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**The Old Marquis**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER XXXVII  
THE SECRET OUT.

The doctor inclined his head. "Very good, my lady; you will follow my instructions with the nurse, and, above all, let me impress upon you the danger of a sudden shock. Lord Edgar will come to presently, I trust, and that moment will be a critical one. We have to wait—we can do no more than we have done." The marquis entered the room, and the doctor drew him away into a corner. "It all depends, my lord," he said in a whisper, answering the glance which the marquis despairingly cast toward the bed. "I am a stranger to Lord Fane, or I could speak with some certainty. The case is not a complicated one. It is one of severe concussion. Now, the result depends almost entirely upon the constitution and the manner of life of the patient. His lordship's constitution seems to be a particularly good one; I may say that I have seldom or ever seen so superb a physique; as to his manner of life—well, I presume that he has lived that of most of the young men of the day—" The marquis shook his head. "If you mean that he has had dissipated, you are wrong," he said; "my son is temperate in the extreme." "Then there is—hope!" said the doctor. "I have only one thing more to say, my lord, and that is that I should like further assistance, the physician who usually attends Lord Edgar—" The old marquis smiled grimly. "There is no such person that I know of. Send for whom you please." The doctor wrote on a piece of paper the names of two physicians, and the marquis himself went out with it, and, finding Lovel waiting outside the door, dispatched him to the telephone office.

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
THE EVIDENCE OF A CRIME.

Clifford Revel was pacing his room on the evening of the same day. If it had been he, instead of Lord Edgar, who had been hurried from Assasin, he could not have looked more haggard and wan. Ever since they had uttered those words of the woman he had loved and sinned for had rung in his ears, "I hate and loathe him!" "With all his soul, base and vile as it was, he had loved her, and she had hated and loathed him!" It was hard—it was stern punishment—and it seemed to crush him and beat him down, though he tried to fight against it and overcome it. "I will not be crushed out!" he muttered, with clenched hands. "Other men have loved and been betrayed, and have borne it." Men who were of weaker mind than I, who had not the consolation that I have! For, though I have lost her—though I know now that I could have won her—I have

reached within grasp of my ambition! Between me and the marquise are an old man and his son, both on the brink of the grave. A few weeks, months—a year, and then I, the hated Clifford Revel, will rule master of Farintosh!

**"SALADA"**  
TEA

A Trial Packet will bring speedy conviction  
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ST. JOHN'S

than I am, Revel; perhaps you can tell me the penalty which a man incurs who bribes a stable-boy to drug a race-horse, such drugging resulting in the death of its rider?" Clifford Revel stood motionless, looking at him. "That rider happening to be the man standing between the briber and a title?" "Why do you come here with such a feeble story as this?" said Clifford Revel, with a smile. "Say what it is you want, and get it, if you can, and go. How much?" Nagle raised his eyebrows. "That is practical," he said. "But there are two of us, Revel; the other one is outside the door. Permit me?" And he opened the door, and in walked Mr. Bowen. He bowed to Clifford Revel, with a wooden kind of civility, and stood turning his hat in his hand, as if waiting to be questioned by anybody who chanced to care for the amusement.

"You know this gentleman, I think," said Nagle, "and I think can place full reliance on his word. Mr. Bowen, perhaps you will refer to your notes, and inform Mr. Revel of the results of the inquiries you have been conducting?" "Certainly," said Mr. Bowen, in a matter-of-fact way, and he took out his pocket-book and dumpy pencil. "Twenty-second—Mr. Nagle called upon me, and instructed me to watch Mr. C. R. Did so. Found C. R. employed in arranging the Badmore race in interest of Lord F.'s horse, Assasin. Twenty-third—Discovered that C. R. instead of backing Assasin, was laying against him secretly. Informed Mr. Nagle, who directed me watch stables. Did so. Twenty-fourth—Found that new stable-help had been engaged by C. R.; that stable-help and C. R. had spent near an hour in top room. Stable-help changed five-pound note afterward. Informed Mr. Nagle. Watched stable-boy. Discovered that stable-boy had bought powerful drug at chemist's. Advised Mr. Nagle to inform Lord F. Mr. Nagle decided to let plot ripen. Twenty-fifth, Jay of race—Mr. Nagle to go down and inform Lady F. He found that Lady F. was not there. Telegraphed to me to bring her. Was about to inform Lord F., when heard that he did not intend to ride. Was misinformed. Lord F. rode, and horse fell and threw him. Stable-boy taxed with drugging horse; confessed, and is now in my house. If Lord F. dies, C. R. to be charged with murder! That is all," he wound up, with a calm bow.

