

# Sweet Miss Margery

"You shall give me all your messages," she started. Miss Charteris replied. "Now let me read to you a little—you look tired. I shall not let you talk any more."

She smiled gently, and fitted away, leaving Stuart deep in happy thought. His spirits rose as the picture of a blissful future floated before him, and his heart was filled with gratitude toward Vane. Without her help, it would have been a hard fight; but now his fears were lessened, for his darling would have one staunch, true friend.

Sir Douglas Gerant, walking through the hall, glanced at the invalid lying back in the chair, his face illumined with the flood of happiness that thrilled him.

"You look better, Stuart," he said, abruptly, approaching the young man. "I am feeling splendid," Stuart replied, heartily.

"Hum! What new remedy have you tried, may I ask?" Sir Douglas said, dryly.

"A new doctor has prescribed for me," Stuart said, with a laugh, "and here she is. Cousin Vane, see how much good you have done me!" Sir Douglas has complimented me with almost professional jealousy."

Miss Charteris smiled, and, seating herself, opened her book, while Sir Douglas retraced his steps through the hall to the front entrance, and walked thence across the sweep of lawn to the lodge gates.

"So the wind is in that quarter!" he mused, while a frown contracted his brow. "I am sorry and disappointed. It is a good lad, worthy of a better woman than that proud, selfish creature. Well, I am an old fool! The sooner I go from her, the better. I shall grow too fond of Sholto's son if I stay much longer."

He walked briskly across the lawn, then turned into the avenue, and approached the gates. The sun was beating down on the hot, dusty lane, the lodge-keeper's wife was standing with her arms akimbo, talking to some leaning wearily against the iron pillar.

"Good-morning, sir," she said, courteously. "May I make bold as to ask how the young squire is this morning?"

"Better—much better," returned Sir Douglas.

"There, Margery—you hear?"—the woman turned again to the figure— "better. Lor, if there ain't that baby awake! Excuse me, sir," and, dropping a hasty courtesy, Mrs. Clark rushed into the house.

"You have come to inquire after the young squire?" Sir Douglas asked, addressing the slender black-robed girl in kindly tones.

The head was bent, the plain skirt was thick with dust; but there was about the young girl's figure an air of unshakable grace, and a tress of the gold hair gleamed as she turned, and black straw hat gleamed as she turned, and black straw hat gleamed as she turned, and black straw hat gleamed as she turned.

Margery raised her head.

"Yes, sir," she replied, and then stopped, almost in alarm. Sir Douglas had moved forward as his eyes rested on her face; his color faded to a deathly white, and he almost staggered against the gate, his eyes still fixed on her wondering countenance.

"Who are you? What is your name?" he gasped, rather than spoke.

"Margery Daw," she answered, trembling a little with fear. "Then seeing me, and seeing the girl's added quickness: 'You are ill, sir; let me get you some water.' Sir Douglas put out a feeble hand.

"It is nothing—a spasm—the heat," he muttered; then he moved slowly to the lodge door and sunk upon the bench outside. "The heat has maddened again," said a cheer, "the past!"

Margery went into the cottage, and returned with a glass of water. Sir Douglas took it from her and drank it eagerly.

"I have frightened you, child," he said, abruptly. "Well, my presence has been to his side—you are called Margery Daw. Your mother—what of her?"

"I have no mother," Margery replied; and her lip trembled. "I am alone."

"You live here—have lived here all ways?" went on Sir Douglas, quietly.

"All my life," she answered, and then she sank back in the seat again.

"It was but my thought," he murmured, "and yet how like, how like!"

"Are you better now?" asked Margery gently.

"Yes, child—you—he passed a little while ago, I shall go now. He rose slowly, his eyes wandering now and then to the girl's face. "But you—you look tired—what are you going to do?"

"I shall go to the village," Margery answered, with a sigh and a wistful glance in the direction of the Castle. So much sorrow had come to her since that happy day in World Wood that she seemed indeed, faint and weary. She longed to see Stuart, to send him a few words; but her pride, her modesty, forbade it, and not until this morning could she summon up courage to walk to the lodge gates and inquire after him. She never doubted his constancy, nor did she look for any message from him. She knew of his suffering and all her thoughts were for him, she turned away now, with a graceful inclination to Sir Douglas, rested, he said, happily.

