

Abbey's
EFFERESCENT SALT

First Thing in
The Morning

Abbey's Salt regulates the action of the stomach and bowels and keeps the system healthy. A sparkling, refreshing drink, which improves the tone of every organ of the body. Sends you to business feeling like "a 2 year old."

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VII
A CHAINED HEART.

"Nearly four o'clock," he says. "And nearly two hours' walk!" she exclaims, aghast. "If I do not return by six he will be in a terrible state. I have never been away from him so long before!"

"Two hours! We shall just do it!" he says, cheerily. "If you are tired I can carry you, you know."

She blushes and looks at him reproachfully.

"You are not to remember that," she says, chidingly.

"Am I not? Very well. I'll never speak of it; but forget it! no, that's impossible." He draws the lace wrap around her, as she speaks, with tender care, and steals one more kiss of the gold-brown tresses, and then they start for home.

They do not talk much, at least by word of mouth, but every now and then his hand touches hers, and sometimes her fingers close over his with a gentle pressure.

She is too innocent to hide her love; there is no false shame in her; she has given him her first kiss, as she has given him her whole heart, without reserve, wholly, totally. Her pure, unstained soul is free to his gaze if he could see it, and there is only one word written there—love!

There is not much worldliness about Lord Edgar; it never occurs to him that there is anything unusual or inconvenient in this love of his. He quite forgets that he is the heir to the marquessate, and that she is the granddaughter of his father's servant, until a word from her reminds him of the fact, and calls up some horrid doubts and difficulties. The word is this:

"I wonder what grandpapa will say!" she murmurs, more to herself than to him.

"Mr. Temple!" he says, "ah, yes!"

"Why do you say that?" she asks, quickly, already learned in every tone of his voice.

He smiles in his frank, careless fashion, then suddenly his face grows grave.

"Lela," he says, slowly and looking preternaturally wise, "I wonder—what do you think he will say?"

She shakes her head.

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"I do not know. He will be very surprised!" she adds, naively.

"By Jove! yes!" he can not help exclaiming. "I wish—I wish I knew how he would take it! Lela, I am a little bit afraid of Mr. Temple."

"Afraid of grandpapa!" with an amused and wondering smile. "Why, Lord Edgar?"

"My darling!" he exclaims, stopping short, and holding her at arm's length. "Don't—don't call me that now! I am Edgar—Edgar now! Oh, how hateful that sounded!"

She blushes and looks at him, a little curvè of timidity on her lip. "But why are you afraid—Edgar?"

"Because he is so grave and severe. I am thinking that perhaps he will not be overpleased."

"No?" doubtfully.

"No! I'm afraid he hasn't a very high opinion of the fellow whose heart you have stolen! And he's right. But suppose, only say suppose, he cuts up rough—Lela, come what will, you will be true to me?"

"True to you!" she repeats, puzzled. "Do you mean that I will love you always? Why, yes!"

"Yes, love me always!" he says, ardently. "Let who will try and step between us. Lela, do you mind keeping our love secret for a little while—for to-night, say?"

"If you wish it," she says, with heartfelt obedience.

He takes her hand and kisses it, laying it against his cheek caressingly.

"I'm more afraid of your grandpapa than my father," he says.

"Ah! the marquess!" she says, not afrightedly, but as if a shadow had crossed her sunlit path. "I—yes, I forgot my lord the marquess."

He laughs.

"My lord the marquess doesn't count," he says, carelessly. "My lord the marquess doesn't care what his son does, whom he marries, or what becomes of him!"

"How strange," she murmurs, "he doesn't love you!" as if all things on earth must love this god-like lover of hers, with the strong arms and voice full of heavenly music.

Lord Edgar shakes his head.

"It is strange, I suppose," he admits; "but I'm used to it. As I said, my darling, he won't care, but I will tell him."

"Ah, yes."

"I'll tell him to-night, and when I have got his consent—which he will give as if he were giving me a check—I can go to your grandpapa and tell him. He won't say anything if my father doesn't!"

She is silent for a moment, though in her heart she has yielded instant obedience. There is no command of his she would disobey.

"And if my lord the marquess says 'No?'" she falters.

He laughs, and the look which sits pretty plainly on all the faces of the portraits in the Abbey gallery comes into his face.

"Then—it won't matter," he says, conclusively. "We can be married without his consent."

"Married!" The word conveyed a new idea; she had not got so far as that yet; it was love—simple love, at present. "To be near him, to see him, to hear him talk, perhaps to walk with him now and again as she was doing now; to be folded in his arms and feel his warm, passionate kisses on her lips; that is enough for her. But to be his wife!

He feels her tremble on his arm and looks down at her.

"You would not be afraid if all the world said 'No,' would you, Lela?" he murmurs. "You would not care who stood in the way if I came and said,

"Lela, I want you to be my wife?"

"No," she replies, simply.

"Why, no, of course not!" he says, emphatically, his hot blood stirred up at the mere idea of opposition. "But we are looking at the worst side of the case, aren't we? Why shouldn't Mr. Temple agree?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she says, putting the dread from her. "When you tell him, he will be surprised, and, perhaps, a little angry, but he will get used to it, and in a few years he won't mind it at all; though, and her eyes fill with tears, "he will never bear me to leave him."

"A few years!" he echoes, aghast, then, afraid of frightening her, he nods. "Yes, he'll get used to it! And as to leaving him, why, we'll take him with us!"

