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**SCHOLL Eases the Feet**

**For Love  
of a Woman;**

**New Romeo  
and Juliet.**

**CHAPTER XXIX.  
WICKED LORD STOLEY.**

She bent towards him with perfect grace, and placed her hand upon his arm.

A thrill of amazement and curiosity ran through the room, and those near the two fell back. The set was formed, and Lord Cecil found himself standing at one of the sides, with a young girl for a partner.

"What a delightful man to have for an uncle," she said, with a smile.

"Yes, yes," he replied, absently, his eyes fixed on the thin, white face.

The music commenced, the dance began, and the marquis, with a grace which reminded those of his old friends of the days when Wicked Lord Stoley was in the prime of his youth—and his wickedness—led Lady Grace to the centre. A crowd had collected round the set; all eyes were fixed upon him and the lovely woman who bore her triumph with such queenly self-possession, when suddenly a cry—a shudder, rather—of alarm ran from lip to lip; for the erect, stately figure was seen to swerve and rock, and then stand still, as if rooted to the spot with its arms held above its head, and its starting eyes fixed strangely on vacancy.

"Great Heaven! It's a fit! He's dying!" said someone.

Cecil sprang forward, and, just in time, caught him in his arms.

Someone silenced the band, and the whole assemblage became instantly mute.

Lord Cecil raised the motionless form in his arms—it seemed to weigh nothing to him, so thin and emaciated was it—and, through a lane of horrified spectators, carried him up the broad stairs and into his bedroom.

Three persons followed him—Lady

Grace, Spenser Churchill, and the marquis's valet—and entered the room with him.

Lord Cecil laid his frail burden on the bed, and the valet quickly unfastened the old-fashioned cravat.

"It is a fit, my lord!" he murmured, agitatedly. "I expected it! I have been watching him from one of the doorways. His face was so white, and—and strained—like—"

"Go for a doctor," said Lord Cecil, quietly. "Grace, go down and get rid of these people."

"Oh! come with me, Cecil!" she said, brokenly. "I—I shall break down."

"Yes, go with her," said Spenser Churchill. "You need not be more than a few minutes, and I'll stay here with him."

Reluctantly Cecil drew his arm within hers, and left Spenser Churchill alone with the unconscious man.

He waited until Lady Grace and Lord Cecil had left the room; then, scarcely looking at the white, distorted face, he searched the pockets of the helpless man, and with a suppressed cry of satisfaction, darted to the cabinet, got the keys, and opened the safe.

Taking out two deeds engrossed "The last will and testament of the Marquis de Stoley," he thrust one in the breast-pocket of his coat and replaced the other in the safe, and locked it and returned the keys to the cabinet.

Scarcely had he done so, and taken his place at the bedside, than Lord Cecil and the valet hurried in with a doctor, who had been one of the guests.

He bent over the unconscious marquis and made his examination.

"Is he—oh, don't say that my dear friend is dead!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill, with a sob.

Lord Cecil waited for the answer in silent horror.

"No, no, he is not dead! Open that window!" said the doctor. "It is a fit produced by sudden excitement."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Spenser Churchill, devoutly. "And will he recover, doctor?"

The doctor looked grave.

"I cannot say. If he should—" He hesitated, and looked at Lord Cecil. "It is a very serious case, my lord; a sudden collapse. The unusual excitement has been too much for his lordship. He may recover; but if he should—he stopped, and touched his forehead—"I fear it will be a bodily and not mental recovery."

Spenser Churchill drew back and covered his face with his hands.

"My poor friend!" he sobbed, and if he gave expression to his thoughts, he would have added, "will not be able to make a fresh will!"

and shed the light of his benevolent countenance upon the patient, as if he were the marquis's brother. And him, too, the sick man regarded with an expression of thoughtful watchfulness.

Mr. Spenser Churchill waited four days, then, hearing from the doctors that the marquis might possibly remain in his present condition for weeks, or even months, he thought that he had better attend to the other threads of his plot. It was time that Percy Levant secured Doris. Everything in England was working wonderfully well for Mr. Spenser Churchill, and, in anticipation, he could almost see the accomplishment of his object and the reward of all his scheming and toiling.