"See down and prepared to return her steps."

"Yes, indeed, walk get—you are not available. This heat is enough to kill you."

Margery shook her head.

"Thank you; I must go. I only came to inquire after—after Mr. Stewart, who is in good health," Sir Douglas remarked in his dry, cynical way. "I get my arm, but his heart requires another doctor, and his cousin has succeeded there. Ah, the village will see a wedding before long, child, unless I have lost my wits!" He was turning away when he suddenly approached her once more. "I must see you again," he said, in a strange husky voice. "You have brought back a gleam of the past that was buried, touched the spring of a secret that has never seen light—there is a strange sense of hope within my heart—hope that I must see you again." He turned, and whoever you may

the future, while I live, I will be a friend to you, for you bear an angel's face."

He turned and walked away rapidly; but Margery neither heard nor understood what he meant. She was repeating over and over again the words he had uttered. First, her heart grasped too clearly and terribly the meaning—a wedding in the village, a wedding from the castle! Stuart, her Stuart, the being who held her very life, marry another—that fair lovely woman who had had laughed her to scorn! The sunshine grew blood-red before her eyes, for one instant she recoiled, and then grasped the door-post for support. Then gradually she awoke to the fullness of her pain and humiliation. Pride was swelling in her heart; she seemed in that instant changed from a girl of glowing living hopes to a woman who had tasted the bitterness of all earthly grief. She bent her head and walked steadily down the lane, heedless of the even of madame's presence, as she dashed past in her carriage. She was oblivious of everything save her pain and trouble, and the memory of her wasted love.

CHAPTER X.

"Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love; Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues. Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent."

Vane Charteris closed abruptly the book she was reading. She had commenced the quotation secretly heeding what she read, but the sense dawned upon her as she reached the end. She colored faintly and looked up hurriedly, then gave a sigh of relief. Soothed by the musical monotony of her voice, Stuart had fallen into a doze and the last words had had no meaning for him.

Vane opened her fan and sat back; her eyes were fixed on the lovely picture before her, but her thoughts were a tumult of anger, vexation and jealousy.

To find her fans upset, her hopes of power pass from her in the very moment of its birth, was a bitter mortification. Her sharp dream of ambition was broken, and for what? A mere country girl whose eyes had bewitched Stuart, and whose charm had beguiled the passing hour. A feeling of self-annoyance succeeded the vexation. Vane hit her lip and checked the order of his flame. Now it was too late; she had given her promise, and she must meet this woman. A deep flush spread over Vane's cheeks.

She shut her fan quickly, and looked curiously at her sleeping cousin. A thought had suddenly come to her mind, though she had not been so foolish, for was she not to meet Margery alone, with no influence to help against her? Could she not manage to see to it, say, if not the demon of jealousy, at least the spirit of pride? The girl had pride, and she was compelled to admit she had not forgotten Margery's dignity that day in the court yard, nor the graceful hauteur and ease with which she had moved away. Worthy warfare was unknown to Miss Charteris, and it would be strange indeed if she could not plant some poisoned arrows in this presumptuous country girl's breast.

Stuart could not write a line—that was fortunate; he would not be able to leave the castle for three or four days at least, indeed if she was fortunate. Vane felt her spirits rise again, and her hatred, fanned by injured vanity and jealousy, grew stronger and stronger.

Some vague thought of trouble seemed to come to that moment to Stuart, for on turning her head she met his eyes fixed with an anxious look on her.

"You have had a delightful sleep," she said, rising and moving toward him. "I am so glad!"

Stuart passed his left hand over his brow.

"How could you must think me, Vane?" he murmured. "Your voice sent me to sleep; but I have not slumbered peacefully. My arm is a most annoying member."

"I feared you were suffering," Vane answered gently. "Stuart, why not go back to your room again? I am sure it will be wise."

