

# Sweet Miss Margery

What explanation would she give him? Perhaps none; and he had no right to demand any. The difficulties of the situation seemed to become greater and greater as he pondered it in his mind. He moved from the window, and walked slowly up and down the room. Margery the girl he was about to see in a far-distant clime, was under the same roof with him at that very instant. The wife of his host, the Earl of Court, it was inexplicable. His mind could find no solution to the problem; he could but wait for morning light.

Stuart was not the only one who was awake and disturbed that night. Margery, clad in a silk dressing gown as white as her cheeks, was pacing the floor of her chamber. She had pleaded illness, and begged to be left with Pauline; and, once alone, she sent her maid into the dressing room and fought the battle with herself in solitude. If sorrow, despair, anguish, had come to her before, they visited her now with redoubled force. It seemed to her the very irony of fate, a mockery of her good intentions, that she should be so blind at such a moment—a moment when she had thought herself a conqueror over her weakness. Of what avail had been her struggles, her earnest prayers, her resolutions? The sight of Stuart's grave, handsome face, the intoxication of his presence, had left her weak; the memory of his insults, his deceit, had banished everything but the knowledge that she loved him still. She longed for the weary night to pass, yet dreaded the coming of morning, when she must meet him, speak to him, when his every word would be as a dagger thrust into her heart.

Dawn was creeping over the sky when, thoroughly wearied and ill, she flung herself upon her bed. As she lay, her eyes, on the apparition ring that she wore, and the memory of Edith—her patient, her suffering, her courage—came into her heart. Then her mind wandered to her husband, and to all his great goodness; and, remembering this, she sent up a fervid prayer for strength to do her duty to this man; and, as the shining plea left her heart, she grew comforted.

"And grief shall endure not forever, I know; As things that are not still these things be; We shall live through seasons of sun and of snow, And none be grievous as this to me. We shall hear, as one in a trance that hears The sound of time, the rhyme of the years; Wrecked hope and passionate pain will grow As tender things of a springtide sea."

Stuart left his room early, and, despite the cold, gloomy morning, made his way into the grounds to think, and nerve himself for the coming ordeal. He looked pale and wan; his eyes had never closed all night; his thoughts had never left him. His task was ended, he told himself—his cousin was found. He must just state the truth, and then go away from her fair, false sweetness, back to the long, straight path of duty, back to the woman who had loved him so long and so well, back to his pledged word and the burden of life.

He was walking on, and from beneath the leafless trees, he heard almost as dead and withered as the leaves beneath his feet, when a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he saw the earl.

"You are out early, Crosbie," called Lord Court, as he approached. "I saw you from my windows." Then, in a tone of surprise, he added: "But you look ill; is anything the matter?"

"I did not sleep well," returned Stuart, hurriedly, "for I have had a shock. I am going to tell you all about it."

"A shock," repeated the earl, with a smile. "Don't say the matter is haunted. I believe it is most unorthodox not to have a family ghost, but I have never heard yet that you have one."

"It is not a ghost," it is a reality. I meant to have spoken to you last night, but I was so surprised that I could hardly realize the truth of what I saw. I will explain now."

"Come indoors," said Lord Court, looking a little bewildered; "it is scarcely suitably out here. Now, Crosbie, I am all attention—begin." As they entered the house.

"You are aware I was about to start for Australia next week. Do you know why?"

slowly; "the news is rather sudden." He passed for a little. "There is no mistake—you are sure?"

"I am sure," answered Stuart, emphatically. The earl was silent for a minute, then his face cleared and brightened. He put out his hand to Stuart, who grasped it silently.

"I can think and speak now. My darling has found her rights, and she is your cousin. The feeling of friendship for you which came so strongly to me, Crosbie, has now a solid basis beneath it. How happy she will be! And yet it is sad, at one and the same moment, almost, to find a father and lose him. Fate must have led her to his bedside on that day. Thank Heaven he saw her once before he died! Come—let us go in and tell her. Words seem so feeble to-day that I can not express half what I feel. The mystery of her birth has hung over my darling like a dark cloud; and now by Heaven's mercy it is gone, and she will be free and happy."

They turned and walked in silence along the hall, Pauline was tripping down the stairs.

"Mhadi is in the south room—she would attend the dejeuner," the girl said; and the earl walked quickly down a long corridor to a door hung with heavy curtains.

"We will tell her now," he whispered; and in another moment they were in the room.

Stuart's vision was obscured for the first few seconds, then it cleared, and he saw a slender, graceful girl with fair pale cheeks and a wreath of red gold curls before him. She had her hand clasped in the earl's, and, as his senses returned, Stuart saw her deep-blue eyes grow dark with surprise, and her face become whiter than the folds of the heavy serge gown that draped her.

