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CHAPTER XXXIII. OUT OF THE PAST.

"Yes, dearest," he said, and he bent and kissed her hands, "and you may do so, I think, entirely. I must go and dress now."

"Wait a moment," she said, faltering. "I have something to tell you," and she told him of her meeting with the marquess and her visit to him.

"The Marquess of Stoyles!" he said, as she mentioned his name, and he let her hands drop suddenly. "The Marquess of Stoyles!" and his eyes rested upon her face with a curious expression.

"Yes," she said, her heart beating. "Do you know him?"

"No; but I have heard of him," he replied. "Who has not? He is the uncle of Lord Cecil Neville," and he watched her closely.

Her face flushed for an instant, then grew pale again.

"Yes," she said, simply. "And will you come with me to see him? He is very ill—worse than he thinks—and nearer death than he would believe."

"I will come with you, if you wish it," he said. "I will do anything you wish, now and always, Doris."

"Well, I do wish it. I don't know why," she said, with a smile that was rather troubled, "but I do wish it."

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"Then we will go," he said, as a matter of course. "And now I'll go and make myself presentable."

With his change of clothes he seemed to have got rid of the gravity and melancholy which Lady Despard had remarked upon; and that evening he was the Percy Levant of old, causing Lady Despard to laugh until she declared that she was tired, and bringing a smile even to Doris's quietly brooding face.

Once or twice Lady Despard referred to the now rapidly approaching marriage-day; but when she did so he evaded the subject, and changed it as if it were too close to his heart to be spoken of lightly.

"After all, dear," said Lady Despard, as she came into Doris's dressing-room for a few minutes' chat before going to bed, "I don't know that you could have done better. He loves you to distraction, and he's awfully clever and high-spirited. You'll never know what it is to be bored for a single moment, and her ladyship, recalling the many wearisome hours she had endured in the society of her dear departed, sighed; and he is really the handsomest man I have ever met. Yes, I don't know, dear, that you haven't done wisely in choosing him. But I wish he had some money and a title. I have a fancy that you ought to be called 'my lady.' There is something about you—a certain dignity—"

Doris swung her thick hair over her shoulders, and looked down at Lady Despard's pensive face with a smile.

"That 'spoke sarcastic," as Artemus Ward would say," she said. "I 'my lady!' Plain 'Mrs.' would suit me better than anything grander, I think."

"I don't agree with you," said Lady Despard; "but it can't be helped now, and, after all, one is none the happier for a title; and I do hope you will be happy, dear! You deserve it so very much," and she put her arm round the slim waist and kissed her.

Doris slept little that night. The white, haggard face of the old man haunted her, and, strangely enough, the frank, handsome one of Lord Cecil, in all its bravery of youth and strength, mingled with it in an inextricable fashion.

At breakfast Percy Levant was still a bright humour, and jesting even about their visit to the marquess.

"Not content with playing the Lady Charitable herself, you see, Lady Despard, Doris must needs make a district visitor of me! What part do I take now? Am I to carry the basket with the tea and traps, or what? Perhaps, when you get there, the marquess will have forgotten your existence."

"I am quite sure he is too gallant to do that," interrupted Lady Despard.

"Or perhaps he will regard my presence as an intrusion, and order me to be cast into the deepest dungeon. Anyway, I suppose we have got to chance it, so put on your things, Doris, and let us get it over."

Doris filled a basket with some

flowers, and a bunch of grapes—"just to keep up the character," Percy Levant remarked—and the valet received them in the villa with an air of respectful gratitude.

"His lordship has been enquiring for you all the morning, miss," he said. "He has spoken of nothing else, scarcely," he said, as he led them upstairs.

As Doris entered she saw, or fancied she saw, that a change had taken place even in the few hours since she had last seen him; and his voice sounded to her weaker, as, raising himself on his elbow, he stretched out his hand towards her with feeble eagerness.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear!" he said, his thin, wasted fingers closing over her soft, warm ones. "This is very good of you—very! And this—who is this?"

"This is Mr. Levant," said Doris, in a low voice.

"Mr. Levant," he repeated, in quite a different voice. "And who is—ah, yes, I remember. I thank you, sir, for granting my request," and he inclined his head to Percy Levant with stately courtesy. "I wished to see you, wished to see you very much. This young lady has been very kind to the old and feeble man you see before you. She has a gentle and a good heart, sir. And you are the fortunate man who has won her, it would seem."

"I deem myself very fortunate, my lord," said Percy Levant.

The keen, piercing eyes seemed to dart through him.

"That is the truth, if you never spoke it before," he retorted, in his old, cynical way. "Have I had the honour of meeting you before, Mr. Levant?"

"Never that I am aware of, my lord," said Percy Levant, "and my acquaintances are so few that I am not likely to have forgotten it."

"Ah!" said the old man, still eyeing him as if he were trying to gain some glimpse of his character. "You are ready with a repartee, I observe."

"One need be who would hope to be worthy of crossing swords with the Marquess of Stoyles."

The old man's eyes glittered.

"Good! good!" he said, in a low voice; then, to Doris, whose hand he still held as she sat beside the couch, "You will have a clever man for a husband, my dear, and that is better than having a fool."

"Yes, the great philanthropist. The man who takes the chair at the annual meetings; the man who champions the cause of the widow and the orphan. Yes, that is the man. Everybody knows Spencer Churchill!" He stopped and smiled, as if he were revelling in some memory connected with the name. "That is the man. You know him?"

