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CHAPTER XII.  
A BATTLE FOR LOVE.

"Never mind that," he said, frankly; another man would have protested that he had the advantage. "Don't hesitate. You know a woman who hesitates is lost! I rather like this mare. I should like to take the non-sense out of her."

"Shall I? Well, I will. I feel safe on this horse! How admirably you have trained him! Yes, I will! But I'm sure I have the best of the bargain!"

He laughed.

"I am not so sure!" he said. Then he began to ride the mare as she should have been ridden.

"What will you do with her?" she asked. "Sell her?"

"No!" he said. "I shall keep her. I shall send her down to Faneworth—they have plenty of room there—and ride her when I go down."

Fateful words, that ought to have brought a shudder to Edith Drayton's frame.

They reached Elton Square without further mishap. The mare behaved admirably while she felt a strong hand upon her, and subsided into a decent trot.

They arrived at Elton Square in the most pleasant manner, and found luncheon awaiting them.

It was a good lunch, but without any ceremony Edith Drayton took off her gloves and flung them onto a sofa, and walked to the table where Mrs. Drayton was seated.

"We shall make you quite at home, Lord Edgar," she said, smiling at him. "We are really very simple persons, although we are the fashion. Would you like a glass of ale?"

It was the one thing that Lord Edgar was longing for, and when he said "Yes," Edith Drayton poured it out for him with her own white hands.

There was a haunch of cold mutton, and a chicken pie, and the usual sundries which go to make a little lunch, and Edith Drayton sent the servants out of the room, and waited upon him.

There was a brilliant color in her face, a deep glow in her eyes; she talked fluently and well, and, as he leaned back in the easy-chair, Lord Edgar felt particularly comfortable.

Edith had not changed her habit, and moved to and fro like a Venus Aphrodite, chatting with the best of spirits, telling her mother about her adventure, and enlarging upon Lord Edgar's kindness.

It was a most enjoyable meal, and Lord Edgar would have been the happiest of mortals if he could have rid his mind of Lela Temple, who was waiting in the silence of the Abbey for him.

Presently Edith produced a box of cigarettes.

"I know that gentlemen are never happy unless they can smoke after a meal," she said; "please do so—"

"But—" he remonstrated, gently.

"Please," she said, and lighted a wax vesta for him.

He leaned back in his easy chair—it was extremely comfortable—and puffed at his cigarette, and looked at the graceful figure moving to and fro in the well-fitting habit.

But, still, his thoughts were of Lela.

Edith Drayton drew down the blinds, to shut out the sunlight, and went to the piano—there was a piano

in both of the reception rooms—and sat down and played.

A dreamy, subtle influence was stealing over him; the pretty room, this exquisitely beautiful girl exerting herself on his behalf, were telling upon him.

He smoked a couple of cigarettes in this blissful, dreamy state, listened to the music, then the clock on the mantelshelf struck four, and, as if it had been a warning voice, he sprang up.

"I must go!" he said, suddenly. "I am very sorry, but I must go."

"You have another appointment?" said Edith, looking around at him.

"Yes," he said, half guiltily. "Yes." She glided from the piano, and held out her hand.

"We can not hope to monopolize you, Lord Edgar, but whenever you have half an hour—only half an hour—I hope you will give it to us?"

"I will," he said, grasping her thin, white hand in his. "Yes, I will." And then he leaves.

There was a moment's silence; then Mrs. Drayton glanced at her daughter, who stood still in the center of the room.

"Well!" she said.

"Well!" echoed Edith Drayton. "He is adamant at present, mother—adamant. But I do not despair. Give me time. He has left me for this sweet-heart of his. Perhaps in the time to come he will leave her for me!"

CHAPTER XIII.  
"I COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU."

Lela sat beside the fountain, her white hand drooping in the water; and the song of the plashing water seemed to her to shape itself into the words, "I sing for those I pity," instead of "love!" Certainly if the fountain did not pity her, she was full of pity for herself; for it was evening now, and she had been waiting all day for some sign of him who had become as a life-giving god to her, and still he had not come.

