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The Old Marquis OR The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXIX.
A NYMPH OF THE WOOD.

"HADN'T we better go, Edith?" said Mrs. Drayton.
The summer had nearly drawn to a close; London was emptying fast; people who had not complained of the heat and the dust while Parliament was sitting and concert halls were in full swing, suddenly found that town was insupportable, and that they had been, without knowing it, pining for the country.
The whitewashers had taken possession of the clubs; some of the theatres were closed; it was possible to cross the Strand and Regent Street without risking life and limb; in short, the London season was drawing to an end, but still the Draytons remained in the little house in Eiton Square.
"Hadn't we better go, Edith?" repeated Mrs. Drayton, looking up from her easy-chair, where she was feebly attempting some useless piece of fancy work, while Edith, who never made the faintest pretense of doing anything useful, was standing at the window looking out at the square with the dusty trees, and noisy, restless sparrows.
"Go! Where?" she answered, absently, without turning her head.
"Where? Anywhere, dear!" said Mrs. Drayton, helplessly. "To the seaside; anything would be better than this! London is quite empty."
"Nothing could be worse, I grant,"

said Edith, leaning her beautiful head against the window, and letting her hands fall to her side with a gesture of weariness. "I doubt whether anything could be better, mother."
Mrs. Drayton sighed helplessly and let her preposterous needle-work fall into her lap.
"Are you ill, Edith?" she said, with timid irritability.
"No mother."
"I don't know what is the matter with you lately! You were always strange, but—but lately, the last two months, you have seemed half—half lost!"
Edith Drayton smiled strangely.
"You seem to take no interest in anything; you never did much, I am aware, but lately you have been quite—quite indifferent. I am sure you are ill."
"Who can minister to a mind diseased?" murmured Edith, but inaudibly.
"What do you say?" asked Mrs. Drayton, fretfully. "I wish you would see Sir William."
"I did last night; he was at the Debenham's, and he paid me the compliment of saying that I looked the personification of health and intelligence—coldly."
Mrs. Drayton sighed. She had never understood this strange girl, of whom fate had made her the mother, but she had now become a dark, unsolvable mystery.
"What do you say to Eastbourne?" she suggested, weakly.
"Edith Drayton shuddered.
"To walk on the parade for two hours before luncheon and an hour and a half before dinner; to lie on the sofa for the rest of the day with

the first and third volume of the worst novel of the season before last; to 'do' Beachy Head and Pevensey Castle, and to pay twelve guineas a week for the pleasure and privilege of being shut up in two rooms, waited upon by an idiot of a servant with a strong objection to soap and water; to live upon under-done chops and cindery chickens; to listen to the same band playing the same tunes twice a day; to walk on the pier and be stared at by the shop-boys. I was wrong, mother: Eastbourne would be worse even than this!"
"You would say something of the same sort to every place I could mention," said Mrs. Drayton, with a sigh.
"I am afraid so, mother; methinks, as Hamlet says, 'the world is out of joint.'"
"We shall be left in London alone," says Mrs. Drayton, plaintively. "I don't mind—why should I? But what will people say? When Lady Debenham asked me last night where we were going I felt fit to sink through the carpet!"
"You would not have surprised her; nothing surprises Lady Debenham," said the cold, monotonous voice. "Ah, Heaven! how long this afternoon is!"
"It will be longer in a week's time, when there will be no chance of any one calling!" said Mrs. Drayton, piteously. "Some one may call now, but then—by the way, Edith," and she looked at the motionless figure with an anxious glance, "where is Lord Edgar Fane?"
The hot blood rushed to the pale face and the dark eyes lighted up for a moment, then the sudden fire went out and she replied:
"I know not. You ask as if I were Lord Edgar's keeper!"
"Well," retorted Mrs. Drayton, "you might have been, seeing how often he was here. He quite made the place his home—two months ago."
"He was welcome," coldly.
"Welcome! of course. I am sure I was very pleased to see him, and said so. But—but it did not seem as if much came of it."
"You mean that he did not ask me to be his wife!" said the cold, incisive voice.
"How brusquely and abruptly you put things, Edith!" said Mrs. Drayton, irritably. "But certainly nothing came of it."
"No; men are not anxious to ask me to be their wife. Why should he be?"

