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## The Countess of Landon.

### CHAPTER VII.

She had turned and left him, thinking that she should never see him again; but fate had thrown him across her path, even into her charge, and the feeling had grown part of her life and being.

She fought against it still. Even when the man she loves is her equal, the maid fights against his love as it plants vanity and sundry other things; but Madge fought with more than the usual stubbornness because, ignorant, half civilized, uncultured as she was, she recognized and acknowledged the difference between them.

As she bent over him in his hours of delirium, as she held him in her arms, his head resting on her bosom in his times of prostrating weakness, while her heart had throbbled with the first pulsations of passionate love, she had told herself that he was a gentleman, and that she was only a gypsy—a vagabond, scorned by most people, respected by none.

"He will get better, will offer me money, and then go, and I shall see him no more," she said to herself over and over again. "He is a gentleman; I am a common gypsy."

So she tried to steel herself, and outwardly succeeded. There were times—moments sacred to her growing love—when she could have pressed her lips to his unconscious ones with a passionate abandon. There were moments when, tortured by the thought that he must get well and leave her, she could have wished him dead and herself dead also.

But she fought these almost overwhelming temptations down—down. Even in the first hour of his recovery she would not let him pay her a compliment, or allow him to kiss her hand. She had kept away from him since he had become conscious; she was prepared to let him go without seeing him again.

In short, she had attained to a height of self-denial and self-sacrifice which no man—the greatest on earth—can ever hope to reach. He had stolen her heart from her bosom. No, not stolen; for she had given it to him of her own free will and accord; but he might have gone and taken with him all the hope and sunshine which makes life, even the humblest, worth living, and she would not have complained.

But instead of going, he was here, within reach of her hand, reading to her.

## MRS. COFFMAN ILL SEVEN YEARS

Saved from an Operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sidell, Ill.—"I was a nervous wreck. I was suffering from a pain in my left side, which was almost unbearable, and I could not even let the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so bad until the last eighteen months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody, and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help, and the doctors told me that an operation was all there was left. I would not consent to that, so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my house-work and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house, and when my two little girls reach womanhood I intend to teach them to take it. I am never too busy to tell some suffering sister of my help, and you can use my name and letter to spread the good news of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine."—Mrs. L. M. Coffman, R. B. 2, Sidell, Ill.

dropped them instantly and stared at Royce as if he were a freak of nature of the most pronounced type.

Royce stared back at her and laughed.

"I wonder if Lottie will ever get used to me?" he said. "Some of these days her eyes will drop out, and then she'll be sorry."

Lottie's features did not relax a muscle, and she stared, if anything, a little harder.

"Madge," exclaimed Mother Katie, "you've let the fire burn out." Madge sprang up and hurried over to the cooking-place; but Royce followed her and put his hand upon her arm.

"Hold on!" he said in his direct, boyish fashion. "I'll light the fire."

"No; go and rest," she said. "Not much!" he retorted. "It's my turn now. I feel ever so strong and well, and I mean to work for you. Do you hear?"

She heard, and stood as if dumb-founded.

He—work for her! Royce gathered some sticks and laid the fire and lighted it, and watched it with a keen and delightful interest—it was the first fire he had ever "bossed"—and presently, to his unbounded delight, the wood caught fairly alight and blazed fiercely.

"Now, then," he cried, triumphantly, "bring out your tea-kettle or whatever it is."

Mother Katie came forward bringing a great iron caldron, and he took it from her and attempted to place it on the hook which hung from the three sticks forming a tripod.

But in doing so he staggered, and a mist seemed to come before his eyes. Then a hand fell upon his arm and took the kettle from him, and a voice sang—literally sang—in his ears:

"You are doing too much—too too much!"

He tried to drive the mist away, but it would not go, and all he was conscious of was a pair of strong arms supporting and leading him to his van.

He knew it was Madge, and as he ascended the steps to the van, he murmured:

"Madge! Thank—thank you, Madge! and, boy-like—woman-like, if you will—be stooped his head and kissed her arm."

### CHAPTER VIII.

He woke the next morning after a long sleep, and, with a delight beyond words, felt that some of his old strength had come back to him. The sun was shining brightly through the open windows, the birds were singing merrily; all nature seemed to welcome him back to life and health; and as he dressed himself he began to hum and whistle, for youth was asserting itself, and the blood was coursing through his veins in its old fashion.

