

Sweet Miss Margery

"Many, many thanks, Mr. Stuart, and heaven bless you, sir. You are very good to me."

"Tears rolled down Mrs. Morris' pale face, and the young squire turned away with a sudden expression of sorrow. At the door he hesitated for a minute, then said hurriedly:

"I shall walk a little way along Livingston's Lane, Mrs. Morris. I want to ask Margery about Bright's crops."

"Ay, do, sir," replied the sick woman warmly; "she will be rare glad to see you."

Mr. Crosbie strode down the path, and let the gate swing behind him. He turned to the right, and walked quickly along in the glaring heat, with his eyes fixed in an almost eager way on the long straight road before him. Away in the distance appeared an object—a patch of something pink moving very slowly toward him. His pace increased, the distance lessened between this object and himself, and gradually the pink patch melted into the slender form of a girl, her bent head covered with a flapping white sun-bonnet, a small basket on her right arm, and a look between her two little brown hands. She came on very slowly; apparently the heat had no effect on her, although the sun was beating on her with scorching force. Mr. Crosbie slackened his pace as they drew nearer, and at last came to a standstill. In her book that she was unwearily of his presence till, looking up suddenly, she saw him just in front of her. The book dropped, a flush of color mantled her clear transparent face, and a look of intense pleasure shone in her great blue eyes.

"Mr. Stuart! Oh, how you startled me!"

"Did I, Margery?" returned Stuart, removing his felt hat and grasping her hand firmly. "What are you made of? You must be a satan under to live in this heat; yet here you are walking along as if it were in October, and you look as cool as—hesitating for a simile—as a cucumber."

"Oh, I don't mind a little sunshine!" said the girl, with a slightly contemptuous curl of her short upper lip. "In fact, I don't feel it. But where are you going, Mr. Stuart? Have you seen mother?"

"Yes," replied the young man, turning beside her and taking the basket from her arm. "She told me you had gone to Bright's arm, and I am anxious to know how his crops are."

"He is grumbling of course," Margery answered; "but I fancy he is on the whole well satisfied."

Their eyes met, and they both burst into a merry fit of laughter.

"You don't care a bit about the crops—you know your duty," remarked Margery, severely, as she tried to banish the merriment from the corners of her mouth.

"Hum! Looks dry—is it?" "Dry!" exclaimed Margery. "Of it is so beautiful! Have you never read it?"

"I hardly think so," confessed the young squire. "I will look it out in the library when I get back, and dig into it to-night, when I am smoking."

"Miss Lawson doesn't approve of story books," said Margery; "but I am not so strict."

"And how are you getting on?" "Oh, all right! I am deep in German just now. I speak French every day when I go to the rectory. I want to be perfect by the time her ladyship comes back. Mother has told me all about her kindness to me. I can scarcely remember her when she went away, but she must be nice."

"Nice!" exclaimed Mr. Crosbie. "She is a brick—a million times too good for that old curmudgeon Sir Hubert!"

"No one seems to like him," Margery remarked thoughtfully—her face had grown almost sad; "but mother is never tired of telling me all about Lady Coningham—how she took me when I was a baby, and my poor dear mother was killed, and put me with mother Morris. I am not very old, Mr. Stuart, but I feel as though I never repay her ladyship all she has done for me. Sometimes I seem to have a faint misty recollection of the days when I first came here, and I can see a face that was—oh, so pretty and kind!"

"My mother always says Catherine Coningham was very beautiful," Stuart said, as the girl paused. "I remember her as a faded pale woman, very kind, as you say."

"There is one thing she did I can never forget," Margery went on; "that was her goodness in burying my poor mother in such a pretty spot, and putting that cross on her grave. It does me good to go there, Mr. Stuart. I almost think my mother knows I go. She must have been sweet, she was so beautiful! I always wear my locket, you know—she put up her hand and produced a tiny heart of gold—it is just a comfort. I wonder who I really am!"

"I think you are a princess," observed the young man gravely; "you look it."

Margery shook her head. "We shall never know, I suppose," she said sadly. "And I shall always be the nursery rhyme girl, 'Margery Daw,' as Lady Coningham christened me."

