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**The Old Marquis ;**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER II  
"FIRE AND ICE."

Mr. Palmer followed up after him, and knocked at a door covered with dark-blue baize and studded with nails, very much, as the young man thought, after the fashion of a coffin, and in response to a low, languid, and yet singularly clear "Come in," opened the door, and Lord Edgar entered. The room was almost as dimly lighted as the library, but richly furnished. On a low chair sat, or, rather, reclined the great marquis, with a table before him, upon which stood a carafe of iced water and some stony-looking biscuits. He was faultlessly attired, and on the white hands folded before him shone a couple of magnificent diamond rings, both royal gifts.

He looked up slowly as his son entered, and, fixing a pair of cold, steel-like eyes upon him, in a glance that seemed to take in the whole of his person, said, in the cool, impassive voice of a man addressing some one he had parted from only an hour ago, instead of three years:

"How do you do, Edgar? Quite well!" and just extended the white right hand. Lord Edgar took it and would no doubt have wrung it in his strong fingers, but the marquis prudently withdrew it; it slipped out like a piece of ice.

"I hope you are well, sir?" said Lord Edgar, looking around for a chair.

"Thanks, yes. You will find a chair there, I think," and he waved his hand languidly to a chair placed at a tolerable distance from his own.

Lord Edgar dropped into it—it was a delicate ormolu affair, and creaked complacently under his weight.

"Yes, I am well," said the marquis, his cold gaze resting on his son's cord-breeches and gaiters. "I am well. May I ask, without intrusion or impertinence, why you wear that extraordinary costume? Do not—with a little, cold, apologetic elevation of the eyebrows—"do not think me guilty of criticising your attire; I do not presume to criticise, by any means! I ask simply from a motive of curiosity and interest. I trust that you will not consider the question an ill-mannered one?"

"Do you mean these cords—this suit, sir?" said Lord Edgar, coloring a little, but smiling. "Well—I don't know—it's comfortable for riding, and—"

"Pray don't trouble," said the marquis, waving his hand, faintly. "I thought perhaps that you might have some special reason; it is of no consequence. I thought that—I do not wish to be offensive—that such material and shape were confined to the clothing worn by grooms and stablemen, but no doubt the fashions have changed since I was a young man. As you say, they may be comfortable; they look—observe that I merely say 'look'—extremely the reverse."

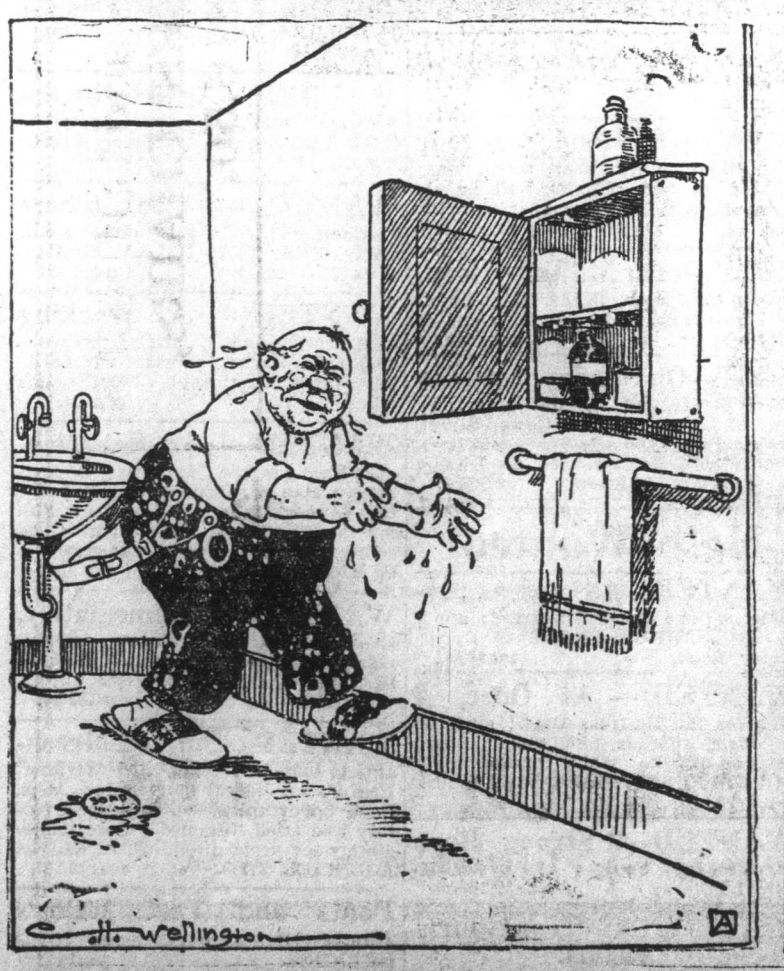
"This, uttered in the coolest, most indifferent of voices, was not calculated to inspire Lord Edgar with confidence or to make him very comfortable, but he laughed.