All! As the monotonous voice had droned out the damning evidence of his crime, Clifford Revel's heart sunk lower and lower; and his face grew white as death, and as the word "murder" dropped seriously from Mr. Bowen's lips, he stared and leaned against the table.

Nagle looked at him with steadfast sternness. "What have you to say?" he asked, quietly.

Clifford Revel forced a laugh; it seemed like a harsh croak in his own ears. "Bah! A stable-boy has been bribed to commit an ordinary turf fraud, and seeks to shelter himself behind me!" "Strange coincidence that you should have bet against the horse, Mr. Revel," said Mr. Bowen, woodenly.

"Silence!" snarled Clifford Revel. "You hound. You take my money one day to betray me the next!" "No, sir," said Bowen. "I took your money after I had earned it; I was then free to work for any one else. I have betrayed no secret of yours. I call upon Mr. Nagle to bear witness that I have told him nothing respecting you or your affairs," said a faint flush of hot-est indignation manifested on the detective's pale face.

Nagle waved his hand. "It's of no consequence. Your own actions have betrayed you, Revel. You are caught in your own trap." As he spoke, he drew a paper from his pocket. Clifford Revel eyed him watchfully.

"The last act in the farce," he said. "What is it? My patience is being exhausted!" Nagle opened the paper, and laid it on the table.

"This," he said, "is a concise account of the circumstances attending the marriage!" "Mock marriage, if you please,"

said Clifford Revel, with an evil smile. "As we are so candid, let us be precise." "As you will," assented Nagle; "and a confession of your collusion with the stable-boy. You will sign it."

Clifford Revel looked at him. "And, of course, there is no mention of a gentleman named Nagle?" he said, scornfully.

"Look and see," said Nagle, scornfully. "You will find that I have concealed nothing. So for yourself!" Clifford Revel took up the paper contemptuously and read it—Nagle had not spared himself—then drew it down, and smiled.

"And if I refuse to sign?" he said. "Mr. Bowen will place the matter—both matters—in the hands of the police," said Nagle, quietly.

Clifford Revel looked him long and fixedly, with keen eyes and knitted brows. "Nagle," he said, "will you tell me how you find your account in this? By this, if I sign it, you seal your own fate. Why do you do it? Why do you thrust your head into the noose?" Nagle was silent for a moment.

"I will tell you when you have signed it," he said. "Sign it, you must, and you know it. Afterward, you are free to go—where you will!" Clifford Revel smiled.

"You don't know me, my dear fellow!" he said; "whether I sign it or not will make no difference to me. I shall not turn tail. Do you think I do not know that, come what may, the marquis can not proceed against me? He thinks too much of his family name to prosecute the man who will presently bear it." He laughed. "What can you do to me, you or he? Do what you will, my cousin is not married, and must die, and I shall be the Marquis of Farintosh."

**SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE**

THE DOCTOR: "My restless and nervous. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

**STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS**  
Contain no Poison

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He took up the pen as he spoke, and wrote his name with careless grace, and flung the paper to Nagle.

Nagle beckoned to Bowen, who witnessed it; then he wrote his own name under Bowen's, and, folding the paper, put it carefully in his pocket. "Go outside, Bowen," he said.

Then, when they were alone, he said to Clifford Revel: "Now, I will answer your question, Revel. First, Lord Edgar will not die; I have seen Sir James, and he has given Lord Edgar a long lease of life yet, humanly speaking. What, if it were not so, do you think that I would have made terms with a murderer? You are not so clever as I thought you, Revel."

