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The Old Marquis

OR,

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXX.

"Yes?" he said, coming and standing beside her, his hands clasped behind his back, his keen eyes resting on her watchfully.

"What have I done—how offended you? For I see that you are angry with me."

"Your discernment is at fault; I am not angry with you, as you term it," was the cold retort. "We are angry only with those we respect or—esteem. I have neither respect nor esteem for you, Mr. Revel."

He was silent for a moment—his acute brain was at work. What had happened to rouse her like this?

"Go on, please. Remember that my love is long-suffering and patient. I warn you that you can not try or test it, however severely, without discovering that it is steadfast and unyielding."

"Your love!" she echoed, leaning forward for a moment, then sinking back. "Do not profane the word. Love can not exist in the heart of a traitor."

His face paled and his lips twitched.

"Do not call me that," he said, in a low, still voice. "If I am a traitor, I have not betrayed you—"

"Yes! yes! a thousand times, yes!" she exclaimed; then she restrained herself. "Mr. Revel—"

"Why not call me Clifford; you will do so presently," he said, gently, with incisive conviction.

"Never!" she retorted, with a pant. "Never! Listen to me, and as this is the last time you will have the opportunity, listen attentively. Some time since you made me an offer of your hand—"

"My heart was already yours," he murmured.

She smiled scornfully.

—"Of your hand. You appealed not to my heart, but to my ambition, and knowing you for what you are, an unscrupulous adventurer and schemer, I—I accepted on one condition; that you should be the Marquis of Farintosh."

"True," he said, quietly. "And I was content."

"I am glad, for your sake," she said, with bitter irony, "that the condition satisfied you; you will be all the more ready to admit that you have no claim upon my consideration, because that condition can never be fulfilled."

"Why not?" he asked, quite calmly, looking down at her with his keen, watchful eyes.

"Because—" she began. Then she paused, and leaning forward, fixed her dark, magnificent eyes upon him. "Because I have seen Lord Fane, who stands between you and the title you offered me!"

"Yes?" he said, still quite calmly.

"Yes!" sarcastically. "And the girl he loves, Lela Temple!"

"Yes," he repeated as calmly as before.

She smiled with fierce scorn.

"And I know what you have hidden from me, what, like a coward and a cheat, you have kept secret."

"What is this you know?" he asked, his eyes fixed on hers.

"I know that they are married!" she hissed.

He looked at her in silence, a strange light in his eyes.

She waited a second, then she laughed with a scorn that should have cut him to the quick.

"They are married, and you knew it. You betrayed me—and yourself! Into the air go all your hysterical boasts and vaunts. You have no chance of becoming the marquis, or the heir to the marquisate, so I cast you off!"

Still he remained silent.

"You must feel small and mean," she went on, fiercely, torturing herself while she thought she was torturing him—"you, who made so sure of reaching your ambition; you, who thought it so easy to make a tool and dupe of the man who stood between you and all your desire, all you would have purchased me with! You are the tool and dupe; you have been beaten by the man you sought to cheat! I will have no tool or dupe for a husband! I recall—no, I abide by my promise—and I cast you off now and forever!" and, with a gesture of infinite scorn, she threw out her splendid arms as if she were discarding some worthless, hateful object.

He stood pale, white to the lips. Her scorn cut him to the heart. With all his baseness, he loved her as passionately, as truly, as a better man might have done, and her words cut into his soul.

"Well?" she demanded. "What have you to say? Nothing? Then relieve me of your presence. Why do you stand there?"

"Because I am thinking," he said, calmly, his voice low but clear as the ring of silver on stone. "Because I am weighing in my mind the good and the evil of the knowledge which your scorn almost goads me to give you. Edith—"

"Not that name, please—Miss Drayton—Mr. Revel."

"Edith," he said, calmly, as if she had not spoken, "I asked you to trust me. I ask you still. For your own sake, trust me. Do not force me to speak. I can clear away the mist that seems so impenetrable to you, but I would rather not do so. For your sake I would wish that in the future you might be able to say to your heart, 'I knew nothing of this. With him, and him alone'—meaning myself—'rests this thing.' Do not force me to tell you, Edith. Trust me, only trust me to the end."

"So far as I am concerned, the end has come," she said, icily. "By Lord Edgar's marriage you are vanquished; acknowledge that you are beaten, and leave me; I will never see you again after to-night."

