Sweet Miss Margery

At last the sunshine died, the sea's calm was gone, the tiny rippling movement was changed into gigantic rolling waves crested with white foam and dashing on to the beach in angry majesty, with a sound as of thunder. Margery loved the sea in its fury; she would sit and watch it for hours, her heart beating fast, and her nerver thrilling at the rage in its fierce waves and dashing spray. The anger, the wildness of the elements, relieved her overwrouht mind, and the tumult brought her peace.

She stood at the window one afternoon gazing at the expanse of dull leaden green water. There were no waves; it was as if the titanic movement from below agitated the surface and caused the heavy sudden motion. As she stood thus, her husband approached her.

"Not tired of the sea yet, my darling?" he said, with a smile. "I shall be afraid to suggest a migration if this devotion lasts much longer."

"It is so wonderful," Margery answered, dreamily. "I can see such strange pictures, imagine such things, as I watch it. I have never seen it as it is to-day."

"There will be a storm to-night. I have just seen one of the fishermen, and he says they expect very rough weather."

"It looks an angry, discontented sea," Margery said, still dreamily—"as if its passion would be terrible when it did break forth."

"Look at the foot of the Templar's Rock! It is beginning already; the foam is as white as snow. There is, as you say, Margery, sullen discontent in its look; but there is also a wildness of despair. It reminds me, looking at that whirling rush round the rock, of Tennyson's words—

"'Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!'"

With a little shudder Margery turned from the window.

"To-day has broken the spell," she said hurriedly, with forced lightness. "I think I am tired of the sea at last."

"You shall leave it when you will—to-night even if you wish it, my darling. It is still early afternoon. I will telegraph for rooms. Pauline shall accompany you; the others can remain, with the exception of my man, and follow to-morrow."

"But it is so much trouble," began Margery.

"Trouble, my sweet, where you are concerned! You would like a change? Yes, I see it in your eyes. We will go, and this, Margery, shall be the beginning of our married life, henceforth to be spent hand in hand together. I will go at once and give my orders; we will start by the first train. I believe there is one about 4.30."

"You are so good!" Margery murmured.

He bent, and raised her hand to his lips.

"Never say that again, my darling; my whole life is for you"

As he left, and looked at the sea, Margery turned once more to the window. Yes, she must go.

Suddenly the misery, the weight of her struggle, seemed to overcome her. She had sat and dreamed much; she must now put aside all dreams, and turn to life in real earnest. The sea no longer comforted her, and the words her husband had quoted strengthened the desire that had been growing within her to leave it.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!"

The truth, the agony in those words, struck her with bitter force. She roused herself with a great effort, determined to fling aside all her weakness and face her duty.

The entrance of Pauline checked her musings.

"Miladi is really going!" exclaimed the maid, delight shining in her great black eyes. "Ah, but I am glad! Miladi will be so much better away from this dismal place; it is enough to give one the migraine. Miladi is wise."

"You are glad to go, Pauline?" questioned Margery, smiling, as she watched the maid bring out a costly mantle and furs for her coming journey.

"Ma fois, mais oui, miladi! I like London—the sea is so triste. Miladi will take her jewels with her, sans doute?"

"My jewels, Pauline! I have none."

"Mais, how stupide! Miladi has never been even shown her beautiful jewels! Ah, miladi must see them—they are magnifiques!"

Pauline brought the richly inlaid case to a table near, and spread the contents of the numerous morocco cases on the cloth. Margery looked at the jewels in silence; she did not touch one of the glittering rings or bracelets, or lift the tiara of diamonds from its velvet throne.

Their beauty amazed, but did not please her; ambition for such things had no place in her nature. She smiled faintly at Pauline's delight and many ejaculations.

"Milord had them all brought down from the manor for miladi. See—she will wear this when she is presented. Does not miladi like them, and the case with the arms and the letters of milady's name? See—how beautiful!"

"Yes, they are very beautiful," replied Lady Court, quietly; "but I shall not wear them just yet, Pauline."

