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New York

**The Old Marquis,**  
OR,  
**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER V.  
A WOMAN'S DREAM.

THE last guests had gone, the lights were out in the pretty ball-room, and Edith Drayton sat before her glass. She was no paler than she was an hour ago; she was always pale, with the dead, ivory whiteness which goes well with her class of beauty; but there was a weary, strained look in the magnificent eyes, and a touch of weariness in the pose of the white arms, which lay listlessly, like pieces of carved marble, in her black grenadine lap.

The maid stood waiting to brush her hair; but, without looking up, she dismissed her.

"You may go, Jackson; you must be tired; it is later than usual."

The maid went, and her mistress still sat looking into the mirror reflecting her loveliness.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and a timid, tired voice said:

"May I come in, Edith?"

"Yes, come in," was the reply; and Mrs. Drayton entered.

If the daughter did not look worse for the evening's work, so much could not be said for the poor mother. Wrapped in her dressing gown, and with the powder and rouge washed from the cheeks, with her hair awry and unadorned with the big cap and feathers, Mrs. Drayton looked something between a comic character in a pantomime who had suffered somewhat severely at the hands of the clown, and a woman very weary, and tired, and heart-sick.

"I hope I don't disturb you, Edith," she said, apologetically. "I thought perhaps, you might be sitting up a little while."

"You will not disturb me, mother," replied Edith. "I should probably have sat here for hours; your coming in has reminded me that we—you,

especially—are tired, and ought to be in bed."

Mrs. Drayton sunk into a low chair, and sighed—ah, so wearily!

"What a successful evening!" she said, pulling the dressing gown around her and shivering, not with cold, but with that nervous motion begotten of overstrained nerves. "One of the most successful we have had."

"Yes," assented Edith, absently.

The duchess said that she did not know when she had spent a pleasant evening, and promised to send us a couple of cards for their great ball on the twelfth; the prince and princess are both to be there."

"Are they?"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Drayton, reaching for the sal volatile. "People are just fighting for tickets."

"Yes?"

Mrs. Drayton sipped the sal, and looked, with a curious, puzzled, and somewhat troubled frown, at the exquisite face, so like a statue's in its dense repose and thoughtfulness.

"Are you very tired to-night, my dear?"

"No," she replied, looking around for the first time, "not more tired than usual. I think I am always tired, more or less."

Mrs. Drayton looked fretful.

"And yet you are such a triumph!" she said, complacently.

"And yet I am such a triumph, echoed the girl, not mockingly, but in cold accents of self-scorn.

"A most distinct success; the duchess said that she had never seen a girl of your age so self-possessed and highly finished."

"Which was her grace's polite way of expressing her opinion that I am bold, forward, and artful."

"My dear Edith!" remonstrated Mrs. Drayton, with a little shiver and frown.

"It is true. Do you think that I do not understand? Do you think I do not know that when her grace sees the men gathering around my chair three thick, when she sees the best man in the room, the wealthy part

whom they are all hunting to death when she sees him paying me particular attention, that she does not think of her own three daughters—all plain, poor girls—at home, and hate me!"

Her eyes flashed, and she laughed, a mirthful laugh, that scarcely moved her sensitive lips.

Mrs. Drayton looked at her with a perplexed anxiety.

"You are a strange girl, Edith! I don't understand you—always."

"Never, I think, mother," she retorted, slipping the diamond bracelet from the white arm and dropping it carelessly on the dressing table, from whence Mrs. Drayton picked it up, and carefully, reverently, put it to bed in its satin jewel case.

"No, my dear; you puzzle me," she said, looking at the reflection of the girl's face in the glass.

"I dare say, mother; I puzzle myself sometimes!"

"You—you have all you want! There is nobody who has been more successful! You have enough admiration to satisfy a princess; I'm sure you ought to be happy! And it is the life you wanted to lead; it was your own choice!—I'm sure of it—it is very expensive. I had no idea we should spend so much money!"

"Money!" echoed Edith, wearily. "Oh, how I loathe the word! And yet it is the one I hear oftener than any other! It is the god they all worship! It is money—money—money! They have forgotten how to love anything else in their absorbing passion for gold!"

She arose as she spoke, and, putting aside the handsome dress which had been betrayed and lauded all the evening, drew a wrap around her, and sunk back into the chair, her raven hair falling over her shoulders and curling around her ivory-white neck—a lovely picture for a painter or a sculptor—one that laughs a pen to scorn.

"Yes, it was the life I chose. You know why I chose it! When the money—the money we are spending so royally—was left to me, it was I who suggested playing a bold and brilliant game. We might have lived on it in genteel poverty—a living death in some back street—a deadly, lively time—half dead ourselves. It was I who decided to risk it all for one bold chance. You were never tired of telling me I was beautiful; there were not wanting others to din into my ears the chances I might have of marrying wealth, a title, a coronet, if I could but make my way into the great world. Between you all, you fired my ambition. I began to believe that I might wear a coronet, and so I staked my fortune on it! We took this house—we became great ladies—fools that we were! We might have stopped there, and repented our delusion at our leisure, having discovered that it was as easy to get into the great world for two women coming from no one knew where, as to get to—heaven! But chance favored us. The highest authority in the land was pleased to find me beautiful, and we passed the magic circle. We became great ladies ourselves, and to-night we have had a duchess and a titled mob at her heels dancing in our gimerack house."

"Well," said Mrs. Drayton, awed by the cold intensity of the exquisite voice, "and—you ought to be satisfied, I think!"