"It is the prettiest name in the world," cried Stuart warmly. "And—and it suits you."

"So you would say if you caught sight of me on the village see-saw," said Margery laughing heartily. Then she added: "But we are home; and you have carried my basket all the way. It must be nearly 4 o'clock."

"Not!" he exclaimed incredulously. "By Jove, I shall have to tear—" Then he stopped abruptly and asked, "Margery, when are we going to have that picnic we decided on a month ago?"

"Oh, some day!" she answered, going into the garden and closing the gate. "But 'some day' is so vague. Shall we fix it for next Wednesday? That is your half-holiday, I know."

His eyes were fixed on her face with such earnestness that for the first time she seemed to feel their power. She colored faintly and held out her hand.

"Yes, Wednesday, if you like—if I'm not too tired to wait for me to-night. My hair myself. I dare say you are tired."

"Merci bien, mademoiselle," she murmured, marvelling still more. She was unaccustomed to any notice, to say naught of kindly words, from her young mistress.

Vane drew on her long white gloves, and went slowly through the corridor and down the stairs. The sun was declining, the heat of the day was dying, and a faint, delicious breeze came through the many open windows. Miss Charteris passed through the great hall, the tap-tap of her heels sounding distinctly on the tessellated floor, and stood for one instant at the door that led first under a colonnade and thence to the grounds which her windows overlooked. While she was standing here her cousin sauntered into view; and, moving forward with languid grace, she went to meet him.

"La dame blanche," he said, tossing away an unfinished cigarette. "You startled me, Cousin Vane—your eyes got so quietly and look so like a spirit."

"I am quite real, I assure you," Vane answered. "But why have you thrown away your cigarette?"

Stuart laughed as he answered: "It is against my mother's rules to smoke immediately before any lady, but I love my weed, and am scarcely conscious when I am smoking or not. Please forgive me. I have been a savage for so long. I have forgotten my good manners."

"Ah, I want to hear all about your travels and adventures," said Miss Charteris. "Have we time to stroll and down for a while before dinner?"

"But you will be tired," remonstrated Stuart, mindful of his mother's injunctions; "and glancing at the small, dainty white feet—I am afraid you will ruin your pretty shoes."

"I am not afraid of either calamity," Vane responded, with a smile; "however, let us split the difference and go to the conservatory."

Stuart agreed willingly. He was most favorably impressed by his new cousin. She was no homely, middle-aged creature, but a young, beautiful girl and likely to prove a most agreeable companion. He glanced at her dress as they sauntered slowly along the colonnade to the conservatory, mentally deciding it to be most charming and simple, deciding it to be probably the best work of her own hands, and would have been thunderstruck had anyone informed him that the innocent-looking garment had cost nearly fifty pounds.

Vane Charteris saw his cousin's admiration, and her heart thrilled. One more she would taste the joy of power, she would no longer be neglected. A vision of future triumph filled her mind at that instant. She would wake from her indifference. The world would see her again as queen, reigning this time

FARMER'S WIFE TELLS HER STORY

Found a cure for all her ills in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She Was Tired, Worn-out and Nervous, and Suffered From Rheumatism, but Two Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

"I suffered for twelve years," Mrs. Alexander says. "My back ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was nervous and tired and I was troubled with heart fluttering, Rheumatism developed, and added to my suffering."

"I was in a very run-down, worn-out condition when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say they gave me relief almost from the first. Two boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys, cleanse the blood, and remove the impurities from the system. They are a blood purifier, and give the body and the banishment of that tired, heavy feeling and those pains and aches that impure blood brings.

by charm and fascination as well as by her beauty. The color mounted to her cheeks, the light flashed in her eyes, at the thought, and she turned with animation and interest to converse with the man beside her.

"You have a beautiful home, Stuart," she observed, after they had walked through the heavily scented conservatory to the drawing room. "I am glad I have come."

"And I am heartily glad to welcome you. I have heard so much of my Cousin Vane, such stories of triumphs and wonders that I began to despair of ever seeing her here."

"You forget," said Vane, softly, waving her great feather fan to and fro. "There is an attraction here now that at other times was wanting."

