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## The Old Marquis

### The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXIX.  
A NYMPH OF THE WOOD.

"Heavens, how happy she is!" was the bitter thought; "and he—he has quite forgotten me and all the world for her sake. Oh, if I could but hate him as I hate her!"

She passed her, and went upon the bridge. Edith, watching, with self-absorbing jealousy, noticed how carefully and tenderly he held Lela's hand and guided her over the narrow plank.

Then she drew a breath of relief, but the next moment she saw that she had not escaped; that coming back, they must see her; that Lord Claxtone would appear on the opposite bank, and, not finding her, would cross in search of her, perhaps shout her name! She braced up her resolution, and forcing a smile, came out from among the trees and went toward them.

As she did so, Lord Edgar bent his head and murmured some sweet word of love, and Lela, looking up, offered him her lips; which he kissed with a long, lingering caress. At this, Edith put her hand upon the hand-rail to steady herself, and Lela, feeling it shake, turned wonderingly and saw her.

Saw the tall, graceful figure, and the pale, beautiful face—not only beautiful, but almost terrible in its expression of stern self-repression—she, with a swift sensation of fear, uttered a faint cry of alarm and surprise.

Lord Edgar swung around all in a moment, then he exclaimed, "Edith—Miss Drayton!" and strode forward to meet her.

Lela had recognized her even before Lord Edgar's words of recognition, but the Christian name upon his lips struck her unpleasantly.

"Why, Miss Drayton!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, with his usual impetuous delight, "you are the last person I should have expected to see on Fangley Weir! Where have you come from—the sky?" And, still holding her hand and covering it with his left, he poured a flood of welcome from his dark eyes. This outburst gave her time to recover herself.

"I am a nymph of the wood, Lord Fane," she said, in her full, low voice. "But I am as surprised at seeing you as you are at seeing me. And"—then she looked beyond him—"yes! why, it is Lela Temple!" At the word "Temple," Lord Edgar flushed and was about to speak, but she swept past him and took Lela's outstretched hand. "My dear Lela!" she murmured, holding her hands. "Why, this is like a scene out of a French play! Now, don't say that you have forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you, Edith! No, indeed!" said Lela, in her soft voice, and with a welcoming light in her gentle eyes. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

"And I you, little mouse! That was

the name we used to call you; don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes!" assented Lela, laughing softly. "I have forgotten nothing."

"Nor I! Ah! those happy days! But these are happy days, too," she added, archly. Remember how her heart ached and burned with its consuming fire of jealousy and wasted love, and give her credit for her marvelous self-control. "Are you staying here with your grandfather?"

"No!" faltered Lela, and a burning blush covered her face and neck. Edith looked from one to the other, then her breath came with a quick pant. What did the word "No" and the crimson blush mean?

Lord Edgar came nearer and took Lela's hand in his.

"Lela is not stopping with her grandfather; he is in Germany at present; she is staying with me," and he smiled.

Still Edith did not realize the truth—perhaps because she fought hard against it.

"Don't you understand?" he said, softly, with a happy light in his eyes and a triumphant curl of the lip. "Lela is no longer Lela Temple, but Lela Fane, my wife!"

She stood for a moment while the light seemed to go out of the day like a flash, and a great darkness fell over her. For a moment her lips framed the words, "Your wife!" then, with a mighty effort, she recovered herself, and with a fixed look in her eyes and a forced smile drew Lela nearer to her.

"I—I am so glad!" she murmured. "And you are really married! You did not tell me?" with the faintest touch of reproach in her voice.

Lord Edgar shook his head.

"I was waiting until I could bring her to you and claim your friendship on her behalf," he said, simply.

"Ah! you were sure of having that!" she murmured. "Your wife—after all your troubles! Well, I—I congratulate you! And are you happy?" she asked, looking into Lela's downcast face with her large, dark eyes, which the fire in her heart made almost tragic in their intensity.

"I'd better go out of hearing while she answers," said Lord Edgar, with a laugh. "I'm already vain enough."

"Are you happy?" repeated Edith.

Lela raised her eyes and looked at her with simple truth.

"Can you ask?"

"Yes, it was needless. You look so perfectly happy!" said Edith. "Well, it is more like a French play than ever! But you must tell me, all about it. Where are you staying?"

"At The Moorhen," said Lord Edgar, "the inn in the village. Can you come?" he added, eagerly. "Where are you staying?"

She answered without looking at him—his voice seemed to sing in her ears.

