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**For Love of a Woman;  
OR,  
New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XXX.  
IN THE TOLLS.

"Come, come, we had enough hard names last night! If I am a fiend, as you call it, don't you be a fool. Why, my good sir, you have got everything you wanted, and like a spoilt child, you are still dissatisfied, and want to quarrel with the person who has been your best friend. What give up charming, Doris Marlowe! Tut, tut, you couldn't do it; now, could you?"

Percy Levant turned his head aside, and something like a groan escaped his compressed lips.

"No, you couldn't. And therefore I say that the sooner the marriage takes place, and you have got for your bride the beautiful young creature with whom you are so madly in love, the better. 'A bird in the hand,' and 'There is many a slip,' etc. You know the two old, but exquisitely true, proverbs, I digress. Get the marriage over, my dear Percy!"

"You speak of a marriage, and we were engaged only last night!" he said, after a pause. "Do you think she would consent? How little you know her. Perhaps you think—with a bitter smile—"that she is as madly in love with me as I am with her!"

Spenser Churchill shook his head.

"No, my dear fellow, I don't think anything of the kind. I think I can understand why Miss Doris has promised to marry you. But if she doesn't love you now, she will do so. Oh, yes, believe me with most women love comes after marriage!"

A light shone in the dark eyes for a moment, then faded out again, and left the handsome face grave and moody.

"I think she will consent—in fact, I am sure she will." He leaned forward on his elbow, and whispered the ensuing words insidiously. "She must be made to!"

"Made to?"

"Yes, Tut, tut, don't look so black. Moral force, not physical, my dear Percy, is what I mean. Listen to me. I think you will admit that, up to now, my judgment has been pretty correct, and that I didn't start you on a wild-goose chase that morning in Soho, when I offered to give you a beautiful wife and make your fortune. Eh, my dear Percy?"

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dear Percy? Well, I'll finish what I began, and here is my little plan. Do you know Pescal?"

Percy Levant nodded.

"A charming little place, my dear Percy. So quiet and secluded, and so much healthier than Florence. Now, if I were a medical man I should say that Miss Doris wanted a change, and that no place, within even easy distance, could be more suitable than Pescal. Though I am not a doctor, I think I shall venture to suggest to Lady Despard that she and Doris go there for a few weeks."

Percy Levant listened intently, his brilliant eyes covered by their long, dark lashes, so that Spenser Churchill could not see the expression that gleamed in them.

"Well, they go to Pescal, and you, of course, with them. You are there, say, a fortnight or three weeks, when I write to offer you an engagement at a large salary, in Australia."

Percy Levant did not move a muscle.

"It is a most tempting offer; but, alas! poor as you are, you cannot bring yourself to leave your lady-love for years, perhaps forever, as the song says. And what so natural and reasonable as the suggestion that you should marry her and take her with you? At first she will hesitate—oh, yes, certainly she will hesitate—but I think—"

with a smile—"I think I do not over-estimate your powers of persuasion when I say that I am convinced you will overcome her reluctance to so hasty a marriage. There is a charming little English church in Pescal—most charming!—the very church for a quiet wedding. A quiet wedding, mark me, my dear Percy! You see! Come, admit that I am as thoughtful unctuously."

"To Australia!" said Percy Levant in a low voice.

Spenser Churchill made a mocking gesture.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Why should you go to Australia? On the day after the wedding you and I will have a little explanation. I shall have the happiness of telling you whom you have married, and the extent of your good fortune; of putting you in the way of paying me that little bonus we agreed upon—and then you may go where you please—London—Paris—Jericho!"

"I see," said Percy Levant, slowly. "It is a clever plan. And you will tell me nothing until after the marriage? You will not trust me—"

The gentle philanthropist's smile spoke volumes by way of answer. It really meant, "Do you take me for a fool?"

"Yes, it is a clever plan," repeated Percy Levant. "But, clever as it is, I

think you will spoil it, Spenser Churchill."

"I spoil it!" he echoed, with reproachful indignation.

"Yes, I think so. Do you think Lady Despard will not suspect that there is something wrong when you dog our footsteps and follow us about—"

Mr. Spenser Churchill laughed.

"But I do not intend to inflict my presence upon you, my dear Percy. I shall ask dear Lady Despard's permission to remain here at the villa—in charge, as it were—during her absence. You see? So that there will be nothing to be suspicious about."

