



Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER IX.

where are you going to-night?"

"You will be there?"

strated Lady Devigne.

leedv!"

Lady Devigne's eyes sparkled.

"Ah, as if you needed it." reme

The "Noble" Marquis. Lilian held up her slim finger at was the bitterness born of self-conhim, with an arch smile.

"You have not improved. marquis? "You promised me to pay no more for being so worldly, so selfish, so compliments, and you have offered me these already." "Not empty compliments, by Gad!"

There, I'm a naughty man, am I not? were to turn up-than a leopard can Eh? Eh?" and he chuckled and gasped. "Well, I must not stop the way

any longer, I suppose! Cruel! And "To Lady Deuxchamp's, marquis."

"Haven't a pasteboard," he grinned, should be called on to betray him or

"Troublesome man!" exclaimed La-

dy Devigne, with pleased playfulness. drawing-room, waiting for the night as bright and serenely placid as usu-"There, I will tell Lady Deuxchamp you are in town, but doubt not she has the lovely face, half shadowed by the enjoyment about her that would have seen you already, and you will find a card waiting at- Ah, where are jously.

you? Grosvenor square, of course?" The marquis nodded. The marquis nodded.

Devigne, as the fretting horses moved feel as confident as it is possible to be

"Yes, I'll look in for half an hour. Can't stay longer, 'pon honor, supper with Bordle to-night-must go, but as I did. To ask where we are going just for half an hour, and so we shall see if the lily blooms at night, eh?" and, with an upraising of the glossy goes out at night! It is a great thing! hat, and an ogling smile, the most vile-we beg pardon, the most noble. the Marquis of Orland ambled off.

Lady Devigne drew a long breath. "Do you think he'll come?" she stand, mamma; but don't you think at last, mumbling something, ran a breathed, anxiously.

-a somewhat dead place. Wants a

great, lonely, devil of a-beg pardon!

1694-Novelty suiting is here por

Lilian turned her calm gaze upon to the other end of the room, and are should be calm, a little less nerher mother's quivering lips, and anxvous, and apprehensive of the result?" there he found Lilian Devigne, resting ious eyes, then looked before her, with beside an inane lieutenant, who seem-"Calm!" echoed Lady Devigne, tapthe same dreary expression which ping the fan, impatiently. "One ed utterly nonplussed and bewildered she had borne before. would think you were made of ice by his proximity to the beautiful Miss

a moment, and there was something

ness could do.

"Not at all," she said, quietly; "you

said you would come, you know. Have

"Why, I have only just come!" re-

plied the marquis, abashed by her as

"Lieutenant Brownjohn has asked

the young lieutenant's arm.

She smiled.

you been here your half hour yet?"

prised?"

"Yes, he will come, if he should not Lilian, or that you had no interest in Devigne. Lilian had seen the mar happen to forget, or his valet (who the matter! You are calm enough quis the moment he entered the room beats him they say) will let him, or he but she looked up now, with a little for both!" The girl turned her eyes on her for

is not too tired, poor old man." she murmured, placidly. Lady Devigne leaned back.

"Hush!" she whispered, with as fidget slightly. deep a shudder as if the sweet lips "Is the brougham never coming?" beside her had uttered blasphemy.

"My dear Lilian; you forget you are he will wait half an hour only, for talking of the Marquis of Orland! certain!" 'Poor man!' How can you say such "Ten o'clock," thought Lilian. "He dreadful things?"

will not be here to-night. I shall not The day passed. The noble mar- see him; and, perhaps, I shall never see him here again." quis went home to his stewed chick-

ens, and his minced roast mutton, his | A pang, sharp, quick and unmistaksoaked bread, and 'blood-giving Maable, ran through her, but she did not deira; the Devignes, mother and flinch; and her face was serenely daughter, went through the usual lovely, sweet, and free from care, as routine, making and receiving calls, she followed her mother to the playing the old, weary, world-worn brougham, as a child's might be.

**Heart's Action Was Weak** and Circulation Poor Lilian rose and placed her hand on

He Was Always Tired and Nervous and Had Pains in Feet and Legs-Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cured.

<text><text><text><text> The heart is a wonderful worker, | are soon restored and bodily organs me for this," she said. "If you are here when it is over-" and away she went, leaving the astonished man quis rooted to the spot. This was no It interested\_it ves it nl bled, with his head on one side, "Tall as her namesake! Make a good marchioness! Ah, I like her style! Where's that old fox, her mother, I

wonder?" her daughter's reckless conduct, but

gantlet of warmly welcoming friends mistress, eh?' "I'm not so sure of that," said Lilian, innocently. "But I am," resumed the marquis, getting a little closer, and staring at the small, white hand, which she had

ungloved for a moment. ("Nice hand." he muttered to himself: "good foot too," glancing down at the slim.

smile of surprise, that was coolness "Yes, she's the itself, compared with some of the ef nick af them all\_the in her look which made her ladyship fusive greetings that had been accordall!") It's time there was a mistress there, to cheer it up, and—and A pattern of this illustration mail-ed to any address on recipt of 10 cents ed him. Young and unsophisticated as she looked, Lilian Devigne knew

-take care of me!" she said, irritably. "Ten o'clock! And that a little coolness and self-respect Lilian moved her head, and nodded, would pique the most noble lord more

absently. than the most accentuated gushing-"You are old enough to take care of the mistress, marguis," she said. "Well, Miss Devigne, I am here, as This speech from less pretty lips the duke's motto says; are you surmight have offended. As it was, it

sounded charmingly bold and quick from the young, blushing creatubeside him.

He chuckled. "That's good; yes, yes! I'm nough-you don't know my age,"

sumed indifference, surprised and proke off, with a sly cunning. "I'm piqued, as she had intended him to be not so old as you think." "And now, are you going away?" he "I said old enough, not too old," re said, raising his painted eyebrows, as narked Lilian. "Older than the poor

maids."

young man who has just danced m poor dress to pieces. Marquis, I hatc

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PARI

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Meuse, the Germans are

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bottom of the ravine. The

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were swept by French

as they reached the dead

As they toppled over, othe

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French officers who have

from the Verdun front, alth

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