

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. He tried to laugh at the absurdity of the report, yet a presentiment of trouble possessed him.

"It cannot be, it cannot be," Vane had said, and now she was again; and then she approached her.

"Tell me once more the messages she sent," he said hurriedly; and Vane breathed the tender falsehoods in his ear, touching his agitated troubled spirit with her healing balm sweetness.

"Whither away, wounded knight?" he asked, lightly.

"To the village I shall be back soon, Douglas."

Then turning to his cousin, he said, "Drive fast, Vane, come here. With a puzzled brow Sir Douglas watched them disappear—he could not understand Stuart's apparent attachment to this selfish worldly girl—then with a sigh, turned wistfully indoors. The next day was that fixed for his journey to come down from London, and he had much to occupy his thoughts. He sought the squire's room, and in a chat over bygone years, lost for awhile his anxious, restless expression.

Stuart sat silent beside his cousin as they bowed along the lane to the village; and Vane gazed and again at his pale, lined face, wondering when he knew the truth, what his opinion would be of her.

The village reached, he broke the silence by asking Vane to drive straight to the little cottage by the Weald; and without a word, she came out for him, and Stuart, heedless of his aching arm and weakness, alighted, and walked down to the gate he knew so well. It was just such an afternoon as that on which he had parted from Margery, and the memory of her beauty and the sweetness lent strength to his steps and fed the eagerness and desire in his heart. He pushed open the gate and entered. The window-blinds were drawn; the door pushed with his one able hand—defied every effort. He grew faint and cold, and leaned against the door-post for a moment, while the room nodding in the breeze seemed to whisper to him a sense of his loss in all its bitterness.

Margery was gone! But why—and whither? He turned and walked down the garden, his head drooping dejectedly on his breast. Margery gone! What could it mean? Why had she left him, without a word, a sign, in the very moment of their joy and happiness? The truth did not come to him even then. There must be some mistake, he tried to convince himself. A hundred different answers he tried, but all came to naught. He was standing at the gate of the next cottage, and at first Stuart determined to pass him; but a sudden impulse seized him, and he stopped and spoke with forced lightness.

"Ah, Carter! How the weather for the crop! Is this true that I hear about Morris?"

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

Stuart's left hand grasped the gate. "Rather sudden, isn't it? he questioned, trying to clear his voice.

"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."

"And he has gone alone?" asked Stuart, every nerve in his body quivering.

"Oh, no, sir! He's took Margery with him; and right sorry as he was 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. What if the girl, after all, had come to London only to bid farewell to her adopted father? What more likely? Would she not have taken leave of her neighbors and villagers had she started for so long a journey? What if, on their arrival at Chesterham, they came face to face with her? Vane grew cold and faint at the thought not only of the possibility, but of such a termination to all her scheming. She set her teeth fast, and her face grew paler as she pictured with disgust when he learned the truth. It was a nasty, so strange a flight, that Vane, as she sat absorbed in deep thought, could not but feel that the clouds were much against her.

Stuart did not notice his cousin; he seemed so busy with Margery, he seemed so much to have lost her, that she never had a chance. The joy of life was in his mind, and his heart was heavy with its pain. Now and then he would look at the young presentment that had come over him since first he had learned the news, and it as it was but.

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."

The farmer looked at the young squire's flushed face with a little surprise and much gratitude.

"Thank you, sir. It's like you, Mr. Stuart, always to be kind; but it's no use now, sir. Robert started last night; by this time they're out of the Channel. It's a hard thing to see one's only son, Lord Court, and Mr. Stuart, and all along of a bit of a girl."

"A girl!" echoed Stuart, shivering, he scarcely knew why.

"Ay, sir—that lass of Morris's, that nameless thing! She just bewitched him, has played the fool with him, said him 'No,' when he'd have made her his wife, and now she's gone out together."

"Margery!" exclaimed Stuart, in a dull, startled way. "She—they have gone together?"

"Ay, sir—she've took him from us all with her fooling, and I make no doubt but they'll be married afore they reach the other side, and the mother would have welcomed her gladly to keep Robert at home; but she weren't honest enough to do that—she must needs give herself airs like a fine lady, and drag my boy after her."

Vane saw Stuart's jaw set, his face flush, the veins on his forehead swell. After a pause, he said, in a low tone: "And you are sure of this, Bright?"

