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Opens the Pores and Penetrates**

A Remedy for Chest Colds, Head Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Earache, Spasmodic Croup and kindred ailments. Apply freely to the skin just over the affected parts and rub it in.

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**The Romance
OF A
Marriage.**

CHAPTER X.

"Admirably done, my dear young Mr.," murmurs the major, eyeing the comical figure without a smile. "Admirably! But now, what shall we do? Of course you will avail yourself of my carriage—the ladies, at any rate," suddenly bethinking himself that there will not be room for all. "You must return to the Court—which, if I remember rightly, cannot be at any great distance—in the landau. Come, I must insist," he adds, with charming persistence, though no one has as yet refused. "I really must insist," and he goes up to Alice, as being the most fashionably dressed of the group, and holds out his hand. "Permit me the honour of conducting you, my dear young lady. You are sure you are not hurt? Shaken and upset, of course; but not, I trust, injured?"

Alice, who a few minutes ago could have sat upon the grass and wept over her spilt finery, revives under the blandishments of this polished specimen of humanity, and calls up her usual smile.

"Oh, no," she says, "not at all. But I am rather shaken."

"You must be, my dear young lady," murmurs the major. "Enough to kill a delicate young creature like yourself. What a merciful providence that I should have been passing! I never can be too thankful—never!"

And he looks up at the sky with pious gratitude.

Alice and May are escorted to the fly, and only Paula remains.

To her the major approaches, hat in hand, polished smile on face; but Paula draws back.

"I think I'd rather walk," she says, her soul revolting at the idea of en-

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tering Hampden Pavia in a strange landau. "Mr. Palmer could ride, if I do not, I shall walk."

The major looks at her with a keen scrutiny under his polished smile.

"But, my dear young lady, it is—dear me!—three miles."

Paula laughs.

"That is nothing," she says. "I can walk that very easily."

The major bows, overcome with astonishment.

"Is it possible?" he murmurs. "Let me entreat you, my dear young lady, not to overtax your strength. Three miles! Far too many for a lady to undertake after such a terrible shock!"

"I didn't feel any shock," says Paula, sweetly. "I was waiting for it. I'd rather walk. I would indeed. Let Mr. Palmer ride."

"I shall be delighted," murmurs the major, "if you are quite sure."

"Quite," says Paula.

And Mr. Palmer, protesting faintly, takes his place in the landau.

The major sees them all in, and stands on the step looking at Sir Herrick.

"I shall see you again, my dear Rick?"

Sir Herrick nods rather curtly.

"Delighted to find that you are in the neighbourhood. Had no idea of it. Adieu!" And he raises his hat. "You are quite sure you would rather walk my dear young lady?"—to Paula.

"Quite," says Paula.

And, with a shrug of the shoulders, expressing grief and astonishment, the major enters the landau.

Bob, Stancy, Sir Herrick, and Paula stand for a moment looking after them as they drive away; then Bob pulls out his pipe.

"Better get home as quick as we can. Come on, Stancy. I should advise you never to drive a four-in-hand again!"

Stancy colours, and hangs back, glancing at Paula; but there is a smile on her face which does not encourage him, and he goes off with Bob, his stiff collar crushed and limp, his white hat spotted no longer, his long frock-coat torn and bespattered—all his glory, in fact, departed.

Paula looks after him with a smile, then she says, cheerfully:

"Poor Mr. Stancy! It is very sad for him! There is one consolation for him: he can shift the blame on to your shoulders. He will say—mark my words—that if you hadn't interfered the accident would not have occurred."

"No doubt," says Sir Herrick, calmly. "But it might have been worse. You might have been hurt."

Paula tries quickly to turn the subject of the "you."

"To say nothing of Alice and May," she says. "Poor Alice! Wild horses couldn't drag her on to a coach again!" Then, with an almost imperceptible falter, "I should have been hurt but for you. I should have fallen

when the coach tilted, if you had not got me down."

He looks up eagerly.

"Do you think so? I mean, do you think I really saved you? I am glad. I felt somehow that you would hold on; you were so cool and self-possessed."

"But I was waiting for it," says Paula. "Hada'nt we better walk on?" for they have been standing to discuss the accident.

He nods, and they step out briskly towards Hampden.

"And that was your uncle—the wonderful uncle?" says Paula, after a pause, during which she has been recalling the polished major.

"Yes," he says, shortly, as if he were in a brown study. "Yes," and then he laughs. "What do you think of him?"

Paula smiles.

"Isn't that rather a leading question, as the lawyers say? I thought he was very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he echoes, with an amazed stare.