"But miladi must put on a few rings above her bague de mariage—mais oui—just a simple one; it will look better."

Margery hesitated; then, hearing a slight noise, she turned and met her husband's tender eyes.

"Pauline has been showing me my jewels; they are beautiful—too beautiful. I thank you for them all. She tells me that I must wear some rings above my wedding one. Will you put them on?"

Pauline had disappeared on a murmured pretext. Lord Court took the slender white hand in his.

"It wants no rings to enhance its beauty," he said, with a smile; "but Pauline is right—you must do as others do, and wear some to guard this band of gold. I have two that will please you, I think, my darling—two I have intended giving you for the past week."

He touched a small spring in the case and disclosed a little drawer. In this two rings were lying; he took them out.

"This hoop of diamonds, Margery," he said, gently, "was my mother's; it is old-fashioned now, and perhaps—"

"Let me wear it," she whispered, hurriedly.

In silence he slipped the circlet over the tiny finger, then pressed his lips to it.

"This one you know"—taking up the other. "You have seen it often—the sapphires will match your eyes, sweet—it was Enid's ring."

Tears sprung to Margery's eyes as she looked at the glistening stones, and remembered how often she had seen them flashing on the frail white hand of the dead girl.

"They are sacred to me—I shall treasure them both," she said, reverently, then turned aside with trembling lips.

Pauline returned in two minutes, and the jewels were restored to their cases and packed in their iron-bound box for the journey.

Margery, wrapped in her furs, took her last look at the sea, its sullen surface already broken by flecks of white. The vast expanse of dull-green water bordered by the gray sky struck her suddenly with a sense of gloom.

She turned from it with a sigh of relief; and, as she left it, she determined to banish all the dreams and sad recollections it had brought her, burying all memories in its dark unfathomable depths.

So she went away from the quiet village back to London and to life, back to duty, firm in her new-born strength and will.

"Ah, they are happy, milord and miladi both!" sighed Pauline to her companion and fellow-traveller, the earl's valet. "She is so simple and so pretty—and they have love. Ah, monsieur, how great is that wondrous love!"

The husband and wife sat silent during the greater part of the journey. Margery, resting her head against the cushions, sat with closed eyes. The earl thought she slept, but sleep was far from her. A vague longing seized her that she might step back into the far distant past when she knew neither the greatness of joy nor the bitterness of sorrow. If she could be once more the simple-minded girl living in all contentment her peaceful village life, her studies the one excitement of her days! She was happier then, before she had learned the mystery of her own heart, before childhood had vanished and womanhood had come in its place.

CHAPTER XXI.

It had been Lord Court's intention to travel with his wife straight down to Court Manor, after resting a day or two in London; but the death of his aunt, Lady Merivale, immediately on their arrival, necessitated his presence in town, as her affairs were left in his hands. Margery at first felt disappointed at the delay, but, after a week had passed, she grew content. They had a suite of rooms at the Bristol, and, to Pauline's delight, were in the very heart of London. Horses and carriages were brought up for the Countess of Court's use during her brief stay, and the slender black-robed girl with sweet pathetic face and crown of red-gold hair, provoked universal admiration. The earl had not many near relatives; but such of his connections as were in town paid an early visit to Lady Court, and found their anticipations of dislike turn to wonder at the gracious dignity and sweetness of Margery's presence. She soon learned that her strange romantic mariage was the one topic of the moment in society, that every one was eager to see the unknown girl who had won the heart of Nugent, Earl of Court, so eligible yet so disappointing a parti. It gave Margery no pleasure to receive and return the visits of the stately ladies who claimed to be her husband's friends; still she forced herself to do it, as the beginning of her path of duty. Every day, as she drove out, she dreaded to see those two faces whose images she could not banish from her memory; and she would shrink back in the corner of the luxurious carriage as she passed a riding party, forgetful for the minute that her own features were hidden beneath the thick black veil which, despite all Pauline's protests, she would wear, forgetful too of the fact that, were she to meet Vane Charteris and Stuart, they would never associate Margery Daw with the Countess of Court. For no mention of her name before her marriage had crept out. The world knew that the earl had taken his sister's companion for his wife, and there its information ended. Miss Lawson and Dr. Fothergill and his wife were alone in the secret, and with them it was safe.