He leaped from the van instead of crawling down the steps, as he had done yesterday, and saw Mother Katie and Lottie at the camp-fire.

They were preparing the breakfast, and Lottie, on her hands and knees, stared up at him as usual. Mother Katie smiled and showed her teeth in greeting, but shook her head.

"You're up too early, my gentleman," she said, rebukingly. "Breakfast isn't ready yet. You'd better go back, or we shall catch it finely if Madge sees you."

He laughed, and for answer took a can from her hand.

"I'm going to get my own breakfast this morning, Mother Katie," he said. "What is it you want—water?" and he strode up to the brook and filled the can. "There you are! And now you want some more wood for the fire, and

"What is it?" he asked, as he leaned back and sipped it. "Brandy?" She shook her head.

"No; it is Mother Katie's cordial. It is a secret known only to the gypsies, and only to some of them."

"It is an elixir," he said, taking another sip.

"A what?" He explained as well as he could. He didn't know the full meaning of the word himself.

"We only use it in very bad cases," she said. "But unless a person is past all help, it does him good."

He looked over the cup at her with sudden gravity.

"Madge," he said, "you—and your people—have saved my life."

He put out his hand as she spoke, and touched her sleeve. The touch seemed to penetrate the stuff and warm her arm.

"Yes, there is no mistake about it; you have saved my life. It wasn't worth saving."

She looked at him.

"And you, a gentleman, say that!" she said in a low voice.

He laughed bitterly.

"A gentleman? Say an outcast—"

Before he could get any further there came the sound of footsteps and Lottie, at the head of several other gypsies, burst into the glade. She had a bundle of wicker in her hand, but she

## Ready

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# OXO CUBES

In the house, in a moment you can have as many delicious, strengthening cups of delightful beverage as you want.

A Cube to a Cup. In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

he went off again and collected an armful. "But I don't quite know how to do it. Where's the saucepan?"

Lottie burst into a short, bark-like laugh, and Mother Katie caught her a cuff over the head.

"You mind your manners, girl!" she said.

"Saucepan! Bless your heart, you don't want any saucepan. That's not the way to cook eggs."

"Oh!" said Royce, amazedly. "I thought it was. But I beg your pardon. How, then?"

She scraped a hole under the fire and placed the eggs snugly in it, and then covered them over with the hot ashes.

"When you've said Abracadabra twenty times they're done," she said.

Royce laughed.

"All right; meanwhile, I'll toast the bacon. Got a fork?"

"A fork?" She laughed with mingled amusement and contempt. "Oh, yes; here's a fork;" and, taking up a clasp-knife, she cut a point to a long stick and handed it to him. "Mind, I didn't ask you to do it, and do you tell Madge when she comes."

"Where is she?" he asked, watching the bacon intently.

(To be continued.)



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Useful for making hard and soft soap, for softening water, for cleaning, disinfecting and for over 500 other purposes.

## Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

### THE BOOR.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead—but dodge the fate of William G. Who always thought that he was right, as right as man could ever be.

Bill scorned the simplest rules of life and spurned the books upon the shelf.

And thought that every man on earth was thinking wrong, except himself.

He had the manners of a boor. When friends stood bare, he wore his hat—

Convention could not stifle him; he'd do no foolish thing like that! Eat with his knife? Of course he would. Let others call it impolite.

It suited him to eat that way and he believed that he was right. "There's nothing wrong with me," said Bill. "I'd never steal or cheat or lie.

I pay whatever I may owe and so the wide world I defy.

I'll eat my food the way I choose; now try to change me if you can. There isn't any law which says that I must be a gentleman."

And Bill was right about it, too. There is no law in black and white. Upon the nation's statute books which forces men to be polite; But who will not fall into line and live as others here, may be a stalker for his petty right, and yet a boor like William G.

## "CASCARETS" 10c. BEST LAXATIVE FOR BOWELS

"They Work While You Sleep" If you feel sick, dizzy, upset, if your head is dull or aching, or your stomach is sour or gassy, just take one or two pleasant "Cascarets" to relieve constipation and biliousness. No griping—nicest cathartic-laxative on earth for Men, Women and Children. 10c. boxes, also 25 and 50c. sizes—any drug store.

## Cleopatra Much Younger Than Her Needle

"In The Problem of the Obelisks (T. Fisher Unwin, 9s.), R. Engelbach, an American who is Chief Inspector of Antiquities, Upper Egypt, gives the results of the latest researches as to how the obelisks were extracted and erected in ancient times," says the Daily Chronicle.

