

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was maddening. And indeed as he reeled away from the group he looked like a man demitted.

Suddenly he heard a shout and staggered back.

A man came running toward them with something in his hand. He held the wet and dripping articles on high and surveyed his companions gravely.

"The old 'un's right!" he said slowly. "Here be the poor lady's cape and hat!"

Austin Ambrose tore them from the man's hand.

"Are you sure?" he gasped.

"Yes," came a grave chorus. "We see her wear 'em, time and again. They're hers, and she's lost, poor soul!"

Austin Ambrose walked away with the hat and cape in his hands.

At the back of the beach; on the quay, was a small inn, through whose red curtains the light shone cheerily.

He pushed open the door and entered with unsteady gait. The little place was full of sailors and fishermen, all talking about the sad event, and recalling the shudder fatality of two years ago. As he entered they became suddenly silent.

"Give me some brandy!" he said, hoarsely.

The landlady mixed him a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and he took it in both hands and drank it; then he sank on to a seat, and with tightly compressed lips stared at the door.

For the time he was unconscious of the presence of the others, deaf to their voices, which arose again in a hushed tone.

"It's the awfullest night," said one, "the awfullest! The poor gentleman's out in it, too! Farmer James have gone down the road to look for him. He's afraid the colt will be skæared by the lightning."

"Ah," said another; "not come back yet, poor gentleman? What a terrible story it will be to tell him. They beant long been mated, have they?"

"Hush!" said a warning whisper, and the speaker nodded to the crouching figure. "Her brother, most like," he added, in a whisper. "He's took all aback, poor fellow."

There was silence again, then they commenced to talk once more, and still Austin Ambrose sat still and motionless.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a short, active-looking man dashed in.

"Why, Farmer James!" cried one or two, "what's amiss, man?"

"Give me time!" panted the farmer. "It's a night of bad news, boys! The colt's come home—without him!"

The men sprung to their feet, and looked at the speaker aghast.

"Without the gentleman, farmer?"

"Ay," he said, solemnly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I met the colt tearing down the road to the stable with the saddle empty. A lantern, missis, quick. Who'll lend a hand, boys?"

One and all turned out and proceeded at something between a trot and a run into the road.

At a little distance the colt stood, wet and trembling, held by a boy.

"That's true," said one. "Ah! if that stirrup leather had slipped out sooner—"

Almost in silence they carried him down to the small farm called the Holme; and the good-hearted people roused from their beds did their best for him.

In a short time he was undressed and put to bed.

Austin Ambrose, calm and self-possessed, but very sorrowful, showed the affliction of a brother.

"I am afraid it is all over!" he said, as they gathered round the bed and looked at the handsome face and stalwart form, which many of them had seen depart in the morning so full of life and happiness.

After a time the doctor came. He was an old man, who had worn himself out in the hard practice of a wild country-side. Accidents were his daily experience, and he felt to work in the cool, business-like way acquired by custom.

White and breathless, Austin Ambrose, who had been permitted to remain during the examination, waited for the verdict. It came at last.

"He's not dead," said the old doctor, gravely, "and that's about all that can be said. 'T was a terrible blow!"

Austin Ambrose's lips contracted, and his eyes sought the old man's weather-beaten face keenly.

"A blow, doctor?" he said, gravely.

"Yes," was the reply; "he was struck on the back of the head, sir."

Austin Ambrose uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, impossible, doctor!" he said. "Who should do such a thing? My poor friend had not an enemy in the world."

"Plunder?" said the old man, questioningly.

Austin Ambrose shook his head.

"His purse, watch, jewelry, even the things he purchased at Infracombe, are untouched. Besides, we found him lying, his foot still entangled in the stirrup, as you have heard."

"Humph!" said the doctor, still at work with restoratives. "Well, he must have fallen on the back of his head; but—he looked puzzled and frowned thoughtfully—but it's very strange. If I hadn't known what you have just told me, I should say that he had been struck, and that if he should die, the coroner's verdict would have to be 'Wilful Murder!'"

Austin Ambrose's lips twitched, but he shook his head and sighed.

"Thank Heaven that I have no such suspicion—it would be too dreadful! No, my poor friend was thrown and dragged by the frightened horse. It is, alas! too common an accident."

"Yes, yes, just so," said the doctor. "It's a pity, a thousand pities, for he is a splendid fellow," and he looked with sad admiration on the stalwart form. "What is his name?"

Austin Ambrose hesitated a moment.

"His name is Stanley. He is a very dear friend of mine," he added, "and only recently married."

The old doctor started.

