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Iode
COLLARS

The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE EVIDENCE OF A CRIME.

"It—it is a lie!" he cried, pushing Nagle from him—"a lie! Do you think I am a fool to be deceived by such a clumsy trick as that?"

Nagle walked up to the book-shelves, and took down a volume, and, opening it at a certain page, pointed to a line in it.

Clifford Revel snatched the book from him, glanced at it for a moment, then, with an oath, let it fall to the ground, and stood dazed and crushed, as if he had received a death-blow.

"You see," said Nagle. "And now you understand? Revel, it is my turn to offer advice. Lose no time, but leave England to-night. You have been playing with edged tools, and they have turned against you. You are in danger—danger that increases with every hour. Take my advice, and seek safety in flight."

Clifford Revel pointed to the door. "Go!" he said, hoarsely and brokenly. "Leave me to myself!"

Nagle started, and looked at him, and Clifford Revel understood the look, and smiled.

"No, I shall not commit suicide," he said in a hollow voice that still had a trace of its old sardonic irony in it. "I will take your advice. All is not lost yet. Go!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.
THE HAND OF HEAVEN.

"Upon my word, I think you have, all of you, made a great deal of fuss about it," said Lord Edgar, with a laugh. "It isn't half so bad as the other cropper I got when I broke an assortment of limbs. From what the doctors say, I suppose it was concussion of the brain, and, seeing that I haven't any brain to speak of, why, it hasn't mattered much."

A fortnight had elapsed since the accident, and Lord Edgar was seated in an easy-chair in the drawing room of the villa, a mild—a very mild

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cigar in his lips and a glass of barley-water and chablis by his side.

At the window sat the marquis looking out onto the Badmore course, which had been so nearly fatal to his son.

Lord Edgar wore a black patch on his forehead, where the hair had been cut away, and looked rather thin and pale, but otherwise there did not seem much the matter with him. Of the two the marquis looked the most absorbed and serious. And for a very good reason. At present, Lord Edgar knew nothing of the false marriage and Clifford Revel's other villainies, and the marquis was dreading the moment when concealment would be no longer possible.

And that moment was drawing very near.

"I can't quite understand yet how it all happened. The beast must have swerved and flung me down from sheer ill temper."

"Very likely," assented the marquis. Lord Edgar sighed.

"I must ask Clifford when he comes. Let the reason be what it may, that slip caused me to lose the race, and, I am afraid, an immense sum of money, sir."

"What does that matter?" said the marquis, shortly, his eyes fixed meditatively on the heath, his thoughts with the poor girl in the next room. "The suddenness of the fall must have been rather startling," said Lord Edgar. "Thank Heaven, my darling was not there to see it!" and he drew a breath of relief.

The marquis' lips tightened. Should he tell him that Lela was there, and did see it?

Strangely enough, very little had been said between them about Lela. On recovering consciousness, the first thing Lord Edgar knew was that Lela was kneeling beside him and that his father was standing by the bed, and he took it as a matter of course that his father had now become acquainted with their marriage. Since that time he had always spoken of Lela as if she had been fairly acknowledged by the marquis, and was not surprised to see that they appeared on excellent terms together. Once or twice, indeed, he had caught the marquis glancing at her with an expression that was almost one of pity; lover like, he gave Lela the credit of softening the marquis' heart.

"It is strange Clifford does not come down," said Lord Edgar, sipping his wine and frowning thoughtfully. "Yes," said the marquis, between his teeth.

"He used to be able to get leave whenever he wanted it. Can't you write a line to one of the big people at the office?"

"No!" said the marquis. Lord Edgar smiled.

"You are emphatic, sir!" he said, good-temperedly.

There was silence for a moment, and Lord Edgar rung the bell.

"Love, go to her ladyship's maid and ask if her mistress is awake yet, and how she is."

Love departed and returned presently.

"My lady is awake, my lord, but has a bad headache, and would like to be left undisturbed, my lord," said Love, in a low voice.

Lord Edgar sighed, and a look of vague uneasiness came into his face; he sat silently for a moment, biting his lip and looking at the marquis' calm face, as if he wanted to speak, and at last out it came:

"Father—it was another strange thing that ever since his illness Lord Edgar had called the marquis by the gentler title.