"I am not staying in the neighborhood. I came down with a party from town—a sort of picnic—Lord Combermere's. They are on the island."

Lord Edgar looked across, and saw Lord Claxtone standing on the opposite bank.

"Ah, yes! There is one of your party, I suppose?"

Edith inclined her head. She could only give herself a few more minutes of such self-restraint as she was exerting.

"Yes, and he will be growing impatient. He left me to fetch my sunshade, and I strayed like a sheep from the fold, little dreaming that I should meet you here. I must go back."

"I will come back with you across the bridge," said Lord Edgar. Then he turned to Lela. "Will you go down to the boat, Lela?" he said. "I shall not be a moment."

"Do not come," said Edith, almost hoarsely.

"Yes, yes, he must," said Lela. "He

shall go all the way with you. Do not mind leaving me, Edgar."

"I will take Miss Drayton to her friend," said Lord Edgar, simply. "The fact is," he added, with a smile, "Lela and I are hiding for strategic reasons, and I don't wish her to be seen."

"I'll go," said Lela, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," murmured Edith Drayton. "When you come to town you must come and see us; Lord Edgar—with a smile of hidden bitterness—knows the house."

"Indeed I do!" said Lord Edgar, with grateful significance. "Lela knows how true and good a friend you have been to me and her."

"Good-bye," said Lela, and she put up her face.

Edith paused half a second, then put her hot lips on the white, sweet forehead. Lela ran across the bridge. "Take care, dearest!" called Lord Edgar, warningly, and she looked back with a smile and waved her hand.

Lord Edgar and Edith Drayton were silent for a moment, then he said: "You will understand why our marriage is kept secret for a time, Miss Drayton?"

"Your father?"

"Yes," he assented, with a short sigh. "I hate and detest concealment, but I am helpless. I can only trust that his enmity to it will not exist long. You will keep our secret, will you not?"

"Ah, yes," she said.

"I wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "that Clifford Revel did not drop a word, did not tell you outright, in fact."

A gleam of fire came into her eyes. Why had he hidden it from her? she asked herself. What dark game was he playing?

"He said nothing," she answered simply.

"And I will bring Lela when we come to town," he said, hurriedly, for Lord Claxtone had recognized him and approached them.

"Do," she said, quietly.

"Hello, Clax!" he said, as the lad seized his hand and wrung it.

"Why, Fane, who would have thought of seeing you? Did you follow us down from town?"

Lord Edgar looked him full in the face.

"No, Claxtone, I am staying here, but quite in seclusion, you understand!"

"Quite," assented the lad, coloring.

"And you won't come back? Try and persuade him, Miss Drayton."

Edith shook her head, and Lord Edgar laughed softly.

"No, I can't come back. Take Miss Drayton back, Clax, and don't mention that you found me rusticated like a savage in the woods."

He took Edith's outstretched hand and bowed over it, and, as he pressed it, said, in a low voice, "Good-bye, my true friend!" and then turned and went back to Lela.

Edith Drayton stood for a moment, not looking after him, but with her eyes fixed on the ground, which seemed to rock beneath her feet. She had grown white to the lips.

"Miss Drayton!" exclaimed Lord Claxtone, with alarm.

"Hush!" she said, hoarsely. "Don't speak to me. It—is the sun. Take my handkerchief and dip it into the water. Quick!"

He ran down to the river and brought the handkerchief cool and wet, and she took it and pressed it against her forehead for a moment.

Then she dropped it on the grass, and turned to him with a smile.

"I'm all right now, Lord Claxtone. Do not look so alarmed. It was not your fault, but mine for straying still further without my sunshade. Will you give me your arm? Thanks!"

CHAPTER XXX.  
THE LIGHT FROM HALF A DOZEN WAX

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL. A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in music.

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For prospectus and information apply to the Warden.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

23 THE PHARMACY

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Mrs. Drayton, quite knocked up by the journey to Fangley and back, had gone off to her room with a bad headache.

"You had better go, too," she had said to Edith. "You look as pale and tired, I'm sure, as I do."

But Edith had shaken her head.

"Well, don't sit up late, then," said poor Mrs. Drayton. "After all, I think these sort of journeys should be taken by rail. One can sleep in a railway carriage, but I'll defy any one even to rest on the top of a coach—expecting to meet with an accident every moment. It is a wonder we didn't have a spill, as Lord Combermere calls it. I quite expected to come back with a broken limb."

"No, there have been no limbs broken," said Edith, with a strange smile, as she added, inaudibly—"only one broken heart!"

