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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIX.
WEALTH FOR LOVE.

There was a tinge of melancholy in her voice that appealed to him; it was as if it were in sympathy with his own mood. He looked at her wistfully; he felt fearfully alone and solitary in the great crowd into which Clifford Revel had brought him; and there was a subtle flattery in this lovely creature's manner that touched him. He would have felt still more flattered if he had understood how great an honor she had paid him in standing talking to him while numbers of others were watching and waiting to approach her; but Lord Edgar, for all his prospective wealth and rank, knew little of the extreme upper ton, and didn't understand that men, and women, too, were looking at them with politely veiled glances of wonder and curiosity.

"You do not ask after the horse?" she said, opening her fan.

Lord Edgar started and flushed with self-reproach. He had forgotten all about it.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, penitently. "Of course I ought to have asked."

"Why not?" she said, with that smile which won men's hearts; it was so gracious, so gentle, compared with her queenly loveliness. "I dare say you have forgotten all about him—and me—"

And she laughed.

"No, no!" he said, feeling rude and boorish. "That would be impossible! And the horse?"

"Can you ask? I ride him. Do you not remember you told me to do so?"

It was the subtlest flattery. "You told me to do so!" As if her obedience were unquestionable!

He flushed to the temples.

"I am very glad," he said. "It would not have been safe for you to have ridden her. Have you got a second yet?"

"Not yet," she replied. "It is so short a time."

"Ah yes!" he said, unconsciously. It seemed ages to him since that pleasant little luncheon in Elton Square.

"Besides—" she said, then she hesitated.

"Well?"

"Well, I was going to presume on your good nature, and ask you to advise me. In fact, I have been summoning up courage to ask you to get one for me."

He inclined his head humbly.

"I shall be very pleased and proud to be of the slightest service to you," he said.

"I felt that you would say that!" she responded in a low tone. "Ah, here comes my partner! I am sorry you will not dance."

What could he do but ask to see her card.

She shook her head with a faint smile, as she extended the dainty programme to him.

"It is quite full," she said.

"It is just what I deserve," he remarked. "I ought to have asked earlier."

She smiled.

"It was filled directly. And—the faintest pause—I did not know you were coming."

It would have sounded forward and inviting from most women, but from her it came with a sweet graciousness that would have brought him to her feet—if his whole heart had not been given to Lela.

As it was, he turned pale and looked hard at his boots. He tried to think of something to say, to acknowledge her graciousness, but could find nothing.

"I know what I should say," responded Lord Edgar, promptly.

She looked at him; then shook her head slowly, with a smile.

"Yes! But I must not, you see! After all, we fashionable people work very hard. Have I kept you waiting, Lord Combermere? I was just asking Lord Fans about a horse?"

Lord Combermere made a courtly response, and, just inclining his head to Lord Edgar, bore her off on his arm.

As she went, she just glanced back at Lord Edgar; and the half-mournful smile fitted across her face again.

Lord Edgar sunk into a seat, with a sigh.

What a lovely woman she was! How queenly and gracious! No wonder Lela admired her. The poor darling! Where was she now? He longed to have some one to whom he could speak of her, in whom he could confide. He had Clifford Revel, it was true, but Clifford, with all his cleverness, was a man, and lacked the ready faculty of sympathy which every woman—Edith Drayton, for instance—must possess.

A sudden desire to tell her of his trouble, to confide in her, seized him and sent the blood to his face.

After all, a woman would be more sure of and quicker to understand a woman than any man would be!

Suppose he should tell her! He knew, he felt, rather, that a warm, kindly heart beat within her bosom; that, with all her loveliness and splendor, she would sympathize with him.

He looked after her wistfully as she seemed to float on the polished floor; and, as he did so, he felt that indescribable fascination which Lela had spoken of exercising its influence over him.

He got up and made his way into the room where, with admirable judgment, Lady Debenham had provided refreshments, which any one could obtain by the mere asking. A footman approached him and waited in respectful silence, and Lord Edgar asked him for some champagne.

He was sitting on a velvet lounge, drinking this absently, when Clifford Revel came in, and, looking around, saw and approached him.

"Well!" he said, inquiringly; "hot isn't it? Champagne cup! Get me some, please," to the footman.

He stood and sipped it; then looked around thoughtfully.

"I am afraid this is tiring you, old fellow?"

"Well!" he said, inquiringly; "hot isn't it? Champagne cup! Get me some, please," to the footman.

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Lord Edgar shrugged his shoulders. "I was afraid it would. Well, Mrs. Drayton has sent me on a message to you. They are going home; Miss Drayton is tired, it seems, and requires a cup of tea."

Lord Edgar glanced at the urn on the marble counter.

"Yes, I know," said Clifford Revel, in the same cynical tone. "But it appears that the tea is lukewarm, and Miss Drayton demands it hot, so she is going home to get it. Under the impression that you and I would also welcome hot tea, she is kind enough to suggest that we follow her. What do you say?"

He looked keenly at Lord Edgar as he spoke.

Lord Edgar rose and put down his glass.

"I shall be very glad," he replied, listlessly.

"Come on, then," said Clifford Revel; "they have gone by this time."

