

# A Millionaire's; Countess Westleigh

CHAPTER XLII.

"Send my man here," he shouted; "and if you tell any one else come near me till I give you permission, I'll—I'll discharge every servant in the house!"

With the note in his hand, Vane hurried to the stables.

"Let me have the best horse you've got," he said, briefly, "and as quickly as you can."

They saddled a fast hunter for him, and in a very few minutes he was on the road to Vale Hall.

He did not know what to think, what to expect. The handwriting of the note was strange to him; it explained nothing. But Nora lived at Vale Hall, and that was sufficient for him.

He did not spare the horse, but it was dark when he rode up the avenue in which, on his first visit, Reuben Vale had been hedge-clipping. When he flung the reins to a groom at the wide entrance, he saw, through the open door-way, a pile of boxes and packing-cases. His heart beat half with fear, half with hope, as he stood amid the confusion and waited for his name to be sent in.

Presently a door opened, and a young girl whose hair fell in a profusion of curls round her face came toward him leaning upon a maid's arm. She sunk onto one of the boxes, and looked at him with profound scrutiny, which gradually changed to an expression of satisfaction.

"You are Mr. Vane Tempest—mean the Earl of Westleigh?" she said, just when Vane had decided she would never speak.

"I am," he said, in his musical voice, slightly tremulous and impatient; "and you?"

"I'm Milly Lester," said Milly. "Nora's friend, you know," and she nodded shrewdly.

Vane took her hand and wrung it and kept it.

"How—how is she?" he stammered.

"Very bad—Oh, don't be frightened. I mean obstinate. But so am I. Two can play at that game. That's why I wrote."

"You wrote this note?" he said, displaying it.

Milly nodded again.

"Of course. I'm glad you've come. You were nearly too late."

"Too late!"

"Yes. We are just starting for London—the Continent, for years—forever—"

## Chapped Hands AND Cold Sores

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night. Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Mrs. Yellon, of Portland, says: "My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands."



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And Found a Cure in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is always better to prevent serious diseases of the nerves. There are many warnings, such as sleeplessness, irritability, headaches and nervous indigestion.

Frostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia only come when the nervous system is greatly exhausted. Even though your ailment may not yet be very serious, there is a great satisfaction in knowing that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will cure paralysis in its earlier stages.

Mrs. R. Bright, 215 Booth avenue, Toronto, writes: "Two years ago my husband had a stroke which left him in a weak, nervous condition. He started taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and we saw the good results almost immediately. They have made a new man of my husband and we cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Vane's uttered an exclamation. "Where is she?" he demanded, impatiently.

Milly eyed him with increased satisfaction.

Yes, he was not only handsome and every inch a lord, but evidently passionately in love.

"Out in the garden picking flowers to take with her to remind her of the old place," she said. "That is, she is supposed to be picking flowers—in the dark—but she is really fretting."

He made a movement as if he intended rushing off to pick flowers, also, but Milly's thin hand detained him.

"So am I," he said, grimly.

Milly shook her head.

"She's worse than you, I think," she said. "Mr. Tempest—I guess Lord Westleigh—I'd made up my mind not to tell you, but—Answer me one question: Do you love Nora?"

He looked at her and laughed desperately.

"And you want her very badly?" asked Milly, with child-like gravity.

"I mean to have her," he responded, still more grimly.

"It's a free country," said Milly, still holding him. "She'll send you about your business, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Mr. Tempest—oh, bother! I mean Lord Westleigh—do you know anything of the Scotch marriage law?"

He stared at her as if he thought she had suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Do I—Scotch marriage law? What do you mean?"

"Do you know that if a man, in the presence of witnesses, declares that a woman is his wife, and she admits it, they are man and wife legally married?"

Vane, as has been remarked several times in the course of this precarious history, was not overburdened with brains, and he continued to stare at Milly's strained little face for some moments in silence. Then, suddenly, the blood mounted to his face, and his eyes began to flash.

"Do you mean—is that so?" he gasped.

Milly nodded.

