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Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XXX.

"Two shawls, a waterproof, goloshes, and an umbrella," observed Miss Lawson, quietly. Inwardly she felt a thrill of satisfaction; Margery seemed brighter, more natural, more her old self to-day.

"Then good-by, dear," Margery put her lips to the elder woman's cheek. "Give my love to Mrs. Fothergill and the doctor."

Miss Lawson nodded and walked away. "I am an old fool," she declared, savagely, to herself, as she felt a tear roll down her cheek, "and I only hope I shall keep out of the way for some good!"

Left alone, Margery stood for a while at the window, gazing at the rough, angry sea; then she asked Pauline for her cloak and hat.

"Will Miladi that I go with her?" asked the maid, in her broken English.

Margery shook her head. "I shall not go far; and this wind does you no good, Pauline."

"Miladi is so kind if she will permit, I think that hat will not be wise. See this capuchon—so warm! It will be best."

Margery agreed, and tied the comfortable hood round her delicate, lovely face, looking sweetly fair with her halo of red-gold curls and her deep, lustrous blue eyes. She turned toward the shore; the roaring and dashing of the sea exhilarated her; the strong, soft wind seemed to blow away the clouds of doubt and pain that hung over her. Her sorrow was lost in the pleasurable excitement that thrilled her as she stood, wind-blown and rain-drenched, and watched the great waves come rolling in, with their thunderous voices and mountainous spray. The tempest seemed to suit her humor; she revelled in the freedom and wildness of the elements as in the birth of a new life—a life with hope springing glorious within.

She moved on as quickly as the wind would allow, stopping every now and then to gather her cloak closer around her. The gale had blown her curls in rough fashion all over her hood; there was a light in her eyes, a glow of color on her fair cheeks; for the moment she looked the Margery of old, not the sad girl-widow of present days.

Few of the fisher-folk were about; but in the distance she could see some children running to and fro on the shore, and the wind now and then wafted their voices to her ears. Tired at last, her breath almost spent, she turned inland in a cross direction, determining to rest at one of the cottages

before going home. The wind blew her along at times, almost taking her off her feet; and she had to drop upon the wet beach more than once to gather strength. At last she sighted the cottages, and struggled to the first one. The women knew her well; she was a great favorite, and they were never tired of dwelling on her youth, beauty, and history, and goodness and generosity.

She knocked at the rough door, and it was opened immediately.

"May I come in and rest, Mrs. David?" she asked, leaning back against the doorpost, almost breathless.

"Lor' bless me, my lady, in course! Come in at once!" exclaimed the box-oman fisherman. "It is a sight too wild for you to be out. It is rough here, too, my lady. The chair is hard, but—"

"It is most acceptable," sighed Margery, sinking, with a sigh of fatigue, into the great wooden chair. "I have been walking along the shore. How rough the sea is to-day! And how have you been, Mrs. David? You look sad—are you in trouble? Oh—"

catching sight of a small form cowering with blankets lying in a warm corner by the fire—"your child is ill?"

Mrs. David put her apron to her eyes.

"He is better now, my lady," she replied, with a sob in her voice; "but he was all but gone this morning. Oh, dear me, it fair broke my heart to see him—him, my only one, my lady!"

"What happened?" asked Margery, quickly, her heart full of sympathy. She knew the child well—a beautiful, rosy-cheeked boy, the very light and joy of his parents' life. "Is he very ill?"

"He went out the morning, your ladyship. My mind misgave me as I saw him go; but he loves the sea. My man is away over to the town to-day; and Jim he begged to go out and watch the waves; and he went too near, my lady, and got drawn in by the tide, and would have been washed away if a strange gentleman—Heaven bless him!—hadn't tore off his coat and plunged in. I thought my Jim was dead when I see him carried in white and all dripping; but the gentleman he rubbed him, and rolled him in blankets. And now he's sleeping like a lamb, you see, my lady. But, ah, I nearly died!"

"It was dreadful!" said Margery, gently, rising and putting her soft, white hand on the rough, tanned arm of the mother. "But don't cry, Mrs. David. Jim is all right now, poor little fellow. You are nervous and upset. Can you send up to my house

this evening? I will have some nice things put together for him that will soon make him well."

"Heaven bless you for your goodness, my lady!" returned Mrs. David. "I ain't one to give way to tears often; but you can understand—"

"Yes, I understand," whispered Margery, standing and looking down at the sleeping child, while Mrs. David went on with her account of the accident.

"It were just the merest chance the gentleman were on the spot," she said. "He'd come from the town, and was walking to Wavemouth, along the shore, when he saw little Jim washed off his feet, and he was in the water in an instant!"

"He was brave!" Margery interjected, quietly.

"Ay, that he was; and it'll never be forgotten by us, though we live to hundreds! But won't you sit down, my lady? I expect the gentleman here every minute to inquire after Jim."

(To be continued.)

LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER I.

"Help yourself, if you want anything," he said, shortly, and walked out of the room.

Locksley needed no second invitation, but hastily swallowed a draught of rich, warm cognac, for he was literally shivering in his wet clothes.

