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'Margaret,'

The GIRL ARTIST, OR, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

About twelve months after what the newspapers called "The Mystery in High Life at Naples," on a very bright day in June, the Earl of Ferrers and Margaret, his wife, were standing at the open window of the drawing room at the Court.

This window commands the best view of the drive, and it seemed by the intensity with which the two pairs of eyes watched it that they were expecting some one.

Leyton Court always looks at its best in June, and it has never looked better than it did this year, for the earl had spent a great deal of money on the place—a small fortune, as it was said. A new wing had been built; the old part of the house redecorated; but above and beyond all, an addition had been made to the picture gallery, which raised it to the first rank in England.

This had been done "to please" Margaret, the countess, whom the world rightly regarded as one of its best and noblest artists. This same world, too, had gone slightly mad over the countess, and would have been delighted to make her the sensation of the season. For, consider! she was not only the wife of a wealthy earl, but the heroine of as romantic a history as the modern world wots of. Even now people did not know the full particulars, did not know more than that the countess was supposed to have died, and that the earl had, in all innocence, married Violet Graham; and that Violet Graham had died of heart disease at Naples, and Mr. Austin Ambrose had poisoned himself—for love of her. All this the world knew, but it was still ignorant of the details, of the "fabulous plot" which Austin Ambrose had woven, and so nearly successfully. But it knew enough to make Margaret a "sensation," and it was quite prepared to meet her in saloons and ball-rooms, and point at her in the park, and fight for introductions to her, and intrigue to get her to its concerts and dinner parties.

But Margaret had declined to be

made a sensation of. Immediately after the tragedy at the palace at Naples, both she and Blair disappeared, not together, as the world hinted, but separately; and it was only through the appearance of her pictures at the various European galleries that people were made aware of her existence.

For months Margaret lived in a seclusion as impenetrable as that of a Trappist, and it was not until Blair had fallen ill and sent for her that she had gone to him. Then the rumor went round that Leyton Court was being done up, and that the earl and countess were going to live there just like an ordinary couple who had been the hero and heroine of romance.

"I hope they won't be late," said Blair, looking at his watch and then staring down the drive.

"The trains are always late—unless you want to catch them, then they are fatally punctual!" said Margaret. "I feel as if I were growing old waiting for them!"

He turned and looked at her with that smile of combined devotion and admiration which the man wears who is both husband and lover.

"You don't look very old, Madge," he said. "In my eyes you seem younger than when I saw you first. What is it you use? Some magical cosmetic, eh?"

"I don't generally tell my toilet secrets, but I will just this once. It is a capital preparation, Blair, and, but that you look so ridiculously boyish yourself, I'd recommend you to use it. It is Cosmétique de Fellicite."

"Which translated means—? You know I don't know two words of French."

"Which translated means 'Cosmetic of Happiness,' you ignorant young man!" she stole a little closer and looked up at him invitingly.

He put his arm round her and kissed her, and of course she pretended to be indignant.

"Right before the window, and these two people likely to come at any moment, sir!" she exclaimed.

"I wish they would come," he said.

"I hate waiting for people. Let us go out and meet them."

"Very well!" she responded, and dashed off for her hat.

In two minutes they were walking side by side down the avenue, and they had not got very far before the Court carriage came bowing up the smooth road.

"There they are, Blair! Hold up your hand or they'll pass us!" Florence! Florence!"

At the sound of her musical voice a girlish head appeared at the carriage window, and a girlish voice shouted an eager greeting. The coachman, looking rather scandalized at this want of ceremony, pulled up, and Prince Rivani and the Princess Florence sprang out.

The two men shook hands warmly, each looking into the other's face with that frank, steady glance which denotes a stanch friendship; and the two girls embrace, and laugh, and almost cry in a breath.

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed the princess. "Isn't this just like you to come and meet us? And we thought it was only a young couple love-making as they strolled along, for you had got hold of each other's hand, just like two sweethearts; did you know that?"

Margaret blushed.

"We are two sweethearts," she whispered, almost piteously.

Then Margaret turned to the prince, who was waiting for his share of the greeting.

(To be Continued.)

"KYRA," OR, The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER I.
Not by the widest stretch of imagination or courtesy could John Chester, Earl of Vering, be called an amiable man.

