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Women who suffer from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, sideache, headaches or "the blues" should not rest until they have given this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special suggestions. The result of its long experience is at your service.

The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAGIC OF TWO SYLLABLES.

"That I could not live without you, and he put into words a thought that I had cherished in secret. He said, 'Why live without her? why not marry her?'"

"Ah! No, no!"

"But it must be yes—yes!" he said, ardently. "There is no reason against it! See what unhappiness we two have endured this last week! Who knows but that something else might not turn up to separate us—and I could not bear that, and I do not think, if I know you, dearest, that you could."

"No," she murmured; "anything but parting again, Edgar; I could bear anything but that!" and she clung to him.

He kissed her.

"You see," he said, pursuing his advantage, "once we are married nothing can part us! And think how happy we shall be! Think of it, darling! We shall be always together, and you will be my wife"—oh, sacred name, what magic lies in your two simple syllables!

"My wife!" he repeated, as she smiled and blushed with pride and happiness. "And we will have rooms in town, jolly little rooms, in London, or a little way out—say, Richmond. I haven't decided yet. It is up to you who shall decide! And when it is all over, and I can call you mine, we will go to the professor and say: 'Forgive us! It is too late to do anything else, seeing that you can't separate us! And we will have him to live with us—'"

"Ah, Edgar!"

"Yes, and we will be the three happiest individuals in the world! And why shouldn't we be? You and I will enjoy ourselves! I long to take you to see all the sights of London—to

take you to the theatres and to the concerts—we will go everywhere together! And the professor shall have all the books he wants, and he can go and read in that big reading-room at the British Museum, where there are a million or two of books—ah, we'll be happy, I'll warrant you! Come, my darling, what do you say?"

I ask any woman confidently, what could Lela say?

Trembling still—it was so sudden, and his onrush of words was so swift and hurried and masterful—she clung to him in deep silence, which the poet says is equivalent to "Yes."

"But, Edgar," she said at last, her thoughts flying, woman-like to the ceremony, "my—my dress! I haven't any dress, you know!"

"No dress!" and he looked down at her with a man's stupidity. "Why—what's this?"

"A black dress!" she murmured in great horror.

He laughed softly.

"Get another. There will be plenty of time, dearest."

"And — and — bride-maids!" she whispered, blushing.

"Oh, bride-maids!" he echoed.

"Well, I don't think we shall want them."

"Not bride-maids—not one?" she faltered, with a faint smile; she did not care much, but she had to make a feint of it.

"No," he said, thoughtfully. "You see, it will be quite private. Clifford has been explaining it all to me. You won't want a bride-maid, Lela; there will be no fuss, no ceremony."

"No ceremony!" she said, puzzled.

"Why, how can it be a marriage, Edgar?"

"By no ceremony I mean that there will be no coaches and white satin rosettes; we shall be married by special license. I don't quite know how it is worked, not having been married before, you see!" He made the little joke with a laugh of happiness. "But it is all right. I shall leave it to Clifford, who has promised to see to everything."

"No one will know?"

"No one until it is over, and very few then," he replied. "We'll tell the professor, but no one else for a little while. When we come back from our honeymoon all the world shall know it."

"And the marquis? Ah, what will he say?"

And she sighed and shuddered.

Lord Edgar kissed her in lieu of answering, and there was a pause for a moment; then she murmured:

"And are you sure you will be happy, Edgar—that you will not repent?"

What is it that they say, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure'?"

"That doesn't apply, darling. Rather say, 'Part in haste and be wretched at leisure.' As to being happy, the prospect of great happiness seems almost to make me afraid."

"Ah, yes!" she murmured. "Grandpapa says that the gods grow envious when we are too happy and wreak their malice by bringing trouble. And I am so happy I can not sleep at night for thinking of it."

"Which all proves that we had better make sure of our joy," he said, confidently. "Come, say the little word; it is not a difficult one. Lela

from that awful fife fever of love. It is far better as fate has ordained it. He was not worthy of you—a rough, wild boy, though honest, yes, I will believe him honest, for all that his proud, mad father said of him!"

"If—if you mean Lord Edgar, dear," she said, in a low voice, "I know, and that is better than believing, that he is true and honest and good!" and then, fearful lest her hasty speech should make him suspicious, she said quickly, "But it is time for bed now."

