

The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE ONLY WAY.

"What a strange coincidence," he said, unobtrusively. "He must be well paid, Clifford. I don't wonder at him not finding them before; it is the most out-of-the-way place—awfully pretty, but quite out of the world; and yet so near London! To think that I have been sitting idly, waiting all this time, and he so near to me! Yes, I have found her! and, Clifford—you must let me maunder and rhapsodize a little!—she is more beautiful than ever! Paler and thinner—my poor darling—but beautiful as ever! There! I can't bear to think of it. Got a cigar?" and he arose and began to pace the room.

Clifford Revel gave him the cigar-box.

"And you discovered why she ran away?" he asked.

"Yes, my father—Clifford, when I think of the misery he has caused us both, my heart hardens against him. Since the world began there never was a man so cold, so heartless—he it was who had caused her to fly from me. You know—or, rather, you don't know—the influence he would exert over a simple, innocent nature like hers. He took advantage of her very love for me, and used it to effect his purpose. Would you believe it that he convinced her that by her marriage with me she would ruin me? He talked to her all the worldly rubbish about difference of station and unequal marriages, and convinced her that I should get tired of her and desert her. Great Heaven! when I think of the cold-blooded selfishness and worldliness which enwraps this fete of ours, I am inclined to renounce it and become a nobody. Clifford, I wish to Heaven you were the next marquis, and I were in your place. How happy I should be!"

Clifford Revel smiled sarcastically. "Would you? Well, if it could be managed, I should not mind being my Lord Fane for the present and the Marquis of Farintosh for the future; but I am afraid it can not be. And Miss Lela—you parted friends?"

"Ah, yes!" said Lord Edgar, with a sigh of relief and happiness. "Thank Heaven! nothing can come between us for the future. Poor girl! she fought hard for the right, as she thought it, and for a time I thought I should have to leave her, but love won the day."

"And her grandfather?"

"I did not see him—she was afraid for me to do so. There had been a scene between him and the marquis. Of course, my father insulted him, he who is as true a gentleman as my lord himself."

"And now?" asked Clifford Revel, putting one foot on a chair and bending forward, his hawk-like eyes on Lord Edgar's face. "What now? What do you mean to do?"

"Lord Edgar looked rather troubled.

"I am going down to-morrow; she would not let me stay at the inn to-night, and I shall meet her where I saw her this evening. That is enough for the present. In a little while I shall see the professor and get his consent to our marriage."

Clifford Revel's face paled, and his lips closed tightly; the Farintosh

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Straight Cut Virginian.

Ginger Marmalade.
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Montserrat Limetta.

Lemfig
A select combination of Grape
Fruit, Oranges, Lemons
and Figs.

coronet, which he had sworn to place on Edith's brow, seemed to be fading from his grasp.

"Yes, I see! Well, I congratulate you, my dear fellow!" and he held out his hand. "I congratulate you with all my heart. She must be a charming young lady to have made such an impression on you! You have proved your constancy most emphatically. Perhaps I can be of some service to you; you haven't got over all your difficulties even yet, you know; there is still Mr. Temple to win over, and your father—"

"Don't speak of him to-night, Clifford," broke in Lord Edgar, with a flush, and a flash of his eyes; "I can't bear to think of him. He has been merciless and cruel."

"And he can be!" said Clifford Revel. "He will stop your allowance, my dear fellow, the day he hears of your marriage with his librarian's granddaughter."

"All right!" said Lord Edgar. "Our work shall start in the world on our own account. Good heavens, that wouldn't deter me! If I am Lord Fane and the heir to Farintosh, I suppose I am a man also! I'm pretty strong, and can earn my living—if not here, in the colonies!" In his impetuous, impulsive way, he started up and stretched out his strong arms and laughed aloud. "Why, I should be happier with thirty shillings a week and Lela to share them with, than all Farintosh without her! Ah, Clifford, you haven't seen her!"

Clifford Revel stared at him thoughtfully.

"I hope to have that pleasure soon. Well, I don't want to be inhospitable; but, with all your excitement, you look tired. You have had a long ride, my dear fellow; better go home and go to bed and dream happy dreams."

Lord Edgar laughed softly and his face flushed.

