

# Sweet Miss Margery

"It is very bitter to me, Vane, to have to stoop to deceit; but it is a deep wound to my pride, that Stuart, my son, should so far forget his dignity as to think of such a girl for his wife. You are prompted by the best and noblest feelings, Vane; but I can not bring myself to submit to this degradation even for a minute. Stuart must know the truth—must know how I judge him in this."

"Vane rose hurriedly from her seat. 'I know you are right, Aunt Constance,' she responded quietly, though she was inwardly disturbed by Mrs. Crosbie's words; 'but consider, Stuart is impulsive, as strong-willed as yourself, if you cross him in this, who knows but that he may do something rash—perhaps marry the girl without delay, and be separated from you forever? Is it not wiser to act cautiously, to be careful and politic? I do not advocate too much warmth on your part; meet him coolly, but at the same time throw no obstacle in the way. Believe me, dear auntie, you will be relieved of all anxiety if you do this.'"

"But what do you propose?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, resuming her seat, and Vane saw that her advice had taken root.

"We must let the separation come from her," she answered, quickly. "It will not do to send the girl away—that would put a stimulus to Stuart's determination. No, he must be disillusioned, and that will not be a difficult matter, I should imagine."

Mrs. Crosbie was silent for a few moments; she was irritated and displeased more than Stuart imagined, but she was at the same time determined to do her duty. She should stoop to humiliate himself in this way. Vane's words fell with good effect upon her ears. Had her niece not been at hand to smooth matters with gentle tact, she would not have been to restrain her anger. Something of the wisdom of the girl's advice came home to her as she mused. She saw that Vane was urged by jealousy and pride to break off this terrible connection, but she was quite wrong in her conclusions as to the source of that jealousy. She judged it to be solely the outcome of love for her son, and the thought came as soothing balm at such a moment. Once let them despatch that girl, and the marriage she had planned would take place.

Vane watched her aunt intently. "You will consent?" she said softly, breaking the silence.

"Yes," Mrs. Crosbie answered abruptly.

Vane made no immediate reply, but her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now she must conjure up all her power to defeat Margery Daw. Plan after plan followed each other through her mind; but she could arrive at none better than that of the village rival's dignity and wounding her pride with darts the sting of which would linger longest. Before she began the fray, however, she must see Stuart, breathe in his ear that she had succeeded with his mother, and thus allay any suspicion he might entertain in the future that she was through instrumentally that his love-dream had been broken.

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosbie again. "I will set as you suggest. I see plainly the wisdom of such a course. Were I to display the anger I feel, the consequences might be worse than the present state of things. My attitude we must separate him from this girl!"

Vane felt, and kissed her aunt.

"I am glad you see the matter as I do, Aunt Constance, I feel I am right. Stuart must be saved from this; and if we work well, we shall do it. Now I must start for the village. Remember, you will not let your anger be seen."

"It will be difficult, perhaps," returned Mrs. Crosbie; "but there is too much at stake, and I will control myself."

Vane moved away slowly, leaving the mother plunged in bitter thought, and mounded the stairs to her room. She put on her prettiest smiling triumphantly at her own image in the mirror, and, drawing on her gloves, passed along the corridor till she reached Stuart's door.

She knocked softly, and whispered to the servant—

"Is your master awake?"

"Yes, miss."

"Ask him to come to the door for one minute, if he can."

Vane fastened the last button of her glove, and then stood waiting, a picture of grace and beauty, as Stuart moved slowly into the doorway.

by false vows, which were laughed to scorn perchance with his cousin when he had left her. She did not doubt the truth of the words she had just heard; they had been spoken so naturally, the outcome of the speaker's knowledge. Had he not seen the lovers together? Was he not in the house, with every opportunity of judging? Now all was explained. Stuart had made his accident a pretext for leaving her in her sorrow without word or sign. Her youth, her joy, her light of life was gone, and henceforth she was alone in the world. Her heart raised a cry against this man. Why had he so ruthlessly robbed her the charm of childhood, and given her the sorrows of a woman? Why had he left her in her innocence, content in her humble life?