"Well!" he said. "Anyhow, they are better for getting about in the mud, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah!" No pen could denote the depth of polite wonder and contempt in this aspiration. "One is tempted to ask why go into the mud? but no doubt you would have an excellent reason; don't trouble—it is of no consequence. I hope you have been enjoying yourself at Oxford."

"Thanks, sir, yes," said Lord Edgar. "Had a very good time of it on the whole."

**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



"You had? Ah, yes, you mean that you did enjoy yourself. Pardon me if I seem slow to catch your meaning. You express yourself in terms that, though no doubt excellent, are somewhat novel in my ears. You will forgive me if I seem less acute than I should be. I do not ask you if you have acquired any learning at the university, because I am aware that no one, or very few, ever do; it doesn't matter. I do not imagine that learning would be of any value to you."

Lord Edgar, in his simple frankness, did not appreciate the covert sneer, but shook his head candidly.

"I'm afraid not, sir; you see, I am not a reading man. I went in for the boats, and—that kind of thing."

"That kind of thing meaning horses, cards, a collection of jewelry, and a pack of hounds. I make the catalogue by inference from a pile of bills which the steward has just sent me."

"I'm sorry, sir, if I have spent too much money."

"Not at all," said the polite marquis, "not at all. It is of no consequence; though when you say spent, I think, if you will permit me, that you used the wrong term. You 'bought' those things, and I—spent the money for them. It is a fine distinction, scarcely worth drawing. I see that during the last six months you have drawn on Coutts for four thousand pounds."

Lord Edgar looked genuinely surprised.

"Was it so much?" he said. "I didn't think. I was rather unlucky in one or two speculations, sir."

"Speculations?" asked the marquis, with the blandness of a piece of polished ice. "In the stock and share market, or on the exchange?"

"No, no," explained Lord Edgar. "I backed one or two horses, and they lost."

"Yes; they generally do," remarked his lordship, with cold sarcasm.

"Will you, in the most informal manner, permit me to suggest that, unless you have already tried them, there are some better ways of getting rid of your money than on the turf? Understand me, I have no personal objection to your wasting it on blacklegs and such like scoundrels, but I would suggest that it is scarcely worth the candle."

Lord Edgar nodded; the very tone, the formal sentences, the steel-gray eyes, the wave of the white hand were gradually mesmerizing him and making him feel as if he were in a cold bath. At the same time the icy voice was slowly pronouncing the clear, measured sentences, he was wondering whether all fathers were like this one of his.

The marquis took a sip of water from the goblet, and wiped his thin, well-cut lips with a snowy cambric of cobwebby texture.

"Did I hear right, that you yourself had ridden in a race, or was it merely an idle rumor?"

"Oh, yes, I rode in one of the steeple-chases!" said Lord Edgar.

"Oh, yes!"

"And I think I read in the newspaper that you were thrown, and—ah, hurt!"

"Yes, I came a cropper," admitted Lord Edgar, "and was hurt. I broke my arm—oh, and did something to my collar-bone, I don't know quite what; and there was something the matter with my ankle."

The marquis drew a long breath, not of sympathy, by no means, but of the same speechless, pitying contempt.

"You must have been a total wreck," he said, as calmly as if his son had said that he only smashed his hat. "Horse riding is a fine amusement, undoubtedly—it must be exciting. May I ask if it is your habit to ride in steeple-chases, or whether this was what one may term an extraordinary—exhibition?"

Lord Edgar leaned back, nearly smashing the gim-crack chair.

"Oh, I don't ride often!" he said, pulling himself up straight again. "One doesn't come a cropper every time, you know. I was riding an Irish mare, and—but I'm afraid you wouldn't understand, sir."