"Yes; like a fine old picture, or a piece of china or lace. Beautiful to look at and to listen to. He reminded me of—But you will be offended."

"Nothing you could say would give me offence," he says, with his frank eyes fixed on hers with ample directness.

"Of the old card-table in our room at home."

He laughs.

"The card-table?"

"Yes," with a smile. "It is an old-fashioned piece of furniture, and it has such a wonderful polish."

"I see," he says.

"So very polished," laughs Paula. "It was quite a pleasure to hear him speak in that soft, slow tone; and his smile—one knew that he was smiling at everybody in the same way, and yet he seemed to be smiling with particular significance at the person to whom he was speaking. Then the way he carried his cane and bowed! It was just like a picture of one of those old aristocrats in King George's time. I call it beautiful."

He laughs thoughtfully.

"Is this old-fashioned table of yours solid all through, or only veneer?"

"Oh, solid all through," she replies.

"Then it isn't like my uncle, Major Vericourt," he says, emphatically, "for he is, I regret to say, only veneer; veneer of the first quality and highest finish, but only veneer. What on earth brought him here to-day of all days?"

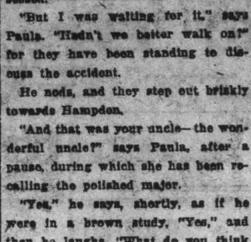
Paula looks at him curiously.

"You weren't a bit glad to see him?" she asks.

"Not a little bit," he replies, grimly; then he laughs. "I never see my uncle but I am reminded of the beautiful leopard in the Zoo; it looks so quiet, and placid, and affable, but is the most cruel and cunning animal under the sun. The major is just like that; he has always got some game on, and generally manages to win it. That's one reason why I am not overwhelmed with pleasure at the sight of him. You see, I always fall to wondering what the particular game may be that he happens to have in hand at the moment."

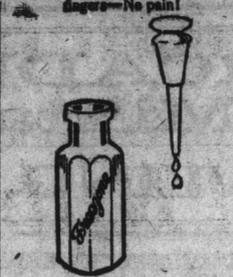
Paula laughs.

"He is deliciously interesting," she says. "But it doesn't matter to you, does it? I mean what 'game,' as you call it, he may be planning?"



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but in a low voice, as if he were following out a train of thought. "Is it only the day before yesterday that that we met?" she neither starts nor blushes, nor thinks the question strange.

"Yes," she says, "the day before yesterday."

He is silent for a moment, then he looks at her.

"In the game my uncle plays the cards are men and women, and I've always a dread that he may hold me in his hand."

"I see," says Paula. "You mean that?"

But she stops.

He laughs a little laugh of annoyance and perplexity.

"Just this; that the major considers my welfare his particular charge—you see, I am his only nephew—and to promote it he wouldn't scruple to—well, to play any deep game. I wish I could find some one who'd buy my uncle, the major."

"I would, if he is not too expensive, and if he'd consent to remain in a glass case," says Paula.

"Would to Heaven he would!" says Sir Herrick, half-seriously, half-laughingly. "Never mind, let's forget him. By the way, can't we get off the high-road? He'll be coming back this way and will meet us."

Paula laughs.

"Anyone would really think he was a tiger," she says. "Yes, we can go through the plantation and across the meadows; there are no wild beasts there."

"Let us go on, for mercy's sake, then," he says.

Paula laughingly leads the way down a turning, and they leave the high-road and enter a plantation of young firs.

"Ah!" he says, drawing a long breath, "this is better—major or no major!"

CHAPTER XI.

It is better than the dusty high-road certainly; here among the sweet-scented pines, with a carpet of moss and powdered cones beneath their feet, and the cool, green leaves above their heads. Much better than the glare of the afternoon sun is the soft light filtered between the trunks and branches, and falling gently on Paula's suburban hair, and turning it to bright red-gold wherever the sun's fingers touch it. Much better here.

They walk along, these two, side by side, almost silent, listening to the gentle complaining of the trees, the evening breeze whippers through them; a vague, indefinite happiness seems to fall upon Paula; a strange glamour which she is conscious of, but cannot analyze. She only feels that the plantation is all too short, and the end too near. She does not feel inclined to talk, does not wish him to do so. Somehow it seems as if they were thinking together as they walk, and when he says suddenly,

"It seems longer than that," he says, "and yet the time has flown swiftly enough. Are you not tired? Shall we rest a little while?" And he stops and looks at a sloping bank of moss.

Paula sinks down and glances at the slit of sky between the trees.

"They are home nearly by now," she says.

He scarcely seems to hear her, but looks round lost in thought; then he lies full length on the bank, and leaning his head upon his hands, looks up at her.

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