"You don't mean to say that he's the husband of the unfortunate young lady who was drowned off Long Rock this morning?"

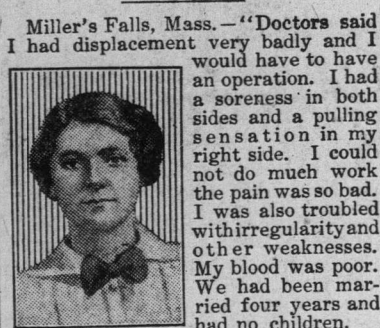
Austin Ambrose nodded, the doctor sighed.

"Well, sir, I'll do my best to bring him back to life; but it will be cruel kindness, I fear, under the circumstances. Poor young fellow! But if he should die he will be spared the misery awaiting him!"

"You—you think there is no hope of her escape?" faltered Austin.

The doctor shook his head.

HER HOME NO LONGER CHILDLESS Operation Not Necessary after Taking the Great Medicine for Women.



Miller's Falls, Mass.—"Doctors said I had displacement very badly and I would have to have an operation. I had a soreness in both sides and a pulling sensation in my right side. I could not do much work the pain was so bad. I was also troubled with irregularity and other weaknesses. My blood was poor. We had been married four years and had no children.

After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I became well and strong and was saved from the operation. We are now the parents of a big baby girl and I praise your remedies to others and give you permission to publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPH GUILBAULT, 34 Bridge Street, Miller's Falls, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for restoring women to normal health and strength. When this is done wives no longer despair of having children.

A woman should be reluctant to submit to a surgical operation until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. If you have a case that needs special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

They paused a moment to stare at it and then passed on.

Austin Ambrose, uninvited by them, joined the group and ran with them.

They stopped a moment where the two roads joined, the one Blair had taken in the morning, the other he was returning by in the evening.

"Let's divide," said a man; but the farmer stooped down and examined the road.

"No occasion," he said; "here's the colt's hoof marks. This is the road she came!"

Hurrying along, they climbed the narrow lane, and the foremost, a young lad carrying the lantern, stopped with a cry at the motionless form lying in the road.

There was a hush as the men crowded round. The farmer knelt down and examined it for a moment, then he looked up.

"I'm afraid he's dead," he said gravely.

"Is it a foul play, do 'ee think, Farmer James?" inquired one of the men.

"Foul play?" the words ran round. "Why do 'ee say that?"

The man, a small, sharp-eyed old fellow, pointed to the road.

"Looks as if there'd been a struggle," he said. "But no matter now. Take that gate off its hinges, lads, and lay him on it. We'll carry him down to the Holme."

The gate was torn off its hinges—how little they guessed that it was not for the first time that night!—and some coats laid upon it; then they stooped to raise poor Blair.

As they did so, Austin Ambrose slid forward.

At the sound of the words "foul play," he had aroused. All was lost: Margaret dead, Blair dead; all his toil and ingenuity thrown away. But if these rustics were suspicious it was time to think of his own safety.

"Let me see!" he said, in a low voice. "He—he is a friend of mine. Who said 'foul play'?" If I thought so—but, no! Look!" and he pointed to the stirrup through which the foot was thrust. "My poor friend was thrown from the saddle; the mare bolted and must have dragged him. His foot is still in the stirrup."

It Stops the Twinges of Rheumatism, Limbers the Muscles, Eases the Joints

Amazing Relief Comes at Once—
Cure Every Time.

USE NERVILINE.

Aching joints and sore muscles are common in rheumatic people. Inflammation is deep in the tissues. You might use a dozen remedies and derive less relief than Nerviline will give you in half an hour.

Nerviline is a pain-subduer that works do not altogether describe. It is fully five times stronger than most remedies, not that it affects the skin unfavourably—no, its great power is due to its wonderful penetrative quality—it strikes in deeply, but never burns or blisters.

Just rub Nerviline into sore muscles, stiff joints, and note the glow of comfort, the ease of pain that follows.

You are astonished, delighted; this is because words do not express the promptness and permanency with which Nerviline cures every ache and pain in the muscles and joints.

Marvelous, you'll say. Natural, we say, because Nerviline is different, stronger, more penetrating, a true pain-subduer. Just try it and see if it doesn't cure rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, strains and spasms.

The large 50c. family size bottle is far more economical than the medicinal size. Get it to-day. Sold by dealers everywhere.

should have happened on the same day, and to man and wife, seemed phenomenal, and every one of the inn-drove a roaring trade with the crowds of excited men.

There was the chance, too, of another fatality, for the Days' boat had disappeared, and it was rumored that she had gone down in the storm.