"Edith, do not force me to explain. Though appearances seem against my success, do not believe them. Put faith in me," he said, with deep earnestness.

"Lord Edgar is married. You stand no chance of being the marquis. I promised to marry the Marquis of Farintosh, not Mr. Clifford Revel. Go, please!"

"Good," he said; "then I take it that you insist upon my speaking. Remember—remember after I have spoken, that I would fain have kept this from you, that I would gladly have spared your innocence—I bid you remember this, Edith."

"I care nothing for your heroics; the fact is enough. Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are married."

He drew nearer, so near that his breath stirred her hair.

"No," he whispered, "Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are not married."

She started, then she laughed scornfully.

"You forget that I saw them together this afternoon, and that he confessed it to me."

"I care not where you saw them, or what he confessed. Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are not married."

Something in his tone rather than his words startled her.

She sat upright and looked at him. Her heart gave a great leap. Her soul seemed struggling from the darkness of despair into the realms of wild hope.

"Not—married!" she echoed.

"No," he whispered.

"But"—she murmured, faintly.

He smiled.

"They are not married. Do you wish me to explain? I will do so. Remember, you forced me! There are false marriages and true, legal marriages and illegal. This marriage of Edgar and Lela's took place in his rooms, and all the formalities were left to my arranging; all left to me. Ah! you see?" for she had turned ghastly white, and had sunk back in her chair with a shudder.

"All left to me! I arranged their meeting, the hour of the marriage ceremony, found the clergyman. What! Do you think that I would make them man and wife? Build up a barrier between myself and the marquisate, between you and me? No! I bribed a penniless wretch to play the part of parson, and so reduced the ceremony, which satisfied him and her, to an elaborate farce! No! There is no Lady Fane! And Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are not married!"

For a full moment she was silent. She leaned back in the chair motionless, apparently lifeless, then she drew a long breath, and the word "hideous!" passed her white lips.

He smiled.

"Hideous? Yes, it would have been hideous for me if a real marriage had taken place. Hideous, too hideous! For it would have wrecked my whole life, have destroyed my only chance of happiness in this world! And who am I that I should do that? I am not an angel, but a man! I prize your love above wealth and station and honor. I would sacrifice myself for it without a murmur; why should I not sacrifice them? I have done it. All innocently they think that they are man and wife, while you and I know them to be—"

"Stop!" she gasped. "Oh, Heaven! are you man or devil!"

"Whichever you choose to make me!" he retorted, fiercely. "I told you that nothing should stop me, nothing should come between you and me. There is no crime that I would not commit to make you mine. I—I alone have planned this and brought it to a successful conclusion. I would have hidden it from you until the time came when you must have known, but you forced my hand. You know the truth now. What will you do?"

What should she do? That was the question. Storm-beaten, by a passion he never guessed at or conjectured, she lay back in the chair prostrate. Horror at his crime and its victims contended in her bosom with an awful gladness at the thought that Lord Edgar was still unmarried—still within her reach. She loathed the sin and the crime, yet clung to the consequences.

"You see," he said, "I have proved that I was in earnest. There is no marriage between them. He may go on for years in the belief that there is. He may die—"

She thought of the horse Assassin which he had engaged to ride, and shuddered.

—"He may die, and then what will there be between me and the marquisate? Ah, Edith, look at me! Do not turn from me! For your sake I have done this—for your sake I would wade through any mire of sin and crime! Think—think for one moment, and recall, if you can, any man who would, who has done more for you than I have, or would do!"

In his intense emotion he knelt at her feet as abject a slave, for all his intellect and genius, as the lad Lord Claxtone.

With a deep sigh, she extended her hand.

"So be it," she said. "You have proved your sincerity. They are not married? You will swear that?"

"I will swear it," he said. "I tell you the ceremony was a mere mockery. The clergyman was my hired tool. There is at present nothing between you and the marquisate but Lord Edgar, and he—"

He smiled.

"And he," she said, faintly, "he rides Assassin for the Badmore race."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SWEET CONTENT.