Indeed, if there was any truth—even one proverbial grain or two—in rumor, the earl was a wicked, disagreeable, cantankerous, old curmudgeon, who turned Vering Wold into a Giant Despair's castle, and rendered every one about him miserable.

This was the character the pleasant, gossiping world gave the right honorable earl, and if the truth must be told, he amply deserved it.

If you mentioned his name in decent society it was greeted with an ominous rustle of feminine fans and significant shrugging of masculine shoulders, for my lord had not grown wicked with age, but had never been good—not even in his cradle, averred some; and the world in which he moved, and some parts of it in which he also moved, but ought not to have moved, could tell a thousand stories of his wild, reckless nature and indomitable energy for wrong-doing.

As a young man he had tried his hand at every vice of the day, and a few more, which he had himself introduced by way of variety. He had been a gambler on the green turf, and the greener cloth; to go to bed sober any one night he had considered a weak waste of opportunity; handsome, reckless, daring, he had won for himself, before the age of manhood, the title of "woman killer"; and two months after his majority, the not less fascinating one of "man killer." Free with his sword as with his tongue, freer still with his money, he had been the fierce planet of a time when there were not wanting a galaxy of fiery stars to bear him company.

Admired and worshipped by the men, feared and worshipped also by the women, he had taken life into his hands as if it were a jester's bladder, and set time dancing to a wild chorus of youthful follies and heartless crimes. Once or twice the haubtic had threatened to break and explode, and dare-devil Jack, as his fellow madcaps called him, had to change the scene; but let the stage be pitched where it might, the comedy, the screaming farce, the tragedy, were always the same, and stories of Jack's wild doings came floating over from France, from Italy, from America even; until at last the world, wearied with wondering, laughing, condemning, let him slip from its memory, and for a time Lord Jack was forgotten.

For a time only; for in the course of a few years he appeared once more before the footlights, but no longer in the character of a reckless, madcap fool, but in the role of a stern, miserable, dissatisfied man, whose fool's bladder had burst and covered him with the blight of broken hopes and futile regrets.

Whence came the change? The world never knew.

Jack—no longer Jack, but the Earl of Vering—made no sign. Grim, stern, irritable, moody, he took himself and his shrunken life to the old home of his fathers, and there, with an ancient servant—who had been his never-absent companion of the old, wild time—buried himself and its past from the world of the present and the future.

Occasionally the newspapers inserted a paragraph expressing the regret with which they gave publicity to the rumor that the Earl of Vering was suffering from an attack of the gout, and, at intervals, his name cropped up in chance articles on some man of his youthful time. Then old scandals would be raked up in tea-rooms and boudoirs, and the men and women of the day would wonder what had happened to change "Wild Chester" into the moody, savage misanthrope he had become.

Perhaps none knew less of the earl than his heir.

As the reader has already gathered, no voices of children rang through the old wold, no little feet pattered along the brown oak corridors. Lord Vering was childless, and his heir was one Percy Chester, a brother's son and one of whom the world was beginning to take cognizance.

Uncle and nephew, the earl and his heir, had not met since the latter was a boy at Eton. Percy's knowledge of Vering Wold was limited to that which he could acquire from the "County History" and its steel plates.

Nevertheless, though the earl positively refused to hold any intercourse with his nephew he behaved in what might be termed an exceedingly liberal spirit, considering the condition of the estate, and allowed his nephew a handsome income. This sum was paid every quarter into the bankers, Messrs. Coutts, and Percy Chester every quarter sent a brief note of acknowledgment and thanks. Necessarily brief, because Mr. Percy Chester had his due share of the family pride, and decidedly objected to laying himself open to the suspicion of desiring to curry favor with his powerful relative.

These letters were never answered, and, for all the direct intelligence he received, his uncle might be living or dead, for what he knew, had it not been for occasional meetings with the earl's physician, at dinner parties and the like, who would give him some little news of his uncle, always winding up with:

"A martyr to the gout, Mr. Chester, quite a martyr; and by no means an easy patient—no, by no means."

However, Percy Chester drew his quarterly allowance and took things as they came, and was in no hurry for the earldom.

