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**The Old Marquis**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER X.

"HE MAY BE WON YET."

"Indeed! What was her name?" As she spoke, she bent her eyes upon him, with seeming carelessness, but, in reality, with keenest scrutiny.

"Her name," he said, trying to speak with polite indifference, "is Lela Temple."

She remembered in a moment, but appeared as if trying to do so.

"Lela—pretty name—Temple! I don't think—ah, yes, I remember. She was a school-fellow of mine! A rather short and plain, but very pleasant girl."

"No, no!" he said, distinctly blushing now. "You have confused her with some other girl. She is rather tall, and—"

"Yes, yes, you are right," she said. "I remember! How stupid of me! Why, we were great friends at school, and swore an eternal friendship, which lasted just a week! I am so glad she has not forgotten me! Is she in town?"

More sorry than ever that he had spoken, he answered:

"No, I met her in the country—in Berkshire. How kind of you to come here to-night, after such a journey."

"A couple of hours," he said, laughing. "It is not much of a journey from Faneborough."

He had told her all she wanted to know in those few sentences; there was a light in her eyes, as she arose, and she paused before turning away to her mother, who had beckoned her.

"You are, evidently, so good-natured, Lord Fane," she said, "that I am tempted to take a lady's advantage."

He arose, and stood looking at her, with his brave, honest eyes.

"I don't understand. If there is anything I can do—" he said.

"Well, there is," she answered. "The fact is, my mother and I are alone—I mean, we have no gentleman at our beck and call, or to advise us, and just now we want advice badly."

He smiled, and looked distressed.

"If it's business," he said, with genuine interest, "I'm no use in the world. My cousin, Clifford Revel, is the man. I'll fetch him for you."

She put her hand upon his arm, with a smile, not of contempt, but of admiration, of his simple, truthful nature.

"Thanks, it is not business; or, rather, it is business which you do understand, or else people give you more credit than you deserve."

"They could easily do that!" he said, still waiting most eagerly.

"That was very nicely said," she laughed. "But this is the business, Lord Fane. My mother is anxious about a horse I have bought—"

"Oh, if it's a horse!" he said. "Well?"

"My mother is afraid of it, and wants me to share her fear, and get rid of the animal. But I'm not afraid at all—he looked at her beautiful face, and the clear, black eyes, and thought that, indeed, it must be a wild horse of Tartary to inspire fear in her heart—not at all. Now, would you mind—it is a shame to trouble you—would you mind looking at it to-morrow?"

"I shall be delighted!" he said; then his face fell for one moment. To-morrow! and he meant to be at Lela's side to-morrow!

"You are sure it is not troubling you unwarrantably?" she murmured.

"I shall be delighted," he repeated. "Where can I see him?"

She hesitated.

"Perhaps, if quite convenient, you wouldn't mind seeing him in the park? I always take a gallop twice a day, before breakfast and after lunch."

"I'll come after—"

"To lunch, will you, please?" she said, so meekly and winningly that, coming from her, so majestic and superb, he felt confused.

"Thanks; I will come," he said. She swept him a bow of gratitude, with queenly grace, and went across the room, her ruby satin shining through the old lace like a glowing fire.

Lord Edgar watched her as she swept across the room, and thought, as he did so, that he had never seen a more queenly figure, a more imperial gait. Her beauty, her manner, her voice, the gleam of her dark—there are no black eyes, so artists say—eyes impressed him as no eyes had ever impressed him before. He thought of Lela even at the moment with the tenderest love; there was nothing of love, of anything approaching it, in the impression created by this superb creature, but there was something—a vague feeling of having been influenced—that possessed him.

He was still watching her as she moved about the room, stopping to talk to one and another of the guests, always with the perfect grace which had so struck him, when Clifford Revel came up to him.

"Well," he said, in his low, distinct voice, "are you bored to death, Edgar?"

Lord Edgar started.

"Bored? No! Clifford, what a splendid creature that is!"

Clifford Revel looked across the room, as if searching for the splendid



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creature, and Lord Edgar broke out with his usual impatience and impetuosity:

"Miss Drayton, I mean!"

"Oh, Miss Drayton! Yes," assented Clifford. "Yes, she is very much admired."

"Admired! You speak as if she were a statue or a painting!" said Lord Edgar, almost indignantly.

Clifford Revel looked down at him, with his impassive smile.

"You speak as if you were in love with her."

"I?" exclaimed Lord Edgar, color- ing.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of," remarked Clifford Revel, with suppressed bitterness. "Every one is in love with her. There isn't a more beautiful woman in London."

"In London—yes, I dare say," assented Lord Edgar, warmly.

"And in the country, too," said Clifford Revel, carelessly, but bending his keen glance on the frank face.

"Any way, there is no chance for you, dear boy. Half London is at her feet, and you come too late."

Lord Edgar laughed.

"I didn't come at all," he said; "and speaking of late reminds me that we are late. Hadn't we better go?"

Clifford Revel glanced at the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and nodded.

"Yes," he said, "whenever you are ready."

Lord Edgar arose to make his adieu, but Clifford Revel stopped him.

"You can go without saying 'good-night,'" he said. "It is not usual on these informal occasions."