"AND is this as good as The Moorhen?" asked Lord Edgar, bending over her and taking a morning kiss, as she sat at the breakfast-table in the Albany rooms. Fresh and beautiful she looked as a daisy, in her morning robe of pale sateen, the faint bloom of health on her cheeks, the light of happiness in her eyes. "Is it as good, or do you miss the river and the woods, my darling? Do you pine for the cackling of the hens and the crowing of that tremendous old cock who used to perch on the stable-gate and yell by the hour together? Are you quite as happy? If not—"

"If not, what?" she demanded, putting up her white, soft hands and drawing his face down to hers. "If not, you would go back to Pangley, or to anywhere else on the face of the globe, I suppose, sir?"

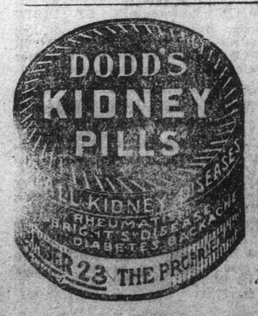
"Certainly," he said, decisively; "anywhere to keep that smile on those lips of mine—by which I mean yours—anything or anywhere, so that you are happy, Lela!"

"Then there is no need to go back to Pangley," she said, "for I am just as happy here; I don't know that I am not happier. I fell in love with these rooms directly I saw them," and she looked around; "and do you know what I thought, sir?"

"No; something tremendously worth knowing, I'll be bound," he said, taking his cup of coffee and seating himself with an air of perfect contentment and lazy enjoyment. "What was it?"

"Why, that they were miles too good for a bachelor; they are too pretty, miles—there! I've said that twice! What would grandpapa say if he heard it? I don't know how it is, but I seem to have caught all your slang words, Edgar," with a smiling gravity of reproach. "It is a pity you have not taught me something useful! But as to that, I have quite degenerated! I have done absolutely nothing in the shape of work since—we were married! But I mean to begin to-day. I am going to dust the room. I want you to buy me a little feather-brush such as I used to have at the Cloisters."

(To be Continued.)



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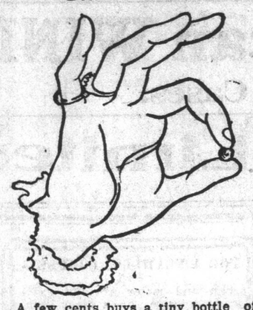

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Williams, Miss Millie, Gower St.
Wilson, F. R.
Walsh, Mrs. John H., William St.
Worthman, Miss Lillian
Walbourne, Miss H., Lime St.
Winifield, B., Water St.

Y

Young, Mrs. P., Water St.
Young, Miss G., James St.
Young, Benjamin, card,
Waterford Hall
Young, John T.

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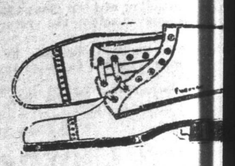

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Germany Will N Bolsheviks on the Considers Block --- Irish Agitato

TO MEET JUNE 12th.

BERLIN, June 6.

The German National Assembly has been called to meet in Weimar on Thursday, June 12.

FINISHING UP.

PARIS, June 7.

Virtually all the important commissions connected with the Peace Conference were in session to-day. This activity was due to directions issued yesterday by the conference leaders that work should be settled up. The Council of Four continued the consideration of German counter proposals.

RHINISH REPUBLIC.

COLOGNE, June 6.

Dorten, President of the new Rhinish Republic, has telegraphed the commander of the British forces of occupation, announcing the formation of a republic and repudiating any desire to evade a "just share in reparation of war damages." He appeals to the Entente Powers to protect the new State against "inevitable revenge from Prussian militarism."

AFTER IT'S SIGNED.

PARIS, June 7.

American delegates to the Peace Conference are apparently firm in their decision not to authorize the publication of the German peace treaty until it is signed, and not even to communicate the official text in its present form to the United States Senate.

NORWAY REPLIES.

CHRISTIANIA, June 7.

The Norwegian Government in replying to the note from the Entente Powers concerning the resumption of the blockade against Germany in case there should be a renewal of hostilities, submitted suggestions to the Entente having as their object the making of such a step unnecessary.

U.S. SOLDIERS WITHDRAWING.

ARCHANGEL, June 6.

According to revised arrangements all American forces will be withdrawn from the North Russian front and will be ready for sailing the last of June.

REPORT MANY MURDERS.

PARIS, June 5.

Within the last few months at least ten citizens have been killed in Ireland by soldiers or constables un-

Miss Information.