

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VI.
LOVE'S SPELL.

"Tell him anything; it won't matter," said the professor, cheerfully. "He is a great noisy boy, who just took it into his head that he should like a companion in some scrape; I dare say he has forgotten all about it by this time."

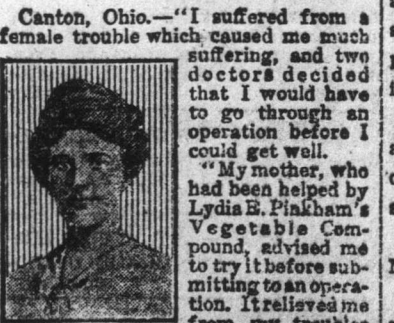
She colored. "Forgotten!" "Oh, yes, I dare say. But if he remembers, you can tell him that I wouldn't let you go. Don't look so disappointed; you wouldn't enjoy it, my dear Lela. If you are so bent on having a drive, I'll take you myself. I dare say the groom of the stables will let us have something."

"Thank you, grandpapa," she said, dutifully, gratefully; but his kind offer did not seem to console her completely. She got up, allowing him to reach his books, and went to her place again, with a vague sense of disappointment in her heart. She knew now—that she could not go—how ardently she had longed to go. What should she say when he came? For she felt that he would come, that he would not forget; the expression of eager, respectful anxiety which had rested on his face last night haunted her; she knew that he would come. As to breaking her neck—well, she did not feel afraid. She felt that she should not mind risking it. The morning looked so bright and fresh, too! How glorious it would be sitting behind the swift horses, and feeling the keen air rushing past one's face.

But she said not another word; and, when the breakfast was over went into the library, with her brush of peacock feathers, and set about her usual morning task. The room seemed doubly dim and grim this morning, the silence more marked and pronounced; for the first time since she could remember, she wondered how it must feel to be like other girls, who were not shut up in one wing of an old abbey, with no one to speak to but an old man, who, more often than not, took no heed when she did speak, or looked up from his book as if he had swam up from the depths of a new world. Then a sense of guilt smote her, and she ran across the room to where the old professor sat, and kissed him, so penitently, so contritely, that he looked up, and stared, amazed and perplexed, for quite a couple of moments.

After all, she thought, what did it matter? The drive would only have lasted an hour or two, and then it would have been all over, and he, Lord Edgar, would have gone, and—and—she was about to add to herself that the old life would seem more gray, and sober, and dim than before, but she checked the thought, and glided, in her peculiar, graceful, aimless manner, into the china-room. Suddenly she heard Lord Edgar's voice outside, accompanied by the barking of dogs, and the sound of horses' hoofs, and her heart gave a great leap of girlish pleasure, then snuk again.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION



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He knocked at the door, and the professor looked up from his writing, and called to her.

"Lela, see who that is," he said, bending down again.

She hesitated a moment, then glided to the door, and opened it. Lord Edgar stood outside; the color came to his frank face with a rush as he saw her, and he raised his hat.

"Good-morning," he said, with ill-concealed eagerness. "I have got the phaeton at the door—" He stopped, smitten with a sense of calamity as he saw the sad light in her eyes. "You don't mean to say that you can't come?" he said, aghast, and stepping into the room.

"Yes," she answered, simply. "I can not come. I am very sorry—" "Oh, but," he said, still aghast. "But don't you"—he paused, and his face flushed—"don't you care about it?"

Her eyes drooped, and she stood silent for a minute. Not care about it! How little he understood how dearly she was longing to go.

"Yes, I do care," she said; then she glanced at the professor.

Lord Edgar strode across the room and stood in front of the table, and looked down on the bent figure.

"Good-morning, Mr. Temple." He had to repeat it twice before he could attract the professor's attention; then Mr. Temple arose and bowed.

"Good-morning, my lord, good-morning. Is there anything you want, anything I can do for you?" and he looked around the shelves absently.

