

HEARTS AND CORNETS

(Continued from Page 6.)

"A beautiful gaze was on him, and she opened the door she came to meet him. There was a look of surprise on her calm face. It was not that seemed to give him strength."

"Mildred," he said to her, his breath coming fast. "Mildred, whom did you promise to marry—the vagabond or the heir of the manor?"

"She was startled, but she did not hesitate a second. 'I promised to marry the man I love,' she said. 'Is he the man you love me?'"

"Always, from now on, and forever, so help me God."

His earnestness stirred her very soul. It was a moment too deep for speech. Then he put his hands on her shoulders and bent his eyes to hers. "Go to Hugh Lindsay and ask him to come to see me—his Cousin Laurence. I will be waiting for him in the drawing-room. Tell him that I am devoted by curiosity to see that will of Uncle Eric's—that I wish he would bring it to me. And do you come, too, Mildred—there is nothing now, in my life, from which you can be separated."

When Mildred tapped at Hugh's door, and delivered Laurence's message, the young man wondered at curiosity so ill-timed. But he took up the will at once, and Mildred, preceding, went gravely down to where the new master of the manor waited. Laurence was standing before the fire that burned in the open hearth, for the dampness of yesterday's rain made a fire necessary in the long room. As Hugh came in he paused, and the glances of blue eyes and black eyes met. They stood measuring each other as men do, then Laurence stepped forward in greeting, and Hugh grasped his extended hand.

"The fortunes of war," said Laurence. "Can you forgive me, Cousin Hugh?"

"Freely, honestly," said the younger man, cordially. "There are things above wealth in this world, Laurence."

"Thank you—so I have proved. Will you let me see that famous will? It may seem unattractive to you, but I love it, but I love Lindsay so that I can scarcely wait to hear the words that will give it to me."

Hugh handed him the folded parchment sheet. Laurence took it in both outstretched palms. A great whiteness had shut down over his face, an awe, as if he were afraid.

"The seal will not be broken, of course, until Mr. Banks arrives. We expect him at any moment now," said Hugh, smiling a little, and his smile was not unmixt with contempt.

"Of course," Laurence gazed curiously into his cousin's face. "Hugh, isn't your heart breaking to lose this glorious home of ours—to have another come in and reign where you thought to be master?"

"No," answered Hugh, frankly. "No, it is not. I like this old place—the home of our fathers—affection for it has grown upon me, but I have no such craving."

"God!" cried Laurence, Lindsay in a voice that shook with passion. "God, how you tempt me—for I love it so! Every stone in it I could press to my lips—every tree in it is dear to me. The very air I breathe here is purer, sweeter, fresher. It is home, home, and only here is my heart at rest!"

Hugh looked at him gently. "I am glad for your sake that you will have it, Laurence."

"Hear me out, Cousin. Long ago I left here with a bitter heart, resolved to shake its dust forever from my feet. But I could not. I had to come back—the Lindsay curse was on me. I came to Uncle Eric. I pleaded with him. He sprang me. I asked him to prove my penitence. He offered me money. That interview with me killed him—"

"He was sick and had been ailing for a long time—"

"I know all about that. Nevertheless, I told him I was sorry. How can I prove it? By carrying out his wishes. What were his wishes? That you would be master here. And by heaven, master you shall be, though it break my heart."

He turned, and bending, laid the parchment on the blazing logs. Hugh stared at him—and gave a lunge forward.

"You madman!" he cried. "You fool!"

"Both in the past, Cousin Hugh," with a reckless laugh. "Fool and madman, ingrate and spendthrift—but honest, thank God, for the first time in my life. Mildred—"

He opened his arms wide to her and she came to him with a little sob and clasped her two hands about his neck, clinging to him.

"My hero, my king!" she said. "Oh, Laurence, my hero, my king!"

(To be Continued.)

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

Pain-Racked Woman Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas Hughes of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Dec. 12.—(Special).—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing interest.

"I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U.S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good."

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

McClary's Range

Advertisement for McClary's Range featuring an illustration of a range and text describing its features like 'Strong Grates' and 'The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.'

A PLEDGE WELL KEPT

It was the prettiest little bird-box of a home around the busy factory town of Barbourville. The patch of grass was the greenest, the bit of geranium bed the brightest, the rose-vine clambering over the rustic porch the sweetest and fullest of bloom.

Two great elms, just far enough apart to swing a gay Mexican hammock, shaded the tiny yard where Dick Derwent, junior, lay on a rug, sipping and crowing, while his pretty mamma bustled in and out, busy as only a little wife-mother and housekeeper of twenty can be.

And it was all such a brand-new experience for little convent-girl Kitty, who had captured Dick's honest boyish heart in her graduation dress, married him six months later, and found life a series of glad and wonderful revelations ever since.

And though Kitty assented, there was a faint tremor in her tone that told the mother-bird felt her nest quiver in the breeze that precedes the storm.

For the days went by and there was no other "job." The Barbour were the leading people of the little town, and Dick found that the loss of their favor went dead against him.

And then, there were no glad home-comings in the big, hospitable Barbour mansion; no gathering of sturdy sons and fair daughters to make the mother-heart glad; no lispings "little ones to bring the joy of a second spring to that fairland of childhood."

"And—and—can't you take off your hat and walk in again?" suggested Kitty, innocently.

brought out from hidden storerooms! For every lonely, cheerless, homeless, motherless creature within Mother Barbour's reach was remembered in her "Thanksgiving,"—from good Father Barry, whose simple bachelor board was always graced by her finest turkey, to poor crazy "Cris," who came grinning from his haunts on the dump lands to eat his dinner for the year like a Christian on kitchen porch.

But it was of "good-will" that could not be baked or brewed, Mother Barbour was thinking to-day as she glanced through her pantry window to the porch, where her husband sat smoking in the sunset. Grim and grey and rugged was "old Pepper," with frowning brow and firm-set lips; but Mother Barbour's hand had been on this "lion's mane" for forty years and she knew no fear of his roar.

"I saw little Mrs. Derwent in church this morning, Silas," she said. "I am afraid they are in great trouble. 'Glad of it!' growled 'old Pepper.' 'An insolent young puppy. Deserves trouble!'"

"She is such a pretty little creature," continued Mother Barbour, not in the least abashed by this inauspicious opening. "Not a day older than our Ellen, and with the same soft wavy hair—you remember Ellen's beautiful hair. And the poor child was crying."

"Let her cry!" snapped the old man, fiercely. "Serves her right for marrying such a hot-tempered young fool."

"I hear she has been looking for work at Meyers'."

"Silas gave an angry grunt. Meyers' shirt factory and its sweat-shop prices were justly his abomination."

"It seems the young fellow himself has been down with a fever. He went out in the fields for the harvesting—"

"Harvesting!" exclaimed the old man, with a startled oath. "Derwent working in the fields! With his brains! They must be added completely."

"I don't but there seemed no work for them, so he had to try his hands, for there is the young wife you know, and the baby—the dear little baby!"

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