One afternoon, at the beginning of the second week of their stay in town, a trial came to Margery's pride. Lord Court was claimed by the lawyers; and, after a morning spent among her books, Margery prepared for a drive and some visits. Pauline dressed the slender, graceful figure in the black garments and fastened the sable mantle while she uttered exclamations of delight at her mistress' appearance. She made a slight protest as the veil was produced; but Margery was firm, and the delicate face with its great blue eyes was completely hidden beneath the thick folds.

The first visit was to an old marchioness who had fallen a victim to Lady Court's charm and sweetness, and Margery made great progress toward friendship. Several ladies were present, and frome one and all she received kind congratulations.

"But now I want to beg a favor, dear Lady Court," said the hostess, after a while; "it is rude of me, perhaps, but I hope you will forgive it. Will you not remove that thick veil? We can not see your fair young face, and nature has been lavish to you, child, you can afford to be generous."

Margery laughed softly, and put up her hand to unpin the veil, when the door opened, and a voice announced—

"Lady Charteris—Miss Charteris!"

Margery felt the blood surge in her ears and a mist rose before her eyes; she saw again the beautiful, cold, cruel creature who had spoken words that stabbed her to the very heart.

She acknowledged the introduction with a slight bend of the head, then, murmuring a few words of regret and farewell, went swiftly from the room to her carriage, her breast full of stormy emotions.

"I am so sorry you did not see Lady Court; she has the face of an angel," said the hostess, as Margery disappeared. "She is very tall," observed Vane, in her most bored manner—"almost too tall for a woman—and she seems to have red hair. I hate red hair," she added, a vision of a sweet girlish face framed in red-gold curls rising before her as she spoke.

"Your taste, dear Vane, is always good," observed the old lady, dryly, and then the conversation drifted into other channels.

Margery gave her orders in a quiet, stifled voice, and was driven back to the hotel. The fear, the dread she had suffered in anticipation of this meeting was as nothing compared with the agony of pride and pain she now endured. She had thought herself strong, thought she was braced for whatever might happen, and at one blow the barriers she had been building were thrown to the ground, and she was the broken-hearted humiliated girl once again. The sight of Vane recalled all her despair, and knowledge that Stuart—her love—was lost to her forever. She sat in deep thought as the carriage rolled along, and it was not till it drew up at the hotel that she woke from her meditations. Then in a moment came the memory of her position—of her husband. She was now far above such insults, and she had one who would avenge them. The first rush of agitation had died away, and, when she reached her rooms, she paced up and down till her mind was restored to tranquility.

She would be braver in the future, and, if fate forced her to meet either of these two, she would go through the ordeal unflinchingly. It would be bitter, she knew—for, painful as the sight of Vane Charteris had been, it recalled only wounded pride; with the other her experience would be different, for the sight of Stuart's face would bring back the memory of her unrequitted love and despair.

She threw off her mantle and hat, and turned suddenly to the piano. In moments of great emotion music soothed her—it relieved her overcharged heart.

"We know not whether death be good,
But life at least it will not be;
Men will stand sadd'ning as we stood,
Watching the same fields and skies as we,
And the same sea.
"Let this be said between us here—
One love grows green when one turns gray,
This year knows nothing of last year,
To-morrow has no more to say
To yesterday."

"Live and let live, as I will do—
Love and let love, and so will I;
Not while I live, not though I die.
Good night, good-bye!"

It was a new song sent in with many others by the earl. Margery played it through, and sung the words in a low sad voice, till the passion of the music awoke a chord within her; and then, as she neared the end, her tones rang out clear and sweet through the large room. As the echoes died away the door opened and the footman ushered in a lady. Margery rose quickly, gave one look, then, with a sudden exclamation of pleasure, hastened forward and threw her arms round the new-comer.

"Miss Lawson!" she cried, with honest joy. "I am so glad—so glad to see you once again!"