"I don't feel a Hercules, certainly," confessed Stuart. "You could think that few days would fill a fellow down so long." He rose slowly from his chair, then added suddenly, "But my mother! Vane! I must see her today!"

"I am going to propose something," Vane said, as she drew his hand through her arm. "Let me speak to Aunt Constance. Believe me, I shall do it far better than you. You would hardly be hurt at what she says, and then you would be wiser. Now, if I speak, Stuart, I bring an important person, shall be much more an object. I will need your own well, need—don't think so vain—I think I shall succeed as I wish."

Vane drew a quick breath. Stuart had not the customary gleam of the look that flashed from her eyes, as she said, "You will trust me, will you?"

"Trust me? Yes, Vane; but it seems capricious, usually, not to plead for yourself."

"Do you want to win your mother's consent? Yes, of course you do? Then, for—Stuart, that in my hands you will be more certain of it than if you act for yourself. See—here is your servant. Take my advice, rest and be happy, and all will go well."

"Stuart," began Stuart, but she stopped him.

"Do as I ask you," she pleaded, and with a smile of grateful thanks, Stuart raised to his room.

"I will go well," mused Vane, as she turned back to the colonnade. "I see the end clearly now. I must see Mrs. Aunt Constance, on my side, and the



## For Skin Sufferers

If you, or someone dear to you, have undergone the itching, burning, sleep-destroying torments of eczema or other cruel skin eruption and have suffered from its embarrassing, unsightly disfigurement; if you have tried all manner of treatment, no matter how harsh, to no avail, and have all but given up hope of cure, you can appreciate what it means to thousands of skin-tortured sufferers, from infancy to age, when the first warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment brings instant relief, permits rest and sleep, and proves the first step in a speedy and successful treatment.

rest will follow in due course. Margery Daw, you are a candidate for school trustee in Ottawa. This is woman's century. In most departments of life she has already asserted her right to recognition. In some she practically controls the situation, and that woman candidate especially qualified to take an interest in such work. The wonder is not that a woman is offering herself as a candidate for trustee as a member of the school board, but that woman candidates are so few. The Toronto school board has had women members for years, and some of them have rendered very excellent service. It is not at all unlikely that the cause of education would gain materially if it were that more women members on school boards.

**HOUSE FLIES ARE HATCHED IN MANURE AND REVEL IN FILTH.** Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, dysentery, infantile diseases of the bowels, etc. Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

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Vane did not look up as she saw her aunt approach; but she gave Mrs. Crosbie a smile when she addressed her.

"So I hear, Vane, that you have been nursing Stuart, and with good results. I have just met Andrews, and he tells me his master has slept nearly all afternoon; he will soon recover now, I hope."

"I hope so, indeed," said Vane, smiling. She pushed forward a chair as she spoke, then, as her aunt sank into it, she said, quietly:

"Aunt Constance, I want to speak to you. I said before luncheon that I had an errand to perform in the village, but I did not say what that errand was. I will tell you now."

"Do you think I look curious, Vane?" laughed Mrs. Crosbie, her handsome features wearing an air of satisfaction and pleasure as her gaze rested on her niece.

"I am going to see Margery Daw," Vane said, slowly, letting her eyes wander across the sunlit lawn, but not before she saw a look of surprise dawn on her aunt's face.

"See Margery Daw?" repeated Mrs. Crosbie. "Why, Vane?"

"Because Stuart has asked me to go."

"Stuart!" breathed his mother, half rising from her chair. "What do you mean, Vane?"

"I mean, aunt, that Stuart loves Margery Daw, and says he will make her his wife."

For a time there was no reply from Mrs. Crosbie; and Vane, turning, saw a heavy frown on her handsome face.

"You are jesting, of course, Vane?" she said, at last.

"Indeed, Aunt Constance, I am not," returned Miss Charteris, quietly. "My news surprises you?"

"Surprises?" repeated Mrs. Crosbie. "I fail to understand you at all."

Vane rose and knelt beside her aunt.