Percy Levant nodded.

(to be continued.)

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Doris hung her head. "And you, sir, will have such a treasure as falls to the lot of few mortals."

Percy Levant, as he stood with folded arms, bowed gravely.

"I am fully sensible of that, my lord."

"You should be," said the marquess. There was a moment's silence, during which his eyes lost their keen expression and grew absent and dreamy.

"Marriages are made in heaven," he said, as if to himself.

Yes, in heaven. Do you know, my nephew, Cecil Neville?"

Doris sank lower into her chair, and averted her face.

"I have heard of him, my lord," replied Percy Levant.

"Ah, no doubt! He is not clever, but he marries a clever girl! Yes, Grace is clever," and a smile curved his thin lips. "Cecil gave us some trouble, but we were too sharp for him. I think I told you, my dear," he broke off to ask Doris.

She shook her head and tried to speak, to lead him away from further mention of the name which struck her heart, but with the persistence of old age he went on:

"It's a curious story, Mr.—forgive me, sir, but I have forgotten your name."

"Percy Levant; but it is of no consequence, my lord."

"Thank you, Mr. Levant. A curious story. My nephew—Cecil Neville—is the next in succession. He will be the marquess of Stoyles. We were never very friendly. My fault, no doubt. I plead guilty, my dear," to Doris. "All old men in my position have plans, and I have one. I wanted him to marry Percy's daughter Grace. You see, Percy and I were old friends, and Grace had a claim upon me. I thought she would make a very good match; and, a capital match for Cecil. I'm afraid I weary you, sir," he broke off.

"On the contrary," said Percy Levant, in a constrained voice, and carefully averting his eyes from Doris's direction.

"No! You are very good. Well, I wanted Cecil to marry her. I expected some opposition; but, by gad! I didn't expect that he would thwart me to the extent of falling in love—engaging himself to another girl!"

Doris, white and trembling, laid her hand upon his arm.

"You—you will tire yourself, my lord," she managed to murmur.

"No, no," he said. "I want to tell you, my dear. It is a very good story. Where was I—"

"Lord Cecil was in love with another lady, I believe, my lord," said Percy Levant, in a dry voice.

"Yes, yes," murmured the marquess, feebly, "a young person by the name of—" He stopped and knit his brows. "I'm sorry, but I can't remember her name!"

"It is of no consequence, my lord," said Percy Levant, still averting his eyes from the spot where Doris sat with drooping head.

"I can't remember her name. She was an actress. An actress! Imagine it, my dear! And he turned to Doris with a smile. "A common actress to be the Marchioness of Stoyles! I thought Cecil had gone out of his mind, and that I could laugh him, or argue him out of his absurd fancy; but sarcasm and logic were thrown away upon him, and I admit that I should have been beaten, yes, beaten—I, who had never been thwarted in my life!—but, fortunately, someone came to my aid."

He stopped and dropped back upon the cushions; and Doris with an effort, rose and gave him some water.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, gratefully, his eyes resting on her pale face with an affectionate smile.

"Spencer Churchill!"

Doris rarely let the glass fall, and sank back into her chair.

"Mr. Spencer Churchill, the great philanthropist, my lord," asked Percy Levant, in a dry voice.

The marquess laughed a sardonic laugh.

"Yes, the great philanthropist. The man who takes the chair at the annual meetings; the man who champions the cause of the widow and the orphan. Yes, that is the man. Everybody knows Spencer Churchill!" He stopped and smiled, as if he were revelling in some memory connected with the name. "That is the man. You know him?"

Percy Levant nodded.

(to be continued.)

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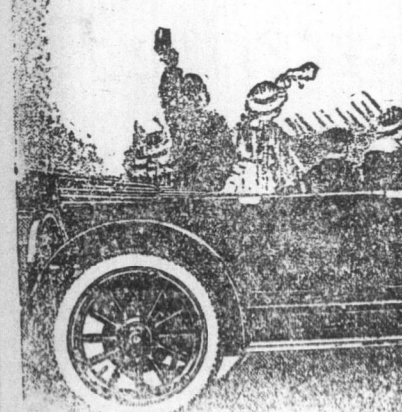
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Austria Will Sign Attacked at Cape Breton Coast

AUSTRIA TO SIGN PEACE TREATY

VIENNA, Sept. 6. The national assembly by a vote of 97 to 23 to-day decided to sign the peace treaty. The assembly however protested against the violation of Austria's right to free disposal of herself.

CAPE BRETON COAL FOR EUROPE

SYDNEY, N.S., Sept. 7. European capitalists in the United States have made enquiries here concerning the possibility for regular shipments of Cape Breton coal to Norway and other parts of Europe.

BRITISH DESTROYER SUNK WITH 24 LIVES.

HELSINGFORS, Sept. 7. The British destroyer 19 struck a Russian mine Wednesday, the Captain, another officer and ninety men were saved. It is feared that eight officers and sixteen men were lost.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

LONDON, Sept. 6. (Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Sir Arthur Byatt administrator for German East Africa is leaving England in a few days, Reuter is informed, for Darassalaam which will be the new headquarters of Government under the League of Nations. Considerable progress is being made in the appointment of Government officials for the new territory but it will be some time before the staff is complete. The necessity for developing the former colony to its utmost is nearly realized. Meanwhile all is going