



**For Love
of a Woman;**

**New Romeo
and Juliet.**

OR,
CHAPTER IV.
AT THE TOWERS.

Fortunately for the horse, she had struck her knees upon the bank, and was uninjured—for Lord Cecil, with unusual indifference, quite forgotten her, and it was not until he had ridden into the court-yard of the Towers, and met the surprised stare of the groom who came forward, and he remembered the animal.

"I've had a tumble," he said. "It was my fault not Polly's. Give her an extra feed and wipe down," he added, as he patted her. "She isn't hurt, I'm glad to say."

"But you are, my lord, I'm afraid," said the groom.

"Not a bit," said Lord Cecil, with a smile, and he hurried across the court-yard and up the stone steps to the terrace.

The long walk, laid in Carrara marble, and running the whole length of the house, was perfectly empty, and everything was suspiciously quiet.

"They've begun dinner," said Lord Cecil, with a shrug of his shoulders. "That's unpleasant! I don't know my uncle very intimately, but I have a shrewd suspicion that he is the sort of man to cut up rough. Well, no, I don't suppose he would be rough if I burnt the place down, but he'd be unpleasantly smooth."

He hurried along, past a long line of windows, screened by their curtains and then past one through which the light came in innumerable streaks of colour—it was the stained oriel window—and at last reached the great hall.

A groom of the chambers, attired in a dark purple livery that looked almost like a court suit, came forward with something like a solemn gravity.

"I'm late, eh?" said Lord Cecil, and his clear, young voice, musical as it was, sounded large and loud in the solemn, subdued air of the place.

"Dinner has been served twenty-two minutes, my lord," was the grave reply.

"Oh, hang the two minutes!" said Lord Cecil. "I shouldn't be long. And he bounded up the stairs, apparently to the amazement of the official and a couple of stately footmen, who looked after him with surprise. It took him some two or three minutes

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



and that the hands were snowy in colour and of quite feminine shape and texture.

This imposing figure stood upright until Lord Cecil had taken his seat, the hard, steel-like eyes regarding him with an impassive, ice-like courtesy, then sank into his seat again.

It was not until he had done so that Lord Cecil was startled by seeing that a third person was present—for he had been unable to remove his eyes from the marquise's while they were on his face. Now he saw that between him and the marquise sat a lady; and Lord Cecil, as his senses woke to the fact of her presence, was guilty of an astonished stare.

It is not given to everyone in one day to meet the two most beautiful women he had ever seen; but this was Lord Cecil's fate. The day was young, with a fair and perfectly-tinted face, with dark brown eyes, and hair that shone like raw silk under the mellow light that fell from the candelabra above.

Her presence was so unexpected that Lord Cecil might be pardoned for expressing in his gaze something of the surprise he felt.

The sound of the marquise's voice, low and yet clear, like the sound of a treble-bell, recalled him to himself and his manners.

"This is Lord Cecil Neville, Lady Grace," he said, and he just moved his snowy hand. "Cecil, I think I told you that I expected Lady Grace?"

Lord Cecil bowed, and she inclined her head with a smile.

"As we are strangers, and Lord Neville has probably never heard of me, marquise, perhaps you had better add that I am Lord Peyton's daughter."

The marquise bowed.

"Of course I have heard of you, Lady Grace," said Lord Cecil.

The dark brown eyes opposite him grew rather keen as they rested on his, but for a moment only, then she smiled again.

"If I had known that you were here—" He stopped and laughed. "Well, I was going to say that I'd have been at home earlier; but the fact is I met with a slight accident and was detained."

The dark eyes seemed to flash over him, then fixed themselves upon the cut on his forehead.

"You were not hurt, I hope?" she said. "I see you have a cut on your brow."

"No," he said. "It is nothing."

"How did it happen?" asked Lady Grace.

The marquise had not condescended to make any inquiry; indeed, for any sign of interest he might have been stone deaf.

"Got pitched over the hedge," he said.

"By a man?" she asked, raising her brows.

He laughed.

"No, by a horse. By the way, sir," he said, turning to the marquise, "I am glad to say that the horse it not injured."

"No?" said the marquise, with slow indifference. "Perhaps that is as well. Horses are valuable," and she tone more than the words seemed to add, "and men—especially Lord Cecil Neville—are not."

Lord Cecil glanced at him quickly; but the pale face was set and impassive, as if innocent of any intent to insult.