"During the last three months Margery had lived in an atmosphere of indescribable happiness. She did not stop to reason with herself as to whether Stuart Crosbie's comings and goings had not an unspoken interest for her. She had welcomed him as her friend, the dearest in truth she possessed, and the day in Weald Wood, and then what joy filled her being! Stuart loved her. The truth was revealed to her; the key to her contentment—her joyous spirits never saddened save when by the sick woman's couch—was grasped. And now all was at an end. An indescribable pain pierced her heart; she never realized till now how deeply her affections were centered in him. Her shamed modesty recalled the words she had spoken, the looks she had given, the kisses she had stolen from her lips, and at each thought she grew fainter and pressed her small hands against her heart to stay its throbbings. She could think of nothing but the two figures standing in Weald Wood, with the sunshine overhead; and the picture brought a flush of shame to her face, a weight of unspoken grief to her heart, the cottage gate at last, and advanced wearily to the door. The reality of Mrs. Morris' death came to her then in all its bitter force. In all the days of her childhood, who trouble had overtaken her, she had sought the gentleman whose couch now stood blank and empty, and had found solace in his chair, the faint breeze stirring the curls on her forehead.

She threw off her hat, and suddenly flinging herself upon the couch, gave way to a flood of passionate tears. A thousand thoughts coursed through her mind. Was this the cross of her life? Was all that was beautiful and happy gone forever from her? Was her lot henceforth to be but sorrow and tears? Her spirit recoiled from the vision of grief. Some lines she had read a week before rose to her lips with an agony of despair.

"O God, I am so young, so young! I am not used to tears at night. Instead of slumber, nor to pray! With sobbing lips and hands outwring; and, uttering a bitter cry, Margery buried her face in her hands till the paroxysm was passed.

Fatigue and sorrow had told upon her, and she rose from her knees looking, with her white tear-stained face, the ghost of the lovely girl a week before. Her tears had relieved her, the dull pain at her heart was gone; but the passion of her grief had weakened her, and for many minutes she lay back in a chair, the faint breeze stirring the curls on her forehead.

Presently the sound of footsteps aroused her, and, looking up, she saw Reuben Morris enter the garden, accompanied by a young man who, despite his handsome face, was certainly of a plebeian stamp. The two men were talking earnestly, and Margery noticed with a pang the stoop in the sturdy shoulders, the worn face of the bereaved man. She had always loved him, though the link that bound her to the dead woman was wanting in her affection for him; and she forgot her own sorrow for the moment in thinking of his.

She was leaning back in the shadow, and neither perceived her; but her ears caught her own name; and, too weary to move, she remained in her seat.

"Then you have not spoken to Margery yet?" she heard the young man question.

"No; but I shall do it. I am not used to think of quitting her, poor lamb! But there's many here as'll be good to her, and I can not stay in the place; it would kill me."

"You will be a loss, Morris," returned the stranger. "Have you sent word to Sir Hubert's steward about going?"

"I've just come from him. He spoke very kindly, and tried to persuade me to stay on; but my mind is fixed, and I was firm. Sir Hubert and my lady are not coming home, after all, he tells me for which I am sorry, as Margery would—"

Margery rose and moved into the doorway, holding out her hand to the speaker.

"I have heard what you have been saying, Dad Reuben—calling him by the name she had given him when she was a child.

Reuben Morris drew her toward him.

"My poor lass!" he said, gently. "How worn and tired you look! I meant to have spoken to you to-night, Margery."

"Tell me now," she urged, giving her hand to the young man.

"I am going away, Margery," Reuben replied. "I can not stay here. The sight of all she loved would kill me; so I am just going to leave it all; and I start for Australia at the end of the week. I have been up to Farmer Bright's, and Mr. Robert has walked back with me to talk it all over."

"Australia!" repeated Margery, drawing closer to him. "So soon?"

"Yes, lass, I must go. I had an offer through Farmer Bright to go up country to a man who wants a stock driver. It isn't quite that takes me, Margery. I must quit Hurstley, or I shall go mad. But we must think of you, lass?"

"I shall be all right," Margery said, quietly. "I have many friends; Sir Hubert's steward will find me another home till Lady Coningham comes back, and—"

"Yes; my mother has sent me here with a message to you, Margery," Robert Bright said quickly. "She wants you to come to her for a month or so."