A curious expression, almost one of satisfaction, shone for a moment in Percy Levant's dark eyes.

"I understand," he said, quietly. "Though, not with us you will be near at hand? And I am to come here the day after the wedding?"

"Yes," said Spenser Churchill, nodding complacently. "You will come to me and obtain the key to the enigma, and I flatter myself, my dear Percy, that you will, I fear, alas! for the first time, overwhelm me with gratitude. Ah! lucky, lucky boy! If I had the good fortune in early life to possess such a friend as I have proved myself to you, where should I be now, I wonder?" and he sighed unctuously.

"In goal, I should say," retorted Percy, grimly. Then he added, quickly, "But I like your plan, and I shall do my best to carry it out. As you say, it is too late to draw back now—"

"Much too late," laughed the philanthropist, "even if you wished to, which you do not my dear boy."

"No, I do not," he assented, and he took a cigar from his case and lit it, his white, shapely hands trembling slightly. "I am willing to follow your instruction; and all I ask is that which you have consented to: that you keep away from Pescal."

Spenser Churchill nodded acquiescently.

"Certainly, I agree with you that the less I am in evidence the better."

As he spoke, a footman came across the lawn with a telegram.

It was from Lord Cecil, and had been forwarded from Meurigny's. Mr. Spenser Churchill took it and opened it.

It ran:

"The marquis's condition is unaltered."

"Cecil Neville."

He tore it into minute fragments.

"A request that I will speak at the annual meeting of the Washerwomen's Burial Fund next week. You see what sacrifices I am making in your behalf, my dear Percy," he said, shaking his head. "I think I am rather thirsty; it is this peculiar air, I suppose. A small brandy-and-eggs, now—will you join me, my dear Percy? No!" and with a gentle sigh he ambled towards the house.

Percy Levant dropped down on the grass and smoked furiously for some minutes, then he fung the cigar from him as if he were too agitated to smoke.

"Yes, I'll do it—I'll do it!" he muttered. "Oh, my beautiful angel, for your sake!"

CHAPTER XXXI.  
A POSTPONEMENT.

Some men take a great deal of killing. The Marquis of Stoye ought, according to medical rules and poetical justice, to have died out of hand; but he clung to life tenaciously, and not only refused to die, but got better!

In ten days from Spenser Churchill's departure, his lordship rallied, and, to the surprise of everyone, including the doctors, regained sufficient strength to enable him to leave his bed.

But a great change had taken place—one of those extraordinary changes which flee medical science and set all its knowledge at naught. The marquis had not lost his reason, but his memory.

He was perfectly sane, understood every word that was said to him, and could converse with all his wonted acuteness and sardonic cynicism, but he had forgotten everything excepting those things which had occurred in years long back. It was exactly as if his later years of his life, with all their experience, had been wiped clean from the table of his mind, and, as he sat in his easy-chair looking out of the window, he was under the impression that his wife had just left him, and that time had not tacked the thorns on life's thin banner years.

The doctors were both startled and puzzled. If he had become actually insane and idiotic they could have understood; but that a man should lose

hold upon twenty years of life, and yet be able to understand—well, was said to him and converse rationally, was little short of phenomenal.

They sent for Lord Cecil, who came hurriedly, and was received by the old old man with a cold, haughty courtesy, as if they had not met for years.

"I am glad to see you, Cecil," he said. "You have altered a great deal since I saw you last; you have grown, grown very much. I suppose you think of entering the army? Well, I will consider the matter. I imagine you would do as much mischief as a civilian as you will do as a soldier. Tell your father, my brother, that, though I bear him no good-will, I will do my duty by you. Ask the steward to give you a five-pound note, and—you may go now, please," and Lord Cecil, dismissed like a school-boy, left the room, too embarrassed and confounded to utter a word.

"What is to be done?" he said to the doctors. "Will he remain like this? It is terrible—terrible!"

Bir Andrew shook his head.

"It is very extraordinary—very; but I must remind you, Lord Cecil, that it might be worse. His lordship is in possession of all his faculties, and, excepting this remarkable loss of memory, is as sane as you and I. I have had a long, and, I must add, most interesting, conversation with him this morning, and he talked with all his old brilliancy—"

"And bitterness," said the other famous doctor, under his breath.