The professor was seated at the table reading. He looked older by years since one short week—you can not tear moss that has been growing to an old wall for years with impunity; the moss will fade, perhaps die!

Lela glided up to him and knelt beside him and laid her face upon his arm so that her glowing cheeks and eyes were hidden from him.

"Why where have you been, Lela?" he asked, absently.

"To the church-yard," she answered, faintly, quickly.

"It is late," he said, stroking her hair. "Late and chilly, and you have not been strong of late. Don't go out at night again, Lela."

"No, not again!" she murmured. "Not again!"

He did not notice the significance in her tone, but nodded, and was satisfied.

"You wouldn't like anything to happen to me, dear?" she murmured.

"Happen to you!" he echoed, bewildered by the question. "My child, how can you ask? Whom else have I to depend on? We two are alone in the world. My little one, we must live for each other. You have been looking pale and ill of late—he turned her face up—"but you are better now, are you not?"

"Yes, quite well, grandpapa!"

"Yes, yes; you look more like your old self, my dear. Didn't I hear you singing this morning?"

"Yes," she said, blushing very red. He smiled.

"That is better, much better! Did I not tell you that in time you would learn to forget—but we will not speak his name!"

"No, do not," she murmured, turning her face.

"Ah!" and he smiled. "Youth—youth; what a talisman it is! It is only the middle-aged and the old who die of broken hearts. But I am glad, my dear, that you have recovered

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



Temple, will you marry me the day after to-morrow?"

And he held both her hands and looked into her eyes.

The day after to-morrow! It was so soon, awfully soon, to change her life—to step forward blindfold—to leap, rather, onto a road of which one is totally ignorant—the day after to-morrow!

But she had used up all her arguments and remonstrances, and, lifting her eyes to his, she whispered, "Yes."

"And now you must go," she murmured.

"Yes," he said, "I shall take the train from Kingston. I shall have plenty to do to-morrow. By George! I shall feel like a wild school-boy with the prospect of a year's holiday before him. To-morrow I shall make all the preparations—everything; and the next day I will come down by nine o'clock and you must meet me here."

"Oh, Edgar! And what am I to bring?"

"Bring yourself, darling," he answered, swiftly; "never mind about anything else."

"But—but clothes?"

"Never mind them," he replied, lightly, smiling into her dazed eyes; "you can get all you want after—we are married. Well, well!"—seeing the trouble in her face—"at any rate, only bring a small bag—I can manage that—there is no occasion for more. Why, it will be the most delightful thing to go shopping with you! I shall be splendid at shopping—you'll see! I shall fancy all the pretty things as they will look when you wear them, though the ugliest bonnet that ever was built would look pretty if you wore it! There! I am getting light-headed, and no wonder!"

He looked like an Apollo Belvidere clothed in happiness, his handsome face flushed, his eyes glowing with love and the anticipation of his joy, and she caught a reflection of his bliss.

"Ah, it is all so sudden, so swift!" she murmured, with a sigh, but not of fear or pain.

"But it will last!" he whispered, ardently. "We shall look back at it and smile over it all, dearest! Must we go? Remember, here at nine o'clock! If you were not to come I don't know what I should do."

"I shall come," she whispered. "Yes, I shall come."

One long, lingering kiss and they parted. She sped homeward and entered the cottage, pausing at the door to gain her breath and wait for her heart to throb a little less wildly.

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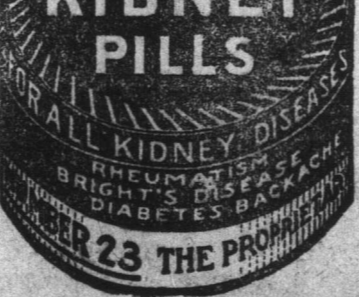
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A SIMPLE DRESS FOR HOME OR SERVICE.



2802—Gingham, khaki, drill, seersucker, percale or lawn, garment be used for this style. The fabric is a "one-piece" model—with a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2808—Batiste, voile, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or gabardine could be used for this model. The tucks on the skirt may be omitted. The dress may be finished with out the bolero and with long or short sleeves. This style lends itself nicely to combinations of material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the dress, and 1/4 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Size

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