Lord Edgar laughed, but rather un- easily.

"Yes, there is. I want you to let Miss Temple come for a drive with me. I'll take every care of her, sir."

The professor smiled meditatively, and shook his head.

"I'd rather she didn't, my lord," he said. "So very much obliged to you, and so is she—but—" "But why not?" persisted Lord Edgar. "Don't you think she would be safe? I say, that doesn't say much for my power as a whip, you know," and he smiled.

The professor smiled too with a flash of his dry humor. "I dare say you are a good whip, as you call it, my lord, but I should feel easier if you were a surgeon and could mend a limb or set a joint in an emergency."

"I see," said Lord Edgar, quite good naturedly, but with blank disappointment. "You think she wouldn't be safe. Well, perhaps you're right."

Lela, she had drawn near them, and stood in breathless suspense, sighed faintly. It was all over; the pleasant dream of last night had vanished into nothingness.

Lord Edgar stood flicking his glove against the table and looking from one to the other; then a sudden idea seemed to strike him.

"Perhaps you will come with us, Mr. Temple."

The mild and instantaneous horror which shone on the professor's face was a sight worth seeing.

"Thank you, thank you, my lord," he said, promptly. "I'm very busy this morning."

"Such a fine morning, too!" persisted Lord Edgar.

Then he sighed and turned away; but another idea came to his aid; two ideas in one morning showed how much he had the matter at heart.

"Look here, sir," he said. "It's a pity Miss Temple should be shut up in this dusty—I mean dull room in the morning, such a beautiful morning,

too! Perhaps you'll let her come for a walk?"

The professor reflected. There did not seem anything absolutely dangerous to life or limb in the proposal.

"You see," continued Lord Edgar, prompt to see a chance and seize it. "I—I don't know much of the country about here, and Miss Temple might—that is, perhaps she wouldn't mind showing me anything that is worth seeing."

Lela drew nearer still, her large eyes downcast lest Lord Edgar should see the eager prayer in them.

"Well, well," said the professor, drawing his chair to the table again, and casting a wistful glance at his work. "She can go if she likes, my lord. You are very kind—"

"All right," cut in Lord Edgar, with a note of triumph in his voice. "But perhaps"—with sudden misgiving as he turned to her—"you won't care for a walk?"

She raised her eyes with frank, girlish, innocent pleasure.

"Yes, I should, very much. Why, look—"

and she glided to the window, "who would not like to go out into such a lovely morning?"

"Don't keep Lord Edgar waiting, Lela," said the professor, fidgeting to get rid of him.

With a soft laugh she dropped the blind and swept past Lord Edgar, and he, seeing that his room was more desired than his company, said:

"I'll send the trap away, Mr. Temple. Good-morning! Depend upon my taking care of her. Good-morning!"

He strode out, sent the pair of bays prancing back to the stable, with a curt word or two to the groom, and paced up and down the terrace waiting for Lela. He had discarded the cord suit and heavy shooting-boots for one of tweed and light-shoes; he had paid particular and unusual attention to his collar and his scarf, and had worked so hard at his brushes that he had nearly succeeded, but fortunately not quite, in brushing out the little waves in his hair. Striding up and down with a glad triumph in his heart, he looked up at the windows, wondering which one belonged to her room.

While he was still wondering, she glided through the door and stood beside him, with downcast eyes, and a glad little smile playing about her sweet lips.

In his sudden victory he felt rather embarrassed. He had obtained his heart's desire; he should have her with him, close beside him for the whole morning, but he did not quite know how to start.

As she had stood yesterday in the library, so she stood now, waiting for him to dictate that she might obey.

"How quick you have been!" he said, dwelling with swift admiration on the neat hat and the wrap of filmy lace that covered her shoulders.

"I thought I was a long time," she said, innocently.

"Where shall we go?" he asked. "I'm afraid you are awfully disappointed! You would have been quite safe, you know."