"Yes. My father's a lawyer, one of the clever ones. It is so. He says it, and—"

Vane caught her in his arms and lifted her bodily from the packing-case.

"You—you dear, sweet child!" he cried, and kissed her.

Then he rushed off and disappeared through the garden door, and Milly, half angry, half laughing, sunk back murmuring:

"I don't wonder at Nora's loving him."

Vane rushed into the garden as if he were in search of burglars. For a moment he saw nothing; presently he caught a glimpse of a figure at the edge of, and just disappearing in, the shrubbery. A moon was shining, and it showed him that the figure was Nora's. He ran toward it, and stood before her with outstretched arms.

She shrank back and almost dropped the bunch of flowers, and regarded him as one regards a well-loved and much to be desired—ghost.

"Nora!"

"Vane!"

(To be Continued.)

## Love a Conqueror

OR WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER I.

It would have been a touching and pathetic sight to any one who could have seen it—the girl, frail and pale herself, with no color in her face, save in the vivid red of her lips, bending with such tender protection and fostering love over the frail pale mother, who needed all his care and love, and who was tottling on the journey she had undertaken. Would she ever reach her destination? Would the spirit, which was so brave and high, support the weak body until she had performed the task she had appointed for herself? Looking down at the still face with eyes sharpened by love and pain, Shirley thought that it was very likely, terribly likely, that her mother would not live to reach Scotland, that she would die before her eyes rested once more upon her native land.

They had left Paris at midday having rested there for one week which had seemed like months to the impatient woman, who felt that her days were numbered, and who wanted to leave her child in safety ere she herself passed away. The kind old French physician, who had at length consented to their undertaking the journey, had only done so because he saw that the fever of unrest which burned in Mrs. Ross's veins was consuming what little strength she had, and his science told him, that even if the journey accelerated her end, it would only hasten what must be rapid and certain, no matter what care or repose or skill could do.

Very sad were Shirley's thoughts as she sat holding her mother in her arms, and the train sped on through the gray uninteresting country; very heavy was the young heart which beat close to Mrs. Ross's pale cheeks as it lay on her daughter's breast. Shirley had tasted the cup of sorrow many a time during her short life; but now it seemed to her as if she were draining it to the dregs. But, although her mother's death would leave her lonely and forlorn, would leave her and her brother dependent on the charity of their relatives, whom she had never seen, and who had treated them with but scant kindness hitherto, Shirley was too unselfish to wish to keep her. She knew that she longed, with a great unspoken longing, to be at rest, and that she was weary—oh, so weary!—of her life. For Marian Ross had known suffering such as falls to the lot of few.

As she sat watching her mother's face with loving pitiful eyes, Shirley Ross was thinking that she could never remember it without the look of suffering and resignation which it wore now. Even during her father's lifetime—although husband and wife had loved each other with a great love—when the beautiful face had brightened visibly when he entered the room suddenly, in repose it had always been grave and sorrowful; there had been no frequent smile on the sweet lips, no brightness in the lustrous eyes, no gay music in the low sweet voice. It seemed to Shirley that her mother could never have been happy, even when she loved her husband and lived in perfect harmony with him.

And yet what could have been the cause of her sorrow. Looking back into the time which preceded her father's death, Shirley could think of nothing to bring that troubled look to the beautiful eyes, that droop to the sweet lips.

They had loved each other—oh, how deeply and truly! Never in the ideal life of books could husband and wife be dearer to each other than these two; but the shadow had always been there, and Shirley even in her childhood had felt it dim and palpable.