After this cheerful remark the conversation rather naturally languished. Lord Cecil was hungry, and devoted his attention to his plate; the servants moved to and fro, waiting with subdued and watchful assiduity; the marquise ate his dinner with slow-wearied glance, his eyes fixed on the great golden epergne in the centre of the table, as profoundly silent as if never meant to utter another word. Now and again Lady Grace raised her eyes and scanned the handsome face opposite her, and Lord Cecil would have returned the compliment, but when he ate his dinner he was thinking of that other face with the dark hair and blue eyes, which had bent over him by the brook, recalling the sweet voice, which still rang in his ears like distant music.

He started when the low, soft voice of Lady Grace said:

"Have you been at the Towers long, Lord Cecil?"

It was rather an awkward question, for this was his first visit to any house of the marquise, his uncle, for ten years.

"Two days," he replied, simply.

Lady Grace's eyes grew keen, and she glanced from the young man to the old one.

"I have just been trying to tell the

marquise how intensely I admire the place," she said.

The marquise inclined his head to her in courtly acknowledgment, but without a word.

"It is the prettiest—no, the grandest—old place I have ever seen. I am surprised to hear that the marquise seldom visits it. The view from the terrace is simply magnificent. The country round about must be very beautiful."

"I think it is," said Lord Cecil. The marquise made no sign. "I haven't seen much of it."

"I shall expect you to act as guide to what you have seen," she said, with a smile that seemed to flash like a beam of light from her white face. "I shall be most happy," he responded.

"I think the country is at its best in the spring, and I am always glad to get a little while, a short breathing time, before the London season commences. Let me see: you are in the Two Hundred and Fifteenth, aren't you, Captain Neville?"

"I was," said Lord Cecil, with a momentary embarrassment, and a glance at the marble-like face at the head of the table. "I have retired."

"What a pity!" she said, and her eyes seemed to take in at a glance his broad chest and stalwart limbs.

"Do you extend your sympathy to the army or to Lord Cecil?" asked the marquise, in a voice too smooth for the sneer which his question conveyed.

Lord Cecil's eyes flashed, and his colour rose; but he contained himself and smiled.

"Oh, for both, of course." Surely the commander-in-chief cannot afford to lose a good officer, and Lord Cecil must be sorry to leave the army."

"No," murmured the marquise. "I do not suppose the commander-in-chief can afford to lose a good officer. Lord Cecil must have been a great loss," and his icy glance rested for a moment, without a spark of expression, upon the handsome face which had flushed again under his cruel taunt.

"The loss was all on my side, Lady Grace," he managed to say, with a smile; "at any rate, the duke bears up wonderfully well."

Once more the marquise had succeeded in freezing the conversation, and Lady Grace, after toying with a strawberry, rose to leave the table. And as Lord Cecil opened the door for her, she put up her fan, and in a remarkably low voice murmured:

"You will not stay long?"

"I certainly shan't," he replied, emphatically, and in an equally low voice; but, low as it was, the marquise appeared to have heard it.

"I shall not detain you long," he said. "You drink, of course?" and he touched the decanter.

The tone, and not the words, again seemed to convey an insult, and Lord Cecil shook his head, feeling as if he would rather have perished of thirst than drunk a glass of the wine thus offered.

"No?" said the marquise, and he managed to make even this single word offensive. "I thought it was the present custom with young men."

"No, sir," said Lord Cecil; "we have changed the fashion."

The marquise inclined his head as the retort was a compliment.

"Ah! the present age has no vices, I presume. Is it because they have no strength for them?"

"I don't know," said Lord Cecil, almost coldly.

The marquise filled a glass with the rare and costly wine, and as he sipped it, followed his eyes to stray over the rim to his nephew's face.

"I think I told you Lady Grace was expected?" he said.

"I think not, sir," said Lord Cecil. "Ah! it escaped me. Her father is an old friend of mine." The pause conveyed the sneer which lay in almost every sentence he uttered, and was expressed by tone or word. "He did me a great service, and I owe him a debt of gratitude."

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion
Plates.**

A DAINY DRESS.



2389. This portrays a style as attractive for foulard, embroidered crepe or voile, as for serge, gabardine or satin. The underwaist and sleeves may be of crepe de chine, or georgette, chiffon or net. Linen and organdie, serge and satin are good combinations for this design.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, if the skirt is made with tucks, and 4 1/2 yards if edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

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2378. Here is a model that is especially desirable for mature figures. The sleeve may be in wrist length, close fitting and finished with or without a cuff, or it may be in elbow length made without tucks. Width at lower edge is about 2 1/2 yds. Percale, drill, khaki, chambray, gingham, poplin, flannel and lawn may be used for this design.

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