Toward evening, however, the crowd collected on the beach for the boat had been sighted.

Austin Ambrose had left Blair for a short rest, but he could neither sleep nor remain quiet, and his restless feet had dragged him to Appleford.

He stood just on the edge of the crowd watching the boat with lustre eyes that shone dully in his pallid face.

There was a rush and a cheer as the boat came in, and two or three men ran out into the water—it was smiling calmly enough now—to haul her in, but as her keel touched the beach, Day held up his hand.

"Don't cheer, lads," he said, gravely. "I've had news."

"Ay, ay, we can guess, James," said a voice, "you've seen the poor lady."

Day started and glanced at his wife, who sat in the stern, her shawl to her eyes.

"Tell 'em, you," he said, in a whisper.

She raised her head.

"Yes," she said, with a sob, "I've seen the poor lady. We saw her on the rocks, almost at the last moment."

"And you couldn't get near?" said a man.

She looked round.

"Do you think we'd be here without her if there'd been half a chance?" she said, reproachfully.

"Ay, ay!" said the old boatswain. "Well, well, that settles it, and that's some't of a comfort! The poor soul is gone! Don't 'ee cry, missis!" he added as he helped Mrs. Day out of the boat.

It so happened that as she stepped on the beach she was near Austin Ambrose.

He had been listening in a kind of stupor, his eyes wandering from Mrs. Day's face to her husband's.

At the moment of her landing he was so near that her arm touched his.

As it did so his eyes fell upon the shawl which she had been pressing to her eyes.

The sun was shining full on it, and in the dull vague fashion peculiar to his frame of mind his eyes was following the pattern.

Suddenly he started, and a light shone in his eyes.

"Let me help you," he said, and gently but firmly he laid his hand upon her arm covered by the shawl.

And, as he did so, the light gleamed still more brightly in his face, for he discovered that the shawl with which she had been wiping away her tears—was dry!

(To be Continued.)

A Wonderful Bath.

The wounded soldier whose wound has become stiff furnishes one of the great problems of the present day.

At the Grand Palais in Paris, under the supervision of Dr. Jean Camus, Director of Physical Treatment, there is a so-called "whirlpool bath" for the arm and the leg. By means of it a whirl of water at very high temperature—120 deg. F.—and pressure is applied to the limb for about twenty minutes. The relief to pain is remarkable. After the bath the limb can usually be manipulated with freedom, and so the bath is now invariably used as a preliminary to treatment by massage and by mechanical instruments. There is reason to believe that by this treatment the saving to the French Government in pensions is very great, so many apparently hopeless cases are being rescued. The saving has actually been put at as high a figure as £80,000 per month.

"You don't mean to say that he's the husband of the unfortunate young lady who was drowned off Long Rock this morning?"

Austin Ambrose nodded, the doctor sighed.

"Well, sir, I'll do my best to bring him back to life; but it will be cruel kindness, I fear, under the circumstances. Poor young fellow! But if he should die he will be spared the misery awaiting him!"

"You—you think there is no hope of her escape?" faltered Austin.

The doctor shook his head.

"There may be a faint hope, for him," he said, pointing to the bed.

"But for her there is none, none whatever. She was seen on the rocks; they tell me that her cape and hat have been found washed ashore. No; if he should die they will not be long apart. But you look worn out, sir. You had better get some rest."

Austin Ambrose shook his head.

"I will not go until—" and he stopped significantly.

For the remainder of the night they watched beside the still form. Life was in yet, beating faintly, like a flickering lamp; but the dawn came and Blair still remained hovering between the shores of the River of Death.

The morning passed. The whole change was in a state of excitement over the two accidents; that they

should have happened on the same day, and to man and wife, seemed phenomenal, and every one of the inn-drove a roaring trade with the crowds of excited men.

There was the chance, too, of another fatality, for the Days' boat had disappeared, and it was rumored that she had gone down in the storm.

Toward evening, however, the crowd collected on the beach for the boat had been sighted.

Austin Ambrose had left Blair for a short rest, but he could neither sleep nor remain quiet, and his restless feet had dragged him to Appleford.

He stood just on the edge of the crowd watching the boat with lustre eyes that shone dully in his pallid face.

There was a rush and a cheer as the boat came in, and two or three men ran out into the water—it was smiling calmly enough now—to haul her in, but as her keel touched the beach, Day held up his hand.

"Don't cheer, lads," he said, gravely. "I've had news."

"Ay, ay, we can guess, James," said a voice, "you've seen the poor lady."

Day started and glanced at his wife, who sat in the stern, her shawl to her eyes.