"Can it be that I am that attraction?" he asked, quizzing her. Then he added, "Cousin Vane, I am indeed honored."

"You jump to hasty conclusions," she retorted, "but I will pardon your excessive vanity, if you will give me a stray of stephanotis for my dress."

"I will give you the rarest I have," she said, reaching for a box. "I love all flowers," Vane answered. "That is," she added, carelessly, "all hot-house flowers."

"You shall be well supplied in future," she said.

"Thanks," she drew off her gloves and pinned the spray of wax-like flowers amid her tresses. Her hands were white and delicate, yet Stuart's mind unconsciously flew to the little brown ones he had seen that afternoon grasping a plainly bound book. There was even more beauty in them than in his cousin's—

WIT AND HUMOR

PAT'S EXPLANATION.

"How is it, Pat, that your friend, Murphy, is out of jail?" "Faith, an' the man that he killed got well."

ALTERNATION. (Puck.) Farmer Slow—Do you alternate your crops? Farmer Timothy—Yep. Have 'em killed by one thing one year and another the next.

OH, YOU MUNCHHAUSEN! (Boston Transcript.) Marks—Bugs has traced his cat to bring his slippers. (Puck.) That's nothing. I know a writer on horticulture who has traced cut worms to sharpen his lead pencils.

THE WORST OF IT. (Magadorian Blazer.) Merchant—it seems to me that you have had no experience in this business. Clerk—but you've forgot that that's just what makes it all the harder for me.

MORE PRECISELY STATED. (Philadelphia Record.) Mrs. Wigwag—When your husband takes you to the theatre, does he ever go out between acts? Mrs. Guzzler—Well, I wouldn't express it in just that way. He sometimes comes in between drinks.

SLIGHTLY ENVIIOUS. (Washington Star.) "I suppose you are happy with all the wealth you would have accumulated?" "There is only one man I envy," replied Mr. Muggins. "Who is that?" "The motor-cycle policeman. Every once in a while he gets a chance to visit the speed limits without being arrested."

NECESSARY STEAM. (Chicago Record-Herald.) "Your father has money enough; why don't you get him to quit working?" "Customer—Yes, and I want it on time, too."

HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE! (Baltimore American.) "Why did you dismiss George, Gladys?" "He's a good steady fellow, doing well, and would make a fine husband." "I know all that, but, oh, Gwendolin, I never could be happy with a man who professes carriage as though it rhyms with carriage."

SWITCH OFF! (Boston Transcript.) Modiste—Do you want a train on your gown, madame? Customer—Yes, and I want it on time, too.

RUSHED TO DEATH. (Philadelphia Record.) "Are you busy these days?" asked the doctor. "I'm simply rushing to the death."

MONARCHS. (New York Sun.) Knocker—Go you abroad to see the king crowned? Ecker—No, I stayed home and watched the new janitor move in.

LAMENTS. (New York Sun.) Little Boppe had lost her sheep. "Hasn't nothing," cried Wall Street; "we've lost our lambs."

MORE ACRIMONY. (Philadelphia Record.) Neil—Maude boasts that she always has a man at her feet. Belle—Yes, I have noticed her shoe-strings are always coming untied.

SHE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD. (Philadelphia Record.) Guzzler—My life was a desert till I met you. Miss Causiquis—Ah! At least I have the explanation of your wonderful thirst.

THE ANNUAL QU. (Harper's Weekly.) "Well, Hawkins, old man," said Withersbee, "has your wife decided where she'll spend this winter?" "Yep," said Hawkins. "She's going abroad."

A DISCOVERY. (Washington Star.) "I have discovered a way of making our predictions less misleading," said one weather bureau employe. "A new system of calculation?" asked the other. "No, indeed. Instead of using the word 'probable' in our announcements we will use the word 'possibly.'"

CONCERNING UNCLÉS. A uncle is a kind of folks. Jus' chuck fall to th' brim with fun. He hasn't no girl, an' he's got no son. Then how's he know how to treat one? A uncle don't have to be a dretful big tall. He can be uncles just the same. If he will 'cide not to grow tall.

