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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was three-cornered 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, genially. "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 Beverly 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 won't be bored?"

Stuart replied in the negative, and, after seeing him cozily 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 treasured only 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 Gerard and the wonderful discovery of his daughter.

Stuart took 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 it. 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 even existed.

The struggle was ended now, he told himself; his path was clear and well defined. A sense of peace stole over him, the firelight flickered amid the fast-glowing 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 room. As her eyes fell on Stuart's motionless form her heart gave one great leap, then sunk again; she let her gaze rest with unspeakable sadness and tenderness on her lost lover's face, then she turned to go. She moved away softly, and her hand was on the door, when a sound came from behind:

"Margery!"

She turned at once, to see Stuart with his hand outstretched.

"I am sorry," she faltered, faintly. "I did not know you were here. I came to find my husband. I have disturbed you."

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 chair.

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

"Carnol made us strong and healthy and gave us wonderful appetites,"
writes Miss Winifred Bartlett

What answer do you get when you ask most people who are ill what their trouble is? "I don't know," is the answer almost invariably, weakness, run down condition, losing weight, despondent, sleeplessness, nervousness, lack of energy, tired, listless, headaches? Carnol has proved, by the thousands of testimonials we have, to be a wonderful remedy for all these conditions. Read what Miss Winifred Bartlett says, about Carnol, and what it did for her and her family when they were run down.—"One month last winter all of us, except father, were laid up with flu. Father was working at a factory and told his chum about our being run down with flu. His chum said that in 1921 his family was laid up with the same thing, so he went to the druggist and the druggist told him to give them Carnol. He said it was good for people who had been ill and were still very weak. This man told my father that it was the very best strengthener and body-builder his family had ever tried in

The color faded from Margery's face.

"Your husband has gone to Beverly 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."

"You are very kind," responded Margery, as calmly as possible. "Thank you for all you have done."

There was a pause. Margery felt as if some strong, unknown power held her to the spot. She wished to move away, yet could not; and Stuart let his eyes rest on her fair loveliness, feeling that his resolution to depart was growing weaker and weaker as he gazed.

"I have done nothing," he said, almost harshly, trying to hide his agitation.

"It is all so new and strange," murmured the girl, putting one hand to her throat and speaking as if to herself. "How often we have discussed the story of my mother, yet how far we were from the truth! And we were cousins all the time."

"What use is there in recalling the past?" asked the young man, hoarsely. "It can bring nothing but pain."

Margery looked up at his pale, drawn face.

"Pain?" she repeated, slowly. "I wonder if you know what pain I have suffered!"

She spoke unconsciously, urged by the memory of all her sorrow, her girlish despair and her humiliation.

"What should give you pain?" cried Stuart, harshly, folding his arms in his agitation. "You have riches, title; you can do as you will; you are Lady Court."

The bitterness of his voice went to her very heart.

"How cruel you are!" she murmured, her head dropping upon her breast.

"Cruel!" he repeated, moving to her side, mad with the intoxication of his love and the remembrance of her deceit. "Were you not cruel when you coquetted with me, led me on, lied to me, and then deceived me?"

"Deceived you! What do you mean?"

Stuart met her clear, blue eyes, started, yet strangely steadfast.

"Why do you say such wicked, such cruel things of me?" she asked.

Stuart hesitated for a moment. A sudden strange fear crept into his heart.

"You may give them other names," he said, huskily; "I call it deceit, I call it wickedness to act as you did—to laugh at me, to send false, tender messages to the while you were fooling another man, and suddenly to leave the village for him, forgetting me and all the words you had spoken only three days before."

Margery had moved slowly to the table. She still wore the long robe of white serge that she had donned in the morning. She looked up at Stuart, mystified and pained by his words. She put one hand on the table and gazed at her old lover, whose arms were still folded across his breast.

"I do not understand," she said, distinctly yet faintly. "You accuse me of deceit."

"Let me recall the past," returned Stuart, letting his hands drop to his sides, while he moved nearer to her.

"On the day we plighted our troth, the words I spoke, Margery, were from my heart, not lightly meant or lightly given, but solemn and serious; while yours—"

"While mine," she cried, raising her head proudly, "I've as truly in my heart now as they did on that day! Ah, what have I said?"

She moved to a chair, and, flinging herself into it, buried her face in her hands, while he stood as he was, hardly realizing what it was that caused the sudden glow within his breast, the unspeakable happiness that possessed him. In a moment, however, Margery rose; pride had come to her aid. She looked at him steadily, her two small hands clasped.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks.
By EDGAR GUEST.

DREAMS.

When I was a lad I longed to be A sailor sailing the open sea, And I cherished a wish through a happy year To work as a railroad engineer. Then Peary lived, and I pledged my soul To go with him to the northern pole. And I was a soldier brave and true With shoulder straps on my coat of blue; And I did real things in my boyish dreams, Now here I am come to forty-three And I never have sailed the open sea.