Lord Edgar hesitated, and, as he stood, Edith Drayton moved to the piano.

Half a dozen men battled in a polite way for the honor of escorting her and turning over the music, but she seemed to disregard them all, and glanced across the room toward the two cousins.

Clifford Revel moved forward, but Lord Edgar was before him, and strode to the piano.

"Are you going to sing?" he said.

"If you like," she said, with an emphasis on the "you."

"Yes, please," he answered, frankly.

"I hope you will come and see us again, Lord Fane?" she said.

"I am coming to-morrow," he said, with a smile. "Thank you for asking me."

Then he went back to the piano, where Edith Drayton still sat, and held out his hand.

"Good-by for the present," he said. "I'll look at the horse in the morning."

She gave him her hand; it was as firm and white as a statue's, and yet seemed to grow warm within his grip.

And then Clifford Revel's turn came.

Bending over her, he murmured his good-night.

"I hope the savage has amused you?" he whispered.

"Very much, indeed," she replied, and the two men went out side by side. It seemed the signal for the guests, and one by one the gentlemen made their adieus, so that the mother and daughter remained alone.

"Well!" said Mrs. Drayton, coming across to the piano, with her weary step.

Her daughter looked straight before her.

"What do you mean by 'well, mother'?" she asked.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Mrs. Drayton, anxiously.

"Of Lord Fane? I think," replied Edith, touching the keys so softly that they did not sound, "that he is a harder puzzle than I contemplated."

"Harder?"

"Yes. Clifford Revel has always described him as a sort of savage, whereas he is not at all a savage; on the contrary, he is a—man."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he is a noble-spirited young fellow, who is worthy any woman's love—even mine!"

"Edith!"

"Yes. She pressed down the keys in a silent chord. "Yes. He is as handsome as a Greek statue, but it is not that; I don't care for beauty in a man; but he has more. When his eyes meet one's own, they seem so full of truth and manly honesty that one feels a mass of falsehood and deceit—at least I do."

"My dear Edith!"

She looked straight before her, as if she were communing with herself, and struck a note now and again. "If he were a poor man, untitled and struggling in the world, he would be worth winning. But he is in love already."

"My dear Edith—how do you know? With whom?"

"With Lela Temple, an old school-fellow. I remember her. She was beautiful even as a girl. The sort of beauty that wins a man's heart, at first sight. She should be a happy girl."

"But—but how do you know? Who told you?" demanded Mrs. Drayton, with weary impatience and wonder.

"I know, because he told me; he did not say in so many words, 'I love Lela Temple,' but he blushed when he mentioned her name. She is living near his father's place, near Faneborough Abbey. He has seen her to-day. I know, I feel it! Yes, she is a happy girl!"

"Then—then—" said Mrs. Drayton with a sigh of tired despair, "then that is no use."

Edith Drayton struck a chord daintily.

"I don't know!"

"You don't know, my dear Edith? If the man is already in love!"

"He may be won yet; we shall see! Yes, he is a splendid fellow. If ever there was a true man, it is he. If ever there was a true heart worth winning, it beats in his bosom."

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**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



She had a beautiful voice, which she had, by incessant practice, trained to perfection; and Lord Edgar, as he stood and listened, thought he had never—excepting that song of Lela's which he had heard on the terrace—heard a more beautiful song.

Her eyes—he watched them as she sang—seemed to grow softer and more luminous, and, when she had finished, amid the quiet hum of applause, his frank, outright voice arose above the rest.

"Thanks, thanks!" he said. "What a beautiful voice you have! Thanks!"

Clifford Revel stood on the other side, and did not utter a word. He looked at his watch, and touched Edgar on the shoulder.

"It is time to go," he said, in a half-whisper.

Lord Edgar strode across the room to Mrs. Drayton.

"I've had a most enjoyable evening," he said, extending his hand, in his blunt fashion.

She smiled up at him; she looked very tired.

**Rioting, L...**

**Europeans Burned to Control in Egypt Attacks "The"**

**THE INDIAN RIOTING.**  
LAHORE, India, April 16. (Special Telegrams.)—After looting the rioters poured oil over the bodies of the victims in the National Bank were burned by recognition. Manager Thompson of the Alliance Bank killed several of the rioters with his revolver being overpowered. Every value in the Town Hall, including the official papers and records, were destroyed. The mission of the Punjab religious department was also burned. Several Europeans had thrilling escapes, a number being sheltered and housed in the Indian hospital. A lady doctor in the hospital escaped by hiding in a closet and dressing in a native sari. The police behaved splendidly, saving a number of Europeans. Troops with reinforcements from Lahore and Hulloindur finally quelled the disturbance.

**SITUATION IN EGYPT.**  
LONDON, April 16. (Special Telegrams.)—An official statement regarding the Egyptian situation in the House of Commons this afternoon says that from the general point of view of the public safety conditions are now satisfactory. No incidents of particular importance are reported from the provinces, although attempts have been made in some districts in the Delta to interfere with railway and telegraph communication. The strike of government employees continues. The Government is endeavoring to settle the strike, and the moderate elements are apparently strongly opposed to its continuance, but agitators are working against a settlement. General Allenby's policy, under the powers vested in him, is to restore law and order, and normal conditions of life throughout the country.

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