Then he drew his chair near to the fire, and waited, regretfully, for the old seaman's return, and wondered vaguely why he could not be permitted to remain in the cottage until morning.

At last his head nodded forward, and he passed into dreamland. A smile fitted over his face, and he sighed:

"Dora, Dora! how beautiful you are!"

CHAPTER II.

Edmund Locksley awoke with a strange confusion of sounds in his ears, followed by the shriek of a woman and the rumbling of distant thunder. He rubbed his eyes and believed that he was still dreaming, until he heard a horse's shrill neigh of terror, as the blackness without was made lurid with lightning flashes.

At the same moment the door was thrown open, and the old seaman's granddaughter burst into the room crying:

"Oh, sir, my grandfather is hurt! The pony has thrown him out of the carriage, and we cannot find our man anywhere."

Locksley sprang to his feet and followed Dora outside. The rain was falling heavily again, and a flash of lightning revealed the figure of a tall, hard featured woman of middle age, endeavoring to soothe a rearing pony, which now and again indulged in frantic efforts to free itself from an overturned carriage. A few yards away was the unconscious figure of the master of the house.

"This is all your work," cried the woman, fixing her angry eyes upon Locksley. "Help Miss Dora to carry Captain Deene to a sofa, and then assist me to put this harness to rights. I must drive into Deal for a doctor.

Sure the master must have forgotten that Reuben is away for the day." Locksley made no reply, but in a moment had straightened out the form of the injured man. Then he pressed one hand to his heart and smiled reassuringly into the face of the girl, who was watching every movement in an agony of suspense.

"There is not much the matter, Miss—Miss Deene," he said. "Lead the way, please, to your grandfather's room."

As she half-hesitated and glanced questioningly toward the housekeeper, Locksley added:

"You need not fear to trust me; I am a surgeon."

A fluttering little sigh of relief escaped the girl's half-parted lips, and she flitted away, the young man following with his unconscious burden.

When he had put the old seaman to bed, he made a rapid examination of his injuries, and was shocked to find that there was a broken leg and a scrap wound sufficient to cause concussion of the brain.

"Miss Deene," he said, at length, "your grandfather is hurt, and I can do nothing without my instruments. Some one must drive me to Deal, where I can obtain all that is necessary. In the meantime the old gentleman is neither in danger nor pain. I bitterly regret following him to the house," he added. "And yet, what was I to do? Why should he seek to send me away as though I were a dog?"

At that moment the housekeeper came in, and burst into a torrent of fearful invective when she saw the motionless form and deathly pallor of her master's face.

"He said that you would bring a curse, and he was right, my poor, dear master!" she cried. "Now you will please go, for I must drive to Deal for a doctor. Oh, Miss Dora, this is a cruel night's work. Your grandfather is dying! Send the man away, so that I can go, and lock the door after me. I will not be long, dear. I will not be long."

"My good woman," interrupted Locksley, sternly, "at present Captain Deene is in my care, and is in no immediate danger. I have explained to your mistress that I must provide myself with certain necessary instruments and medicine at once, also I am a surgeon, with a diploma from Guy's. Under the circumstances I refuse to relinquish my charge to any local bungler. You must drive me to the nearest town, and that without delay."

His tones were authoritative—nay, they were commanding, and when Miss Dora added: "Esther, you will do as the gentleman desires," the housekeeper felt half ashamed of her previous conduct, though she eyed the stranger with no friendly glances.

In five minutes Esther was ready, and Locksley took a seat beside her in the carriage.

Fortunately the vehicle had suffered no damage by being upset, and now that the lightning was at an end, the pony looked very subdued and dejected.

(To be continued.)

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Wedding Bells

FIFIELD-GUY. At Brooklyn, N.Y., on Dec. 13, 1924, a very pretty wedding ceremony was solemnized in 8th St., 6th Avenue Methodist Church. The contrasting parties were Adolphus, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fifield, English Hr. T. B. and Minetta, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Guy, of Twillingate. The bride was neatly dressed in white georgette and wore a long bridal veil and carried a handsome bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern. The matron of honor was Mrs. Samuel Faitham, sister of the bride, who wore a peach color canton crepe dress with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Mrs. Bennett Guy acted as lady in waiting. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Bennett Guy. The groom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Arthur Fifield. After the ceremony at the church had been concluded, the bridal party and invited guests went to the home of the bride's brother, where an elaborate reception was given. The newly married couple were recipients of many valuable gifts which testified to the esteem with which both were regarded.

Fads and Fashions

The new small hats have longer brims in the back to cover the fringe of the shingle. If the gown is quite simple, the attached or matching scarf may be quite elaborate. A deep tuck is taken at the hipline for a flannel frock to give it a two-piece effect.



Exploration of the Higher Layers of the Air

Exploration of the upper air made in Java, where the meteorologic conditions are very favorable for this purpose, were described recently in a lecture by the distinguished Dutch Professor van Barlemon, made before the "Gesellschaft für Erdkunde" at Berlin. Recording balloons were employed and in the clear air the bursting of these balloons could be observed through the telescope at heights of 22,000 meters, whereupon the "recording" instruments came down unharmed attached to the parachute. The temperature of air sank to 55 degrees below zero, Centigrade

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