Miss Lawson kissed the fair cheek in silence, while tears glistened in her eyes. If ever she had doubted the warmth, the generosity, the goodness of Margery's nature for an instant, the genuine pleasure and affection of the girl now would have shamed her. She was still the Margery of old, the sweet, loving Margery she knew so well.

"You are glad, child?" she said sweetly. "So am I to see your face again; the months have seemed long since you went, though your letters have told me all you have done. You are the same Margery; yet you are changed, dear."

"I am older and—a married woman," Margery responded, with a forced little laugh. "My dignity makes me older. But come and sit with me. How much I have to say, and yet I scarcely know where to begin!"

Miss Lawson let her remove her bonnet and cloak and push her with affectionate hand into an easy chair in the inner room, close to a blazing fire. With undisguised pleasure her eyes rested on the girlish figure. It was not until Margery had gone from the village that the rectory governess realized how deeply the waif had crept into her heart.

"You are surprised to see me?" she said, after awhile, as Lady Court seated herself on a stool at her feet.

"I have been thinking of you so much and so often that you seem part of my life. You are come to stay with me, dear Miss Lawson? Yes, yes, you must stay; I shall not let you go."

"I must return to-morrow; Mrs. Carr will expect me. I left Hurstley on purpose to see you, Margery."

"How good of you!" exclaimed Margery, warmly, fondling the worn hand between her two soft palms. "This is just what I wanted to complete everything."

"You are happy,' asked Miss Lawson, abruptly.

"I am content," answered the girl; and her great blue eyes met the gray ones with a steadfast look. "And now tell me all the news. Am I quite forgotten in the village? Do none of them ask for me in Hurstley?"

"Margery, I will be candid with you. When you frst went I heard very little about you, you know—I seldom go into the village; but in a very short time the news came that you had gone to Australia with Reuben and Robert Bright. The people were hard, dear, and blamed you. The Brights are heart-broken at Robert's leaving them, and all the fault is laid at your door. They do not speak kindly of you, child; and, when first I heard them, I had great difficulty in holding my tongue. But you had begged for secrecy and silence, and I had given my word. I meant to have written to or seen you, but then came poor Lady Enid's death, your marriage and your illness. I could do nothing but wait. I have waited; and now, Margery, I have come here for the very purpose of asking you to take the seal from my lips that I may explain to the village and silence the slander."

Margery had risen to her feet, her hands pressed to her bosom, her face deadly pale.

"How cruel the world is," she murmured, bitterly "how terribly cruel! They know nothing ,yet they speak harshly. They do not know how I begged, how I entreated Robert to go back to his home. You remember how stunned I was when first I learned that he had joined Reuben?"

"I know," answered Miss Lawson; "and I would have all the world do you justice. You are now great; let them know you as you are, and crush their calumny. I do not blame the Brights—their whole life was centred in Robert but—"

"And for the rest I do not care," interrupted Margery, proudly. "The Brights will hear from Robert soon; and then they will learn the truth and know how they have wronged me. What had I done to the village that at the very beginning of my life they should think ill of me? Oh, Miss Lawson, is the world all like this?"

"The world is cruel, Margery, bitter, hard," the elder woman said, with a sigh; then she added, regretfully, "I am sorry you will not disclose your secret; but you know best, dear, and I have done what I considered my duty."

"You have done as you have done so often—treated me as though I were your own child—and I thank you."

"And have you not been my own?" said the elder woman with a new light of tenderness on her face. "I have seen you spring up from a tiny child to womanhood; I have loved you through all, and I am proud of you. You are to me what the poet says—

(To be Continued.)

THERE'S A REASON.

May—You seem to prefer the beach to the piazza.

Ethel—Yes; I prefer to be burnt by the sun than roasted by the gossips.—Judge.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND

TO PREVENT INSANITY.

Campaign of Education Undertaken in the State of New York.

The number of insane persons in hospitals in the United States on Jan. 1, 1904 (no later figures are available for the country as a whole), was not less than 150,151.