"I am afraid that I should not," assented the marquis, really grateful for being spared the story. "I fear also I should not be interested. In my days we generally left the riding of races to the jockeys; but I do not complain or criticize. I must remind you, however, if you will permit me, that Heaven only blessed me with one son, and that you are the heir to the title. As a matter of course, I should

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prefer, infinitely prefer its descending to yourself rather than to"—he paused, as if trying to utter the name upon his lips as dispassionately and coolly as he would mention any other name—"to Clifford Revel."

Lord Edgar laughed, then looked grave, as the marquis, startled by the short laugh, wrinkled his white brows as if in pain.

"I say I should prefer it. But it appears to me highly probable, that if you continue the career of horseracing, mountain climbing, and other similar diversions, which it seems you have commenced, that my taste will receive a shock. I would ask you as a favor—I am aware that it is a great one—that you will endeavor to avoid breaking another arm, dislocating the other shoulder, and spraining the remaining ankle; or, if this is too much, and I suppose—glancing with cold disapproval at the splendid limbs—"It is too much, that you will stop short of breaking your neck."

Lord Edgar laughed; there was something in the cold-bloodedness of this unique parent that began to inspire him with a grotesque amusement.

"Very good, sir; I'll try."

There was a pause for a moment, then he looked up from a contemplation of his boots, which looked more muddy and larger than ever against the small, daintily shod feet of the marquis, and said:

"Speaking of Clifford Revel, sir—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the marquis, "we were not speaking of him; we merely mentioned—and forgot—him."

"Ah—yes," said Lord Edgar, rather staggered by the fine distinction. "But I was going to say, sir, that Clifford is not a bad sort of fellow." The marquis bowed, as if Lord Edgar had just uttered a point of taste. "I—I mean I rather like him."

"Yes," with a faint yawn, not concealed by any means by the cambric handkerchief.

"He isn't at all a bad sort of fellow, sir," went on Lord Edgar. "I met him once or twice in London—"

(To be Continued.)



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The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3/4 yards of 27 inch material. The width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

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**Ultimatum**

Poles Must Land Recognition---H Shortly---German Severity.

TO LAND AT DANZIG.  
COPENHAGEN, March 28. The German Government at Weimar received from the Allied High Command a demand for permission for Polish troops to land at Danzig and to march through German territory to Poland according to a despatch received here from Weimar. The Allied note declared that refusal by Germany would be regarded as a breach of the armistice. A Berlin despatch said the German Government replied that it would not take the responsibility for permitting the Poles to land at Danzig, but was prepared to facilitate a landing at Stettin, Koenigsburg, Memel or Libau.

JUNCTION EFFECTED.  
ARCHANGEL, March 28. The Russian staff to-day announced the fulfillment of the expectations of the long awaited junction between the Siberian forces and the northern government troops fighting against the Bolshevik. The junction occurred March 23rd at Ust-Kovra, in the Pechora district.

AN ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.  
COPENHAGEN, March 28. The official invitation for recruits to enter the Red Army in Hungary was met with an encouraging response, according to a Budapest despatch received here. Embassies of the Hungarian Revolutionary Government Council handed their credentials to the President of the German-Austrian National Assembly at Vienna. Hopes for the continuance of amicable relations between Hungary and German-Austria were mutually expressed, it is said. The despatch says the revolutionary government has ordered Entente flags hoisted on the hotel where the Entente missions have been stopping, and that posters will soon be issued warning the people to respect all foreigners in Budapest.

NOT FOR GERMANY.  
PARIS, March 28. The blockade of German-Austria will be lifted as soon as measures can be perfected for preventing imports into that territory being exported to Germany. It was decided at a Council of the Foreign Ministers of the Powers held here this morning. The Council named a commission to inquire into the Moroccan question, and then took up the question of the frontiers of Schleswig. These announcements were made in an official communication given out to-day. A meeting, at which Mr. Lansing, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Pichon, Baron Sonnino and Baron Makino were present, took place on the 28th March at 11 a.m. in regard to the blockade of German-Austria it was agreed that all restrictions on commerce should be lifted in that region as soon as the necessary machinery has been established in order to prevent re-export to Germany. A commission was appointed to study the removal of servitude of Morocco, established by the Act of Algiers; the Council then considered the question of the frontiers of Schleswig. The body mentioned in the foregoing official statement presumably is the Council of Foreign Ministers and Foreign Secretaries, the

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