"What then go, lass?" asked Reuben, gently.

"Margery drew a quick breath. 'I can not answer now,' she said; 'tomorrow, I will tell you, Mr. Robert.' 'Oh, there is no hurry,' Robert returned, heartily. 'Mother will welcome you gladly whenever you come.' 'Wait till to-morrow and she'll be with you,' Reuben said in the young man's ear, and Margery turned indoors again; then he added, in a louder tone, 'I must go up to the Weald for an hour, to see the men. Get these some rest, lass.'"

"I will stay here, if Margery will let me," Robert Bright said, placing one foot on the door-step and glancing into the room.

Reuben had moved away down the path, and the sight of the girl's pale, drawn face, and listless, drooping figure, stirred the heart of the younger farmer.

For weeks past he had grown to watch for this girl. Her rare beauty and delicacy were as something heavenly in his every-day life.

"You must not fret, Margery," he said, as kindly as he could; sympathy, always difficult to him, was almost impossible now. "You are looking very pale and ill."

The girl raised her hands, and pressed them over her hot eyes; then she rose with a faint smile, and drew nearer to the door, leaning back against it with a weary little sigh.

"I am very tired," she said, wistfully, "and the heat tries me."

"Come to my mother, and she will nurse you; you do not know what a dear doctor she is. Come! Let me take you away with me—I will borrow a cart from some one in the village. Do come, Margery!"

Margery shook her head.

"I can not go," she answered slowly. "Do not think me unkind; I can not go."

His face fell, and there was silence between them for a few minutes. Her heavily fringed lids drooped over her eyes, and so he gazed, whilst the love ruing within his heart urged him to take his frail sad being from sorrow to happiness. Suddenly it grew so faintly that he fell back, and grasped her tenderly.

"Margery," he said—"my darling!"

Margery tremblingly withdrew her hands, and her eyes met his glowing ones, with horror and distress in their depths. She had never dreamed of this. She had not meant to frighten him, she had only meant to think love-love from him, when every pulse in her beat only for Stuart! It was a horror—a sacrifice!

Robert Bright saw her light shudder, and he tried once more to grasp her hands.

"Forgive me, Margery," he said, hurriedly. "I would not have spoken so soon, but something within me forced me to do so. I could not bear to see you looking so pale and ill. You want comfort now, so I spoke, Margery. I love you! My darling, I am not used to tears at night. Instead of slumber, nor to pray! With sobbing lips and hands outwring; and, uttering a bitter cry, Margery buried her face in her hands till the paroxysm was passed."

"I am a brute to tease you," he broke in, quickly; "but oh, Margery, I am not same just now, as you so dear; give me one kind word; but I love truly—you can not know how truly, Margery!"

But she had drawn back, and with her face buried in her hands, had sunk into her chair again. As she felt his touch on her shoulder, her hands dropped, but her head was still lowered.

"You must not say such words," she said faintly. "Dear Mr. Robert, forgive me, but—I can not hear them."

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## MAGNIFIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

### SPOILED BY COMPOSITOR.

An editor was sitting in his office one day when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Piercingly gazing at a chair, he stamped his feet on the floor, and sat down.

"What's your friend's business?" "Oh, he's a discoverer of new Kendorbrands."

### EX-PENSIVE.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Blotts—Blotts always looks so pen-sive when he speaks of his ex-wife. Blotts—Well, if you know the amount of alimony he has to pay I guess you'd think she was rather expensive.

### HAPPY DAY!

(Life.)

Mrs. Benham—I believe in the equality of the sexes. Benham—So do I; I am looking forward to the day when your harem skirts are advertised like trousers, at '99 cents a leg."

### NOT UP TO HIM.

(Puck.)

Teacher—Tell me! How do you prove the earth is round? Dull but Smart Pupil—I never said it was!

### SHREWD PERSUASION.

(Washington Star.)

"How did you convert young Mrs. Torkins to your votes for women idea?" asked one suffragette. "I designed a perfectly fetching campaign costume and showed it to her."

### KNEW HOW TO BELL GOODS.

Saleman—You'll find these good wearing socks, sir. Customer—Rather loud, ain't they? Saleman—Yes, sir. But that keeps the feet from going to sleep.—Tit-Bits.