This was more than double the number in 1890, which was 74,028. From 1904 to 1910 the insane in hospitals in New York alone increased 25 per cent. It is safe to say, writes Homer Folks in the American Review of Reviews, that the insane now in hosptials in the United States number at least 200,000.

These unfortunates if gathered together in one place would make up a city approximately the size of Rochester, St. Paul, Seattle, Denver or Louisville. The population of the State of Delaware in 1910 is almost exactly the same as the number of insane in the United States in 1904.

The population of Nevada and Wyoming in 1910 together is about equal to the population of the hospitals for the insane in the United States. The total annual cost of caring for the insane in the United States is in the neighborhood of $50,000,000 a year. About one-sixth of the total expenditure of the State of New York is for the care of the insane.

The New York State Charities Aid Association has outlined and is carrying into effect a movement for popular education along scientific lines by sound psychological methods as to the causes and prevention of insanity. As one factor in this educational movement a short leaflet has been prepared, stating in simple language the essential facts as to the causes of insanity so far as they are now known.

This leaflet is being printed not by hundreds, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. It is being placed in the hands of men, women, boys and girls, through every form of organization willing to help in distributing it. It has been sent to every physician in the State, to the principal of every public school, to all clergymen, college presidents and faculties, superintendents of city schools, health officers, county school commissioners, secretaries of Y. M. C. A's., to officers of labor unions, proprietors of factories, department stores, laundries, to city officials, officers of local granges, officers of fraternal orders; in short, to all the various types of organizations that are willing to promote such an effort for the public good.

HOW TO CURE TOOTHACHE

Any aching tooth can be relieved instantly with Nerviline. Fill the cavity wpith batting dipped in Nerviline and rub the gums with Nerviline also. If the face is swollen and sore bathe the painful parts with Nerviline and cover with a flannel. This can't fail because Nerviline kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. Stronger, quicker, more satisfactory than any other liniment. Polson's Nerviline has been the largest seller for nearly fifty years; try it yourself.

OLDEST MAN IN U. S. MARRIED NINE TIMES; "THAT'S PLENTY," HE SAYS.

KA-BE-NON-GUE-WENT.

Bemidji, Minn.—Unquestionably he has more lines on his face than any other American, and he claims more years, too—128. Careful computation by local historians places his age anywhere from 112 to 131, with the best authority standing out for 128.

In the shack of the redman, he is Ka-Be-Non-Gue-Went; in the white man's abode, plain John Smith.

"Me heap live, live three-five winters yet; you give him quarter for supper?" he pleads.

After years of cross questioning, this is about as far as anybody has gotten toward a biography of the aged Ojibway. He saw his first white man when he was sixty, learned English at seventy-eight and has been married nine times.

"Nine squaw," says John Smith." "Six stole away, four dead—married enough now, not get squaw again."

ANOTHER BURST OF GENEROSITY

"Dutch" Shafer, the American League baseball player, walked into the bar of a fashionable hotel in New York one afternoon, and, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, inquire dof the bartender:

"Are you allowed to take tips in this hotel?"

"Yes, sir," replied the mixer of drinks, expecting to get at least a dollar.

"Under those circumstances," said Dutch, in a whisper, "bet on Bessie B., in the second race."—Popular Magazine.

Eczema Always Burning and Itching

Mr. N. Ostiguy.

Used Box of Cuticura Ointment and It Completely Disappeared.

"I have suffered from eczema for two years. The trouble began on one arm where there appeared a red spot of about a five-cent size, and it always widened, all the time itching and burning. The first days I didn't care, but seeing that it gained in size, I tried —— Ointment and —— Ointment, but both without success. It was always burning and itching. Having seen in the newspaper the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies, I tried a little, and seeing that it improved, I bought a box of the Cuticura Ointment. After having used one box, my eczema completely disappeared. The Cuticura Ointment should be kept in every home." (Signed) N. Ostiguy, Marieville, Que., Jan. 14, 1911.