"I'm just back from London, sir. I've been down to the docks, and there's no mistake; they all remembered the girl—her pretty face, they called it. Ah, it will be weary work for us, sir, waiting till she comes back. My wife's most distraught."

"Good-bye, Bright," Stuart put out his hand, which the farmer grasped. "This is indeed bad news! I am sorry, very sorry for you."

"Thanks, Mr. Stuart."

Bright loosened Stuart's hand, and with a respectful salute to Vane, passed on, something like a tear twinkling in his eye.

Vane looked straight ahead, pretending not to see the quick, hurried way in which Stuart bent his head for a moment. Victory was hers, she took it here and there. Suddenly Stuart looked up—victory! Suddenly Stuart looked up—it is all over now—so much the better!

The recklessness of his tone pleased her; it showed her that anger rankled as well as pain, that mortification filled his breast with despair. If this mood lasted, her work would not be difficult.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Margery! Margery!"

The light of the setting sun was gliding the branches of the few trees standing in the centre of the square garden. A girl was sitting in a bay-window in one of the largest and gloomiest of the houses in the square, apparently watching the sunset; but really the sunset had no charm for her. She was so deep in thought that the sweet tones coming from the further end of the room did not reach her.

"Margery!"

The girl turned quickly, her musings disturbed by the touch of plaintive wistfulness in the last word.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Enid," she said, hurriedly, moving from the window.

"I am sorry to disturb your dreams, Margery," observed Lady Enid, gently, "but I should like to sit up for awhile and no one can help me like you."

She smiled affectionately as she spoke, her beautiful dark eyes resting with pleasure on the figure of her young companion; she looked so dainty, so frail, yet so lovely, lying back on her rounded by short, wavy locks of rich dark-brown hair, and lighted by a pair of luminous brown eyes.

"It was hard to imagine so fair a form was aught, but perfect, was angel's face, pale and sweet, surprised Margery quickly and took away the sullen coverlet from the couch, then, putting her arm under the slight figure, raised it easily into a sitting position; then, after a moment's pause, she assisted the girl to lean back in the luxurious chair drawn close at hand.

"Thank you," said Lady Enid, as she reclined against the well-padded upright back. "How good you are, Margery! What should I do without you?"

Margery smiled, and, passing up another chair, seated herself near the speaker.

Two months had passed since she left Hurthly, two long, peaceful months; and, though she could not say she was happy, she was content. She seemed in those eight weeks to have put all girlishness from her, her figure, in the simple gray gown that fitted to perfection, was already touched with the grace of a woman, but face, as lovely as of yore,

bore, 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. Do you know, I had a presentiment that we should become 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."

"Man to do so if you do," she said, the slight form in its cardinal-colored silk wrapper.

"Never say that again—never," she said, "for I will not listen."

Lady Enid smiled, and Margery bent her lips to the thin white hand.

"Are you comfortable?" she asked, gently.

"Quite. Now stay here, Margery, and let us chat together. When the lamps come, I will hear you sing; but this is myself, as I lay on my couch, what a delight it would be to find out the truth about your poor mother. How glad I should be if we could discover a clue."

"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. I have thought of all sorts of plans; but the best of them all is to put the whole affair into your hands."

In the world, and he treasured me as the greatest jewel of all. I was to be a brief silence, "I dare say you have often wondered why Nugent does not come home, why he has left me here so long alone."

"But, dear Lady Enid, your brother, Lord Court, will have other and more important things to employ him."

"Nugent always does anything that gives me pleasure, and this would be a pleasure indeed. You know, Margery, I have written so much about you, and I delighted to hear that I had at last secured a real friend and companion."

"He is very fond of you, I know," Margery responded softly. She knew that Lady Enid would talk for hours, and she welcomed any subject that interested the poor young patient, being content herself to listen, for it banished more painful thoughts.

"Nugent loved me as a father, mother, brother, all in one; we were left orphans so young; and oh, Margery, you could never fathom how dear he is to me! When I was well and could run about, then, when my illness came, and I was crippled for life, it was Nugent who brought all the happiness, all the light into my existence. We were alone."

"I have sometimes," confessed Margery, "and you have thought him unkind. Ah, I will not have him judged wrongly! I will tell you why he wanders abroad, leaves his old home and me, his little sister. Yes, I will tell you. It is if it pains you, do not speak of it," broke in Margery, seeing the pale face contract a little.