### METHOD IN HER TIGHTNESS.

(Exchange.)

Nell—When she is so stout I wonder why Ethel laces so tightly. Belle—The man she is engaged to has such a short arm.

### STRENUOUS ACTION.

(Pittsburg Gazette.)

Tailor—Has Mr. Owens taken any action on that bill of his yet. Collector—Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.

### ESSENTIAL.

(Washington Star.)

"Do you think the study of Greek has practical value?" "Certainly. Every man should know enough Greek to be able to recognize the name of his college fraternity."

### AN EXTREME CASE.

(Boston Transcript.)

Jack—How very easily Kitty gets embarrassed. Ever notice it? Tom—Oh, my yes. Why, she's bluish crimson if she saw a pile of undressed lumber.

### THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT.

(Washington Star.)

"Had much rain around here lately?" "No," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "too enough to keep the summer boarders kickin' an' not enough to help crops."

### SOME SAY IT'S CROOKED.

(Baltimore American.)

"Pop, is the world round?" "That, my son, depends on who gives the answer. The extreme optimists say it is sometimes square, and the majority of pleasure-seekers declare it is very flat."

### UNUSUAL.

(Pathfinder.)

Jorkins—How did you ever come into possession of such a cheap-looking umbrella as that? Dorkins—Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way—I bought it."

### QUICK, WATSON, THE NEEDLE!

(Philadelphia Record.)

Hoax—Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects bring emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep. Joax—Well, I've often seen a moth ball.

### HE HAD ONLY HEARD.

(Buffalo Express.)

"Are your neighbors gossiping?" asked Billings. "Some of them must be," answered Gittings, "judging by the amount of information about them that my wife reports to me."

### Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of Grippe, Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nerviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Nerviline, which has been the gift of five years in Canada for the past fifty years. The 25c bottle of Nerviline.

## Slow, but Sure Poison Goes All Through the System When Catarrh Sets In.

It's the poisonous secretions of catarrh that underlie the strength and vigor. Now is the time to get cured. Catarrhozone cures thoroughly. Think of it, a lasting cure, so complete that no trace of catarrh ever returns! Just inhale the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone and freedom from colds, bronchitis and catarrh is assured.

### FISH.

(By F. C. Langworthy, expert in charge of nutrition experiments, U. S. department of agriculture.)

Meat and fish are both flesh foods and are so similar in chemical composition and in methods of preparation that there is ample reason for the general feeling that they serve the same purpose in the diet and may replace one another at the convenience of the housekeeper and the preference of the family.

Why, then, do fish and meat, such as well known that they do not need mention in detail, but it is perhaps worth while to direct attention particularly to the food value and palatability of salt and smoked fishes as reasonably inexpensive articles of diet. A quart of milk thickened with flour and mixed with one-half pound of dried fish (cod or haddock) makes a compound which contains more protein than a pound of steak and as much as a pound and a half of sirloin steak. The addition of hard boiled egg, which is a common accompaniment, further increases the protein value. Two eggs would bring the food value up to that of about 1.4 pounds of round steak of about 1.2 pounds sirloin steak. The fish dish would serve more persons than the steak and cost less.

### Where Asparagus Grows Wild.

Asparagus was not introduced into Britain by the Romans who applied the term asparagus to tender shoots which, according to Juvenal, grew on mountains (Montani asparagi). The plant is certainly native with us and occurs sparsely on the eastern and southern coasts of England at Anglesy and Penelope in Wales and around Wexford and Waterford in Ireland. It is no longer found on Asparagus Island, near the Lizard, as all text books of English botany assert, but still grows profusely on some neighboring cliffs of Kynance Cove.—From the Westminster Gazette.

### Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than can possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

### UNITIES.

(Puck.)

The Rhine Maidens ate potatoes and all manner of starchy foods. "In order to preserve the unities!" they explained.

"The unities!" repeated the then world, in great perplexity.

"Yes. Only very stout songstresses will be able to do full justice to the trilogy and things which are destined to be written about us!" declared the Rhine Maidens, with prophetic discernment.

Fat Lady The Arabess. Wonder plays the violin with his feet. Living Skeleton—Was she dead? He has how long.

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