Fifty, a hundred times, she had taken the precious slip of paper from her bosom, and dwelt on it lovingly and adoringly. "How good of him to think to write to her!" she had said to herself; most men would have gone and explained their absence when they came back, but he had not been satisfied with that—he had written to her!

She tried to console herself with this scrap of paper, which his hands had touched, which, perhaps, she thought with a flush, his lips had kissed.

At tea-time there came a note for Mr. Temple, and the blood rushed to her face at the wild conjecture that perhaps it might have come from Lord Edgar; but the professor looked up and gave the servant the answer. "Tell Mr. Radley I will come directly."

Mr. Radley was the vicar of Faneworth, and a book-worm, like the professor.

"He has got a copy of the first edition of 'Quarles' Emblems,' Lela," said Mr. Temple—"it has just come down from town—and he wants me to go and see it. If you don't mind be-

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ed, and which certainly her own did many a time during the long, tedious day.

For the first time in her life she felt restless and dissatisfied, and full of disquiet fears. She tried to sing the song that he had praised, but the words died away on her lips. There was only one refrain that her heart would utter, and it was, "Come soon, oh, my love!"

Mr. Temple, of course, did not notice anything unusual in her manner. She seemed quieter than usual, and he looked up once and caused her to start by asking her why she didn't go for a walk, seeing that the day was so fine. Go for a walk and perhaps be out of the way when he came! She laughed, murmured something, then glided from the room.

The morning passed, and the afternoon, the sun began to fall behind the hills, and she who had hoped so bravely through the day began to despair. He would not come that evening, she felt sure.

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"He has got a copy of the first edition of 'Quarles' Emblems,' Lela," said Mr. Temple—"it has just come down from town—and he wants me to go and see it. If you don't mind be-

ing left alone I think I will just run over. The first edition—it is priceless!"

"I shall not mind, grandpapa," she said, and she did not. She would be lonely with a dozen for company, if her lover were not among them. With much great-coasting—the professor was always cold—he set off to the vicarage; and Lela got up, sauntered sadly through the silent rooms, and then made her way to the fountain. She could better think of him beside the plashing water—could call up his beloved form more distinctly in the pretty garden, sheltered between the ivied walls.

Seven o'clock struck, then the half hour, and Lord Edgar vaulted the stonework of the terrace, and came eagerly to the window. The whole place was silent as the dead. He called her name softly, waited a few minutes, that seemed hours, then turned the handle of the door—the professor did not recognize the existence of burglars—and went into the library.

He scarcely expected to see her there, but its emptiness and solitude gave time for pause; he did not know what to do next; but with sudden courage he pushed aside the curtain in the china-room, and, opening the door gently, saw her sitting beside the fountain. Her back was turned toward him, and he stood for a moment drinking in the sight of her, then he approached her gently and knelt down beside her and whispered her name.

She started, and turned with an inarticulate cry of surprise and joy, and he caught her in his arms and held her as he knelt. In the first moment of rapture she hid her face that he might not see the tears with which her eyes had been filled when he came, but presently, as he murmured those short, tender sentences which are as old as the hills, and yet as sweet as if one's lover had invented them for one's special behoof, she raised her head, and with her dark eyes glowing, her face still pale, whispered:

"Ah! I am so glad! I thought that you would not come to-night. I had been hoping all day, and you know how deferred maketh the heart sick!"

"Are these tears?" he said, kissing them away. "Did you miss me so much? Well, if I had been the girl and you the man I should have cried. My darling, the day has seemed an age to me—an age." He did not mean to tell an untruth, though we knew that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries; he had simply forgotten that pleasant half hour in Miss Drayton's comfortable room, with the cigarette and the soft music. "You don't know how mad I was at having to go!"

"Was it anything very important?" she asked, not curiously, but because everything, small or great, in his life must have intense interest for her."

"Yes," he said, "or be sure I shouldn't have gone. It was about a horse."

"A horse!" she echoed, with surprise in her lovely wide-open eyes.