I never have sat as an engineer Watching to see that the lights are clear. I have bridged no streams and have sunk no mines. I have spent my life just writing lines; But the boy still lives and jingles as then In the glorious deeds of the fighting men.

Jazz to Go

Old Man Statistics from "Wear" announced recently that Jazz was on its last legs. It seems that 80 per cent. of the radio listeners have tired of jazz bands and want something better in the way of music. Just think of having an entire programme without a single spasm of June Night; All Alone; What Has Become of Sally; You and I; My Best Girl; Dear One; and Only You. Seems too good to be true. The glittering gin and jazz palaces just off Broadway in the Roaring Forties and the Furious Fifties are doomed by the radio vote. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. Not in vain the nation's strivings, nor by chance the current's flow, error-mazed, yet truth-directed, to their destined goal they go.

I REMEMBER.

When a man has garnered glory, won fame serene and high, some one always has a story that will make him writ and cry. When he writes an ode immortal, or invents a dinner for a someone, with a sentence utterwords of bitter scorn. "I remember," says the kicker, "when he played a cheaper game, and it surely makes me snicker when I contemplate his fame. Now men hail him as a winner, but I'll tell a truth or two; he went bankrupt as a tinner back in Punktown-by-the-Slough. Now for him the welkin rattles, yet I knew him on a day when the sheriff seized his chattels and the bailiff had their say. I recall when he was working in the town department store, but he had no head for clerking, and they fired him from the door. I remember when his father gathered junk about the town, and it grieves me, all this nother, o'er his latter-day renown." Oh, the winners earn their winnings by their qualities of brain; oft they rise from cheap beginnings to the heights of all attain; and all fair and honest parties praise them for the zeal they've shown, but the old jealous smarties wring their withered hands and groan. Bitter are the grouches wallings as they sit upon the grass; they remember all the fallings of the big men as they pass. Having gained no fame or shekels, won no prize in any race, they remember all the freckles on the passing Caesar's face.



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Shown from a Photograph

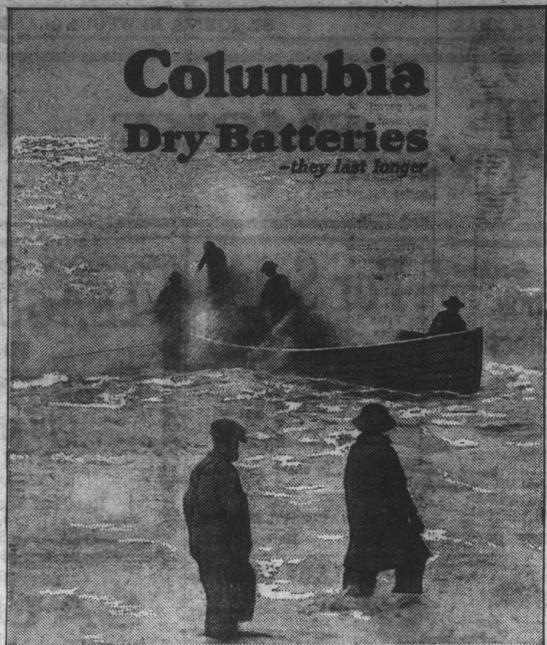
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Little Jack Rabbit
by David Cory

Let me remember where we left off in the last story. Dear me, your Uncle Dave has written so many that he might forget what has gone before. If it wasn't for Bobbie Redvest's help, that dear little bird often comes to my window early in the morning and tells me what to write to all you boys and girls.

There, he has just flown away after saying that we left Uncle Lucky and Little Jack Rabbit in the big arm chair in Lady Love's pretty bungalow in the dear Old Bramble Patch.

"The wind has gone down," said the little rabbit lady by and by, after a while with a sunny smile.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Uncle Lucky, taking off his spectacles. "I must have fallen asleep."

"I counted up to maybe a million," said the little rabbit, who, you remember, had cuddled up in the old gentleman bunny's lap with his ear pressed against Uncle Lucky's big gold watch. "Your watch is a good ticker."

"It ought to be," laughed the old gentleman rabbit. "It has had enough practice."

"Come, let's go for a walk," he added, hopping up to take down his dear old wedding stovepipe hat from the wooden peg behind the door. Putting on his khaki cap, the little rabbit followed his nice old uncle down the winding path through the bushes out to the Sunny Meadow. The air was full of song. Blue Birds caroled all about and from the pasture bushes the Song Sparrows sent their notes of joy. Mr. Happy Sun from the Sky Country was turning the blades of grass to a tender green and making the dew drops sparkle from the green ferns along the bank of the Bubbling Brook. From a distant pine tree twittered Goldfinch and over the top of the next story.

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