"I am sure he was very attentive, and I thought—I thought that you had set your mind on it."
"Who is brusque now, mother? If I did, nothing, to use your phrase, has come of it! He has not been near us for two months, and I do not know where he is."
"And Mr. Revel, doesn't he know?"
"He says not," was the calm reply. "I have no doubt that he does."
"Then why—but there, it is useless to ask anything about Clifford Revel. I wish he would not come here so often."
"Why not tell him so?" coldly.
"Mrs. Drayton rose with a sharp sigh.
"As if I could! But you might."
"Why should I? He amuses me! There is a knock at the door. It will probably be him. Shall I tell him I will if you like?"
"Edith!" gasps her mother in a paroxysm of nervousness; but it is uncalled for; the servant opens the door and announces Lord Combermere.
It is Lord Combermere, beautifully dressed, the veriest butterfly—he is fifty and looks forty—of all the butterflies; a flower in his frock-coat, a pleasant society smile on his clean-shaven face.
"I am a favorite of fortune!" he says, bowing over Mrs. Drayton's hand and holding Edith's, who receives him with cool languor. "All the way through the square I was dreading to be met with a 'Mrs. Drayton is out of town!' and yet here you are! This is sheer luck, and I am grateful."
"We were just discussing where we should go!" says Mrs. Drayton, smiling inanely. "Weren't we, Edith?"
"Yes, and deciding that it was too much trouble to go anywhere!"
"Exactly my case!" says Lord Combermere, smoothing his already glossy hat and straightening the gloves that have not a wrinkle in them. "For my part I think London most charming when some of the people are gone. There is room to move about; the waiters at the club are delighted to see you; you can get your Times without waiting an hour for it, and the Strand is passable at any hour of the day and night. But then, I am a true Cockney. I'm like Doctor Johnson, and think London first and the country nowhere! But now for my mission. My dear Mrs. Drayton, I am the bearer of an invitation."
Edith turns her face toward him slowly.
"An invitation," he repeats, looking at both of them in turn. "My friend General Rothsay—you know him?—has started a four-in-hand. It is late in the season, but you know that is his peculiarity—he always begins when other people leave off! And having started a four-in-hand of course he needs passengers. I think that a man ought to be satisfied with risking his own and his servants' necks; but men who go in for coaching think otherwise, and so the general has decided to have a picnic tomorrow, and he and I are looking up passengers. It will be rather hard work, because every one has left town; but I came to you first, my dear Mrs. Drayton. I throw myself upon your mercy and well-known character for good nature! Will you permit yourself to be driven by the general in the new coach?"
Mrs. Drayton looks at Edith, as usual.
"When and where?" asks Edith, calmly.
"The day is to-morrow, the place is Pangley. Do you know it? No? A little river-side gem. A Thames paradise. You really must not miss it! I assure you it is a most lovely spot. Just the place for a picnic."
"I hate picnics," says Edith, calmly.
Lord Combermere smiles, and gives an extra polish to his hat.
"So do I, as a rule; but this is not within the rule. It is not an ordinary picnic. We are not to sit upon the damp grass with our plates in our laps, and eat cold pigeon pie, into which the vinegar and sugar have entered unasked; oh, no! The general has mercifully ordered a lunch which we are to eat comfortably at a decent—indeed a pretty little inn called The Moorhen. It is not very grand or extensive; but we will answer for a table and chairs. I need scarcely say that we take our wine down. Come, Mrs. Drayton, be good-natured, and say 'Yes.'"
But though he addresses the mother, he looks at the daughter.
(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

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2528—Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and chamuse, voile and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The waist is made with surplice closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff, or finished in short length, loose and flowing. The skirt is joined to the waist. A single or small or ribbon forms a suitable trimming.
The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot.
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A NEW AND STYLISH MODEL.



2823—This design has several new style features. The Skirt is cut to form a pouch pocket at one side of the front. Foulard, shantung, crepe, crepe de chine, gingham or linen would be nice for this style.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.
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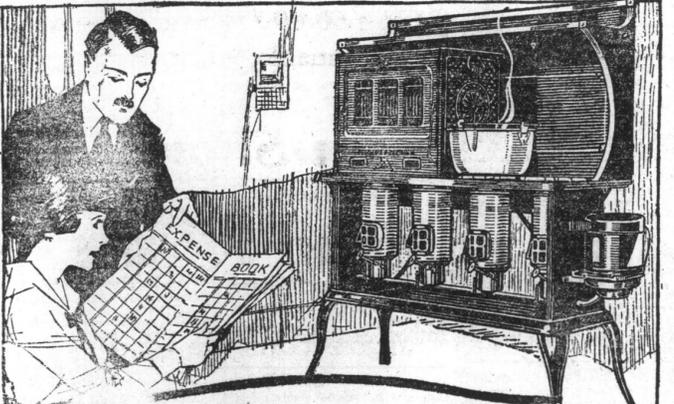
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Bolsheviks in Petrograd Repudiated -- Afghan Allies Refuse Proposals.

AUSTRIANS BEHAVE WELL

ST. GERMAIN, June 2. Premier Clemenceau's brief remarks were confined to explaining the time limit for the reply and the method of further negotiations and proceedings. "Messieurs Les Plenipotentiaires of the Austrian Republic," M. Clemenceau began, "The Allied and Associated Powers have charged me to remit to you the draft of the Treaty which has been deliberated among us. It is not the entire draft, for I shall reserve to make, but it constitutes at least the principal parts on which you can forthwith deliberate. Dr. Renner, the Austrian Chancellor stood white reading his speech and his attitude, like that of the entire Austrian delegation, was extremely courteous, contrasting sharply with that of Count Von Brockdorff-Rantzau, and the other Germans at Versailles.

BLOWN UP BY HIS OWN BOMB.

WASHINGTON, June 3. Washington Police Inspectors early today believed they had identified the man who was blown to pieces last night in an effort to kill Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer with a bomb, as an anarchist of Philadelphia. They also said they were confident the nation-wide plot against the lives of Government officials and prominent business men had been laid in that city.

LOSING THEIR MORALE.

ARCHANGEL, June 1. The Bolshevik troops on the Archangel front appear to be losing their morale rapidly. Desertions to the Allied lines are of daily occurrence. At present on the Vaga and Divina sectors, Russian and British patrols find few difficulties in advancing under the protection of gunboats.

PETROGRAD TAKEN.

COPENHAGEN, June 3. Estonian and Finnish forces have taken Petrograd, according to an unconfirmed message received here.

SITUATION IN INDIA.

LONDON, June 3. (Via Reuter's.)—The India Office makes the following announcement:

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