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The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER I. IN THE SUNLIGHT.

"Last night!" echoed Lord Edgar, seating himself on the table, so near the previous volume lying open upon it that Mr. Temple hastened to shut it up and put it in its place on the shelves.

"So you think I am altered, do you? I suppose I am. I wish I could say that for the Abbey! By Jove! This morning as I walked around the place I almost fancied I had been asleep and dreaming, and that I was a youngster again; it was all so like I remember it—so unchanged. And how have you been?"

"I?—oh, quite well, my lord," murmured Mr. Temple, drawing some papers from out of reach of the St. Bernard's tail that wagged against them; "quite well."

"That's all right," responded Lord Edgar, heartily. "And you still live here, and spend your time among these dusty books—no, beg your pardon; of course they aren't dusty, not while you have charge of them."

The old man's face flushed at the frank, good-natured compliment.

"You are very kind, my lord. Yes, I spend most of my time here."

"And my father spends all his time boxed in his rooms upstairs. Why, you are like a couple of State prisoners, each in his separate cell."

"Four walls do not a prison make, my lord," murmured Mr. Temple, half unconsciously.

"Don't they?" retorted Lord Edgar, with a smile that lighted up his handsome face in a marked manner. "Don't they? I think they do. Anyhow, it would be a pretty good imitation for me. A great deal too near the reality. What nonsense the poets talk! How many walls do you want to make a prison? And, by Jove! the place is like a prison. I don't feel as if I could breathe in it! I've just been down to the stables. Not a bad lot of horses, take 'em all around. There's one, a chestnut with white stockings, but—with a short laugh and a flick of the whip—"of course you don't know. Don't suppose you ever saw 'em. You wouldn't know a chestnut from a roan. I suppose you would though! But, I say, I ought to beg your pardon for breaking in up-

"Oh, lord!" murmured the bookworm, involuntarily. Lord Edgar laughed. "Look here, Mr. Temple, don't you trouble. I'll go and find some of the girls. You hold this little wretch till I come back."

And he held out the quivering black-and-tan.

With something like a shudder of alarm, the old man shook his head and retreated toward the door.

"I'd—I'd rather fetch the needle, my lord—I would, indeed. I will not be a minute." He paused, and looked back at the St. Bernard wistfully.

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



"Er—er—my lord?"

"Well, Mr. Temple?" asked Lord Edgar, breaking off in a tone which he had commenced to whistle.

"You will be so good as to—to take care of the dogs? I—I mean not to let them get at the books or papers. Dogs are—rather destructive. There's that hound sniffing at one of the 'Ancient Fathers' already!"

"All right," assented Lord Edgar, cheerfully. "Come here Pompey—let that 'Ancient Father' alone. Come here, sir!" and he emphasized his command with a loud crack of the whip which sent Mr. Temple scurrying like a startled rabbit on his errand.

Left alone, Lord Edgar resumed his whistling, keeping time by knocking the handle of his whip against his heel, as he sat upon the table, and breaking off occasionally to call one of the dogs away from a too close examination of the books and prints scattered about the floor.

Five minutes passed; he grew tired of whistling, and took up one of the books and turned the leaves idly; but it was a treatise in Latin, of which language, though he had had it flogged into him at Eton, my lord did not remember more than half a dozen words, so he put the volume down, not too gently, and fidgeted with the antique paper-cutter; he managed to break this, swore at himself for his clumsiness, and, getting up, sauntered around the room, the dogs following him and gazing wistfully toward the door as if they pined for the fresh air and were as much out of place as their master in this abode of books and learning.

Suddenly the fox-hound, who had been sniffing about, discovered the little anteroom, and, catching sight of the motionless figure in the cream-colored dress, stuck its front legs stiffly forward and uttered a suspicious whine.

"Hello! What's the matter, Ranger?" inquired Lord Edgar, without looking around from his contemplation of a series of Hogarth's prints, original and rare. "What's the matter, old lady, rats or cats?"

The hound growled and uttered a little yelp in response, and Lord Edgar turned his head over his shoulder.

"What is it, old lady? Not rats, eh? More likely to be mice. Perhaps it's a cat. Mr. Temple's just the sort of old party to keep any number of cats. Come away; let her alone. Here Ranger!"

But the hound was not at all satisfied. He didn't quite know what it was; it didn't smell like a fox, it was true, but it didn't look like a rat, and cats, so far as his experience went, didn't go clothed in cream dresses or wear black satin shoes—which was all he could see of the animal; so he growled out loud this time, and then barked.

Lord Edgar left the picture and came sauntering toward the entrance of the china-room, the thong of the whip dragging behind him, the great St. Bernard very much interested, the black-and-tan wriggling under his arm in intense excitement; he came to the entrance carelessly, and indifferently pushed aside the curtain, and then stood rother to the spot.

It was neither rat, nor cat, nor mouse, but a young girl, standing as still as a statue against the background of tapestry, a faint flush on her cheek, her eyes downcast, her hands holding back her skirt so that she might occupy as little space as possible. The vision was so unexpected, so lovely, that Lord Edgar's heart seemed to leap with a sudden bound, then stand stock-still, as still as the girl herself. For a moment he stood thus, ashamed and dumb-stricken, then, being, like most of his kind since Hercules himself, one of the most bashful of men in the presence of ladies, he instantly resolved to turn and fly.