She looks up at him with gratitude in her sunlit eyes, and so, with the complacency of two happy mortals, they arrange their destinies.

The clock strikes six as they cross the lawn; they are not arm in arm now, and Lela looks up at the tower with a little start.

"I must go now, at once," she says. "Good-by, my darling, my love!"

he murmurs. "But not for long. I will come to the window to-night. You will be there?"

"Yes," she whispers, her heart beating wildly, then suddenly she lifts her hand from his breast, and reaching up puts her lips to his and kisses him, then slipping like a sunbeam from his arms, and covered with shame, she flies up the steps and is gone.

Lord Edgar stands for a moment in silent communion with his happiness, then he walks around the terrace to the front entrance.

As he does so, Mr. Palmer, the butler, emerges from the hall with the air of a bishop or an executioner in a dress coat, and approaches him with a salver in his hand.

"A telegram, my lord," he says, extending the salver with the familiar buff envelope on it.

Lord Edgar takes it and crushes it into his pocket.

"At what hour will your lordship have dinner?"

"Dinner—oh, when you like—I mean now," he replies, absently.

Then he rushes up the stairs, to the horror of Mr. Palmer, and begins to dress. He is half through the operation when the sight of his shooting-jacket recalls the telegram, and he takes it from his pocket and opens it. It is from Clifford Revel to Lord Edgar Fane, and it runs thus:

"Something is wrong with Flyaway. Come up at once. Most important."

Lord Edgar stares at the pink paper with a frown of annoyance and disgust. Flyaway is the name of a certain horse upon which he and a considerable number of his friends have staked not only their hopes, but a large sum of money for a coming race.

Three days—two days—ago Flyaway was the most important personage in the world to him; for months he had thought of little else; since yesterday he has not given it a single fleeting remembrance. Until this odious telegram arrived he had quite forgotten it. But now, what was he to do? Clifford Revel is not the man to indulge in false alarms. There must be something wrong, and he ought to be on the spot. But leave Lela! Impossible! Not for all the Flyaways and all the races they could possibly win would he barter the one-quarter of an hour on the ter-

race beside her which he is looking forward to.

And yet—and yet—it is not only his own money. What about the trusting friends who, relying upon his faith in the horse have staked their hundreds, ay, and thousands? Can he in honor leave them in the mire, sacrifice them to his own selfish pleasure?

It is a question that permits of only one answer. With an exclamation consigning Flyaway—the dearly beloved and believed in—to Jericho, he sits down and scribbles an answer to the effect that he will be in town to-night. He sends this off, then looks up "Bradshaw." There is only one train, and that starts in an hour and a half! No time to see his Lela and explain, no time to see his father! Yes, he must see him; at any cost he must get his consent before he leaves the Abbey.

Hurriedly resuming his morning dress, he rings the bell and requests an interview with Mr. Palmer.

"My compliments to the marquess, Mr. Palmer, and I should be glad if he would give me a few minutes. You can tell him I have to go to town in an hour."

Mr. Palmer looks gravely and respectfully doubtful, and coughs behind his fat white hand.

"My lord the marquess has had a sharp attack of the gout, my lord, since the morning," he says.

Lord Edgar bites his mustache.

"I'm awfully sorry. But—look here, Mr. Palmer, I want to see him very badly. It is important, you know."

Mr. Palmer smiles behind his hand at the idea of anything being important enough to interest the marquess in his present condition, but respectfully departs on his errand.

In a few minutes he comes back.

"The marquess will see you, my lord," he says, with a solemnity that is rather damping. But Lord Edgar rises eagerly, and follows the silent butler to the marquess's door.

"It's a bad attack, my lord," whispers Mr. Palmer, almost pitiably, as he opens the door, and Lord Edgar understands the pitting tone when he enters and sees his father's face.

It is not creased and wrinkled with the pain, as most gout martyrs are; the marquess does not greet him with a volley of oaths, as some gout martyrs in their worst paroxysms are wont to do; but simply stares at him with the fierce eyes that glitter like polished steel, and transfixes him like a bird upon a spit.

"I'm very sorry to hear, father—he begins, but the marquess cuts him short.

"Thanks; I do not doubt your sympathy, I also do not require it. Say what you have to say and kindly leave me. Do not come any nearer. I have no wish to wound your filial feelings, but the mere sight of a human form, though it takes the shape of my son, is hateful to me at the present moment. What is it?"

Courageous indeed would be the man who could say under such circumstances, with that awful face before him, that awful voice in his ears, "father, I am in love with one of your servants' granddaughters; consent to our union, and I will forever bless you."

Lord Edgar, though prone to foolishness, does not possess that courage.

He stands, hesitates, and is lost.

(To be Continued.)

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure you child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Look at tongue! Remore poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.

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LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers—No pain!

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freesone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! No humbug! A tiny bottle of Freesone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.

Freesone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

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Fashion Plates.

A NEAT DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

2744—This model is economical of material and labor. It is easy to develop and suitable for wash fabrics as well as silk and cloth. It is cut to slip over the head. The sleeve may be cut off and finished at elbow length, or made in waist length. Either style has a smart cuff.

A pattern of this illustration mailed 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.

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

A GOOD SUIT STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY.

2748—For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and corduroy.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the waist, and 1 1/2 yards for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full—