"Tell 'em, you," he said, in a whisper.

She raised her head.

"Yes," she said, with a sob, "I've seen the poor lady. We saw her on the rocks, almost at the last moment."

"And you couldn't get near?" said a man.

She looked round.

"Do you think we'd be here without her if there'd been half a chance?" she said, reproachfully.

"Ay, ay!" said the old boatswain. "Well, well, that settles it, and that's some't of a comfort! The poor soul is gone! Don't 'ee cry, missis!" he added as he helped Mrs. Day out of the boat.

It so happened that as she stepped on the beach she was near Austin Ambrose.

He had been listening in a kind of stupor, his eyes wandering from Mrs. Day's face to her husband's.

At the moment of her landing he was so near that her arm touched his.

As it did so his eyes fell upon the shawl which she had been pressing to her eyes.

The sun was shining full on it, and in the dull vague fashion peculiar to his frame of mind his eyes was following the pattern.

Suddenly he started, and a light shone in his eyes.

"Let me help you," he said, and gently but firmly he laid his hand upon her arm covered by the shawl.

And, as he did so, the light gleamed still more brightly in his face, for he discovered that the shawl with which she had been wiping away her tears—was dry!

(To be Continued.)

A Wonderful Bath.

The wounded soldier whose wound has become stiff furnishes one of the great problems of the present day.

At the Grand Palais in Paris, under the supervision of Dr. Jean Camus, Director of Physical Treatment, there is a so-called "whirlpool bath" for the arm and the leg. By means of it a whirl of water at very high temperature—120 deg. F.—and pressure is applied to the limb for about twenty minutes. The relief to pain is remarkable. After the bath the limb can usually be manipulated with freedom, and so the bath is now invariably used as a preliminary to treatment by massage and by mechanical instruments. There is reason to believe that by this treatment the saving to the French Government in pensions is very great, so many apparently hopeless cases are being rescued. The saving has actually been put at as high a figure as £80,000 per month.

"You don't mean to say that he's the husband of the unfortunate young lady who was drowned off Long Rock this morning?"

Austin Ambrose nodded, the doctor sighed.

"Well, sir, I'll do my best to bring him back to life; but it will be cruel kindness, I fear, under the circumstances. Poor young fellow! But if he should die he will be spared the misery awaiting him!"

"You—you think there is no hope of her escape?" faltered Austin.

The doctor shook his head.

"There may be a faint hope, for him," he said, pointing to the bed.

"But for her there is none, none whatever. She was seen on the rocks; they tell me that her cape and hat have been found washed ashore. No; if he should die they will not be long apart. But you look worn out, sir. You had better get some rest."

Austin Ambrose shook his head.

"I will not go until—" and he stopped significantly.

For the remainder of the night they watched beside the still form. Life was in yet, beating faintly, like a flickering lamp; but the dawn came and Blair still remained hovering between the shores of the River of Death.

The morning passed. The whole change was in a state of excitement over the two accidents; that they

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A GOOD SPORT SUIT.



Blouse 1647—Skirt 1646. This portrays a combination of Middy Blouse 1647 and Skirt 1646.

For misses and small women it will be especially attractive. In pique, khaki, taffeta, linen, drill, crepe, silk or wool jersey or serge, with a desired and appropriate trimming it will be very smart. If desired, the skirt may be of cloth and the blouse of silk or wash material. The blouse and skirt are cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards for the skirt and 2 1/2 yards for the blouse of material 44 inches wide, for a 16-year size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE BUT PLEASING DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



1643—Girls' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Figured dimity and embroidered lawn are here combined. This model is comfortable and attractive, and may be applied to any number of combinations of material. It could be of linen or batiste, with vest of embroidery. Of taffeta or soft tub silk, with chiffon, mul or ribbon for trimming. It is also nice for gingham and other wash fabrics, as well as for serge, cashmere, poplin and challie.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.....

Size.....

Address in full:.....

Name.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Eastman Roll Films.



Just arrived by express a fresh shipment of the celebrated Eastman Roll Films, in sizes to suit every Camera.

PRICES RIGHT AT

TOOTON'S, THE KODAK STORE
Headquarters for Everything Pertaining to Photography.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

\$10,000 Bankrupt Stock
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

Just arrived from New York.

There are Shoes for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and little people, far too many styles to attempt any description, and at prices less than the cost to manufacture.

People who have been here on previous occasions when we had sample shoes to offer, will come with a rush as soon as they read this announcement.

AT THE

WHITE SHOE STORE
304 & 306 Water St. S. B. KESNER, Prop.

Prime Timothy H