Intense silence reigned in the beautiful room, with its artistic furniture and costly bric-a-brac, and in that silence the motionless figure seemed to be waiting.

Presently there came a ring at the door, and a footstep ascended the stairs; a dash of color came into her face, a touch of fire into her eyes.

"Mr. Revel, miss," announced the servant.

Clifford Revel came in, with his quick, keen glance around the room—he never entered a room or house or club without that preliminary glance—and his handsome face softened in its expression as his eyes fell upon the graceful figure in the chair.

"How good of you!" he murmured, putting down his hat and bending over the chair, and touching her arm with his white, thin fingers.

She did not look up, did not move her arm.

"Good?" she said, in a low voice, and in a tone of constraint that should have warned him of the storm that was raging within her, and which, if he had but guessed it, threatened to overwhelm him.

"Good to sit up," he explained. "I know where you have been. I met that boy Claxtone, and he told me I hope you have had a pleasant day."

"Very pleasant!" she answered; and this time his acute ear caught the bitterness in her tone.

"Not pleasant? Too long a journey, and too hot a day? I am sorry! It makes your goodness in sitting up to see me all the greater. While I think of it, let me offer you these flowers—they are the orchid blossoms from Nice of which I spoke."

And he drew from his coat-pocket a dainty little tissue paper parcel and opened it, revealing half a dozen exquisite blossoms.

"Thanks," she said, coldly. "Will you put them on the table, please?"

She had not glanced at them.

He looks down at her with his brows drawn together, but obeyed her instantly.

"You have forgotten them, forgotten your extreme desire to possess them," he said. "No matter—there they are, in case you should feel inclined to bestow a glance upon them. Happy flowers! If you do not look at them, they will not feel your coldness as I do."

And he sighed.

She remained perfectly cool under this delicate reproach, and silent for a moment, then she said: "Yes, you are right—I did sit up to-night, thinking that you might perhaps call."

"Ah!" he said, with suppressed joy. "I only hoped it; now I know it."

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"Well, don't sit up late, then," said poor Mrs. Drayton. "After all, I think these sort of journeys should be taken by rail. One can sleep in a railway carriage, but I'll defy any one even to rest on the top of a coach—expecting to meet with an accident every moment. It is a wonder we didn't have a spill, as Lord Combermere calls it. I quite expected to come back with a broken limb."

"No, there have been no limbs broken," said Edith, with a strange smile, as she added, inaudibly—"only one broken heart!"

Intense silence reigned in the beautiful room, with its artistic furniture and costly bric-a-brac, and in that silence the motionless figure seemed to be waiting.

Presently there came a ring at the door, and a footstep ascended the stairs; a dash of color came into her face, a touch of fire into her eyes.

"Mr. Revel, miss," announced the servant.

Clifford Revel came in, with his quick, keen glance around the room—he never entered a room or house or club without that preliminary glance—and his handsome face softened in its expression as his eyes fell upon the graceful figure in the chair.

"How good of you!" he murmured, putting down his hat and bending over the chair, and touching her arm with his white, thin fingers.

She did not look up, did not move her arm.

"Good?" she said, in a low voice, and in a tone of constraint that should have warned him of the storm that was raging within her, and which, if he had but guessed it, threatened to overwhelm him.

"Good to sit up," he explained. "I know where you have been. I met that boy Claxtone, and he told me I hope you have had a pleasant day."

"Very pleasant!" she answered; and this time his acute ear caught the bitterness in her tone.

"Not pleasant? Too long a journey, and too hot a day? I am sorry! It makes your goodness in sitting up to see me all the greater. While I think of it, let me offer you these flowers—they are the orchid blossoms from Nice of which I spoke."

And he drew from his coat-pocket a dainty little tissue paper parcel and opened it, revealing half a dozen exquisite blossoms.

"Thanks," she said, coldly. "Will you put them on the table, please?"

She had not glanced at them.

He looks down at her with his brows drawn together, but obeyed her instantly.

"You have forgotten them, forgotten your extreme desire to possess them," he said. "No matter—there they are, in case you should feel inclined to bestow a glance upon them. Happy flowers! If you do not look at them, they will not feel your coldness as I do."

And he sighed.

She remained perfectly cool under this delicate reproach, and silent for a moment, then she said: "Yes, you are right—I did sit up to-night, thinking that you might perhaps call."

"Ah!" he said, with suppressed joy. "I only hoped it; now I know it."

"Wait! you will find you have little cause for gratitude."

(To be continued.)

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## Fashion Plates.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

