

Sweet Miss Margery

With a little laugh Vane put her hand on his lips and flitted away, while Stuart called to a gardener and ordered the pony-carriage to be brought round.

Vane was down again almost immediately, her face nearly as pale as her cousin's. It was but a few minutes before the carriage appeared, yet to Stuart they seemed hours.

Stuart sat silent beside his cousin as they bowed along the lane to the village, and Vane gave him a look that said more than words.

The village reached, he broke the silence by asking Vane to drive straight to the little cottage by the Weald.

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"Good afternoon, squire. Hope I see you better. It were a wiffth fall as you had. Morris, sir? What? That's his gone to Australia? Ay, sir—that's true enough."

"Well, sir, it were rather; but you see the death of his missus fair knocked him over, and he made up his mind in a minute."

"Oh, no, sir! He's took Margery with him; and right sorry as I were to part with her, I can tell you. She were just a sweet lass. Have you heard that Sir Hubert and my lady ain't coming home, after all, sir? Perhaps that's why Margery went, 'cos she belongs like to her ladyship—don't she, sir?"

"Stuart murmured a few vague words in reply, and then passed on. "Good afternoon," said Carter; and then, as he watched the young man mount the hill, he muttered, "That there fall ain't done the young squire no good; he looks the ghost of hisself."

"Vane sat silent as Stuart came toward her, even her cold, calculating heart was touched at the sight of his distress. He took his seat and sunk back against the cushions, looking deadly pale and worn. Vane gathered the reins together, and prepared to turn back to the castle; but Stuart stopped her.

"Drive to Chesterham," he said, in a quiet tone. "I must find out if they went to London."

Without a word she did as he wished, and in silence they sped along the lanes to the town. Vane was by no means comfortable during the drive, for she was beset by disagreeable thoughts.

As they approached Chesterham, Vane began to tremble, and the hands grasping the reins shook with fear.

"Draw up for a few minutes, Vane," Stuart said; "here is Bright—perhaps he can tell us something. Andrews said it was through his instrumentality that Morris had gone."

"Vane checked the ponies and leaned back, feeling quite unmoved from the sudden reaction.

"Ah, Bright, you are the very man that I want to see," exclaimed Stuart. "It is one thing to say you will start on such a voyage, and another thing to do it. It takes two or three days, Bright, you know, to make the necessary arrangements."

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fore, nevertheless, the traces of thought and the expression of a deep, all-searching mind. She wore her red-gold tresses curled high on her small head, and this gave her a dignified and maturer air.

"Do not talk of my goodness," she answered lightly. "What are my little efforts, compared with all the kindness you have shown me?"

"You can not guess, Margery, how different my life has been since you came to me. Now, don't shake your head! I can never say it often enough, but we should be friends the very instant Mrs. Fothergill mentioned your name? Margery Daw! There is a sweetness about it, a touch of romance. I was quite eager you should come, and I was so happy when the letter arrived saying that you would. I am afraid, dear," Lady Enid added, with a sigh, "that sometimes it is very lonely and dull for you here, with only a poor sick girl for company."

"I have given up all hope," Margery responded drearily.

"Then it is wrong of you," Lady Enid said reprovingly, while she stroked Margery's soft curls caressingly. "I do not mean to do so if you do not. I have thought of all sorts of plans; but the best of them all is to put the whole affair into my hands."

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not care for me, for she never repeated her visit; and I was left in peace till the end came.

"I will not linger over the rest, Margery; you can guess it. Nugent had grown to love her—he was bewitched by her beauty; and he whispered to me one evening that she proposed to become his wife. I tried to murmur words of happiness; but my heart failed me, and I could do nothing but look into his dear face with eyes that would speak my distress. Nugent left me that night, but at my address; and all thought of when the footman entered with a note, Nugent broke the seal and read it hurriedly, then, with a face like death, staggered to a chair. I begged in pitiful tones that he would speak to me—tell me what had happened—for, alas! I could not move—and, after a while, he came. I was so happy when the letter arrived saying that you would. I am afraid, dear," Lady Enid added, with a sigh, "that sometimes it is very lonely and dull for you here, with only a poor sick girl for company."

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ROYAL YEAST MOST PERFECT MADE MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



WIT AND HUMOR STRATEGY (New York Sun) Miss Highness—But it is time for the guests to leave. Hostess—Yes, that's why I want you to sing.

THE QUESTION OF TO-DAY. (Judge) First Man (boastfully)—I haven't taken a drop in a year. Second Man—Er—aeroplane or prohibitionist?

WHY, CERTAINLY NOT. (Washington Star) Of course the enormous amount of attention J. Pierpont Morgan secures in Europe is in large measure influenced by the fact that he is a wealthy American.

HIS MODERATE AMBITION. (New York Sun) Knicker—Wouldn't you like to walk where foot never trod before? Bucker—I'd be happy enough if my wife let me track mud in the kitchen.

