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These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive, scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

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The Romance of A Marriage.

CHAPTER XII.

"None the worse for the accident, I hope?" says Mr. Palmer, from the head of the table.

"No, thanks," replies Sir Herrick. "We all escaped, I think."

"Thanks to Mr. Stancy's excellent coaching," says the major, unblushingly.

Bob grins, and Stancy colours sullenly.

"It wasn't altogether my fault," he mumbles; all his confidence and self-assurance vanished at the entrance of Sir Herrick.

"Fault!" says the major, with a gentle smile and a shrug of the shoulders. "If it comes to fault, I'm afraid my stupid man was as much to blame as anyone. He must have been in the middle of the road. I've a great mind to ask Hurstley to discharge him."

A faint smile curves Sir Herrick's lips, as he says to Paula in a low whisper:

"That was nicely done, wasn't it? Of course his man was on the right side."

He says this in a whisper, but honest Bob blurts out, bluntly:

"That wouldn't be fair, major; the man was all right enough."

"If you say so, my dear sir," responds the major, sweetly, "I will overlook it."

And Bob, utterly crushed by the deferential air of the compliment, bends over his plate.

"Yes, he is beautiful!" murmurs Paula. "I was quite right."

Sir Herrick raises his glass, and looks at it with a curious smile.

"Wait! You'll admire him still more fervently," he says in the same low voice. "He hasn't really had a fair opportunity of displaying his qualities yet."

The dinner goes on; it is really wonderful how the cook has managed to produce so many courses in so short a time; and the major's voice is heard in dulcet tones addressing May, whom all his attempts at drawing out, however, seem to frighten further into her shell.

The meal comes to an end at last, and the three girls file round the table into the drawing-room; and Mr. Palmer, ordering some special claret in,

requests the gentlemen to draw nearer together.

Then indeed it is beautiful to see how the major plays his men. Very much as Paula had fished for her trout, he throws conversational flies for Mr. Palmer and Stancy, and, aided by the special claret, he succeeds in getting them to talk and display all their little weaknesses, all their little follies, till Mr. Palmer grows as big and pompous as a bull-frog, and Stancy as conceited and self-sufficient as a peacock, that sloping bank Bob—sturdy, single-minded Bob—drinks his claret in silence, and Sir Herrick leans back, drinking nothing, and as deaf to the soft voice of the major and boastful ones of the father and son as if he were out of hearing. In fancy, as he leans back with half-closed eyes, he sees that sloping bank of moss with the grand pines above it, and the beautiful, girlish face so close to his own. It is Paula's voice he is listening to through the confused buzz of the ones actually speaking.

CHAPTER XIII.

At last the major pushes his glass from him, and Mr. Palmer rises.

"Shall we join the ladies?" he says. The major smiles.

"May I," he says, meekly, and with bent head, "may I suggest that these young gentlemen take slight whither I am sure their thoughts have gone long since, and that you and I, my dear sir, indulge in a cigar? With the deepest remorse I must confess that I am a devotee at the shrine of the goddess Nicotina."

"Certainly, certainly!" says Mr. Palmer, delighted at the affability of his fashionable guest. "Sir Herrick and you, Mr. Estcourt, and Stancy, join the ladies, and the major and I will have a weed."

Sir Herrick rises and looks at his uncle. The major, as a rule, detests tobacco, and at the best—or worst—never goes beyond a single cigarette. Why, then, does he propose a smoking bout with the sugar-baker? But the major meets his questioning gaze with an inscrutable smile.

"Forgive me, Rick," he says, shaking his head penitently. "You know my old weakness for the social cigar," and Sir Herrick, with a faint, incredulous smile, passes out with the other two.

"A splendid young gentleman—Sir Herrick!" says Mr. Palmer, putting at his cigar.

The major inclines his head.

"The image of yourself, major."

The major waxes a modest hand.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



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"Well, yes, I was not unlike him, my dear sir; the resemblance has been noticed before."

Mr. Palmer looks round, the keen eyes of the major are fixed on him with a bland, child-like smile in them.

"I took to him the first time I saw him. Nothing stuck up about him, major. That's what I like. Many a young man coming here to this 'ouse, which, in a manner of speaking, ought to be his own, would have put on airs; but he didn't."

"Rick is an admirable boy," murmurs the major, with a kind forgetfulness of the admirable young man's many escapades. "You are aware, my dear sir, that in a sense I regard him as my son?"

"Oh, indeed!" murmurs Mr. Palmer, puffing at his cigar and nodding comprehensively as he wonders whether the major is a rich man.

"As my son," continues the major, eyeing the decanter dreamily, but still watching the sugar-baker. "Rick, owing to the death of his father, has become my special care, and I need not say that I am fond of him."

