, holding her hands tightly and pressing little nearer.

"Don't you see!" she says, nodding in front of her. "The next stone under water!"

"By Jove! so it is!" What's to be done?".

"I don't know. And I feel as if were going to fall." she adds. laughingly, but with a little dash of nervous color in her lovely face.

"Lean your arm on my shoulder, he says, coming closer. She does so. feel steadier."

"Thank you-you are very kind; "Never mind me!" he repeats.

What's to be done? Will you go chial and Foregn Markets they sup-

he knows that it is a useless one, as etc., in the principal Provincial Town on the sloping, slippery stone. He Kingdom. knows, too, the answer to that last carry a baby. But he dare not even A copy of the directory will be sent be sacrilege. But still, what is to be done? Every moment he feels the The London Directory arm resting upon his shoulder grow more uncertain and unsteady.

(To be continued.)



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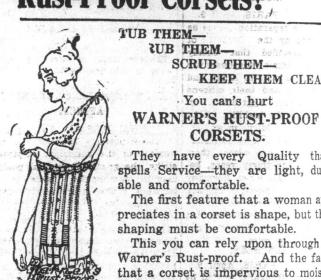
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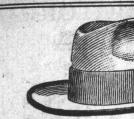
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POOR PROSPECTS. PARIS, April 9. mission to Hungary, headed by ral Jan Christian Smuts, has rel on the prospect of the payment ngary of her debts. The imon gained by the commission, port states, was that there be some chance of adjustment igh friendly negotiations, otherit was added it was difficult to

my chance whatever.

OFF FOR ARCHANGEL. TILBURY, England, April 9. first transport bearing the sh relief force for the Archangel will sail to-pight. The members contingent began embarking The new force compriseran officers and men who in various theatres during the It is an army in miniature, man of the service being repre-Recruiting for further reinnents for Northern Russia is

ding satisfactorily.

DEMOBILIZATION. LONDON, April 9. Reuter's.)-During question



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