FOR A RAINY DAY. (Washington Star) "We should all say something for a rainy day," said the prudent woman. "I try to," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I must confess that I find silk hosiery expensive."

NEVER. (Puck) Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your bank book in to have it balanced? Mrs. Willis—I don't want that snooty-looking cashier to know how much I've got in there.

FORETHOUGHT. (Harper's Bazaar) Mrs. Clever—I have engaged two cooks, my dear. He—Two-co cooks? Mrs. Clever—Yes, one will come tomorrow and the other a week hence.

JUST IN TIME. (Harper's Bazaar) Bridget—Me missus discharged me to-day. Neral—For what? Bridget—She says she knew to-morrow would be for you.

DEFINING HER POSITION. (Washington Star) "Is your husband in favor of the initiative and referendum?" "Yes," replied the woman in the sun-bonnet; "and the recall and local option and anything that'll enable him to go by rail across the continent to compete by England with apples from Nova Scotia."

WASTED TIME. (Cleveland Plain Dealer) Hercules had been driven in a taxi-cab to the August stables and told to "hurry." "What's the use?" he bitterly muttered. "As soon as I get 'em cleaned up they'll be turned into a garage." Nevertheless, he fell to work.

A BAD START. (Detroit Free Press) "I don't believe she'll ever get married." "Why not?" "She's got a husband." "Why not?" "She's got a husband." "Why not?" "She's got a husband."

HIS STATUS. (Boston Transcript) He (rejected)—Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics? She—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnickin sense only.

LOOKING FOR A WORD. (Washington Star) "When a man tells you things you can't believe about places he has never visited," said the foreigner, "what is it that you call him?" "Scoundrel," replied Miss Cayenne. "We merely call him a popular astronomer."

WOULDN'T TELL HER THAT. (Boston Transcript) Heck—Did your wife enjoy her two weeks' vacation in the country? Heck—Yes, but not any more than I did.

GOT A TASTE OF IT. (Toledo Blade) Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Canibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

NO CRITERION. (Judge) Tommy—I don't think aunt will stay. She didn't bring her trunk. Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything.

FASHION NOTE. (Baltimore American) Wife (eyeing her new extreme model costume)—I wonder if the hobbie skirt is never going out? Hubbie (also eyeing the same with dejection)—Not with me.

THE RURAL CYNIC. (Washington Star) "So you don't care much for life in a large city?" "No," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "The population of a large city is composed largely of folks that went there with money and had to stay 'cause they were broke."

A RICH FIELD FOR CUPID. (Lewiston Journal) In the sixty houses in the village of Newfield live twenty-one widows, nineteen old maids, twelve widowers and eight bachelors.

EVEN. (Toledo Blade) Scientist—We are now getting messages from Mars and answering them. Inquirer—But you can't understand their messages, can you? Scientist—No. But then, they can't understand ours, either.

TO KEEP OUT WITCHES!

Outwardly the Cornishman has become modernised in places, but his thoughts and actions are still governed by the traditions of a dead past. A horse-shoe over stable door attracted my attention and of the stableman I asked: "What is that for?" "That's to keep out witches."

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c buys a sure cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unfailing relief. You feel better at once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nerviline prevents indigestion and stomach disorders—keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nerviline and should use it too. In 25c bottles everywhere.

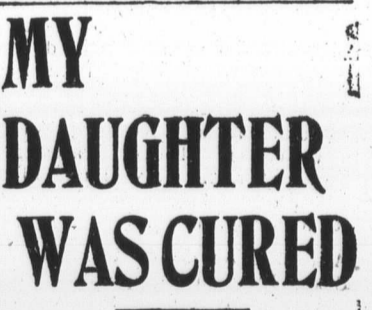
FOR APPLE MEN.

It seems, however, that the Canadian farmer will have all he can do, and that immediately to preserve his market. Trees must be sprayed and pruned with even greater care. On many soils there must be cultivated and ground annually enriched. Quality, not quantity, must be the motto. After the growing season when apples are dumped into barrels and shipped off will fetch a price. To-day they must be sorted into grades according to quality. Sorted again according to size, and then packed in boxes—so singly to the row, so many to the tier—and honestly labelled. It is by this means that the California apple, which has been the pride of the State of New York, are being abandoned. By this means British Columbia is to-day shipping cars of British apples by rail across the continent to compete in England with apples from Nova Scotia.

LITTLE SURPRISES.

"Yes, I've been thinking lately that I ought to take out some life insurance. I'm dead, and I can't hunt me up, you know." "Chiggers, here's the cup of coffee I've borrowed from you the other day." "Father, you're tired; let me do the dishes." "Thank you, just the same, sir, but the boss will allow a few more 'dishes'." "I congratulate you on your new job, old chap; they're finer than anything I've got."

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED



By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S P O O R C O N T A I N S