In a soft, low voice, tender and passionate, the earl told her; and Margery stood beside him, hearing nothing save the words; and, presently, she rose, saying to the earl, "Tell me every thing."

Lord Court put his lips to her hand. "Crosbie will do that, my darling; he is your cousin now, you must remember. Give him your hand, and bid him welcome to your home as your kinsman and your friend; you were too ill last night to do so."

Margery's heart seemed to stand still, then, nerving herself for the effort, she stretched out her hand.

"You are welcome, cousin," she said, in a faint voice.

Their fingers met for an instant, then dropped apart; and Margery turned away, feeling that the agony of this meeting was almost greater than she could bear.

The earl drew her gently toward him. She was too weak to offer any resistance—even glad of the support; and, standing with her husband's arm around her, Margery heard the story of her father's sorrow and her mother's martyrdom slowly but distinctly from Stuart, Crosbie's lips. The words went home to her heart; the despair, the misery, caused her unspoken pain; and tears rained from her eyes.

obliged to confess that he was quite exhausted and could walk no further. The earl was full of contrition for his thoughtlessness.

"Come back to the house. Would you prefer to go to your own room? If not, rest in my den. I can answer for its silence and coziness."

Stuart preferred the "den"; the mystery of the previous night haunted him—he hated the thought of his luxurious bedroom. The earl led the way to the north wing of the house, and, going to the extreme end of a corridor, pushed open the door of an apartment that seemed to be quiet and quaint, and at the end branched off into another room which led through a long French window to the grounds. Lord Court closed the door between the two rooms, and, pushing a chair to the fire, made his guest comfortable, handing him at the same time the batch of newspapers that had just arrived from London.

"Now you are settled," he said, generally. "You look as if sleep would not come amiss; and, such being the case, I shall have no hesitation in leaving you. I must drive to Beverley Town, a good distance away; I have an important interview on hand with a troublesome tenant. I shall be back, however, before dinner. Are you sure you would be bored?"

Stuart replied in the negative, and, after seeing him cosily ensconced, Lord Court quitted the room, and made his way to the stables.

Left to himself, Stuart leaned back wearily, and gave way to thought. Once again the struggle raged between duty and desire. The love that he had thought was treated only for his ideal lived for the woman who had deceived him, and swept away all memory of that other girl who through all her trouble and sorrow had soothed and helped him. There was everything to call him away, yet he felt he could not go until he had gazed once more on the delicate beauty that had seemed to him the personification of truth and sweetness in the summer that was gone. There was something altogether strange and incomprehensible in Margery's marriage. The earl had casually mentioned the love that his dead sister had had for his wife, and Stuart would have followed up the remark in order to learn how it was that the village girl had become the Countess of Court; but the earl would talk of nothing but Sir Douglas Gerant and the wonderful discovery of his daughter.

Stuart tooped up his paper and forced himself to read; but the words seemed to run into each other, and his mind refused to be diverted from the mystery and perplexity that tormented him. As he lay back wearily gazing into the glowing coals, he saw his duty clearly—he must leave the manor and put every barrier between Margery and himself. Vane had been true, faithful, devoted; to her he would return, and by earnestness and determination try to thrust out all remembrance of his false love from his heart, and forget that she ever existed.

The struggle was clear and well defined. A sense of peace stole over him; the fire-light flickered amid the fast-growing shadows. Stuart's head drooped, his eyes closed, and his troubled spirit was soothed in slumber.

The afternoon grew into winter dusk; the fire had settled in a glowing mass of red embers, and not a sound disturbed the silence. Presently the door was opened gently, a white hand pushed aside the curtain, and Margery stood in the chair.

"I was dreaming," he answered, hurriedly; "but I am awake now, Lady Court."

The color faded from Margery's face. "Your husband has gone to Beverley Town," Stuart continued, in a voice that sounded strange in his own ears.

"He settled me comfortably in his own den," before starting, and told me that he would be home to dinner."

Margery bowed her head, and turned toward the door, when Stuart moved forward as if to arrest her.

"As I shall leave you this evening," he said, hurriedly, "I will take the present opportunity of informing you that the letter and proofs I spoke of this morning shall be sent to you as soon as possible."

## When Nostrils Are Plugged Your Catarrh Is Bad

BY ACTING TO-DAY YOU CAN QUICKLY CURE CATARRH AND AVOID BRONCHITIS, PER-HAPS CONSUMPTION.

Most Agreeable and Surest Cure is Catarrhazone, Which Cures Every Curable Case.