But at that instant Lela raised her eyes and looked at him. They were wonderful eyes, large and dark and somewhat dreamy; the glance—it was more than a glance, a fixed, waiting look—was that of a pure, young soul, innocent and unafraid, yet full of maidenly timidity.

The look chained him to the spot; it seemed to go straight to his heart; it was like in its effects the first "straight-from-the-shoulder" blow he had received in his first school fight; it overwhelmed and confused him. But he felt in that moment that flight was impossible. He was conscious for the first time that his boots were thick and muddy, that the place was

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peculiarly quiet and subdued, that his suit of rough riding cords was out of place and "stably," and that he had been making "a row" that must have seemed heathenish to this pure, sweet, young creature who stood looking at him with the mildness of an angel, a saint, a Roman vestal.

My Lord Edgar, the next Marquis of Farintosh, colored and hung his head like a school-boy—very much like a school-boy who had been detected in some juvenile crime; the black-and-tan nearly slipped from under his arm—he would have given worlds if he and his dogs could have slipped through the carpet, and his fingers clutched and unclutched the whip with an awkward, spasmodic movement.

And still Lela stood, not awkwardly like himself, but with sweet, graceful ease and quietude, as if waiting for him to speak or to go.

Again he almost resolved to bow and depart, but the St. Bernard, who was not really so afraid of a beautiful girl as his master, recognized Lela, went up to her and pushed his great nose against her hand.

Then, finding that he had to speak to a dog and not to a lovely girl descended apparently from heavenly regions, Lord Edgar found his tongue.

"Come here, Pompey! Come here, sir!" he said to the dog, and "Don't be afraid; he won't hurt you, indeed he won't!" to Lela.

Lela let her hand fall as softly as a snow-flake on the dog's big head, and looked down at him, then raised her eyes to Lord Edgar.

"I am not afraid of him. It is Pompey, the St. Bernard; we know each other very well."

Lord Edgar listened like one spell-bound. Lela's voice was musical, it was also soft and low in modulation, the result of her companionship with the old student whose nerves would have been shocked by a hard voice.

It sounded to Lord Edgar like a strain of music that he had heard in some opera—he could not remember where, and he felt afraid to answer her, his own voice sounded so loud and rough after hers.

(To be Continued.)

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2760—Gingham, seersucker, drill, galatea, khaki, lawn, percale and flannel, are good for this style. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished in elbow length, with a cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL MODEL.



2766—Drill, linen, lawn, alpaca, percale, gingham and sateen could be fitted for this model. The apron is fitted with deep pockets.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The sleeve protectors require 1/2 yard.

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Size

Address in full:—

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Insurrection Rife in

Reinforcements to be sent to Egypt in Insurrection.

--- Allied Missions Under Arrest --- Spreading Over Europe

EGYPT IN INSURRECTION. LONDON, March 25. Defending the Military Service Bill in the House of Commons to-day, Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary for War, declared that the whole of Egypt was in a virtual state of insurrection. The position was so dangerous, he added, that the Government had to appeal to men on the point of demobilization to return and save their comrades from being murdered.

INTERNED IN BUDAPEST. VIENNA, March 25. All members of the Allied missions in Budapest have been interned, including General Vix, the chief of the French mission, according to travellers arriving here by automobile from the Hungarian capital. Except for official messages, there is no communication by telephone between Budapest and Vienna.

PANIC IN BUDAPEST. COPENHAGEN, March 25. The claims of the Hungarian Soviet Government to power as set forth in its wireless communications are largely untrue, according to a Vienna despatch. A panic prevails in Budapest, but the country, it is declared, has not yet resolved upon a Soviet republic.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL CAUSES. PARIS, March 24. In official circles here the fall of the Karolyi Government in Hungary is ascribed to both internal and external causes. Internally it is known that the extremists have been steadily increasing in power from the day of the armistice. On the other hand, with regard to external questions, the early hope of Hungary for an approach with the Allies had not been realized until recently. The events likewise occurred in which she was to have direct bearings on the crisis. The first was the order by the Allies that the Hungarians withdraw from the Rumanian territory used by the Rumanian army in 1916.

MARTIAL LAW IN MADRID. MADRID, March 25. Martial law was proclaimed at five o'clock this morning. It is understood that Constitutional guarantees may be suspended forthwith throughout Spain.

REVISION OF TARIFF LAWS. MELBOURNE, Aus., March 25. Australia intends to undertake a revision of the tariff laws as soon as practicable with the object of developing her industries, according to an announcement by acting Premier Scullin to-day. The revision of the tariff laws will proceed with the following consideration in view of the necessity of preserving these through the war; encouragement of contemplated new industries and extension and diversification of existing enterprises.

MAURICE'S OPINION. WASHINGTON, March 25. General Sir Frederick Maurice, former Director of British military operations, who is here on a lecture tour, declared to-day that while he thought peace should be completed

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