"Of course, yes; fine young fellow!" grants Mr. Palmer.

"To Rick will descend whatever belongs to me of the world's goods," says the major; "that is, if he marries as I should wish."

"Oh!" assents Mr. Palmer, knocking the ash off his cigar. "Just so. Very generous of you, major!"

"Not at all," murmurs the major, modestly. "When I say according to my wish, I mean that I should do all in my power to steer him to a proper matrimonial haven."

Mr. Palmer nods. He is not a clever man, and the major sees that if he wishes him to understand he will have to speak out—a course which is always against the major's taste.

"Of course," he says, "what Rick will have to look for will be money."

Mr. Palmer nods.

"Money," repeats the major, thoughtfully. "Rick, dear boy, has quite enough of blue blood on his side for himself and his wife too."

Mr. Palmer nods.

"Very old family, the Powises," he says.

"They came over with the Conqueror," says the major, plaintively, "and if we had money we could take the head of the family. Yes, Rick's wife would take the lead of the whole country."

Mr. Palmer thrusts his hands into his waistcoat and nods.

The major looks at him out of the corner of his keen eyes.

"What a charming girl your daughter is, my dear sir."

Mr. Palmer bows pompously.

"You're very kind; you make me proud, major. Yes, May's a good girl, a very good girl."

"Ah!" sighs the major, "if I could see Rick comfortably settled in life to a girl like your charming daughter, my dear sir, I should feel that I had done my duty."

It is spoken at last. The major leans back contemplating the table-cloth with a tenderly solemn air, and puffs at his cigarette. Mr. Palmer, on the other hand, lays his cigar down and stares at the calm face with eyes wide open as a codfish's.

And so they remain while one might count ten.

Then Mr. Palmer, having taken in the suggestion, gasps out:

"Are you serious, major?"

"My dear sir, I am always serious," retorts the major, with a delicate smile. "Never more so than at this moment."

"Then—then you think—" gasps Mr. Palmer, ruddy as a lobster and goggle-eyed with pleasure.

The major smiles.

"My dear sir, it is only a suggestion. And let me say that I should not have made it to anyone possessed of less common-sense than yourself," and he bows.

"But—" grunts Mr. Palmer, with a long breath.

"Why not?" asks the major. "As I said, my dear Rick has blood enough for himself and wife, and I presume—that is, I trust, I do not presume—in thinking that Miss May will have enough of the world's goods to suffice for both" and his keen eyes fix themselves on Mr. Palmer's wide-stretched eyes.

"My daughter," says the sugar-baker, pompously, "will have as much as I like to give her. Look here, major, let's you and I understand each other."

"By all means. I am a plain man," murmurs the major.

"So am I, sir, so am I!" responds

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Mr. Palmer, enthusiastically. "And my word is my bond. What I say I mean, and that's Houndell Palmer to a T," and he brings his red hand down upon the table with a thump that nearly makes the exquisite major jump out of his skin.

"Being both plain men," says the major, with a bland, innocent smile, "we can neither of us beat about the bush, my dear sir. Now, I'll tell you in so many words what I wish, and you shall say whether it falls within your view. Is that agreed?"

"Agreed!" assents Mr. Palmer, stinging his cigar into the fire-place and leaning forward eagerly.

The major sips his claret daintily.

"You see, my dear sir, to state the case, how do we stand? Here is the last of the Powises, one of the old Hampden Powises, a penniless man, and here are you in possession of the old house which should belong to him."

"Right—quite right," assents Mr. Palmer; "but" with a shrewd smile, "I bought it, major."

"Quite so," assents the major. "You bought it; and you, if you will permit me to say so, adorn it. But money isn't everything, as you will admit, my dear sir."

Mr. Palmer sighs as he thinks of the snubs he has endured from the county families.

"No," he says "money isn't everything."

"Birth goes for something," says the major, with a smile. "Now, I say, what a fine thing it would be if you had birth as well as money at the Court. What a fine thing it would be if your daughter—a most charming young lady, my dear sir—could become Lady Powis, of Powis Court!"

"Lady Powis," murmurs Mr. Palmer. "Lady Powis," and he leans back and stares at the ceiling.

"Lady Powis, of Powis Court," repeats the major, slowly, "you would be the father of a maronette's wife, the grandfather of a future baronet. I trust; and not a simple baronet, but a Powis, of Powis Court."

"I—see," murmurs Mr. Palmer, with half-closed eyes, as he views the glorious vision. He the father of a real live lady, the grandfather of a baronet! It is indeed a glorious dream.

The major puffs at his cigarette and gives the idea time to sink, then he says:


(To be Continued.)

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