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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XVII.
SHE MUST BE MY WIFE.

THE day wore on and Lord Edgar still remained in attendance. He waited impatiently and anxiously for Lela's answer, but Mr. Palmer did not return. The valet came in now and again, but the marquis seemed, though apparently dozing, to be so fully on the alert that Lord Edgar did not like to disturb him by sending a message to Palmer by the valet.

Toward the afternoon, however, his impatience would brook no further delay, and approaching the bed, he said to the marquis, quietly: "Do you feel well enough to permit of my leaving you for half an hour, sir?"

The marquis closed his eyes in token of assent and Lord Edgar passed out. As he did so the marquis turned to the valet.

"Send Palmer here at once," he said.

Mr. Palmer came hurrying in, and the marquis handed him the note.

"You could not find Miss Temple," he said, curly. "That was all, but Mr. Palmer quite understood, and went in search of Lord Edgar."

Lord Edgar hurried down the stairs, caught up his hat, and almost ran around the terrace.

The change from the hot, darkened rooms to the bright, fresh air made him as excited as a school-boy; the thought that he should see his darling in a few minutes thrilled him with a thrill of joy, and made him feel inclined to shout, until he remembered that the slightest noise could be heard in the sick-room.

Vaulting over the coping he walked boldly toward the door, for he meant to have it out with the professor this time; but before he reached it he stopped short, dead short, brought to a stand-still by the sight of the shutters which Lela had drawn before the window of the sitting-room just before they left.

HOW A YOUNG GIRL SUFFERED

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For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ed open the door; it did not give to his hand as usual, but remained ominously closed. He knocked, wondering and anxious, and a servant, after some time, opened the door with an air of surprise. She courtesied low at the sight of Lord Edgar, but still looked astonished.

"Is the professor in?" he asked, preparing to enter.

She stood aside, but shook her head.

"The professor has gone, my lord," she said.

"Gone? Out for a walk, do you mean?" he asked, entering. "Is—Miss Temple in the cloisters?"

"She has gone, too, my lord; they have left."

"Left! What do you mean?" demanded Lord Edgar, with such unconscious sternness that the girl turned pale and looked frightened.

"They both of them left by the first train this morning, my lord," she said.

"By the first train! Why—? He stopped, stricken dumb. What had happened? Lela had not breathed a word last night of this sudden journey."

"Have they been called away on business—to see some one ill?" he asked.

"No, my lord, not that I know of. I think—" She paused. Lord Edgar seemed to hang upon her words with such anxiety and impatience that she grew nervous.

"Well, well! Don't be frightened!" he said, reassuringly. "I want to see the professor on important business. I did not expect to find him from home."

"No, my lord," she assented, with faint surprise. "It was sudden like. I—I don't think they knew themselves last night that they were going; but they're gone, my lord."

"But where—for how long?" he demanded, wiping his forehead and staring at her impatiently.

"To London, I believe, my lord; the boxes were labeled Paddington. That is all I know. Miss Temple didn't tell me where she was going; she only wished me good-by, and said that they were not coming back."

Lord Edgar laughed, actually laughed.

and he held out his hand with his usual impetuosity. The girl stared at him. "No, sir, she didn't leave any message or any note," she said; "not for any one."

Lord Edgar stood by the fountain and looked down at it as if he could not believe the evidence of his senses. With a gesture he waved a dismissal to the servant, and sinking down on the seat, strove for calmness and presence of mind. His brain was in a whirl, the hot blood surging through his veins. To come, expecting to find his darling in her leafy bower, and to find her flown, without a word, a sign; it stunned and stupefied him for the moment.

Why had they gone so suddenly? Could it be possible that something had happened—the illness of some relative—to cause their immediate departure. Then it flashed upon him that the girl had said they were not coming back.

He knelt beside the fountain and bathed his hot forehead to cool himself, and kneeling there, on the spot where he had held Lela to his heart only a few hours ago, strove to unravel the tangled skein.

But he failed. To entertain the idea that Lela had known of their intended departure, and had kept him in ignorance, was simply impossible for a moment. Then, what had happened?

He must know from some one, and at once. Let them have gone where they would, he must follow them.

He sprang up, and, nearly knocking the frightened girl down as he strode through the deserted rooms, entered the Abbey.