A Generation of Success

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors, of young and old. A single set is often sufficient. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, post-free with 32-p. book on skin eruptions, send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 6A Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

Science in a Nutshell

An invention for perfecting the ventilation of street cars has just had an extended trial on an electric car here. The satisfactory working of the device caused favorable comment, both by experts and passengers. The atmosphere, even with the trial car full of passengers, some of whom were smoking, was clear and good. This innovation seems simple, and surprise is expressed that the method had not previously suggested itself. A series of cones is arranged in line the small end of one projecting into the larger open end of the succeeding cone. As the car moves a strong current goes down the first cone into the mouth of the second cone, causing vitiated or foul air to enter the larger open mouth of succeeding cones and be swept on to the final outlet.

In order to make a drastic test, all other ventilating apparatuses were thoroughly stopped. Two sets of cones were then fixed at either side of the car. The clearing of smoke from a covered car (bogie type or double-decked) is the most trying test. As smoke is heavier than air the foul air will be removed more quickly than smoke.

The invention is also adaptable to railway carriages, and to workshops, theatres and public buildings. For such purposes, it would be necessary to use an electric fan or air blower in order to induce a strong current. A commendable feature of this invention is its inexpensiveness. It is said that it will ever reduce the cost of street car construction.

HIGHWAYS OF THE BIRDS.

A wonderful picture is presented to the imagination by Dr. Gromier's description of the gathering of the migratory birds of France for their annual flight toward Africa. He shows that they have two great atmospheric highways which they pursue by preference—one leading over the Pyrenees by the principal passes into Spain, and thence to the Strait of Gibraltar; and the other skirting the Alps and passing down the whole length of Italy. As the season advances the birds may be seen converging from western, central and Southern France toward the Pyreneean passes. Sometimes the same species, such as the chaffinch, divide into two parties, which Dr. Gromier thinks he can distinguish by the character of their songs, one taking the Spanish and the other the Italian route. Each species has its favorite way depending on the supply of the kinds of the food it prefers. The bullfinch follows the ranges of low hills; the blackbird keeps to the vineyards, and some kinds follow the watercourses and the shore lines.

FAST LIVING FILLS ASYLUMS.

At a meeting of the Academy of Medicine in New York it was clearly brought out that many cases of insanity which are now incurable, would have been preventable if their cause had been properly followed up and attacked. Dr. Albert W. Ferris, President of the New York State Lunacy Commission, estimated that almost half the cases of insanity under close observation in the State Hospitals were the result of loose living and nervous strain.

During the last ten years, said Dr. Ferris, while the population of the State has increased 48 per cent. the number of insane has increased 104 per cent. Nearly half of these were of foreign birth, and 28 per cent. had been driven mad by alcohol and drugs.

"The crying need of the present day," said Dr. M. Allen Starr, "is a realization that we work too hard; that we strive too intensely; that we feel too keenly. Moderation, not excess, leads to health.

POWER FROM SEA WAVES.

At the recent meeting of the British Association the question of economical production of power from tides and winds was again under discussion, and it has been taken up widely by scientific journals in Europe. La Revue Scientifique calls attention to a system of utilizing the power of sea waves to actuate a dynamo which has been employed during the past six months at the mouth of the River Gironde. An air chamber is connected with a well, which communicates with the sea at a depth below the level of the lowest tides. By the advance and recession of the waves, changes of pressure are produced in the air chamber, and a system of valves enables the resulting air-currents to be applied to rotating a kind of turbine. It is said that the apparatus works equally well in calm and in stormy weather.

WHAT CAUSES SNORING.

When asleep, people that snore breathe through the mouth instead of the nostrils, which are choked with catarrh. Just use "Catarrhozone" before retiring and you'll quickly cure the snoring habit. By destroying the cause of catarrh and healing the membranes, Catarrh makes a complete cure in every case; it cleans the nostrils, stops the discharge and prevents dropping in the throat in a few minutes. Nothing so pleasant or certain to cure snoring, catarrh or colds as Catarrhozone—that's worth remembering.

Lots of people rise in the world by the skyrocket route.