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all feeling of depression.
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and
Druggists.

The Old Marquis
OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXI
A WEEK OF SUSPENSE.

"Ah, well, I'd better not keep him waiting or he will want his bill, which would be awkward. Don't wait for me, Edgar. I can recommend that Chablis; you might drink the full bottle and it would not hurt you. I won't be a moment; simply a question of a frock-coat," and, nodding, pleasantly, he went out, taking care to close the door tightly after him.

Mr. Bowen was standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking blankly out into the Temple gardens as if he saw nothing and was rather too sleepy to keep his eyes open, but, though he was staring at the gardens, he saw Clifford Revel come out, and by some mysterious agency saw him beckon him.

Clifford Revel motioned him into the bedroom and closed the door. Mr. Bowen took a careful mental inventory of the room without appearing to notice anything, and waited to be addressed.

"Well!" said Clifford Revel, in a low voice, and with a warning glance at the wall, on the other side of which Lord Edgar was seated. "Have you found them?"

"That's as may be, sir," said Bowen. "You asked me to report as I went on, and I thought I would do so. I am sorry to have intruded just now."

Clifford Revel made a gesture of indifference. "It is of no consequence," he said. "I have an old school-fellow lunching with me, and did not wish him to hear anything of this."

"Just so, sir," said Mr. Bowen, with the most woody inexpressive countenance; then he took out his pocket-book and the stumpy pencil.

"Hem! Went down to the station to make inquiries; find that inquiries had already been made by a gentleman of the name of Lord Fane."

Clifford Revel bit his lip and looked embarrassed for a moment; then nodded carelessly.

"Yes, quite right. I asked my cousin to step down and make the inquiries for me. He knows nothing of the case, of course."

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



up to-day."
"Where are they?" demanded Clifford Revel, eagerly.
"They booked for Larkworthy!"
"Larkworthy!" echoed Clifford Revel. "Why, that's not more than a score of miles from London!"
And his lips tightened.
"Barely so much, sir. Nineteen and a half is the fare reckoning. I've no doubt I shall find them there safe and sound. I thought I'd look in and take any instructions you might have. Is there anything you would wish me to do at Larkworthy? I could put a man on to watch them, if you wished it."
Clifford Revel had been thinking intently. Not twenty miles from London! Lord Edgar might run against them any day, and then—
His lips tightened.
"Go down and ascertain their exact whereabouts, and let me know. Do nothing else."

Mr. Bowen pocketed his memorandum-book and pencil, and fingered his hat.

"And, by the way," said Clifford Revel, "when you call upon me send up your name by the servant on a piece of paper. You understand?"

"I understand, sir," said Mr. Bowen, impassively; "quite so. You will hear from me to-morrow morning."

Clifford Revel nodded and opened the door, and Mr. Bowen departed down the stairs as noiselessly and unobtrusively as he had ascended them.

He paused outside the house, presumably to look at the gardens, which were really very bright and pretty, but his eye wandered from the grass-plots and elaborate flower-beds to the windows of Clifford Revel's chambers.

"Old school-fellow to lunch with him! Hem! Now, why couldn't he say that it was his cousin, Lord Fane, I wonder? He's a clever man, is Mr. Revel, but the cleverest of men make such mistakes. If he'd given the matter a thought he might have remembered that I'd heard Lord Fane had been inquiring, and that I should get a description of him; and if that wasn't his lordship sitting at the table, may I never get another case! I wonder what Mr. Revel's game is? How anxious he was that Lord Fane shouldn't see or hear me, to be sure! I wonder—hem!—but I shall find out quicker than you think, Mr. Revel."

A week passed. How Lord Edgar got through that week of suspense he did not know; he never could bear to look back on it, so full of anxious doubts and fears was it.

Every morning he went down to Clifford Revel's chambers to hear tidings of the search, and always was compelled to come away disappointed. Clifford assured him that everything was being done, that the man who was at work was one of the best in London for the purpose, and that if he could not find Lela and the professor, no man could.

"Certainly you could not," he said. "Do you think they have left England?" suggested Lord Edgar, in despair.

"No," Clifford Revel would reply, "I feel certain that they have not. My man would know, because he made close inquiries at the various ports, and keeps a close watch. Rest easy, my dear Edgar, we shall find them sooner or later, if you will have patience and keep in the background."

"Patience!" groaned Lord Edgar. "My patience is nearly exhausted, Clifford, and I can not wait any longer. If your man does not succeed by Tuesday, I will insert advertisements in all the papers, and—by Heaven! I do not know what else to do," and he went away with a downcast and moody countenance.

The week would have been perfectly unendurable but for the Draytons.

They were extremely kind to him. Oh, extremely!

No one could have been more full of sympathy than Edith Drayton. The proud beauty, whose manner was almost haughty to any one else, melted in Lord Edgar's presence; her smile became sweet and sympathizing, her voice full of gentleness.

By some kind of chance he found himself in Elton Square every day. They made him free of the house.

"Just drop in when you please, my dear Lord Edgar," said Mrs. Drayton, laying her thin hand on his arm caressingly. "We are very simple people, Edith and I, and shall make no ceremony with you. Come in when you have a spare half hour, and Edith shall play to you; or if she is not in, you must take your cup of tea or eat your lunch with an old woman instead."

OXO
CUBES

A CUBE TO A CUP

TINS OF 4-10-50 AND 100 CUBES

Lord Edgar was touched by their kindness. He was absolutely free from guile and deceit himself, and never suspected the existence of it in others.

"If any one had said to him: 'My dear fellow, they are so kind because you are Lord Fane, heir to the great marquise,' he would have scouted the idea and cut the man who suggested it. He viewed the world from his own honest stand-point, judged it by his own honorable standard, weighed it by his own integrity, and was grateful to the fashionable lady and the beautiful creature, her daughter, who extended their hospitality and sympathy to him.

And Edith was always at home when he came. It sounds like an anomaly and contradiction, but if he had not been so wretched he would have been perfectly happy in her society. She fascinated him. Even while he sat, and thought, and longed for his darling, his innocent, dove-like Lela, he could not help feeling a deep admiration for the lovely, imperial creature whose voice fell softly when it addressed him, whose eyes grew tender and luminous when they met his.

He did not know that there was any danger to him in this admiration; he did not know that people were beginning to whisper about his frequent visits to the little house in Elton Square—all his thoughts were of Lela, and of the joy that would be his when he could take her in his arms again.

Danger! There was danger for Edith. Day by day she was drawn into closer contact with his frank and simple nature; day by day she allowed her eyes to dwell upon his manly beauty and unconscious, patrician grace; day by day the sweet and subtle passion was sinking deeper into her being, and the love which she had half dreaded, half welcomed, was developing into an all-absorbing passion.

The proud, haughty beauty found herself waiting for his footstep and trembling with delight when it smote upon her ear; a dull shaft of pain struck her when he left her, and she would follow him with her eyes until his tall, stalwart form had disappeared around the square.

Her dreams were full of him. Some simple speech of his—so unlike the unseined, affected gibberish of the other men who thronged around her—haunted her. She loved to see him ride the great, raking chestnut, to see the great beast conquered by a touch of the strong hand. It was a subtle delight to her to have him lift her in to the caddy, to feel his breath stirring her hair. In a word, Edith Drayton, whom the world had accused of being heartless, was as madly in love as any bread-and-butter school-miss, but with a passion that belongs to such a woman as herself.

(To be continued.)

H.P.
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