

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XX.

Jeanne does not cry for long, the very violence of her grief forbids that. and almost as suddenly as she threw herself on her knees, calling on "Hal," she is upright again and facing her With a little tremor of shyness and alarm; she looks at the strange richness of her surroundings upon the decorations of the dainty little rooms, the rare hangings and ex-

fall on a magnificent dressing-case, and her gaze rests on the coronet and brushes, upon the golden tops of the brave!"

it is not all a strange and fevered brows drawn into the straight line knowledge, he was rather more senher burning ears is her lover, is the bar and danger loomed ahead, her red to be able to add that his morals had said the man. "Lord and Lady Ferndale, my lord, to be able to add that his morals had said the man. "The marquis is in his

thought before, staring at the sweet, are to live apart, widely sundered, proved by his becoming a viscount,

baleful visit of the Lady Lucelle. She look will be noted. "Well!" and she

to lose! That is the thought which makes her lins quiver and her heart ache. It is true, all that the fair-haired fashionable heauty told her! Vane's love for her was a fancy, and it has gone-dispelled by the discovery that his whim was balked and his identity

It is a bitter thought, but it is the only thing that saves Jeanne-Jeanne, alone in the great castle-saves "He does not love me," she says to

the dainty Venetian mirror, "and he fears that I shall bring scandal and idle gossip on the great name he has given me. He need not fear! I, too, can be proud and cold; I, who am not plain Jeanne Bertram now, but the Marchioness of Ferndale! He thinks that I shall make a noise before his people, and let the servants see the trouble between us! He shall see. Oh, Jeanne-Jeanne, if you have any courinitials emblazoned on each of the age, now is the time to see it! Be

And here Jeanne remembers that on the thick Persian carpet, her little she is the Marchioness of Ferndale; hands clasped before her, her dark a little information and increment of dream. The man from whom she has across her eyes, as they used to be sible than of yore. fled, whose hard, cruel words ring in when the Nancy Bell was nearing the

Jeanne hides her face in her hands, heart beating quickly. and thinks-thinks as she never | For the future, from to-night, they pale face which stares back at her in though living in the same house. but his morals, as a rule, remain what Every word of that bitter accusation it—so shall it be. There shall be no with increased opportunity. she calls up, sparing herself not one. moan, no wail, no complaint made by She has deceived him-yes; no mat- her. As he reminded her, she is the tell him of the doubts and fears which the world cares nothing; she is the kept her silent on all concerning that marchioness, whose every word and

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But certainly Clarence was improve ter with what motive. It is true that marchioness, and not plain Mrs. Vane, if not less selfish, had learned the ed, was less conceited, less lazy, and she has deceived him! How could she for whose incomings and outgoings art of concealing his selfishness, and passing for a "real good fellow." Upon the hill up which the two me were climbing stood a gray old pile had deceived him, and lost his love- confronts her glass defiantly, "he Nugent Abbey, Charlie's ugly but sub stantial country seat.

> "Jolly hot." says Nugent: "more lik July than September: no wonder the pirds seemed half-asleep." "And we've been pelting along so

> emarks Clarence, wiping the perspiraction from his face and shifting h game-bag to the other shoulder. "Can't help it," rejoins Charlie. "I'm afraid Ferndale and his wife will be

there now before I get home, and I'm anxious to see him when he arrivesnot that I need stand on ceremony with him; but there's his wife, whom I haven't seen yet. You don't know her, do you?"

"No." replies Clarence, with a yaw that shows his double row of excellent teeth, "nor him neither. We have never met, although I've heard of his going to the same house as myself; but something kept either him or me away, and we never met. Awful big pot. isn't it?"

first, perhaps, and a little what-do-! tunate. old fellow!" you-call-it?-eccentric: but as easy going as a windmili. Awfully glad he's tell Willis, the valet, who had entercoming! We haven't seen each other ed, that he might go again; "yes," he for nine months. The funniest start said. "So they say she is very beautihe went on that ever you heard of!" ful, do they?" "Sh-sh!" breaks in Clarence, suddenly, "there goes a brace!" and, raising his gun, he brings them down.

"And his wife-what's she like? sks Clarence, trudging back with the ewly-slaughtered victims in his hand "Usual kind of them, I suppose-tall and serene, in black satin-it's black velvet if it's a duchess, satin for a marchioness, and I suppose all the est of 'em have to go in silk."

Nugent laughs. "Getting quite a cynic in your old age, Lane. No, the marchioness isn't anything of that kind. Why, man, didn't you hear them talking about her at dinner last night?"

"There was a great deal of cackle about some one, but I didn't pay much attention," says Clarence, with a lit-

Charlie laughs, and claps him of the back

"Thinking of past times and los oves, eh, old man? Oh, I've heard you were awfully hard hit last year-

Clarence nods, and sighs as he lights well-worn brierwood pipe. "You're right, I was; and what's

nore, I haven't got over it yet, for al

which he has set her." And as this resolve is made, Jeanne s a girl no longer, but a woman proud, contemned, and injured! . If he could see her now, surely i would recall to him the lithe, upright

If he could see her now, her white

CHAPTER XXI

to a certain Vernon Vane on the plat-

There is the same careless, happy-

Lane he felt ought to be abandoned.

He had cast off the self-affectation

and, as no one can travel and move

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ays Lord Charles, with light envy. So hums a gentleman, who, leaning gout One generally gets knocked over on his gun, stops to wipe the perspiration from his face. Tramping by his quires a past fondness for bread and side in a companion sportsman. Both butter, and marmalade.

singing is that Lord Charles Nugent, you don't know what it means, you who, nine months ago, said farewell are the lucky one. But about the mar-

"Eh? Oh, I was going to observe that! everybody says she is to be the new go-lucky expression on his face, and as he whistles and hums the old English air and quaint words, he looks staying at Ferndale, and they swear more like a schoolboy than a man whose name is famous votaries. His companion is no other than our old friend Clarence, Viscount Lane. Now, Lady Lucelle had said in her letter that Clarence Fitzjames was very bores. It's the same with horses; if much changed since he had become Lord Lane, and she had only spoken He had spent the last three months temper, splint thrown, or something, in travel and in losing that languid, But, of course, the marchioness is the Clarence Fitziames, he prided himself!

pretty considerably, but which as Lord

about in the world without acquiring

improved, but—well, the less said on dressing-room."

that part of the subject the better, Charlie sprang up the stairs two at perhaps. A man's manner may be ima time, and knocked at the door of one of the dressing-rooms attached to the his newly-married wife.

"Come in," said Vane's voice, and the next moment the two friends were and in hand. "Well, old man!" exclaimed Charlie

cheerily, "awfully glad to see youawfully! How are you? Let's have a look at you." And with a laugh he took Vane by the elbows and turned him

around to the light. Vane laughed, but with an undertone of uneasiness that the other noticed instantly.

"Hem!" said Charlie, dropping his hold and flinging himself into a chair, "I've seen you look chipper, old man." "I'm well enough," said Vane, catching up the hairbrushes and brushing away like mad; "in fact, I'm quite

"And the marchioness?" asked Charlie. "I ought to have asked after her first; always forgetting my manners. Awfully good of her to come to us so soon. And now, old man, I'll congratulate you. Jove! I was a prophet when I prophesied mischief would come of that hermit business at Newton Regis."

"Mischief?" said Vane, with a slight

Charlie laughed.

ot, isn't it?"

"According to all accounts, you're what, old Vane?" laughs Charlie, the luckiest of lucky men, Vane. We've "There isn't a jollier fellow going- had no end of reports of her beauty when you know him. A little stiff at and popularity. You always were for-

"Yes," says Vane, and he turned to

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