"Well!" said the marquis. He knew the moment was approaching.

"I—I scarcely know how to put it into words; but—but I am uneasy about Lela."

The marquis leaned on his stick and frowned out at the heath. "Is she simply knocked up, poor darling, with nursing me, or is it something more serious? Ever since I got out of bed I have not seen her. She keeps me at arm's-length, as it were. Surely she is not dangerously ill, and you are keeping it from me?" The marquis was silent, but shook his head.

"Whatever it is," said Lord Edgar, "you and she must know that, now I have strength to crawl about, I must go to her! What is it you are keeping from me, father? Do you think I have not noticed that you are acting in concert with her? What is the matter with your poor darling?" and he half arose, discovering his weakness in the uncertain movement of his limbs.

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"Sit still," said the marquis, in his grave voice. "She is not well enough to see you, and you are not well enough to go to her."

"Send the doctor who is attending her to me," said Lord Edgar, quickly. The marquis bit his lip.

"No doctor is attending her," he said.

An impatient sigh burst from Lord Edgar's lips. "No doctor! And she so ill that I may not see her! That she can not come to me! Great heavens, sir, I—"

"Leave the bell alone," said the marquis, rising and hobbling to the door. "I will go and inquire how she is."

He summoned Lela's maid and begged permission to see Lady Fane, and presently she took him to the dining-room which Lela had used for her own.

She was sitting by the table, with writing materials before her, but the pen had fallen from her fingers onto the paper and made a great blotch, and that was all. She arose as the marquis entered, and stood, white as marble, with her hands clasped together, but outwardly calm.

The marquis was silent for a moment. "I have come," he said, "because the hour I have been expecting has arrived. Your husband—my son—insists upon seeing you."

A spasm of wistful pain crossed her pale face, and her lips quivered. "He is, naturally, growing suspicious. I am surprised he has not insisted upon coming to you before this. This morning he said: 'If you were so ill how would it be possible for you to go to Faneworth the day after tomorrow?' What am I to say?"

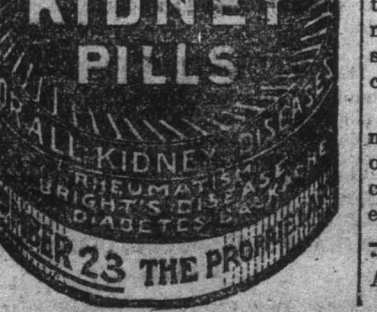
And the great marquis, whose name for diplomacy and strategy stood so high, leaned upon his stick and bit his lip, utterly perplexed and nonplused. Then Lela spoke.

"I have been thinking"—she had been doing little else, poor child, since the moment she had known the truth—"and I have come to a decision. I must leave this house at once, my lord. I—I have no right here, now that Lord Edgar has recovered."

She said it with such simple innocence and pathos that the marquis' eyes dropped before the anguish in hers.

"No right," she repeated, in her low, rare voice. "When I am gone you must tell him. He—he will bear it, and will know what to do."

The marquis stood with compressed lips and heavy frown. He had spent a fortnight in the society of the girl whom he had sworn should never be his son's wife, who was not his son's wife yet. He had watched her as she



with a devotion no woman could have excelled, had nursed the man whom she thought she married—her husband; and, though he had often seen the tears come into her eyes and roll down her cheeks, he had never heard a word or a moan of complaint. She had behaved like an angel, a saint; in her innate purity, she had even refrained from bestowing one kiss or caress, beyond a touch of the hand, on the man whose life she was watching over.

And, thinking of it all, as he stood and looked at her, the marquis' heart melted.

"You will go!" he said. "Where?" She sighed.

"To Germany"—she touched the blotted paper with her finger. "I—I have been trying to write to my grandfather, but I—I can not! I can not!" and her lips twitched. "But, if I can find strength to tell him, perhaps he will love me still—he will let me stay with him. You will take Edg—Lord Fane—to Faneworth, my lord? Will you—shall I be asking too much if I ask you to let me know how he—"

She could go no further for the tears, but turned her head aside.

