



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

CHAPTER XI.
"Certainly I will," he said, promptly, "and you shall have the engagement at the Coronet, as well as the satisfaction of feeling that you have saved Blair from ruining his life, and an old title from disgrace."
"Hang the title!" she exclaimed, carelessly, "it's Blair I'm thinking of, and—when will you want me?"
"I can't tell you now," he said. "I may want you at any moment, so that you must hold yourself in readiness. I suppose you will dress the part carefully?"
She looked up and smiled.
"You can trust me to do that," she said. "Wait! Take another cigar; there's some more whisky there. I won't keep you ten minutes, and she got up and ran from the room."
She was scarcely gone more than ten minutes when there came a knock at the door.
"Come in," he said, and a fair-haired lady, dressed in black, with a pale face and dark hollows under her eyes, with quivering lips and shaking hands, nervously and timidly entered the room.
Austin Ambrose rose with some surprise and embarrassment.
"Do you wish to see Miss Belvoir?" he said quietly.
The lady threw up her hands to her face and broke into passionate sobs; then suddenly they changed to peals of laughter, and, whipping off her bonnet and wig, Lottie herself stood before him.
"Will that do?" she demanded.
Austin Ambrose nodded emphatic approval.
"Excellent! You nearly took me in, my dear Lottie, and I was prepared for you. Capital!"
"Oh, I can do better than that!" she said, half contemptuously, as she wiped the paint and powder from her face with her handkerchief. "But it isn't the make-up I shall rely on so much as the acting. I flatter myself that I can play the part to a nicety. It mustn't be overdone, you know; and it mustn't be taken too slowly. Oh, I know! You leave it to me Dr. Ambrose!"
"That's just what I meant to do!"

Even Hospital Treatment For Kidney Disease Failed

Well-known Commercial Traveller Says That Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Undoubtedly Cured Him.
News of his recovery from kidney disease will be welcomed by the many friends of Mr. L. D. Griffin throughout the lower townships and the adjoining district of the United States.
Mr. Griffin has travelled this section for 35 years and what he says will be accepted, as proven by all who know him best.
He tells in his letter how relief was obtained by treatment in Sherbrooke and Montreal hospitals, but the old kidney trouble returned again and again until by the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure was effected. As he says, these pills "undoubtedly did the work."
Mr. L. D. Griffin, Bulwer, Compton county, Quebec, writes:—"I can add one more statement of kidney disease cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about twenty years I was bothered more or less with the kidneys, then the disease became worse and I was sick in bed for one year, took doctor's medicine to no avail, and

he said, "I place every confidence in you, my dear Lottie!"
"And you'll come and see me in prison on visiting days?" she said, with a smile that was rather serious.
"Yes," he said, laughing lightly.
"I'll come and see you, and bring you a tract. But all that is nonsense. There is not the slightest risk of such a thing. Once you have played your part, you shall be off to Paris and take your fling for a month or two."
"All this will cost you something," she said, thoughtfully.
He shrugged his shoulders.
"It isn't a question of pounds, shillings and pence on such an occasion as this," he said; "and as to money, I dare say Blair will be only too glad to pay all the expenses when he comes to his senses, and finds who it is that has saved him from committing social suicide. He will owe us a deep debt of gratitude, Lottie."
"I hope he'll think so," she said, rather doubtfully, and with a little shudder: "if he shouldn't—well, I don't think Paris will be far enough off for me and as for you"—and she smiled strangely and significantly—"well, I wouldn't care to insure your life, Mr. Austin Ambrose."
He laughed as he shook hands with her.
"My dear Lottie, Blair will know that we have been his best friends, and will be grateful accordingly. Good-night. Mind, not a word to a soul!"
"No," said Lottie, grimly; "I'm not likely to proclaim this business from the house-tops. This is a play that it will be best not to advertise. Good-night!"