"Yes; the first for many a night! Clifford, I have lain awake, imagining all sorts of horrible things that might possibly have happened to her. Great heavens, what a week it has been! But it is all over now! Good-night! Come around to me in the morning if

anything in the shape of an idea strikes you. As for me, I can not think or scheme; I'm a receptacle for happiness to-night, and that's all. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" said Clifford Revel, wringing his hand, and smiling into his face. "I rejoice in your joy, my dear Edgar! You shall tell me all the particulars in the morning. Good-night!"

Lord Edgar went clattering down the stairs and Clifford Revel closed the door and stood with folded arms looking into space.

Before him he saw all his hopes crushed and dispersed like autumn leaves before a gale. He saw Edgar married and with a child—still one more between him and the coronet, between him and Edith Drayton. He could, so he thought, have endured to relinquish all hope of becoming the Marquis of Farintosh, but to lose her! His face paled and his eyes glittered. Lord Edgar would marry this girl—there was no doubt of that—and he, Clifford Revel, would be doomed to lead the old, hateful life, hopeless and dreary. He would lose Edith Drayton—lose her upon whom the intense passion of his nature was fixed. The thought maddened him. He stood with pale face and bent brows, his active brain striving for some loophole of escape—some scheme which should ward off this blow at all his hopes.

With Lord Edgar alone, he could calculate upon some chance of winning the double prize—the coronet and Edith—a hundred things might happen to Edgar; a fall from his horse, a storm at sea while he was yachting, a tumble on the Alps; the chances were all in his, Clifford Revel's, favor while Lord Edgar remained unmarried. But married, with a child or children!

He uttered an oath and put his hand to his brow; it was wet with cold sweat.

What should he do? Suddenly, as he stood there alone in his room at midnight, alone in the silence, an idea flashed upon his mind that made him start and shudder and look around him.

It was an idea worthy of a fiend in its subtle cunning and cold-blooded, merciless cruelty—an idea worthy of the brain which gave it birth, but from which even he shrunk for a moment. For a moment—the next he smiled, reached for the brandy decanter, and filled himself a wine-glassful and drank it.

Then he sat down, and leaning his handsome head on his hand, gave himself up to intense thought.

At last he rose and stretched out his white hands as if to relieve the intense mental strain.

"I'll do it!" he muttered. "I'll do it! This marriage must be prevented. It is the only way. Yes, it must be done. But the man—who can I get to help me? Who could I trust?"

He walked up and down softly, his white hands knitted closely behind his back.

An hour passed, but he could not find a satisfactory answer to his question, and at last he sighed and looked at the watch.

"There's time yet," he mused. "I shall find some one."

As he spoke, he took up his dress-coat and overcoat, which he had flung on a chair when he came in, and me-

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not get well, I heard somewhere of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is in such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthing.

chanically put his hand in the pockets of both coats to take out any letters or papers there might be, for it was a rule of his to leave no papers, however unimportant, for servants to peruse.

He drew out one or two letters and threw them on his desk, to be destroyed or locked up, and was throwing the overcoat down again, when a small piece of paper fluttered to the floor. He picked it up and glanced at it carelessly, when a gleam of light shot into his eyes, and his hand closed over the paper as if he feared some one might be looking over his shoulder.

"The man!" he muttered, triumphantly—"the very man I want!"

It was the piece of paper upon which the man who had stopped him near the Albany, the man named Nagle, had written his name and address.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SELFISH PASSION.

AFTER all, love is a selfish passion! Will it be believed that all that night, that happy night—for it is scarcely necessary to say that Lord Edgar did not sleep—he never gave a thought to Edith Drayton, to the beautiful creature who had been so sympathetic a friend during his week of misery? It is the way of the world, the way of the best and the worst, the greatest and least of us! Given an absorbing passion, and everybody else is forgotten save the divine object! He never gave a thought to Edith, to her who had sacrificed so many hours for him; who had neglected and offended so many of her circle of admirers for his sake; who had sympathized with and endeavored to console him; and it was not until he was slashing through a hearty breakfast that he remembered her.

To his credit be it spoken that his conscience smote him.