But his eyes must be th' kind. We he is going to tell to you. Some dretful funny kind of joke. We makes him buy a hat that jus' hangs round to tell him he must go? "I won't do no good to hunt for him." He won't be anywhere, you know! Onset when my Uncle Fred comed long. He picked me right up from th' floor. Where I was mouthing my doll. A Katie went to buy a hat for me. "The place for little girls to go." "That's what my bestest uncle said." "It it gets time to go to bed."

There's stories in th' chimney fire. And he will hunt them out for you. I wonder where the fairies went. An' w'en my Uncle Fred got thro'. "Cause w'en I went to sleep an' dreamed there's somethin' cookin' dretful far. That's Uncle Fred a burning up. The 'cunnin' little white cigar."

An' w'en I thought I heard th' wind a-singin' in th' chimney tree. "A's when my Uncle Fred spread out. The big newspaper over me. An' Katie wouldnt' touch me at all. Exceptin' for that little curl." "Cause Uncle Fred he looked all 'round. An' he don't see no little girls."

HOW TO TREAT SKIN TROUBLES

Greasy Ointments of No Use—The Trouble Must be Cured Through the Blood.

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments and such things. In fact they could do anything worse, because the grease clogs the pores of the skin making the complaint worse. When there is an irritating rash a soothing boracic wash may help to allay the pain or itching, but of course it doesn't cure. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin disorders because they make new, rich blood that drives out the impurities, clears the skin and imparts a glow of health. Mrs. S. L. Peterson, Brandon, Minn., says: "I suffered for years from eczema, which brought with it other troubles, such as a poor appetite, headache and weakness. The portions of my body affected by the eczema gave me constant torture from the itching and heat. I tried several doctors and all sorts of lotions and ointments, but did not get the least relief. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. After using the Pills for some time the irritation and heat began to grow less and I seemed in better health otherwise. I continued taking the Pills for several months and every vestige of the trouble disappeared and my skin is again as free from blemish as in youth. Given a fair trial Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not disappoint those suffering from skin eruptions or weakness of any sort. Pink Pills cure all those troubles due to which skin simply because they make new, rich, red blood. That is why these pills cure common diseases like anaemia, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, headaches, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, and the general weakness and ailments that only women folk know. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORTH KNOWING. An effective method of ridding a lawn of dandelions is to go over the yard and put a drop of sulphuric acid from a medicine dropper in the heart of each dandelion plant, being careful not to touch the surrounding grass with it. One drop will be sufficient to cause the death of the roots of a small plant, but large plants of old growth may need a second application. If a lawn is watched carefully for a season or two and the sulphuric acid applied to all new plants, you may soon reside in a dandelionless lawn. Use caution in handling the sulphuric acid, and do not let it touch your skin.

To remove grease from a kitchen table scrub well with hot water to which half a teaspoonful of whiting has been added. Wipe and then dry thoroughly with a clean cloth. This will make the table look equal to new.

Butter dripping will not set hard and change its quality if it is poured into the vessel containing it. It is put at the back of the stove and allowed to stay there until the stove itself cools.

To remove the smell of fresh paint, put a nail of cold water in the room and change it every two or three hours.

To prevent white fabric from becoming yellow or pinkish, wash in a solution of white wax freely among the folds.

In making cookies, do not let the dough be too thick. The dough is lighter, but will not stick to the board when rolling. Some bakers also chill their doughnuts before frying.

OF COURSE. "Oh, Bill, what's the Knight of the Bath?" "Why, Saturday, you bonehead."—Yale Record.

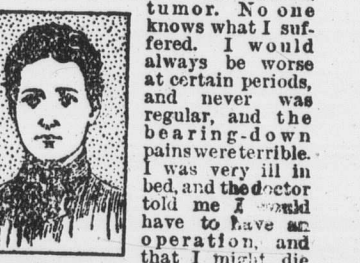
Mrs. Muggins—Is your husband a sound sleeper? Mrs. Buggins—Yes, indeed. Sometimes the sound is simply awful.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifon, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the doctor said I was to have an operation and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me by preventing Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifon, Ontario.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irascibility, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.