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**Contains No Alum**

**For Love of a Woman,**

OR,

**New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER IV.  
AT THE TOWERS

Lord Cecil looked up enquiringly. The marquis dipped his white fingers in the finger-glass, and added, smoothly:

"He ran off with a girl to whom I was going to be married. This is her daughter, and I am naturally attached to her."

The idea of the marquis being attached to any human being on the face of the earth almost raised a smile on Lord Cecil's face. He might have laughed outright; the marquis would have made no sign. He sipped his wine slowly, then he said:

"She is what the people call a beautiful girl!"

This was put as a question, and Lord Cecil hastened to reply:

"She is very beautiful, sir."

"If you say so!" said the marquis, with an inclination of the head which brought the colour to Lord Cecil's face, and caused him to mutter:

"I can't stand this much longer."

"I beg your pardon?" said the marquis, blandly.

In his embarrassment Lord Cecil seized the decanter and poured out a glass of wine, and the ghost of a smile crossed the marquis's face.

"It is rather singular that Lady Grace should have mentioned the army," he said. "It reminded me that I wanted to speak to you on the subject. First let me thank you for complying with my desire."

Lord Cecil smiled, but rather grimly.

"I don't think I could have done otherwise, sir," he said.

"Ah! true—yes. I think, if I remember rightly, that I made the continuance of your allowance subject to your resigning. No doubt you thought rather arbitrary. Permit me to explain it. I could not afford it."

Lord Cecil stared in an unfeigned astonishment, which appeared to give the marquis immense satisfaction.

"I generally avoid business matters," he said, slowly, and as smoothly as ever, "I leave them to my steward and lawyer. But I think we had better speak of them—it is a good opportunity. It will surprise you to hear, no doubt, that I am a poor man!"

Lord Cecil certainly looked surprised. The marquis smiled.

"Yes—yes," he said, slowly, as if he enjoyed making the statement. "It appears that I have spent rather more than double my income for say fifty years past, and I imagine that my father and grandfather must have done the same—at least that is the only way in which I can account for the fact that the whole of the free estates are mortgaged up to the neck. Up to the neck," he added, as if it were a line of especially beautiful poetry.

Lord Cecil sat silent and attentive.

"The land that couldn't be mortgaged will, of course, come to you," continued the marquis, and his tone conveyed his infinite regret; "but even the income from that will be

drawn upon to pay the interest on the others. Consequently," with bland and icy politeness, "you will probably be the poorest peer of the realm."

Lord Cecil remained silent, his eyes fixed gravely on the pale, set face, which bore not the faintest indication of regret.

"It is an uncomfortable position. I cannot imagine a more deplorable one—can you?"

Lord Cecil nodded.

"I—I don't think I have realised it yet, sir," he replied.

"Ah!" said the marquis. "But you will. I haven't felt it because, you see, I have been able to raise money for myself. That is unfortunate for you, of course; but I imagine you would have done the same in my place."

Lord Cecil did not reply. The heartlessness of the speech simply staggered him.

The marquis waited, as if to give him time to digest this charmingly candid statement, then remarked, in as casual a voice as if he were commenting on the weather:

"Lady Grace's grandfather made his money and his title out of beer. She will be immensely rich, I believe, and will not require the small sum—though it will be my all—which I shall leave her."

He paused and looked up at his white hands, then in an utterly wearied voice, as if he had exhausted all the interest in the subject, said:

"I am glad you think her so charming. Pray, do not let me keep you from her any longer!" and he rose and stood like a statue.

Lord Cecil pushed his chair back and rose, his handsome face rather pale, his eyes flashing.

"Do I understand, sir—do you want me to understand that you wish me to"—he hesitated a moment, then brought it out bluntly—"to marry Lady Grace?"

The marquis surveyed him from under half-closed eyelids, as if he were some insignificant object at a distance.

"Certainly not," he said, smoothly. "I was merely making an attempt—"

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**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



"Shall I tell you what you are thinking?" she said.

He looked at her enquiringly.

"You are wondering what train you could catch to-morrow morning."

He started.

"Right the first time!" he acknowledged, with a short laugh.

She moved her fan—it was a large one of fancy blue feathers—which in juxtaposition with her face made its fairness seem dazzling.

"Well, don't," she said, "for my sake."

"For your sake?" he said, half-absently.

"Yes. Don't you see that you would leave me alone? You would not be so cruel! And after two days only."

"It seems about two years," he said, grimly.

She laughed softly, her eyes still fixed on his face, as if it were a book whose pages she was reading.

"How charming the marquis is, isn't he?"

"Charming!" he assented, with a volume of bitterness in the word.

"You must be so glad to be here with him, and it is the first time for ten years!"

"And the last for another ten," he said, under his breath; but he heard him.

"Don't say that. After all, he is not so bad when you know him."

"There are some people one doesn't want to know, Lady Grace."

"And then we must make allowances," she said. "Why do they call him Wicked Lord Stoyler?" she asked him, not abruptly, but in the same soft voice that most people found acted upon them like a caress.

"I don't know. For good and fully sufficient reasons, I've no doubt," he replied.

"Do you think he has murdered anybody, now?" she inquired, with a smile.

"I don't know. Perhaps, I dare say. At any rate, I'm quite sure a great many people must have longed to murder him."

"Oh, fie!" she said, touching him with the edge of her fan; "and your uncle, too! I wonder what he has done?"

"I was just wondering what he hasn't done," said Lord Cecil, grimly.

She laughed.

"You amuse me, Lord Cecil."

"I'm awfully glad," he said. "I didn't think it was in me to amuse anyone to-night."

"You have had rather a bad quarter of an hour—yes?" she said, softly.

"What a happy woman the marquis's wife must have been."

Lord Cecil started.

"I didn't know—" he said, enquiringly.

She laughed and the fan moved to and fro in rhythmic curves.

"No? Oh, yes, there was a marchioness once. Years and years ago. I believe he killed her—with kindness."

"Poor woman!" he said, under his breath.

"Yes. But that's the mystery. No one knows, you see, and never will know. Everybody knows about his ruining his cousin, Lord Deburgh, at cards; he committed suicide, and so the marquis inherited the Denbigh title; and about his shooting old Lady Dalrymple's son—they say that the marquis fired before the word was given; and about his running away with that foolish Lady Penelope—she died in a garret at Dieppe; but nobody knows about the marchioness. How shocked you look!"

"Do I?" he said. "I didn't think I was capable of it. But surely that isn't all he has done?" he said, with great sarcasm.

"Oh, no; these are trifles which I happen to remember hearing about. They are only trifles."

"That is all," he said.

They were silent for a moment or two; then she said, in the same voice, too low and soft to reach the old lady sitting at the other end of the room: "And now shall I tell you what you are thinking about, Lord Cecil?"

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**



2389. This portrays a style as attractive for frock, embroidered crepe or voile, as for serge, gabardine or satin. The underwaist and sleeves may be of crepe de chine, or georgette, chiffon or net. Linen and organdie, serge and satin are good combinations for this design.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, if the skirt is made with tucks, and 4 1/2 yards if edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.**



2378. Here is a model that is especially desirable for mature figures. The sleeve may be in wrist length, close fitting and finished with or without a cuff, or it may be in elbow length made without tucks. Width at lower with a neat cuff finish. Width of dress at lower edge is about 2 1/4 yds. Percale, drill, khaki, chambray, gingham, poplin, flannelette and lawn may be used for this design.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 36 inch material.

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