CHAPTER XII.
Margaret read those lines of Swinburne's:
"Nothing is better, I well think,
Than love; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink."
"Nothing so bitter, I well know,
Than love; no amber in cold sea,
Or gathered berries under snow,"
and she remembered them; they came floating up through her memory during the still hours of the night following Lord Blair's passionate avowal.
It had taken her so completely by surprise that even yet she had scarcely realized what this was that had happened to her.

She had read of love, had painted it, but hitherto she and it had been perfect strangers; and now—and now all the wonderful, mysterious sweetness of it suffused her whole being. "He loves me!" she found herself repeating over and over again in a species of half-unconscious rapture; and as she murmured the significant words she hid her face in her hands, and the words he had spoken came surging back on her ears and in her heart, and she could still feel his hot, passionate kisses on her hands and hair.
All the next day she lived like one in a dream.
She never asked herself whether she had acted wisely or even rightly in listening to him, or promising to meet him again. Wisdom and propriety were swamped and overwhelmed by the full tide of love which had taken possession of her.

Once there flashed upon her the thought that she ought to tell her grandmother, but the same instant she felt that it would be impossible. It would be like sacrilege to utter a word of this new mystery which she had discovered. Besides, she had not taken possession of her.
On the advice of a friend, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I now thank that friend, for today I am as free from kidney disease as I ever was in my life. I owe the cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, for they undoubtedly did the work. I am 68 years old and have spent 35 years as a traveller calling on the drug trade. Everywhere I am told that Dr. Chase's medicines are the best sellers and give the best satisfaction of any medicines on the market. Shall be glad to answer any questions in regard to my cure if people care to write me."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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"I said that I would come!" she said, with downcast eyes.
"I know! And I ought to have known that you would rather die than break your word. But I thought that perhaps you would be prevented, that you might have told some one—Mrs. Hale—"
"I have told no one," said Margaret, with a sudden feeling of gratitude.
"That is right," he said; then, as the shadow swept over her face, he went on quickly—"Not that I should have cared for myself. No! I would like all the world to know how I love you; not that they could possibly know that. Not even you can guess at that, Margaret. But I should like to tell everybody that I love you, and that— But, ah, Margaret, you haven't told me yet. Are you going to let me stay? Are you going to let me go on loving you? Dearest, you have not come to be hard and cruel to me! You will say 'yes!' and he held out his arms to her.
Margaret sat silent for a moment, then she raised her eyes; they seemed heavy with love's mysterious shyness, and she breathed the word that gave her to him.
His arms closed round her, and he held her to him with one passionate kiss until, half frightened, she drew away from him.
There was silence between them then, and they sat hand in hand in that communion of spirit which is only permitted to us poor mortals once in a life. To him she was the embodiment of all that was beautiful and good! To her he was the epitome of all that was handsome and brave; and he was to be good also now, for had he not said that her love should be his salvation?
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She looked at him trustingly, but with a vague surprise.
"Do you mind, dear?" he asked. "If so, if you would rather this were told, we will go together, you and I, and then we will go to the ear!"
"No, no," said Margaret, shrinking from such an ordeal, and longing—girl-like—to keep her delicious secret to herself for a little longer.
"It shall be as you wish, dearest," he said, frankly; "but there are reasons why it would be better for us to say nothing about our engagement. Look here, Margaret," he went on earnestly, "I spoke the truth just now, when you won't disturb the birds, Margaret, will you? Mr. Simpson, the head keeper, is so particular."
"No, I will do no harm, grandma," Margaret said, and she got her hat and went to the woods.
It was a lovely morning; the birds were singing in full note; the butterflies were flitting from wild flower to wild flower; the miniature cascade made a delicious music. But it and the birds seemed to sing the same song for Margaret. "I love you! I love you!"
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Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Really and Cheaply Made at Home