He smiled at her; her very ignorance of the outside world had its charm, and a very powerful charm for him.

"My darling, that doesn't sound very important," he said; "but it was important to a great many persons, as well as myself. They would have lost a good deal of money if I hadn't gone up—and now don't let's talk of it! And yet, a week ago I thought of nothing else—that was before I saw you. Did you get my note?"

"Yes," she said, with a blush.

He smiled and drew each of the fingers of the hand that nestled on his breast apart, and kissed them.

"Clever of me, wasn't it, to send it in a book? I puzzled and puzzled over the question of how I was to let you know. I didn't like to write openly, because I knew I shouldn't be able to keep my love out of it, and Mr. Temple might have seen it. I endured agonies all the way up to town at the idea that he might get hold of the book first. He did not see it!"

"No," she said, then she looked around and turned crimson. "Edgar—no pen can describe the delicious shyness with which she spoke his name, and the thrill of delight it gave him—"it made me unhappy to deceive grandpapa!"

"I knew it would!" he said, "and yet I could not go away without letting you know. But don't talk about deceit, Lela. I hate it—almost as much as you do—"

(to be continued.)

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2783—This style is good for lawn, fabric, nansouk, batiste, washable satin, crepe and silk. The closing is effected at the sides.

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Waist 2782, and Skirt 2784. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2782, and Ladies' Skirt 2784. Taupe crepe meter, or georgette crepe combined with satin would be attractive for its development. Light gray gaudine embroidered in blue would be nice. Voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, shantung and taffeta are all suitable for this dress.

The Waist 2782 is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2784 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 7 yards of 44 inch material to make the dress for a medium size. The Skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot.

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LL BE SIGNED ANYWAY.

PARIS, April 22.

ording to the Associated Press, the Treaty will be signed even if it refuses, though the London forbids any member of the Entente signing a separate peace. It is said economic conditions are so bad that no important country will be fighting, cut off from supplies.

ALIAN DELEGATES LEAVING.

PARIS, April 23.

Italian Vice-Admiral Thaon, former Chief of the Staff, has been named as the Italian delegate to the Peace Conference. General Armando Diaz, Commander in Chief of the Italian Army, it is said, will leave within a week.

WILSON TALKS OUT.

PARIS, April 23.

President Wilson's official statement on the Peace Conference, President Wilson it is known that he desired to call attention to the fact that there were well-defined principles which have been accepted by the peoples of the world as the basis for a lasting peace. The United States delegation simply recalled these principles which there should be no deviation from these principles.

DECIDES TO LEAVE PARIS.

LONDON, April 23.

As a result of President Wilson's statement on the Peace Conference, the Italian delegation has announced that it has decided to leave Paris on Friday, according to a despatch from the Exchange Telegraph from Rome.

CLEMENCEAU INFORMED.

PARIS, April 23.

Premier Orlando, of Italy, this morning addressed an official communication to Premier Clemenceau, President of the Peace Conference, stating that as a result of the declaration by President Wilson, the Italian delegation has decided to leave Paris on Friday, according to a despatch from the Exchange Telegraph from Rome.

AN EFFECTIVE ADVANCE.

LONDON, April 23.

Reuter's Ottawa Agency.—According to authoritative information, Premier Clemenceau has learned the Roumanian advance in Hungary is progressing excellently. Roumania is acting solely upon the orders of the Allies and purely with the object of stemming the German advance. No permanent occupation of territory is contemplated without the sanction of the Peace Conference. While the danger of a Bolshevik attack on Roumania is not completely removed, it is believed that the disposition is much improved. The situation in Roumania grows brighter daily. The spirit of the army is magnificent and the continued arrival of food, equipment and stores is having a great effect.

DOMINION TROOPS' TRIUMPHANT MARCH.

LONDON, April 22.

Reuter's Ottawa Agency.—Reuter's Ottawa Agency has learned that the Dominion troops which will take part in the triumphal march through the metropolis on May 19th will include four thousand Canadians, five thousand Australians, and

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