It was not want of means. Roland Ross had been an artist, and he had earned more than sufficient money to support them in their simple unpretentious mode of living. They had

## Radway's Ready Relief

CURES ASTHMA

Chas. H. Billings, of 340 W. 17th St., writes: "For years I have been suffering from asthma and bronchitis. A week ago I purchased a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief and have taken a teaspoonful in water before retiring each night. The relief I have experienced is marvelous. I most heartily endorse it. It is a specific for this disease and the Best Relief for the Troubles of the Chest and Throat until further sensation is produced, and the Pills must be taken frequently to keep the bowels thoroughly open. The treatment must be given at short intervals, in small doses, and a desiccated onion or lettuce leaf, or a teaspoonful of the Broomfield whenever a paroxysm occurs." RADWAY & CO.

every comfort, every luxury, even in the old foreign towns in which they had lived, and the life had been a pleasant and picturesque one. Shirley and her brother had had first-rate professors and every educational advantage, and they had never been denied any reasonable enjoyment;

but, although they had had many foreign friends in their wanderings, they had never settled in any place where there had been many English residents. They had seemed to avoid their own country people—and Shirley was not sorry—for, if English people at home were like English people abroad, she could very well dispense with any further knowledge of them. As a rule, such specimens of her country people as Shirley saw at hotels and railway stations were noisy, ill-bred, and badly dressed; and this girl, English though she was, had never passed an hour on English soil during all her seventeen years of life.

Three years before she had lost her father; and then Mrs. Ross had obtained through the interest of her brother, Sir Gilbert Fairholme, a situation for her son, who was two years his sister's senior, in the counting-house of a wealthy English merchant; and there Jack Ross had spent two long years, seeing his mother and sister only during the fortnight's holiday, which he was allowed, and which he spent with them at the little German town where Mrs. Ross had settled for economy's sake, for her own income was but small, and it would die with her.

Thus it happened that, though Shirley was going home to England, it was a strange land to her—although she was far too absorbed in her care of her mother now to give that a thought; besides, Jack was to meet them at Charing Cross, and it would be so good to see him again—dear Jack, with his sunshiny blue eyes and curly yellow locks, who had always a jest and a merry word ready! Shirley thought that the sight of him would be the best cordial her mother could have; she loved Jack so dearly, she was so fond of her "dear boy."

Paler and paler grew the beautiful still face, darker and darker the shadows under the long-lashed eyes, heavier and heavier the weight on Shirley's shoulder. Once or twice the invalid moved slightly, but she did not speak; and for a time Shirley hoped that she was sleeping; then, as the train sped on, the white lids were slowly lifted, and her dark eyes—lovely eyes still, and the counterpart of Shirley's—went straight to her daughter's face, with a look of unutterable anguish and pity in their depths.

(To be Continued.)

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9756.—A PLEASING MODEL.



Ladies' House Dress with Three Piece Skirt, in Raised or Normal Waist-line.

Figured percale in cadet blue and white with facings of blue was used to make this design. Lawn, chambray, gingham, cashmere, or flannel, are equally appropriate. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9777.—A PRACTICAL CONVENIENT GARMENT.



Ladies' Apron with or Without Pockets and Pocket.

Percale, gingham, chambray, lawn, alpaca or cambric are all suitable for the making. The fulness of the back is confined by a belt that may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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## Old Folks Find Cr...

After thoroughly face curtains, put of one teaspoonful of the curtains stand about an hour.

If the seats of turn them upside with soapy water, thoroughly wet them, they will stiffen to come, their normal color, when cooking. When cooking, a hotted dinner, place a cheesecloth bag, then is done it can be easily the other vegetables, eered' with bits of green. If for any reason to your fireplace become have white spots on a full of linseed oil, given will absorb, and after tons the spots will disappear.

Before using new cold water, adding a. Allow them to stand. Then rinse well in clean. After this method has nothing sticks to them. To prevent dresses, eies from becoming ye take a good-sized pillow it thoroughly, and place. When you open the dress will be as white as snow.

To stiffen hair brush with a quart of which a dessertspoonful has been added, then dip in cold water, brush in several times in the open air.

To clean a net waist, two-quart fruit jar filled with water, and stand overnight. In the morning, shake the net, and shake the can back and motion will clean the dirt.

If apples to be used for little flavor, sprinkle them cut up with a goodly amount of lemon juice, to which a have been added. At the hour add the mayonnaise a decided improvement.

To remove grease spots from paper, take a piece of blotting paper, and place it over the spot, and press it down.

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