"Auntie, dear," she said, gently. "You must not be hard on poor Stuart. He collected, he has eyes, and this girl is beautiful. I have seen her, and love is in his heart."

"Has he asked you to plead for him?" interrupted Mrs. Crosbie, coldly.

"No," he told me his secret this morning, urged by I know not what, and Vane let her eyes wander away again. "Perhaps," he went on, after a brief pause, "some idea of the warm interest I must ever have in him prompted him; but that I can not tell. He spoke openly to me, and asked me to be her friend as I was his."

A sneer curled Mrs. Crosbie's lip.

"He evidently thought union was strength," she remarked, dryly.

"Aunt Constance, I will not hear your angry accusations against Stuart," Vane said, quickly. "I am his friend, and—"

Her head dropped and her cheeks flushed. Then she went on hurriedly, "It is not his fault—that I am sure; you must blame Margery Daw, if you blame any one."

"Does he expect me to receive her?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, quietly.

"I think so. But listen to me, Aunt Constance. I have not crossed Stuart, I have not refused his request, for I feared, in his weak state, to vex him; but he has left everything in my hands, and I will—"

She stopped, and their eyes met.

"What?" asked Mrs. Crosbie almost sharply.

"Save him from this if I can."

The words were uttered very quietly; and Mrs. Crosbie drew a quick breath of relief.

"Vane," she said, "forgive me; I was wrong to doubt you even for a moment."

"I know what it is," Vane went on hurriedly. "A glimmer, a romance, Stuart has been here alone—he has been here alone. But I know too well a bitter awakening it would be when the glamour was gone, the veil of poetry and romance torn down; and, for his sake, I will do it. Aunt Constance, do not think me bold—do not think me unwomanly. I can not help myself; I would do anything for Stuart—for I love him!"

Vane sank back and buried her face in her hands. Mrs. Crosbie put her arms around her niece and drew her to her shoulder.

"Unwomanly, Vane?" she said, gently. "I honor you. This is as it should be."

"Ah, you will keep my secret, Aunt Constance? He must not know—I would not let him know for untold gold. If we succeed in satisfying this girl's ambition or vanity—money generally holds such women as hers—we must remember that he would be troubled perhaps for a time. I would not let him think my heart hungered for him; my pride would suffer—it would kill me."

Mrs. Crosbie responded, stroking Vane's soft hair. "But what shall we do—how break this off? It has taken me at a disadvantage, the very thought seems so monstrous, I can not yet believe it."

"I will bring it to your Stuart," Vane said. "Let him think that you may consent eventually; be proud and cold, but not unkind. The blow must come from her."

"How?" inquired Mrs. Crosbie, for once roused from her calm demeanor.

"She must be convinced of the uselessness of her scheme. I am going to her now, sent as Stuart's messenger. I think I shall pave the way at my rate. I will see her first, and then Stuart, for an instant, and then turned away."

(To be Continued.)

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Made in Canada

### WIT AND HUMOR

#### STOPPING HIS IMPUDENCE.

(Life.)

Mrs. Cobb—Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?

"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I saw who the hell he was, and asked me to be her friend as I was his."

#### ALL IN.

(Puck.)

Friend—I was just in the Art Gallery, admiring your "Napoleon After Waterloo." The fidelity and expression on Napoleon's face is wonderful. Where did you get it?

Mr. Dobber—From life. I got my wife to pose for me in the morning after she gave her first reception.

#### HIS INTERPRETATION.

(Puck.)

Mrs. Hornbeak (in the midst of her reading)—My goodness! What's this country coming to? Here is an article headed: "A Bar-tender to Every Two School-teachers." By Hickory! How then professors do drink!

Farmer Hornbeak—By Hickory! How then professors do drink!

#### ANCESTRAL PRIDE.

(Puck.)

Sir Thomas Overbury, of London, once remarked: "The man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

#### SEEM TO KNOW HOW.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?"

"We've tried a mayor and we've tried a commissioner."

Farmer Hornbeak—By Hickory! How then professors do drink!