"A good deal of light has recently been thrown on the subject by the author's minute examination of the huge unfinished obelisk lying in the quarries at Assuan.

"In length it is 137 ft., and its weight is estimated at 1,168 tons. The next in size is only 105 ft. in height and of 655 tons weight, while our own Cleopatra's Needle is a mere midge by comparison being no more than 68 ft. high with a weight of 187 tons.

"How did the Egyptians, who had no knowledge of the screw-jack, the capstan, winch, or even the pulley, put the great masses of stone on their pedestals? Mr. Engelbach suggests that a great mound was built round the proposed site and the obelisk was drawn by man-power up the incline and then lowered into a cutting in the mound. When it had slid into the socket the mound was removed.

"Since the time of Constantine the Great, about 12,000 years ago, it has been the custom to take obelisks out of Egypt as souvenirs. Rome has the largest and eight others over 25 ft. high, while Constantinople, Paris, London and New York all have one large obelisk as well as several small ones in museums, private collections and gardens.

"The last to be acquired were the pair which are now set up in London and New York. 'Both countries,' says the author, 'claim their own to be the one and original "Cleopatra's Needle," though why they should be so keen on this title I cannot imagine, since they were both made by Thutmose III some 14 centuries earlier.' They were originally in the Temple of Heliopolis, and were removed to Alexandria in 13-12 B.C."

## Lord Rosebery's Frankness

"I have never been able to understand why eminent public speakers should object—as they often do—to acknowledge the care with which their speeches are prepared. Lord Rosebery, whom many regard as the finest orator of his time, had no such weakness.

"Some years ago he was invited to stay at a country house in Wiltshire and to assist the candidature of his host's son by speaking in a market town," says the "Londoner" in the Evening Standard.

"The invitation was accepted, and the country folk were delighted by a most brilliant effort. When Lord Rosebery was afterwards asked by the baffled candidate if the speech had been an inspiration of the moment, he replied: 'It took me a fortnight to prepare.'

"The truth is, of course, that no great artistic achievement is possible without thought and labour."

## WINDP'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.



## Keep a Few Tins on the Pantry Shelf

The advantage of Purity Brand Condensed Milk lies in its convenience. If you have a few tins in the house you never run out of milk for cooking, coffee or cocoa. And, remember, when using Purity Brand you need not use sugar.



## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## WHY BE PROUD? She Feels Superior.

Is there anything stronger than the things people are ashamed of except perhaps the things they are proud of.

Surely there is no more reasonable foundation for pride than to feel that one has been useful in the world. To know that one has done one's share of the world's work and perhaps even a little more would seem to be a reasonable source of pride. And to know that one has never done one's share but lived as a dead beat on the labor of others, that the world will be better off economically after one had been removed from it, would seem to be a source of shame and embarrassment.

She Could Have Done Much. And yet who doesn't know women who are more proud of the fact that they never worked out of anything else? I recall one I know whose existence is a tragedy of large potentialities never used. They seem to have sored within her and produced a ferment of discontent that would hardly be possible in a less gifted woman. Yet the thing she is most proud of is that she has always subsisted on her small income rather than soil herself with contact with the world of women workers. And the thing she is most ashamed of is that she did once consider working and even took some steps toward preparing herself to be useful.

Another thing many people are proud of is the idea that they have a quick temper. An uncontrolled temper is something to be ashamed of, yet how often one hears people say with an unconscious smirk: "I really have a very fine temper. Perfectly uncontrollable."

Too Much Ego. Super-sensitiveness is another thing to be ashamed of, because it is simply a form of egotism, yet people are generally pleased to be called sensitive. Indeed I believe that is one of the stock phrases the professional fortune teller uses on everyone.

To have such a sharp tongue that people are afraid of you hardly seems to be a thing to be proud of.

Another woman I know has just given up her home and gone to boarding because her maid left her for a two month's trip to Ireland. "I didn't want to get another maid for so short a time, so I thought I'd go to the Inn," she said. "I don't suppose you could possibly do the work for yourself and your husband for two months?" teased a friend. "I should say not," she answered. "I never did any house-work and I never mean to." It was plain she was proud of the record. She never did any other work either. As a girl she went to boarding school, lived at home a year or two, then married. She has had no children. You would think she would sometimes feel as if her life had counted for nothing. On the contrary, I know she regards herself as somehow superior to people who have had to work.

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