"I was not afraid," she said, simply. "But Mr. Temple was quite right to take care of you," he observed, with a grave shake of the head; "and, after all, the horses were fresh. Not that I couldn't have held them," he added, modestly.

She glanced up under the long lashes at his broad chest and powerful arms, and smiled.

"Never mind; perhaps I shall succeed in convincing him that there is no danger, some other day. The question is, where shall we go?"

The whole world was before them, smiling through the laughing mask of a summer morning. Before them stretched the emerald lawns of the great park, with the odoriferous pine woods shadowing in the distance. It was a lovely scene, but his eyes just dwelt on it for a moment, then returned to the beautiful young girl beside him, who was spring and sun-

mer personified, and far more lovely and entrancing than all the emerald meadows and sweet-smelling pines.

"I don't know the walks," she said, as they passed down the terrace steps, out of sight of any of the windows except those of the cloisters.

"Anywhere will do; I don't care so long"—"as you are with me" was on his lips, but he checked himself in time and said—"so long as you are pleased."

"Let us go to the mill in the woods," she said.

"Right," he assented, as he would have assented if she had said, "Let us go to the Rocky Mountains or the North Pole." "That's the very place for a morning like this! It's years since I was there."

"Yes," she said, looking up at him; "it is a favorite walk of mine. The rushing water is like the wood-spirit in some old fairy-tale—don't you think?" Lifting her dark eyes to his handsome face.

He nodded. "Yes, I should think it was. I never read many fairy tales. I suppose you are reading nearly all day?" "There is nothing else to do," she replied, simply. "But you read at college?" musingly.

He threw back his head and laughed, the laugh that she had heard in her dreams last night and that had made her smile for very sympathy in her sleep.

"That's the last thing we do," he said. "Of course, some of them read; but I didn't. I'm a perfect idiot at that kind of thing. My tutor—first-rate old fellow he is—used to say that if I had to get my living—and he said it was a pity I hadn't—I should have to become a groom or a light porter at the docks; and he was about right."

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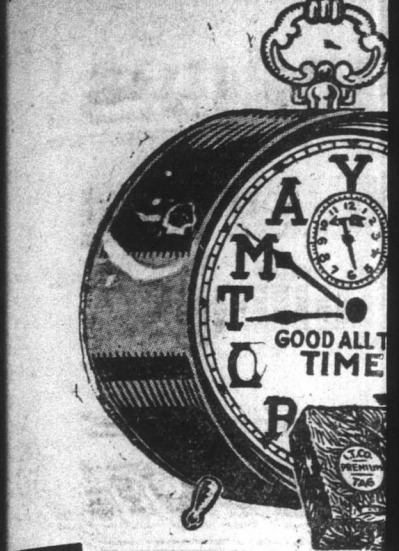
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North West Reform Movement.

MEETING AT ROCKY HARBOR. There was a large attendance in the schoolroom, Rocky Harbor, on Monday March 18th, when Mr. Henry presented an address (by invitation) on the new North-West coast reform movement inaugurated by the Bonne Public Welfare Committee. Mr. Henry Shears, who presided, said that he had recently taken place of the Bay greatly interested the people of Rocky Harbor, where they many grievances which ought to be remedied. Mr. Henry, addressing the meeting at considerable length, explained why the movement had been started. It owed its birth largely to deplorable transport muddle in the and the obvious neglect of the North-west coast affairs at a time when people were paying heavy duties, high prices for food without receiving any reciprocating advantages from the Government. He went over different items in the Bonne Bay programme, urging particularly an extension of the St. Barbe division and the erection of a Government supported hospital at Bonne Bay. Although making it perfectly plain that the movement was non-political he gave instances of the Government's unfair preference for the coast and declared that St. John's, drifting further away from the coast, something ought to be done to effect a more satisfactory business unity between different parts of the Colony. He could not believe when God made Newfoundland intended that St. John's should be its one business Jerusalem. Port Union its only Garden of Eden.

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