"As to how long this singular lapse of memory will affect him, I really cannot say. It is an altogether unusual case. It is very bad, my lord, I admit,"—for Lord Cecil was much moved by the old man's condition—"but, as I say, it might be worse. His lordship's physical strength is improving daily, we may say hourly."

Lord Cecil sighed.

"It is dreadful to hear him talk so strangely," he said. "Can nothing be done, no experiment be tried? Perhaps if I brought Lady Grace—"

"Bring her ladyship, by all means," said the doctor. "There is no knowing what a familiar face may do. Yes, bring her, Lord Cecil."

Cecil jumped into a hansom, and returned with Lady Grace, whom he took up to the marquis's chair.

"Here is Grace, sir," he said.

"Grace? Grace? What Grace?" demanded the old man, with a hard, keen glance at the beautiful face he used to know so well. "I have not the honour and pleasure of the young lady's acquaintance. Do me the favour to introduce me, if you please."

"Surely you know me, dear marquis!" said Lady Grace, bending over him.

The old man took her hand, and turned it over in his, with a vacant smile. "Let me see; Peyton calls this girl of his Grace, doesn't he? Aye you Peyton's daughter?"

"You know I am, my lord!" she said. "You remember my father, your oldest friend?"

"Jack Peyton? Oh, yes!" he said, with his old, caustic smile. "My oldest and best friend. He proved himself so by running off with the girl I was going to marry. And then I married Lucy"—his lips tightened, and seemed to grow stiff and hard—"and she ran away, too. I daresay she had reason. The child was a girl. It ought to have been a boy, and I hated it because it was not one. Yes, it ought to have been a boy, and cut out Cecil."

And now Cecil will be the heir. I beg your pardon, Cecil," he broke off with his sardonic smile, "I forgot; you were present. Yes, it was a girl. Someone told me that it was dead, and Lucy, too. No, I don't wear mourning; why should I?" with a hard, haughty stare.

"Let the man who went with her wear mourning. I daresay he regrets her—the fool! He was an old flame of hers. Spenser Churchill can tell you all about him, for he helped me to get Lucy away from him. Heaven knows what I saw in her to take so much trouble! I don't! Where is Churchill, by the way?" he broke off to enquire.

"He is on the Continent, sir," said Lord Cecil.

"Oh, what a Pockstiff that fellow is! The biggest hypocrite on the face of the earth, but useful—oh, yes, useful! And so you are Grace Peyton, are you?" turning his glittering eyes upon Lady Grace, who shrank back, half-frightened.

"What should I do? I should thank you to make a good match with Cecil."

"Have you forgotten that we are engaged—Cecil and I—marquis?" she murmured, bending over him.

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GENERAL BOTHA'S FUNERAL.  
PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA, Aug. 31. (Reuter's South Africa Agency.)—The funeral of South Africa's great soldier-statesman, the late General Botha, was the occasion of the most momentous demonstration by all classes in the history of South Africa, and included tributes of affection and admiration from all parts of the sub-continent. Special trains brought to Pretoria representative public men including the administrators from all the Provinces of the Union. The Capitol was draped in black and purple and all day long the city was a place of mourning. The church, where the body had laid in state, was crowded to the doors at the funeral service by a large congregation and Representatives Stanley and Imperial Secretary Smith headed the ministers. A number of Premier Botha's political opponents were also among the congregation. Viscount Buxton, the Governor General, was unable to reach Pretoria in time for the funeral, but his two daughters were present. At the conclusion of the ceremony the body was removed to the cemetery along miles of crowded streets, which were lined by troops. General Smuts delivered an impressive oration at the graveside. He said we are all united by a deep feeling of national loss. Only recently Botha saw the whole of Europe torn by wild passions and he returned to South Africa more than ever convinced that salvation and healing would only be found in a new spirit of humanity and in forgiving and forgetting old differences and wrongs. From his grave to-day Botha speaks more eloquently than ever to his people. His soul lives as a noble power and lofty inspiration to our youth. Commonwealth. From this grave the ideal "one land, one people" will grow ever stronger and grander. With one exception the great figures of the transient and free state have all gone. Botha, Kruger, Fischer, Delarosa Steyn, and Schalkburger, and now is the youngest and in many respects the greatest—Louis Botha; Dew alone remains, and he is prevented from attending to-day by illness. U...

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