"He can not live!" said Clifford Revel, but his lips quivering, and betrayed that he knew Nagle had spoken the truth. "And—and if he should, do you suppose that he will marry that girl now?" and he laughed defiantly. "Come, I will purchase that precious paper of you the day I am Marquis of Farintosh, Nagle! You shall name your own price!"

Nagle drew nearer, and said something—a few words only—in a low voice. Whatever they were, they affected Clifford Revel more than all else that had been said or done during the interview.

(To be Continued.)

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**Fashion Plates.**

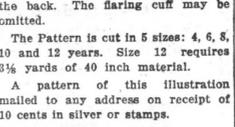
**A Dainty Summer Frock.**



2821—Printed crepe, or figured voile would be good for this style. It is nice for embroidered or bordered materials, and for founcing, as well as linen, batiste, silk, gabardine, gingham and percale. The closing is at the back. The flaring cuff may be omitted.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A VERY ATTRACTIVE GOWN.**



2809—This style would be effective in linen with cluny or fllet lace, or in shantung with embroidered bands. It is nice also for serge, voile, foulard, taffeta, gingham and other wash fabrics.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 yards, with plaits extended.

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Crib Blankets.  
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**Cabinet Accepts Dalmatian Tro**  
**Scheideman Gov**  
**Result of Germ**  
**Doubt.**

**GERMANY WILL SIGN.**  
LONDON, June 20. The signing of the Peace Treaty by Germany, an Exchange Telegraph despatch from Copenhagen quoting advice from Weimar says, is as certain as if the signatures had already been put to the document.

**REMOVED TREATY ACCEPTED.**  
LONDON, June 20. According to an Exchange Telegraph despatch from Paris, the German Cabinet has accepted the Treaty.

**GERMANS ASK EXTENSION?**  
PARIS, June 20. It is reported here the Germans have asked for further extension of the time limit.

**ITALY ACCEPTS SETTLEMENT.**  
PARIS, June 20. The Italian delegation to the Peace Conference has been directed from Rome to accept the proposition for the settlement of the Dalmatian controversy, made by Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson.

**DIRIGIBLE MAKES SUCCESSFUL TRIP.**  
EAST FORTUNE, Scotland, June 20.—Dirigible R-34 returned here this morning after fifty-six hours of successful flight, after having been delayed by unfavorable winds. The officers express complete satisfaction with the flight.

**SCHEIDEMAN GOVT. FALLEN.**  
PARIS, June 20. The Scheideman Government in Germany has fallen and this is believed to assure the signing of the Treaty, as Scheideman was understood to be the chief opponent of the acceptance of the revised terms. Gustave Noske, Minister of Defence, is reported to be forming a new Cabinet which will sign the Treaty "on condition." The condition is not stated, but it is presumed here it will not hinder the signing of the Treaty, no matter what attitude the Allies take on the condition.

**EBERT TO GO ALSO.**  
PARIS, June 20. It is understood that the fall of the Scheideman Cabinet entails the fall of President Ebert and that the National Assembly will take steps to appoint his successor.

**NOSKE TO SUCCEED SCHEIDEMAN.**  
COBLENZ, June 20. Gustave Noske, Minister of Finance, will succeed Scheideman as head of the German Ministry, according to a Weimar despatch received here. Erzberger will succeed Von Brockdorff Rantzau as Foreign Secretary.

**WILL NOT TAKE VOTE.**  
WASHINGTON, June 20. Opponents to the League of Nations may abandon their efforts to force a vote before the Germans act on the Treaty.

**RUSSIAN CRUISER TORPEDOED.**  
LONDON, June 20. A Russian wireless despatch announces that the Russian cruiser Oteg was sunk on Wednesday by a British submarine near the Tol-buchan Lighthouse.

**WILSON VISITED BELGIAN WAR ZONE.**  
PARIS, June 20. President Wilson and party arrived

**HOWE COMPUTING**

Walter Gosse, Esq., of Plymouth Computing Scale three years ago every satisfaction, and is in perfect order, received a Scale of larger capacity of our latest style Howe of full 30 lbs. capacity, fitted with up every time the Scale is used. Anyone interested in a REAL direct mechanical principles, should Gosse will be pleased at any time explain its workings to any one of these Scales are equipped with for keeping the Scale steady. The adjustment.

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