## MARRIAGE TIE.

### Change in the Ceremony Made So as Not to Offend Brides.

London Cable—Having undertaken to abridge the Ten Commandments, the Lower House of the Convocation of the Church of England tried its hand at expurgating the marriage service.

The Archdeacon of Leicester declared that certain phrases and words in the exhortation to the marriage service are offensive to brides.

Other clerics said that when officiating at weddings they are often asked to cut out these particular words and phrases or to mumble them so that they are scarcely audible. The exhortation was composed in the sixteenth century, a coarse speech, and the Convocation Committee recommends alterations in it to make it consonant with modern ideas.

The members of the Convocation, with very few objections, then agreed to the following changes in the exhortation. It was agreed that the clause reciting that marriage is not by any to be entered into or taken in hand lightly should be altered to read, "marriage is not by any to be taken in hand unduly, lightly, but advisedly, soberly and in fear of God, duly considering the chief causes for which matrimony is ordained."

The members also agreed that the passage stating that marriage "was ordained for the procreation of mankind," should run "for the increase of mankind." It was then proposed to omit the passage in the exhortation which gives the second reason for which marriage is ordained, namely "for a remedy against sin." This alteration was hotly resisted by several members. Canon Drummond said that those who objected to these words were precisely the persons by whom they were mostly needed. Nevertheless this amendment was also agreed upon.

The Archdeacon of Berkshire said that he would like Canon Henson to warn persons who were married in fashionable churches, like St. Margaret's, to be careful about passages in novels which they allowed their daughters to read. That was the real danger of the time. Cultivated persons who considered the words of the marriage service coarse, be added, were those who left in their drawing rooms books containing language which had an immoral influence on their daughters.

#### HIGH SPEED HEARING.

(Miami Record.)

Two negroes got into a row with a white man. The latter had a revolver and fired a shot. The dorkies did a marionette stunt and out of range, when one of the negroes said to his friend: "Did you hear dat bullet?"

Mr. Muggins—Sure, I saved \$5 to-day. Borrowed struck me for \$5 and I only let him have \$2.50. Nbran aarograsda dnoymowab Nbran

#### THAT BORROWING NEIGHBOR.

(Philadelphia Times)

"Say?"

"Yes?"

"Have you gone into the knocking business professionally?"

"What do you mean?"

"You'll have to try it on the dog first," replied the knocking manager, sardonically.

#### MAKE NO TRUCE.

(Chicago News)

Mother—Tommy, be careful how you feed that bear. He might snap your fingers.

Johnny—But mamma, he tries to let you see that he has a peaceful nature.

Mother—Yes, dear, but he might turn out to be a nature talk.

#### AN INDUCEMENT TO TRY.

(Washington Star)

"Did you say the fishing around here was interesting?"

"Yes," said Farmer Cornstossel. "The fellow that catches one fish breaks the record."

#### MEANING THE KEROSENE CIRCUIT.

(Philadelphia Record)

"I should like to get an engagement with my circus of trained fleas," said the vaudeville.

"You'll have to try it on the dog first," replied the booking manager, sardonically.

#### BOUND TO BE OCCUPIED.

(Philadelphia Record)

"Why are you so zealous?" said the doctor. "What do you need constant excitement?"

"I guess I'll get it," replied the fat patient. "I'm going to marry a man to reform him."

#### NOT HEAT LOOKING.

(Washington Star)

"Have you done any surf bathing?" asked the citizen who was standing on the shore watching the surfer boxes and orange peels rolling in.

"No," replied the native. "I have haven't done it. But we must admit the surf evidently needs it."

#### UP TO DATE.

(Puck)

Florwalker—Looking for anything, sir?

Customer—Yes, for my wife.

Florwalker—All right, sir. Put a notice in the "Lark" column of our daily paper published on the thirty-third floor, second corner, by three o'clock, and it will be on the corridors before four.

#### MODERN IDEAS.

(Louisville Courier-Journal)

"I can't say I love him."

"Then why marry him?"

"Oh, I might as well. Every girl has to have a foolish marriage or two before she really settles down."



## THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, and my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and an enjoying good health. I am now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.