"I must tell her!" he murmured. "What selfish creatures men are! My mind is so full of my darling that there seems no room for a thought of any one else! But I must go and tell Miss Drayton. She will be pleased, I know! She is a true friend. How glad she will be to renew her friendship with Lela; it will be a pleasant sight to see them together; their beauty will serve as a foil to each other. Yes, I must go around to Elton Square."

But, even as he made the resolution, he was reluctant to spare the time, and calculated how long it would take him, and what train to Sunbury he could catch.

His man Lovel knew that his master had heard some good news, for once again Lord Edgar sung aloud the first verse of poor Whyte Melville's song.

"The Clipper that Stands in the Stall at the Top," a favorite song of his, which he was wont to sing every morning after his bath; once again he did something more in the way of breakfast than break two pieces of dry toast and stare moodily at the ham and eggs. In a word, Lord Edgar was happy again, and, like most men of his nature, he showed it at once; so plainly, indeed, that Lovel promptly asked for a holiday, and got it.

"And here's a raffle to spend," said Lord Edgar, tossing him a five-pound note. In this delightful mood, he set out for Elton Square.

It was early to make a morning call, but they had made him welcome at such out-of-the-way hours that he did not think of that, and felt quite disappointed when the servant said that Miss Drayton was not at home.

"Do you mean that she is out, or that she can not see any one?" he asked.

"She is out, my lord, out riding," said the man. "Will your lordship come in and wait?" he ventured to add, knowing well the footing which Lord Edgar had made for himself in the house.

But Lord Edgar decided that he would walk to the Ride and meet her. Waiting, anyway, and for any one, would simply be intolerable this morning.

(To be Continued.)

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It would be impossible to give the exact number of words in the English language. Words are constantly being coined and foreign words are being added to the language. A recent edition of a leading dictionary gives between 400,000 and 500,000 words. Many of them are derivatives, as run, run, running, ran, runner, etc.

Misard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria.

Fashion Plates.

A CHARMING DRESS FOR "PARTY" OR "BEST WEAR."



2814—Soft crepe, voile, batiste, Swiss, dimity, nainsook or silk would be lovely for this dainty model, with trimming of lace and insertion. The underwaist could be of lining and overlaid with material below the boiera edges. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.

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

A FROCK WITH YOUTHFUL LINES



2790—This model may be finished without the tunic. The skirt is a two-piece style. The sleeve is close-fitting below the elbow. Figured voile or silk, with satin or crepe would be good for this design. It is also nice for gabardine, gingham, batiste, lawn and organdie.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

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No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

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WIPING OUT TURKEY.

PARIS, May 17. Allied naval forces were landed at Smyrna on Wednesday. It developed in a message received to-day from the Near East, where military moves are being made in anticipation of the making of peace with Turkey. All the forts and strategic points at Smyrna were taken possession of by the Allies. The movement was directed by the Peace Conference as a precautionary measure for the maintenance of order. According to the terms of the Turkish armistice, the British and French forces will be withdrawn as soon as the authority of Greece as a mandatory is established firmly. The occupation of Smyrna is preliminary to the establishment of mandates throughout European and Asiatic Turkey, virtually terminating the existence of Turkey as an empire. The Sultan of Turkey is expected to establish a small one around Brusa, fifty miles southeast of Constantinople. French newspapers report that the United States will become the mandatory for Constantinople, but the American authorities say that this has not yet been decided finally. The Council of Four, it is said, has agreed that Great Britain shall be the mandatory for Mesopotamia and Palestine; France for Syria and Cilicia; Italy for Adalia, and the United States for Armenia. The acceptance by the American Government of the mandatory for Armenia is being urged by Great Britain and France. It is finally accepted by the American delegation, it will be offered to Congress for approval.

BULGARIA IN AN UPRAAR.

LONDON, May 17. Sanguinary encounters have occurred at Sofia between the garrison and the revolutionaries, who demanded the resignation of the Government and the establishment of a Soviet, according to a despatch from Vienna. All Bulgaria is reported to be in an uproar. Ruse, Philippopolis and other towns are also said to have become affected by the revolutionary movement.

RANTZAU OFF TO BERLIN.

PARIS, May 17. Count Von Rantzau, German ambassador in London, has been ordered to return to Berlin.