They made their way through the crowded rooms, and went in a hansom to Elton Square.

The little drawing-room, with its aesthetic hangings and furniture, looked deliciously cool and comfortable after the hot, glaring ball-room, and Lord Edgar said so to Mrs. Drayton, who came forward in her half-nervous fashion to shake hands.

"I don't know what Lady Debenham would say if she knew we had enticed you two gentlemen away!" she bleated, with a thin smile.

"Well," said Edith Drayton's clear voice from the other end of the room where she sat at one of the gypsy tables pouring out the tea, "Lord Edgar is not contributing to the general gaiety of the evening."

"No, I shall not be missed," he assented, coloring.

She glanced up quickly, reproachfully. "I did not mean that, and you know it. Will you take my mother this cup of tea?" and she handed him a cup, for there were no servants in the room. He took the cup to Mrs. Drayton, and stood talking to her for a few minutes while Clifford Revel seated himself beside Ethel.

"This was very kind of you," he murmured.

"Kind? Of me?" she repeated, just glancing up at him.

"You know what I mean: releasing us from that terrible ball and giving us the relief of this precious half hour."

"If there was any kindness, it was mamma's," she said, carelessly. "It was she who invited you, you know?"

He smiled incredulously.

"Let us say it was kind of her, then," he assented. "I have to thank you for your graciousness to my cousin; I may do that, I suppose?"

"Have I been gracious?" she said, coloring faintly, but otherwise perfectly self-possessed and on the alert. "I suppose he can express his gratitude on his own behalf!" and she glanced across the room to where Lord Edgar stood, tall and stalwart, and altogether noble in face and figure and bearing.

A cold, contemptuous smile fitted across his face.

"I don't know. I am not sure that he can express anything. He is, as you see, a sort of wild man of the woods. A good fellow—oh, yes; but like the fashionable walking-sticks unpollished."

"Do you think so?" she said; and it could have been seen her lips would have seen them curl with a touch of

scorn that was certainly not for Lord Edgar.

"Yes, he can not help it. It is his nature."

"He looks very unhappy to-night," she said, thoughtfully.

Clifford Revel smiled contemptuously.

"Yes—he thinks that he is. He has got himself into a boyish trouble that has upset him. Again, I say, it is very kind of you to have asked him. Perhaps if you could find it in your heart to say a few words to him, it would ease his soul, and draw him out of himself. I don't ask so great a sacrifice of you that you should bore yourself with him, but, knowing the kindness of your queenly nature, simply suggest it."

She laughed, and again he did not detect the sarcasm in her manner. "Oh, certainly, I will talk to him, if you think it will comfort him. What is the matter?"

Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"A trivial trouble in the nature of a scrape," he said, carelessly. "Having entreated your sympathies for him, may I say a word for myself?"

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY CALLING GOWN.

2480—This model is very attractive for foulard, crepe, satin, taffeta, gingham, organza, linen or shantung. The fronts closed at the left side of the insert, under the collar. The sleeve is pretty in wrist length, and equally desirable in elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures a little more than 2 yards at the foot.

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A PRETTY STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.

2803—Shantung, serge, voile, drapery, gabardine, or taffeta would be nice for this model. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Navy blue serge with braid trimming, or brown gabardine, with trimming of sand color satin, would develop this style effectively.

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He colored slightly, and was about to ask her to play again, when she said:

"How tired you look! Do you think that we should be very angry if you were to go, Lord Edgar?"

She spoke in so low a voice that it could not reach the other two who were seated at the further end of the room. He started, and looked her full in the eyes, after his fashion.

"I am not tired, and I do not want to go. I beg your pardon for seeming so distraught."

"Don't do that," she said; "there is nothing to forgive. If you are not tired, you are—shall I say the word?"

(To be continued.)

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The Rhodes Scholarships.

The Rhodes Trustees announce that the election of scholars will be resumed this year, when there will be an election for two candidates to fill up the scholarships for 1918 and 1919.

Next year the Trust again proposes to choose two candidates for 1920 and 1921, after which the annual elections will resume their normal course.

Candidates must be British subjects and unmarried. They must have passed their nineteenth birthday but must not have passed their 25th birthday, on the first of October of the year for which they are elected.

Candidates must have had two years of training at some degree-granting University or College, or a course of study accepted by the Trustees as an equivalent.

The Trust is very anxious, other things being equal, to give first consideration to men who have showed their patriotism by going on active service.

Amongst those applying there may be some who have not been able, on account of service, to get the two years of university life required by the regulations. Oxford has arranged to excuse such men from Responsions, and the Trust thinks that they should be allowed to compete.

On the other hand the local committee has been strongly urged not to select anyone who by the want of preparatory training is not fairly prepared to get good results from a course at Oxford.

Men who have not been on service will be expected to meet the University requirements.

The Scholar elected for 1918 will be expected to go into residence not later than January 1920. The one elected for 1919 will take up work in Oxford in October 1920.

Applications for the 1918 scholarship to be accompanied by ten copies of certificates and testimonials should be made to the undersigned not later than July 1st of this year.

The candidate for 1918 will be eligible if he were not more than 25 years of age on October 1st, 1917. The date for receiving applications for the 1919 scholarship will be announced later.

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