Catarrhazone prove especially good in those chronic cases where mucous drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhazone act almost as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhazone at work you can be sure of quick and weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat.

13 YEARS OF CATARRH CURED. "As Catarrhazone has cured me of a Catarrhal Cough and Asthma that has troubled me for thirteen years, I feel I can honestly recommend it. I really used all kinds of medicine, but Catarrhazone was the only one that did any real good. I am entirely cured—have no cough, no bad breathing spells, not a sign of a cold or catarrh about me. But I will always occasionally use 'Catarrhazone,' I prize it so highly."

Mrs. E. L. Cagood, Johnson, P. O., Ont. The complete \$1.00 outfit of Catarrhazone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c, at all dealers, or The Catarrhazone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

Stuart's hand fell; and he bowed his head to the arm of the chair. "You are ill!" Margery went on, quickly. "Let me—"

Stuart raised his head and rose to his feet, steadying himself with one hand on the table, and the other on the wall, and then he said: "I have already eaten as many of these as Samson slew of Philistines."

"Yes, and with the same weapon," returned Rossini.

THE BEST WAY. To clean a gas mantle, is to remove the globe, get a salt shaker and shake all the salt on it that it will hold, turn on the gaslight, and let it burn until all black is off. Turn off the light, replace the globe and light it the usual way, and you will find the light restored to its former brilliancy. Try this if the mantle is black and it burns poorly.

To clean white furs, mouton, rabbit, swan's down and ermine, first beat out all the dust, gently but thoroughly, then lay the article upon a table covered with a clean white cloth and saturate it with a mixture of grain alcohol, three parts, and other one part. With a clean whisk work the fluid into every hair and down to the skin. Then slip into the fur all the boracic talcum it will hold, letting the fur so that the powder reaches the roots. Then put into a closed box and leave for three days. Take out the furs, shake out the powder, removing that which cannot be so easily dislodged by brushing with a perfectly clean whisk. Then put the furs well on the wrong side to raise the nap.

To press woollen clothes, lay the garment over a heavy strip of tan linen and to the skin. Then slip into the fur all the boracic talcum it will hold, letting the fur so that the powder reaches the roots. Then put into a closed box and leave for three days. Take out the furs, shake out the powder, removing that which cannot be so easily dislodged by brushing with a perfectly clean whisk. Then put the furs well on the wrong side to raise the nap.

THE WIT OF ROSSINI. Wagner and Liszt Among Those Who Felt the Sting of His Tongue. Although Rossini seldom went to the opera he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works, says a writer in Musical Opinion. It was "Tannhauser." Afterward, when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said: "It is too important and too elaborate a work to be judged after a single hearing, but I shall not give it a second."

Somebody once handed him a score of one of Wagner's latest music dramas and presently remarked that he was holding it upside a box. "Well," said Rossini, "I have already read it the other way and am trying this as I really can make nothing of it."

Rossini had scant patience with amateur composers. One such once accompanied the manuscript of his latest composition with a Stilton cheese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped, of course, to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks! I like the cheese very much."

Rossini settled himself in his easy chair with his feet on another and placed a huge handkerchief over his eyes. Poniatowski sat down to the piano and worked away lustily for an hour. When almost exhausted and bathed in perspiration, he was about to begin on the second opera, Rossini awoke from a doze into which he had fallen and touched him lightly on the shoulder so as to arrest his progress.

"Now, my good friend, I can advise you," he said sleepily; "have the other opera performed."

A kindred joke was tried on Liszt, who had just played one of his so-called symphonic poems to Rossini.

"I prefer the other," said Rossini, emphatically. Liszt naturally asked, "which other?"

"The chaos in Haydn's 'Creation,'" was the withering reply.

On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer, and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him play, and it was agreed that he should show off in the next performance. Now, the very first bar of the overture contains a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remarked: "Now I have a rest of 78 bars; those, of course, I will skip."

"This was too good a chance to be lost," Oh, said the composer, "by all means count the 78 bars; I particularly want to hear those."

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had, of course, a birthday only once in four years, and when he was 72 he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan made his acquaintance in Paris. One morning when Sullivan called to see him he found him trying over a small piece of music.

"What is that?" asked Sullivan. "It is my dog's birthday," he replied, very seriously, "and I write a little piece for him every year."

All his life he had a dread of the number 13, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than 12 to dinner, and once when he had 14 he made sure of an understudy, who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed.

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theatre in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune.

"Who is that playing the horn in such an unholly way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice. "Ah, is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father.

Rossini was an epicure and several of the stories connected with his name bear on the pleasures of the table. He had a fastidious palate, and declared that he could cook rice and macaroni better than anyone he knew.