As he did so, Mr. Palmer came panting after him, looking, if the truth must be told, rather pale and fearful; he knew something of the young lord's hot temper, and felt that he was playing a dangerous game in attempting to deceive him.

"My lord," he began.

Lord Edgar swung around and gripped him by the shoulder, and Mr. Palmer went whiter than ever.

"Palmer—the note I gave you?" stern and curt came the question.

"Here it is, my lord," panted Mr. Palmer, producing it. "I have been trying to find your lordship. Mr. Temple has gone, my lord."

Lord Edgar took the note and thrust it in his pocket.

"When did you know that?" he demanded.

"It was an awkward question, and Mr. Palmer's eyes seemed to be trying to shrink into the back of his head."

"I have just discovered it, my lord," he answered, feeling as if the fierce eyes fixed upon him were piercing his soul.

"Just now, do you mean?"

"Well, a little while ago, my lord," was the answer. "I have been looking for your lordship."

Lord Edgar swung him around to the light and scanned his face sternly, then he fung him aside.

"You're a poor liar, Palmer," he said, with cold scorn, and strode up the stairs.

"Now," said Mr. Palmer, twisting his shoulders, which still seemed to feel the steel-like fingers, "now there will be a row."

If Child is Cross, Feverish and Sick

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver, and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well, playful child again.

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up wrapped in a fur dressing-gown. He looked up calmly as Lord Edgar entered, and with something like the flicker of a smile in his cold gray eyes.

Lord Edgar expressed no surprise at his improved condition, but came and stood in front of him.

"Are you better, sir; well enough to talk to me?" he asked.

The marquis inclined his head. "I will make the effort," he said, coldly.

Lord Edgar hesitated a moment; then he said in a low voice, but with a steadfast gaze:

"Are you aware, sir, that Mr. Temple has left the Abbey for good?"

"Yes, I know that he has left the Abbey. For good, I trust."

"That he has left quite suddenly—this morning, in fact?"

The marquis inclined his head. "I imagined that he would not do so."

Lord Edgar stared, and his face grew paler than before.

"You know! May I ask, sir, the cause of his sudden departure?"

"Certainly," said the marquis, almost pleasantly, "though I would remind you that it is a matter of fact entirely his business and mine. You appear interested."

"I am, sir. Permit your man to leave the room."

The marquis nodded to the valet, who stole out.

"I am, sir, deeply, intensely interested."

"Yes?" Nothing could be more placidly freezing than the tone of this "Yes."

"I am so deeply interested that I trust you will give me every information in your power, both as to the cause of their departure and their destination."

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So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandra leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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Legislative Council.

The Council met at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Committee Stage of the Elections Act Bill was gone through and was read a third time. While in Committee, Hon. Mr. Gibbs urged that "voters' list be taken, and also Hon. Mr. Anderson. The Bill passed without amendment, this proposal not being added.

The Committee Stage of the Loans Bill was marked by much discussion. Mr. Anderson thought it was wrong to order \$250,000 for the Lunatic Asylum and nothing for the Poor Asylum. He thought a warehouse might be built which would be of more service to the trade.

Hons. Templeman, Goodridge, Harvey, Gibbs and Ellis also spoke. The first saving money was being squandered as in the case of last year when about \$30,000 was spent on fixing an office for a typist in the Court House.

The Bill passed Committee, and was read a third time next sitting.

The Rabies Prevention Bill passed Committee without comment, and also the Bill respecting Documentary Evidence and Extra-Judicial Oaths.

The Bills respecting the Department of Justice, and the keeping of dogs passed Committee.

The Compensation to Workers for Injuries Bill passed with an amendment to the effect that an Act would not become law until Oct. 31st of the present year.

The Ejection of Tenants Bill was deferred until Monday, after lengthy discussion, in which Hons. Squires, Gibbs, Harvey, Bishop, the introduction and Hon. the President took part. Hon. Mr. Squires did not object to the Bill in a more modified form being introduced. The Bill before the House would work considerable hardship and practically deprive the landlord of his rights now held by him. A similar view was taken by the other speakers, except Hons. Gibbs and Anderson, who thought the Bill would work out in its present form.

At 7 o'clock the House rose without passing a single section of the Bill, and adjourned until four o'clock Monday.

And the Worst