No, life was quite pleasant enough to Percy, and, like the man in the Greek fable, he would not have objected to another hour in the day. He had chambers in the Albany, three capital hunters, the run of the best houses in town, and a reputation for good looks; the old Vering manners, and a courage, moral and physical, that made him no poor opponent at any of the games with which we children of earth amuse ourselves.

(To be Continued.)

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS What They Cured Here's the remarkable experience of a Nova Scotian:

"I was once a terrible sufferer with kidney and bladder troubles, and at times I would lose the use of my legs, and could not go away from home without some one with me. I was treated by different doctors for 3 years, and only got temporary relief. My son advised me to take Gin Pills, and after taking the first 2 or 3 doses I got relief. I continued to take them until I got completely cured. I owe my life to Gin Pills."

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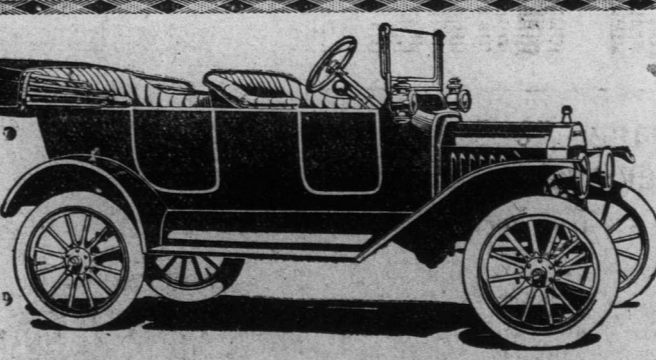
LIGHT, HEAT, COMFORT!

The proprietor of one of the best known multiple shopping systems is credited with saying, "Give me any old shop, in any old street, and I'll guarantee to make it in twelve months the most widely known and best frequented shop in the district. He was asked to explain. Holding up three fingers he said, "I believe in the trinity of LIGHT, WARMTH, COMFORT. I should dazzle the moths until the candle goes, I should bring them into a warm, comfortable shop, filled with a soft, pleasing radiance, and the rest is—well, mere child's play."

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but expressive. Now we can more than imagine the kind of shop this well-known individual would open, for we pass it in almost every town—always a landmark to the street. No one fails to notice it. There is an indefinable air of welcome and invitation as one stands for a moment on the pathway and lets one's gaze travel inside it. The subdued, restful lighting effect that so charms because of its very unobtrusiveness, the absence of dark corners, the intangible feeling that if one would step inside one would be sure of experiencing a delicious sense of warmth and comfort and cheerfulness—all these are part of its appeal. Truly a shop with an individuality.

We cordially invite all progressive business men to visit our showroom and see our latest Lighting and Heating Appliances, by the adoption of which the ideal outline in the above extract from a London paper may be easily secured. Our new RADIO X-Lamp and GASTEAM Radiators fill all light and heat requirements.

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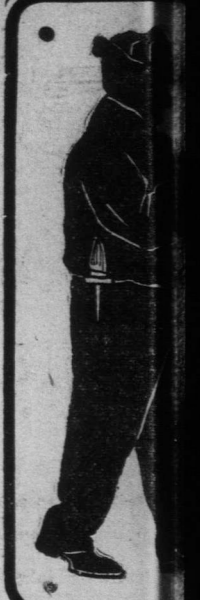
You would scarcely believe how it will relieve a sprain, how it takes out lameness, how it soothes and eases a bruise.

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Just you keep Nerviline on hand—it's a panacea for the aches, pains and slight ills of the whole family. One bottle will keep the doctor's bill small, and can be depended on to cure rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, pleurisy strains or swelling. Wherever there is a pain rub on Nerviline; it will always cure.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

TRIALS STILL PROCEEDING.

LONDON, May 16.
Sir Roger Casement and Daniel Bailey, who for the past two days have been undergoing preliminary examination in the Bow Street Police Court, charged with high treason in connection with the recent Irish rebellion, will probably know to-morrow whether they will be placed on trial for their lives in a higher court. The Attorney-General has virtually concluded the introduction of evidence to-day, unless the defense have some surprise in store. It is believed that the hearing will be concluded, and the magistrate's decision as to whether the prisoners shall be held for trial, will be given late to-morrow. Legal experts who are following up the case, expressed slight doubts that there was any small doubt that Sir Roger and Bailey would reserve their defence for

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