## ST. VITUS DANCE

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Chorea, or as it is more generally known, St. Vitus dance, is a disease that usually attacks the young children, though older persons may be attacked with it. Its most common symptoms are a twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching takes the form of spasms in which the jerking motion may be confined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands or to walk steadily, and in severe cases even the speech is affected. The disease is due to debility of the nerves and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking instance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in this trouble.

Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my eldest daughter, Edith, was taken down, and the trouble developed in St. Vitus' dance. First her left arm became affected, then her left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that finally her father got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and before all the pills were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. This was in 1908, and she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel justified in saying the cure is permanent."

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LATE INVENTIONS. An electric meter has been invented for measuring the flow of steam in pipes. Artificial wood for matches made from straw, has been invented by a Frenchman. To a Massachusetts man has been granted a patent for a electric lamp and reflector for inspecting the inside of shoes.

In France there has been invented a flourless bread-making machine that transforms the whole wheat into dough. A swiveled clamp which a tunnel may be fastened to a bottle to leave one hand free when liquids are poured is a Californian's invention. The bottom and sides separate and can be adjusted to any size desired in a baking pan invented by a Pennsylvaniaian.

A barrel-shaped packing case that has been patented by an Illinois man can be folded for transportation when empty and used many times. A Pennsylvania has equipped the head of a piano tuning hammer with a ratchet so that it will not have to be lifted from a peg every time it is turned.

A California inventor's wave power motor consists of a small truck with a broad tail. A wave, striking the tail, pushes the affair up a track, and a piston in the head of the truck compresses air in a cylinder.

DROPPED ALL OTHERS. "I dropped all liniments, but Nerviline, because I found Nerviline the quickest to relieve pain," writes E. S. Benton of St. John's. "If my children are croupy or sick, Nerviline cures them. If a case of cramps or stomach ache turns up, Nerviline is ever ready. We use Nerviline for neuralgia, rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains; it's as good as any doctor." The Nerviline remedy for the past fifty years has been Polson's Nerviline—nothing better made.

CLEAN MONEY AS AN "AD." One of the big, successful hotels in this big, successful town has the custom of never returning as change to patrons paper money in anything but crisp, brand-new bills, right off the government printing press. By an arrangement with a nearby bank, it always has an ample supply of bills of all denominations in the original bands in which they come from the United States treasury; also new, bright smelling coins. All the people in all the dining rooms of the establishment might give odd, old, soiled notes in payment of checks, but all change would come back to every customer's son in glittering coin and immaculate, crinkly bills, the old, soiled money received by the cashier being put aside for deposit. Tip noticed this the second or third time he dined in the big hotel; he never realized what a neat advertisement it was till he heard it spoken of approvingly in the south and west and even in Canada.

A STRETCHING EXERCISE. It imparts elasticity. And it is good for one. It will lift the vital organs. It gives strength and poise to the body. The clothing must be loose and comfortable. To begin any exercise one must stand erect. The chest should be high, the head up, and the chin in. The body should rest on the balls of the feet, not on the heels. At first it may be enough to breathe deeply and slowly (mouth closed) standing thus. This alone is a fine thing if practiced in the open air, or before a window open top and bottom, for five or ten minutes twice a day. Now for the stretching; sweep the arms slowly outward and upward until they touch above the head, lifting until the chest walls and stretching the arms. Lower the arms with the same sweep, stretching them all the time. Five times will be enough at first, breathing deeply and slowly all the time. The fellow who expects the rest of us to be all right.

## EVERY PLACE ON THE WIDE PRAIRIES

Tells of cures made by Dodds Kidney Pills.

Thos. Griffin, of Peace River Land, Tells How He Got Rid of His Rheumatism — Honestly Earned Popularity. Gold Springs, Peace River Land, Alta., Oct. 10.—(Special.)—Just why Dodds' Kidney Pills retain their wonderful popularity is easily shown by a trip across the prairies. Every town, village and post office has at least one man or woman who is ready to tell of pains relieved and health restored by the great Canadian Kidney Remedy. Let Thos. Griffin, of this place, add his statement to the hosts already published.

"When I came to this part of the country," says Mr. Griffin, "I was troubled with a bad back and rheumatism in my shoulders and hips. I sent for six boxes of Dodds' Kidney Pills and they gave me relief at once. I also recommended them to my oldest son, who was confined to his bed from rheumatism."

"Now I know that Dodds' Kidney Pills are the best medicine for rheumatism and the kidneys. I recommend them to every person I hear complaining of not feeling well."

Dodds' Kidney Pills made their popularity by curing sick kidneys. They keep their popularity by keeping on curing sick kidneys.