

Bettera Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXVII. BARRIERS BETWEEN.

The girl shrank away and blushed, expecting a further rebuke, which would certainly have been forthcoming, but, fortunately, some one at the outskirts of the little crowd sees a cloud of dust, a very small cloud, in the

"They are coming!" runs down the line, and knitting-needles and fingers

authority. "I can see the blue jackets of the postilions! See, too, they have run up the flag at Der Krone! Do you think milord the marguis will stop for a moment? If so, what a fine view air of sad wistfulness. they will have at Der Krone. Yes, here

eaches the church, which instantly,

The little, fat landlord of Der Krone omes out on the steps, and, looking up and down the street, rubs his hands ith a complacent smile, as if he were the heads below: even the two blemen wake up on this momentous full of tears, and murmurs: ceasion, and stand upright without

With a grandoise snacking of their the stones of the clean white street.

Suddenly obeying an order, the postilions rein in their impatient horses -English bays, perfectly matched, and chorus, and: n the finest of fettle-and the carriage draws up at the door of Der Krone. The crowd presses forward-not rudely, not intrusively, as, also, some

crowds we could name are given to

ONE WOMAN'S

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suitable response in German; then, with one accord, all eyes shift their murmur of respectful admiration arises around.

Rarely-perhaps never-has Forbach seen such a beautiful face as that which looks at them with a pleasant, grateful and gentle smile.

And yet, it is not its supreme beauty which touches the hearts of the women; talking it over, as they do, morning, noon and night, for months, for years afterwards, they all agree that it was not altogether the beauty of the marchioness that witched hem; but something strange about her, a certain subtle kind of youthful purity

in the girlish face, and an undefinable Even as she leans forward, and takes the bouquet of flowers which a tiny mite has toddled up to the carriage to The murmur runs down the ranks, give her, they note it. It is there beyond, beneath the smile; a certain wistful, unsatisfied look seems to give an added softness to the deep eves.

and a pensive curve to the mobile All press forward to hear her speak They are only a few words that she proprietor of the coming show. says-in German, with a strong Eng-

om the windows people lean out as lish accent, all too soft for the deep, they mean to precipitate themselves guttural language, but hearing them, one woman turns aside, with her eyes "Poor child!" But the next moment the marquis The cloud of dust grows larger, the gives the word, the postilions smack

gay uniforms of the postilions force their whips, and the horses dash for through it, the clatter of horses' hoofs ward amid a deep cheer, which he acarise above the murmur of the crowd, knowledges with a bow and a smile, and suddenly there goes up a hearty and she, girl-like, by turning half a- cause I thought you had got on toguttural cheer, and the clear, soprano round in the carriage, and gently wav-

ing the bouquet. It is a little thing to do-it costs her ong whips, the postilions urge their no more than a smile and a bow, but given her no hint as to his thoughts. norses to a gallop, and the next min- it just settles-"fetches," is the ex- It was as impassive and calm as the ute the handsome traveling-chariot of pressive American word—the good sunlight itself. the milord the marquis rattles over people of Forbach, and wins every heart in it for my poor Lady Jeanne. "How handsome he is, the marquis! What princely grace!" say the girls tn

"She is an angel, past expression!" murmur the men. "Oh, beautiful in- list

other carriages dash into it. They do apparently." not halt at the Krone, but the crowd ! and grand gentlemen. One face in the to be gay." third carraige attracts marked attention, and even a slight murmur of admiration. It is, in its way, as fair a face as that of the girl marchioness, but it excites no enthus sm. and no tears are shed as it flashes past with replied, calmly; "please yourself a cold, languid smile. It is Lady Lu- every way."

"Quite a reception," she says, looking over at her opposite neighbor, with half closed eyelids. "Vane is evidently a king in the land." Clarence Lane looks around with a

etulant air of impatience. "They make a fearful row," he says, rritably. "Blinded by the dust, one

only requires to be deafened to make the misery complete. What's it all about? Anybody would think we were a kind of lord-mayor's show!" Lady Lucelle smiles ironically. "You wouldn't object to the dust or

the shouting, my dear Clarence, if it was on your account. Don't be synical. It is very tiresome to be obliged to ride twenty miles with me, but you've had a very fair innings, and your turn will soon come again."