The marquis, for the first time in his life, was guilty of uttering an oath before a lady.

"By heaven and earth!" he exclaimed—the gout was coming on—"this is too much! I can not stand it any longer! Child, come with me!"

Lela shrunk back as he extended his white hand.

"No, no! I could not bear to say good-by!" she said.

"Come with me, I say!" he said, almost sternly, though his voice shook; and, grasping her arm, he drew it within his own, and led her into the room where Lord Edgar sat perplexed and troubled.

"Lela!" he exclaimed, rising and forgetting his weakness. "Are you better?"

He would have crossed the room and taken her in his arms, but that the marquis put up a hand and stopped him.

"Wait!" he said. "What do you mean?" demanded Lord Edgar, his face paling—he was still weak. "What is it, Lela? Why do you not come to me?"

For answer she looked at him sadly. "I will tell you," said the marquis. "Sit down, Edg. Child, you stay by my side."

Edgar sunk into the chair, his eyes fixed on Lela anxiously, but glancing now and again at the marquis' haughty face with a half-born fear and doubt that he was about to snatch Lela from him.

"Edgar, the reason the child can not let you come near her is an all-sufficient one. If it were possible, I would have kept the truth from you until you had regained your strength, but it was not possible. At any rate, I suppose you will be man enough to bear the shock, and to decide on a course of action."

(To be Continued.)

Typing by Electricity.

New Invention's Novel Features.

An invention has lately been completed by a Bristol man which it is believed will be of inestimable value in the business world.

It is an electric typewriter, which besides enabling the operator to work at a much greater speed, is said to be absolutely noiseless. It will be of an entirely new design and consist mainly of a keyboard and carriage, the mechanism of the ordinary typewriter being done away with.

The machine will have visible writing and take paper of any width without bending, while a novel feature will be variable type, by means of which different languages may be written on the same machine.

No special electric installation is necessary, as all the current required can be obtained from an ordinary electric lamp fitting.

The inventor claims that a much greater speed will be possible than on existing machines, while the energy required to operate the electrical typewriter will be considerably less than one-half the amount necessary for a "hand-driven" model. For instance, while the finger pressure used in striking an ordinary typewriter key ranges from two and a half to five ounces, according to the machine, the electrical typewriter will only need one ounce of pressure, even for stencil cutting, or where several carbon copies are required.

The new invention, it is stated, will not cost more, if as much, as the ordinary typewriter, and will certainly not get out of repair so easily.

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GERMAN WARSHIPS SUNK BY CREWS.

LONDON, June 22. The German officers and sailors forming the complements of the German ships interned at Scapa Flow sank most of their fleet to-day. All the big ships, the battleships and battle cruisers excepting the Baden, and numerous craft were sunk while others went ashore in a half sunken condition. Eighteen destroyers were beached by tugs. Four are still afloat while the remainder went under. The wholesale sinking of the German ships which came to Scapa Flow under the terms of the Armistice was carefully arranged by the officers and crews. All explosives had been removed and therefore the only means of destroying the fleet was by opening the sea cocks. The ships went slowly down with the German flag, which the crews had hoisted, showing at the mastsheads. The crews composed entirely of Germans under

not permitted to remain on shore the ships were fired upon. This stroke and the other through a hood that ships sink. The German officers were taken as prisoners. The report issued in statements. "According from Scapa Flow, the crews had hoisted, showing at the mastsheads. The crews composed entirely of Germans under



"Oh, I Can't"

"BUT, my dear, you know I must go to my work."

"What ever shall I do?"

"But I thought you liked to be alone."

"I did used to, but I cannot bear to be alone any more. I am afraid something terrible will happen to me."

"Did you sleep well?"

"No, indeed I did not. I am afraid to sleep for I had such terrible dreams."

"You never used to be like that."

"Until I had that operation I was all right. But since then I have always been so nervous and irritable, and never seem to feel like I did before."

"I guess the shock was too much on your nervous system."

"I suppose it was, for my nerves have all gone to pieces. I get so discouraged and downhearted sometimes that I can't help but cry. Oh, if I could only get something to make me well."

"Some of the boys at the shop have been talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Why not try it?"

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