If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex and make it into 16 ounces of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.
Pour the 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of 82 cents. A day's use will usually overcome a severe cough. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.
It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or light cough and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, winter coughs, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in gualiac, which is so healing to the membranes.
Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

yet given him his answer. It would be time enough to tell Mrs. Hale after then.
In the evening she wandered slowly to the glade, and rested on the spot where she had sat the day before; and there she re-enacted the whole scene so vividly that she could almost believe that he was really present, kneeling at her side, and holding her hand.
With a sigh, she leaned her head on her hand, and tried to think it out, but she could not think. A great joy, like a great pain, makes thought impossible.
The day passed, she scarcely knew how, and the night. She slept some hours, but her sleep was full of dreams, in which Lord Leyton was the predominant figure; the handsome face may be said to have hovered about her pillow; and when she awoke, flushed and quivering, it was to have the sense of her great joy sweeping over her anew like an overwhelming flood.
"Margaret, my dear, you look pale," said Mrs. Hale, at breakfast. "It's the heat. I wouldn't go painting in the gallery to-day. It's hot there, and the colors must give you a headache, I should think. If I were you, I'd go and sit in the woods; there is some shade there, and it's cool, especially near the cascade."

Margaret colored furiously. It almost seemed as if Mrs. Hale had got an inkling of her appointment with Lord Blair.
"I will go to the woods, grandma," she said; and she put her arm round the old lady's neck, and laid her soft cheek against the withered one.
"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Hale, "you can go there quite safely, for the earl never walks there even when he does go out, and Lord Leyton's gone. But you won't disturb the birds, Margaret, will you? Mr. Simpson, the head keeper, is so particular."
"No, I will do no harm, grandma," Margaret said, and she got her hat and went to the woods.
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"It shall be as you wish, dearest," he said, frankly; "but there are reasons why it would be better for us to say nothing about our engagement. Look here, Margaret," he went on earnestly, "I spoke the truth just now, when you won't disturb the birds, Margaret, will you? Mr. Simpson, the head keeper, is so particular."
"No, I will do no harm, grandma," Margaret said, and she got her hat and went to the woods.
It was a lovely morning; the birds were singing in full note; the butterflies were flitting from wild flower to wild flower; the miniature cascade made a delicious music. But it and the birds seemed to sing the same song for Margaret. "I love you! I love you!"
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She had not long to wait. There came a quick, firm step—she knew it so well, although it had come into her life so recently—and with a spring like a boy's, Lord Blair was beside her; not only beside her, but on one knee.
For a moment he seemed unable to speak, and the color came and went on his tanned cheek.
"Do you know," he said with a smile, and in that hushed, lingering voice which love takes to itself, "all the way I have been tormenting my-

self with the dread that you wouldn't come!"
"I said that I would come!" she said, with downcast eyes.
"I know! And I ought to have known that you would rather die than break your word. But I thought that perhaps you would be prevented, that you might have told some one—Mrs. Hale—"
"I have told no one," said Margaret, with a sudden feeling of gratitude.
"That is right," he said; then, as the shadow swept over her face, he went on quickly—"Not that I should have cared for myself. No! I would like all the world to know how I love you; not that they could possibly know that. Not even you can guess at that, Margaret. But I should like to tell everybody that I love you, and that— But, ah, Margaret, you haven't told me yet. Are you going to let me stay? Are you going to let me go on loving you? Dearest, you have not come to be hard and cruel to me! You will say 'yes!' and he held out his arms to her.
Margaret sat silent for a moment, then she raised her eyes; they seemed heavy with love's mysterious shyness, and she breathed the word that gave her to him.
His arms closed round her, and he held her to him with one passionate kiss until, half frightened, she drew away from him.
There was silence between them then, and they sat hand in hand in that communion of spirit which is only permitted to us poor mortals once in a life. To him she was the embodiment of all that was beautiful and good! To her he was the epitome of all that was handsome and brave; and he was to be good also now, for had he not said that her love should be his salvation?
After a time they began to talk, as newly-made lovers do talk. Short little sentences, full of delicious meaning; small nothings, which represented the sum of all things to them.
Then Blair said suddenly:
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"No," she assented.
"That was right, Margaret," he said. "I don't want you to tell any one."
She looked at him trustingly, but with a vague surprise.
"Do you mind, dear?" he asked. "If so, if you would rather this were told, we will go together, you and I, and then we will go to the ear!"
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