"What do you mean?" he asks, but ais face flushes and he looks down. The countess smiles.

"The dust has been thick all this week, but it hasn't quite blinded me. my dear Clarence." she says. "My dear Clarence" opens his lips

As she approaches the castle, Jeanne looks thoughtfully around her. The friend." rank-hearted smile with which she responded to the welcome of the vilagers has vanished, and in its place is the half-sad, half-proud and wholly reserved look which, people say, is characteristic of the Marchioness of

As she leans back, with her bouquet up to her face, almost hiding it, the wistful look is very marked.

in that foolish habit which too many was to her on that, her marriage day. sist her! If one could but wipe out Poor Jeanne, as she looked forward that black night! Heigh-ho!" then, thought the Castle Ferndale was

would fill up and run over. How different has been the result to what she anticipated. Since that evening Vane and she have not exchanged one word of love.

To the outer world they are as other husbands and wives, but a gulf, which tween them, neither has a word of

The most passionately-fond huscourteous, but studiously so. His tone respect, his touch gentleness itself. She has but to express a wish to find forward to reply to the landlord's it gratified; it is at her desire that Welcome to Forbach, milord," with a they have come to the had decided glance to the face at his side, and a he would, without hesitation, have countermanded the preparations, and

> with cheerful alacrity, excepting i one instance only, the choice of guests Invitations had been given right and one, had been placed in Jeanne's hands

listlessly enough until she came to Lord Lane's name; then, without look

"Has Lord Lane been asked?" "Clarence? Yes, I think so," said

"I thought he was going to Norway

said Jeanne. "He said something about it, but don't suppose he will object to sub-

There was a faint, a very faint touc "Why should he substitute it?" she said. "His party is made up, I believe." They were in the morning-room at Nugent Abby, Jeanne seated by the op-

en window with the list in her hand Vane standing beside her courteously, istening and attentive. As she spoke, he walked to the wire-

dow and stroked his mustache thought ne said; "I put his name down be-

gether so well." Jeanne looked fixedly at her list; if she had loked up, his face would have

-why should I have? Let him be ask

ed, by all means, if you wish it." "I," he said, then he stopped, for she had taken out her pencil, and writ ten something at the bottom of the

"I have added Lady Lucelle's name," Scarcely has the marquis' carriage she said, quietly, but with a dasa of disappeared down the street than three | color in her face; "it was forgotted

"I don't think she will care much for cheer, though not so lustily as be- Germany—the castle stands in an out fore, and catch a glimpse of fair ladies of-the-way place; too far from Bader

> "She can refuse if she does not care "I have no wish in the matter," h



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ment." said Jeanne, rising. "You seem to get on together, and she is-an old |

Vane bit his mustache and turned as if about to speak, but Jeanne moved across the room, and he held the door open for her in silence.

It was always thus; the Bertram pride and the haughty Ferndale temper were formidable barriers. Then how was Jeanne to know that

the moment the door had closed upon

her he fell to pacing the room and bit-As a matter of fact, she is indulging | ing his mustache, muttering: "Was she in earnest-would she of us are prone to. She is looking back have left him out? They are always -looking back to that day when, with together-on land and sea, morning. Vane by her side, as he is now, she noon and eve. If I hear her laugh, it drove up to the castle, in England and is at some speech of his; she never learned with wonderment and delight fails to greet him with a smile; and that it was her future home. How hap- he-well, he would be stone if he did py, how gloriously happy she was to not warm under such kind treatment: be: how tender, how nobly loving he the man does not exist who could re-

And how was he to know that the to be her earthly paradise, and that, cold hauteur died out of Jeanne's face f any thing, her cup of happiness as she ascended the stairs, and in its place came the sad, wistful expression which well matched the murmur: "I was right, carefully though he tried to conceal it. He would not be happy without her. Let her go with

If to both had been given the danseems never to be crossed, yawns be- gerous gift of foreseeing events, certainly Jeanne would not have added Lady Lucelle's name to the list, and as certainly Vane would not have made band could not be more attentive to a point of Lord Lane's visit to the

And now as they approached the ong road which winds between two lines of huge elms, Jeanne's face grows from wistful to eager. Vane, who has been watching it, smiles rather sadly and curiously

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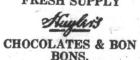
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