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For Love of a Woman;

New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
OUT OF THE PAST.

A scarlet wave of colour rose and passed over Doris's face, and she shook her head silently.

"Ah! well, miss, you wouldn't have known him for the same person. Perhaps it's the responsibility of this engagement and the marquis's illness.

"He is not here—here at Pescal?" she asked, stopping short suddenly, with a look of alarm.

"Oh, no, miss; or of course he would brought the marquis's message instead of me. Oh, no; it was the marquis's wish that he should come on the Continent quite alone, and Lord Cecil remained—very reluctantly—in England. Of course I should take upon myself to send for him if the marquis got seriously worse. This is the house—villa, as they call it," and he conducted Doris into the miniature palace which his agents had succeeded in renting for the marquis.

Doris waited in the—literally—sable hall, while the valet went upstairs to convey the result of his mission to his master, and she employed the few minutes before his return in composing herself.

She was going, in obedience to his whim, to sit beside the bed of this sick man, who had robbed her of her lover and wrecked all her life, the Marquis of Stoye, at whose request or command Lord Cecil had abandoned her!

"If anyone had told me that I should have done this thing," she mused, in sad wonderment, "with what scorn I should have repelled the suggestion; and yet—I am here. And, what is more wonderful still, I cannot hate him—could not, if I tried. It is because he is so old and ill and helpless and looks so unhappy? Only the wretched can feel for the wretched, they say," and she sighed as she followed the man up the stairs into a carefully shaded room.

The great marquis lay upon a couch wrapped in his velvet dressing-gown, the brightness of which seemed to heighten the effect of his pallid, wasted face, with its piercing eyes shining like brilliants in their hollow, dark-ringed sockets.

He made an effort to rise as she entered, but fell back with an apologetic wave of his emaciated hand.

"You see how helpless I am, my dear!" he said, "worse than when you so generously came to my aid the other day. And so you consent to gratify the sick whim of an old man, and have come to see me!"

Doris drew near and took the hand he extended to her, and as she bent over him a strange, mysterious feeling of pity thrilled through her.

"I am so sorry to see you so weak, my lord," she said, gently; "but you will be better when the weather is cooler."

"Yes, yes," he assented, eagerly. "Oh, yes; I shall get better! It is only a passing weakness! I have been very ill—I told you? Yes, I am very strong. We Stoyes have the constitution and—with a grim smile—"the temper of Old Nick! Yes, I shall get better."

"I have brought you some flowers," said Doris.

The valet came forward with a vase, but the marquis waved him back.

"No," he said. "Give them to me! Give them to me," and he took them from her with a courtly eagerness.

"Ah! beautiful; and you were so gracious as to think of them! They are almost as beautiful as yourself; but not more pure, not more innocent or pure," he added to himself, with a strange, wistful gravity, as his eyes rested on her sweet face, "whose goodness lay open to all men's eyes," as the poet says.

The valet came forward again to arrange the pillows, which had slipped down, and the marquis's face flashed angrily.

"Go, on!" he said, irritably.

The man moved back with unmoved countenance, and Doris leaned forward for you, my lord," she said.

He allowed her to do it, without a word or sign of protest or resentment, and sank back with a sigh.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please; When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel, thou."

"Scott! Walter Scott! I can understand that now—now you are here! Yes, a ministering angel!"

He seemed lost in thought for a moment, then he turned his keen eyes upon her inquiringly.

"You look pale and sad. Have you been in trouble? I have no right to ask, you will say; but curiosity is an old man's privilege, remember, my dear."

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," my lord," said Doris, in a low voice.

"Aye," he said, knitting his brows; "Yes. Trouble we make for ourselves; but sorrow must have been unmerited in your case, child. Tell me—" He stopped short and sighed. "I am forgetting," he said. "Why should you tell me? I am not your father—" He stopped again. "Did I tell you that I had a daughter once? She is dead. If she had lived she would have been about your age. I think I wish—" Again he stopped, and the proud lips quivered slightly. "I have neither son nor daughter; only a nephew, who, doubtless, thinks I am an unconscionable time dying; and he is right. It is time that there was a new Marquis of Stoye."

Doris looked down.

"I—I think you do him an injustice, my lord," she said.