"Satisfied!" She echoed the word with fine sarcasm. "Tell me, how much nearer are we to the attainment of our object than we were six months ago, when we sat in the dingy parlor at Pentonville, discussing what we should do with my unexpected legacy? Do you see a coronet hovering over my brow, mother?" and she flung her white hands, upon which the brilliants still sparkled, upward, with a gesture worthy of a great actress.

Mrs. Drayton looked at her—half frightened, wholly bewildered.

"I'm sure, Edith, no one could be more admired than you are!"

The girl laughed, as she thrust the thick hair from her face.

"Admired, yes. They tell me as politely as they can how beautiful I am twenty times in an evening! They all admire me immensely, but—they do not offer to marry me!"

It sounds a coarse speech, set down in black and white; but there was nothing coarse in the tone or the voice as it left the beautiful lips; it was tragic, pathetic. Mrs. Drayton dropped into her chair, and shivered.

"It—it is scarcely time,"

Edith laughed.

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"Scarcely time? How many girls have married into our set during the last two months? Plain, dowdy girls, most of them, girls who didn't have an admiring throng around their chairs, or two men almost struggling to hold their fans. Men don't admire them, but they marry them. They know them to be pure and innocent!"

"Edith!"

"You know what I mean! Pure and innocent from any such schemes and ambitious as mine. Men are not afraid of them, and—love them! But me—is there any one man who felt a heart-throb of love for me—" She stopped suddenly, and a faint—the faintest—tinge of color came into her face, as if she had remembered something.

Her mother was quick to notice it.

"I think—don't be angry with me, Edith—but I think that you allow that Mr. Clifford Revel to trouble you too much."

Edith did not flush, nor turn away indignantly, but looked at her, with her dark-looking eyes calmly, coldly.

"I—I don't mean that you encourage him, my dear, or that he outrages the convenances, or—or—you know what I mean; the other men, really good men, don't like him. I hope you will not be annoyed, and speak only for your good."

"Thanks, yes," with a little curve of the lips. "Yet he is not often near me. He was with me in the park yesterday, at the ball last night, here to-night. I spoke three words—scarcely more—to him all yesterday; he got one dance from me, and six or seven sentences to-night!"

"I didn't say you encouraged him, Edith. I distinctly said you did not."

"No," sternly. "I do not encourage him. Clifford Revel! There is not much pity in my heart for any one, except myself and you; but, if I had any pity to spare, I should pity him!"

"Edith!"

"Yes, pity him. For I believe that he alone, of them all, has the misfortune to love me!" She said it with no maidenly blush, with no hesitation of girlish modesty, with no great, secret joy, but calmly, coolly. "Yes, I think he loves me!"

"My dear Edith, I—I—hope—" She looked up and stretched out her hands, with a gesture, half of weariness, half of scorn.

"Be not afraid, my dear mother! Do I look like a love-sick girl ready to fall into the arms of—a pauper? Poor Clifford Revel! Why, as he said last night, was he not a marquis with a hundred thousand a year—would he love me then, I wonder?—instead of a nobody, a clerk in a government office? How handsome he is!" with a sigh.

Mrs. Drayton fidgeted and shivered.

"My dear Edith, the thing is, of course, impossible—or—of course he is out of the question!"

(To be Continued.)

Tan silk poplin is a favorite material for the new cloaks. Shirting is coming into prominence, especially on skirts. Checked voile is used for the trimming of a serge frock.

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2357.—Here is a smart and attractive apron model in one-piece style which closes at the front over the sleeve portions. Gingham, percale or seersucker are good for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**

**EARLY CABLE**

**TROOPS NEEDED IN RUSSIA.**  
LONDON, April 3. Regarding the Archangel front, Allied troops are isolated by the Bolsheviks are likely to make a determined attempt to drive them to the sea. The Bolsheviks have superior forces and as their section of the Drina River thaws sooner than the part occupied by the Allied troops they have an important advantage. The Allies, therefore, it is believed, military circles, are likely to have a hard time and it is felt to be essential that the troops be reinforced at the earliest possible moment.

**SERIOUS SITUATION IN RUSSIA.**  
LONDON, April 3. The curtain was raised for the British public on the position of the Allied armies in North Russia for the first time this afternoon. The serious situation in the Murmansk region and the attempt by the Bolsheviks to drive the Allied troops into the sea are the cause of much anxiety. The London afternoon papers circulated papers throughout the streets with startling phrases, of which "The British Army Imperilled" was typical. The public bought the papers eagerly, having no idea which army was referred to. Some of the papers indicated that another Kut surrender at Chartoum tragedy threatened.

**HUN OFFICIAL SUSPENDED.**  
BERLIN, April 3. Commander Klajinde, of the Hun forces, has been suspended until further notice by Gustave Noske, Minister of Defence, because of "grave mistakes." According to the Deutsche Zeitung financial difficulties are believed to be responsible for the suspension.

**PROPOSAL WITHDRAWN.**  
NEW YORK, April 3. The United States Government has withdrawn its proposal to purchase the British owned tonnage of the International Mercantile Marine.

**CONFERENCES CONTINUE.**  
PARIS, April 3. President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando continued their discussion of the peace conference organization. Also met. All the conferences tend to unravel the tangled issues standing in the way of peace.

**RELIEF BEING SENT.**  
LONDON, April 3. The announcement was made today that British reinforcement will follow immediately American troops now on the way to Russia.

**MINERS THREATEN.**  
LONDON, April 3. A resolution demanding the withdrawal of all British troops from Russia, the raising of the blockade, the withdrawal of the military bill from Parliament, and the liberation of conscientious objectors, was adopted by acclamation to-day by the Trades' Union Congress. Robert Phillips, the leader of the miners, is

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