"It is dead and gone, and I need grieve no more. Nugent and I never speak of the past, but it is good to open my heart to you. When I have told you before, the doctors said I should be a cripple for life. I thought my brother's heart would break. He grew almost ill with trouble, and it was good to me then; no one was allowed to touch me but he; he lifted me and carried me from my couch to the chair or to the bed; he regulated his whole life and career by me. But for my illness he would have been the prominent man in the Government, and doubtless have become a great man in the political world; but he renounced all his ambitions—everything for me. We were living then in our dear old home, Court Manor, and my dear old mother, the one we most cherished. I should like to take you there, Margery, to show you its quiet rooms and corridors, let you lose yourself in the pleasures and gardens. I was quite happy. Nugent never left wanted nothing more than our two selves. Well, a day came that ended it all."

"Court Manor is in Westshire, in one of the most picturesque parts, and the village of Court consists of about half a dozen cottages and a tiny church. There are several country-houses about, and the one nearest to us is a large, rambling old place called Hurthly, which was unoccupied, although richly furnished, for many years, the owner living abroad; but suddenly one morning we heard that the Gill was to have an occupant, and a few days later that occupant arrived. We neither saw nor heard anything of the new neighbor, till one afternoon, as I was reading to me, the lower gate clanged, sounds were heard on the gravel path, and a moment later a woman on horseback passed the window. She asked to be admitted to me; but I begged Nugent to excuse me, and he received her alone. I questioned her closely when the visitor was gone; but he gave me little information about her appearance, and only said, in rather a constrained way, that she was a widow—a Mrs. Yelverton—who had taken the Gill for the hunting season."

"I dismissed her from my mind, and life went on as usual for a few days, till it seemed to me that Nugent was out a great deal more than formerly. He was hurried, almost ill at times, during our readings; and when I asked him the reason, he at last confessed that Mrs. Yelverton had organized regular hunting-parties at her house, and had begged me to join them. I submitted gladly for I had long thought the life was dull for him; and so the days passed on slowly, and we drifted gradually apart. I saw Mrs. Yelverton only once, and then I was almost dazzled by the brilliancy of her beauty. Her coloring was so rich, so vivid, that others paled beside her, and her eyes, of a most unprocessed tawny shade, filled me with vague alarm. Apparently she did

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. Do you know, I had a presentiment that we should become 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."

Margery slipped to her knees beside the slight form in its cardinal-colored silk wrapper.

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Lady Enid smiled, and Margery bent her lips to the thin white hand.

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"Quite. Now stay here, Margery, and let us chat together. When the lamps come, I will hear you sing; but this is myself, as I lay on my couch, what a delight it would be to find out the truth about your poor mother. How glad I should be if we could discover a clue."

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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—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)

Kitchner—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-cooks? one will come tomorrow and the other a week hence.

JUST IN TIME.
(Harper's Bazaar)

Bridget—Miss masses discharged me today.
Nora—For what?
Bridget—She says she knew to-morrow would be her day.

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 in 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)

"Don't believe she'll ever get married."
"Why not?"
"Her friends have started telling what a good wife she'll make for some man some day."

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?
"Fock-ies," but not any more than I did.

GOT A TASTE OF IT.
(Toledo Blade)

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion?
Cathal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

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MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

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."
"But even if there were witches nowadays, how could they hurt you?"
Slowly I drew it from him. You might find that your horses were "overlooked." Perhaps you yourself might suffer from the effects of the "evil eye." One can be "overlooked" in the twentieth century—in Cornwall—and the remedy is to discover the witch and prick her with a needle or pin until blood is drawn. He instanced an acquaintance one Nimmo, to whom had befallen a long series of lamentable occurrences "till he trapped old Mother Tapp's arm with a great rusty nail two or three times till the blood flowed, and she can't hurt him again."—H. M. Clark, writing on "Saints and Smugglers" in The Canadian Magazine for August.

Why Do Women Suffer?

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c buys a sure cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unflinching 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.
(Montreal Witness)

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 labeled. It is by this means that the California apple, which has been the bane of the State of New York, is 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.
(Chicago Tribune)

"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, ma'am."
Mr. 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 days."
"I congratulate you on your new job, old chap; they're finer than anything I've got."
"I don't know how the story ends, Fan; I haven't looked at the last chapter."

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.

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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.

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