He laughed the old cynical laugh.

"If he doesn't, I've no doubt Grace does. Lady Grace Peyton, the girl he is going to marry," he explained, "is a clever girl; too clever for Cecil," and he smiled half-scoffingly. "She will have all the brains, and, perhaps, he will have all the honesty. Yes, I'll say that for him; he may be a fool, but he's no knave. A knave would have been too sharp for us." He put his hand to his brow as if his memory were slipping from him and he was endeavouring to keep a hold upon it: "Did I tell you about him and Lady Grace? I think I told you."

Doris shook her head.

"No, my lord," she replied, almost inaudibly.

"No? I thought—" He paused, and looked round with a helpless sigh. "I have forgotten it now. Spenser Churchill could tell you. It will amuse you." He smiled with childish enjoyment. "I wish I could remember, but I can't. My memory is worse, much worse since my illness," and he sighed again.

"Do not distress yourself, my lord," said Doris. "You shall tell me when you remember it, if you like."

He inclined his head.

"One time, not so long ago, I could remember everything he said, with a forced smile which was infinitely pitiable. 'Not a face or a story but I could carry it in my mind, and now'—he looked at her apologetically—"I have actually forgotten your name, who have been so kind to a feeble old man, my dear."

"Doris Marlowe," said Doris.

He repeated it twice or thrice; then shook his head.

"Yes, a pretty name. I don't think I ever heard it before. My little girl's name was Mary. They wanted to call her Lucy, after her mother; but there has always been a Mary Neville—until now. I told you she died, did I not?"

"Yes, my lord," said Doris, soothingly.

"Y—es," he repeated musingly.

"If she had lived I should have had someone, like yourself, to see me through the last mile of life's race—the last mile. I kept race horses once. I've done and seen everything in my time. Wicked Lord Stoye they called me. But through it all I was never so bad as some—Spenser Churchill, for instance."

"Mr. Spenser Churchill has been very good to me, my lord," said Doris, gently.

The keen, piercing eyes opened up on her with amazement.

"Good to you! Spenser Churchill! Your are jesting, child. He was never good to anyone, man or woman!" He laughed. "Spenser Churchill! Why, it was he who—" He stopped, with a trouble look on his face. "No—I've forgotten—it has slipped me again. It is something Grace was in, too. Clever woman, Grace; too clever for Cecil. But I had my way. Yes, I had my way."

Doris rose.

"I must go now my lord," she said faintly.

"Yes!" he said, wistfully. "Yes, I suppose so. It was very good of you, my dear, to humour an old man's whim. Let me look at you," and he raised himself on his elbow. "You are very pretty. Did I tell you I had a daughter? Yes, yes. I think—it is only a fancy, this—that she would have looked like you. He will be a happy man who wins that beautiful face and gentle heart!"

Doris's face flushed, and her eyes dropped, and his keen ones noted her embarrassment.

"Ah," he said; "there is someone already, is there not?"

"Yes, my lord," said poor Doris in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Yes, yes. Who is he? What is his name? But it's no use telling me; I can't remember, you see. I should like to see him. Will you ask him to come and see me, an old man on the verge of the grave? You can say that though it isn't true. No, I'm worth twenty dead men still," and he raised himself, and glared at the opposite wall with a proud, cold hauteur, which made Doris shrink, for suddenly there flashed upon her mind the night Jeffrey had taken her to Drury Lane, and she had seen the old, stern-looking man in the box; and this was he! She remembered and recognised him now. She rose trembling, and filled with a vague fear.

"Must you go? Thank you for coming time! Remember, tell the fortun-

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The prohibition enforce ment was passed by the senate to a record vote and virtually in it came from the committee sure now goes to Congress for sion of amendments inserted house bill by the senate.

DEMANDS HANDLING OF PROF OTTAWA, ONT., S

Demands for firm handling profiteer were again feature of the house debates on the Mr. Demeres of St. John's thought the problem of the coo ing was of more importance adians than ratification of the treaty by the Dominion Pa It was high time for the gov to take speedy action to avo strikes and possible revolution ratification of the treaty than ing to Demeres would result Canada binding herself to fina military participation in a caused by the dereliction of o signatories.

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