"It cuts me to the heart to leave the dear patient, Cecil," he said; "but I have most urgent business on the Continent, connected with one of our great charitable societies, and I really must go. I have the consolation, however, of reflecting that I leave my dear old friend in such loving hands as yours and dear Lady Grace's. He will, I know receive every attention that affectionate hearts can suggest."

"Yes," said Cecil, rather grimly. "We shall neither starve nor neglect him; don't remain a moment longer than you like. You had better leave your address."

"Yes," said Spenser Churchill. "Dear me, I scarcely know what address to give you. I shall be moving about so much for the first few weeks; but perhaps you had better write to Meuriguys, at Paris. You will telegraph to me, of course. I shall be back as soon as possible. And when I come," he added, mentally, as he wrung Cecil's hand, "perhaps I may have the satisfaction of dealing you a slight shock, my self-sufficient young friend."

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There was something so complete in the success of his plans that Mr. Spenser Churchill was almost startled. The marquis lying bereft of reason and helpless away in England, and Doris Marlowe engaged to Percy Levant! It was little short of marvellous!

"Now, if I could only see them married," he murmured, as he lay on the lawn smoking a cigarette, and blinking placidly up at the blue sky; "if I could only see them married, and the dear marquis would kindly remove himself from this troublesome world, I should be ten thousand pounds richer in pocket, and be able to repay my dear Lord Cecil for the many, the very many snubs he has bestowed upon me. Ah! here comes Percy. How the young man hates me! And yet I have been the means of giving him a beautiful wife and a large fortune. Strange how deeply ingratitude is engrained in the human heart! Well, Percy," he purred, "and how is dear Miss Marlowe now? It was nothing serious, I trust! Only the heat, my dear Percy? I noticed that the room was hot and the air quite heavy with flowers. I'm not sure that too many flowers are wholesome; to some ultra-refined sensibilities, like those of our dear Miss Doris, for instance, their perfume is overwhelming. How is she?"

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"For several reasons; one, and not the least, being my anxiety to see two young people in whom I am deeply interested, made happy; another, if I may be candid, is because I am anxious to complete our contract, and destroy the bond," and he touched his breast-pocket.

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"Naturally, and you want your bride. So that we are of one mind, my dear Percy."

"And what if I say I will go no further in this vile business; if I say that I will no longer be a party in this conspiracy against a helpless girl?" said Percy Levant in a low voice, and with a sudden crimson rising to his face.

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"But you won't say any such nonsense, my dear fellow," he retorted, blowing a thin wreath of smoke from his complacent lips; "and it would be nonsense, sheer nonsense, for you would, because, my dear Percy, you are so completely and madly in love with her!"

Percy Levant grew pale, and he clenched his hands.

"You fend!" he muttered.

Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

(To be Continued.)

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Spenser Churchill touched his white smooth forehead with his forefinger.

"Really, my dear Percy, I forgot! Wasn't it something about that floral fete to the Amalgamated Charity Children? Or was it the account of Lady Brabazon's ball? Miss Marlowe's sudden and alarming indisposition so startled me that it drove the matter out of my head."

Percy Levant looked at his fixedly, then opened the paper, and scanned it carefully; then his eyes flashed as he came across the paragraph respecting Lord Cecil's engagement, and he read it aloud.

"That was it, was it not?"

"No, I don't think so; but I really can't be sure. To tell you the truth, I wasn't paying much attention. You see, I'd read the paper coming across."

"It was this, and you know it," said Percy Levant, in a low voice.

"Was it? I daresay. But what has that to do with Miss Marlowe's swoon?" enquired Spenser Churchill, with a patient smile.

Percy Levant paced up and down, his head sunk upon his breast.

"I don't know," he muttered, inaudibly; "but I will know!"

"Don't look so distressed, my dear Percy!" purred Spenser Churchill, leaning his head on his elbow, and watching him through half-closed eyes. "I trust there is nothing to be really anxious about. Miss Doris will be well and honour us with her presence at lunch, or at dinner, at latest. Of course, I can understand your anxiety; but don't give way to it, my dear Percy. Will you come and sit down? I want to talk to you for a few moments."

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