

Sweet Miss Margery

Her cheeks were flushed, a light eagerness was in her eyes. Margery could not see for tears; she slipped her hand into the tiny hot one, and whispered the words that Lord Court spoke; then, deeply moved, she turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Two days passed, and the earl announced his intention of going down to his tenants at the end of the week. They were two peaceful, pleasant days, and Margery found much to occupy her. She would have remained in her own room during her spare moments if Lady Enid would have allowed it; but with pretty tyranny the invalid refused any such concession, and so Margery brought her painting into the boudoir. Lady Enid seemed never tired of watching her as she sat bending over her canvas, and every now and then she would touch her brother gently, and by a sign call his attention to the girl's beauty. Margery liked Lord Court. She was pleased at the graceful deference he showed her, and happy because of the joy his presence brought to Lady Enid. He was a most agreeable companion; his wanderings about the world had provided him with a fund of anecdote and information; and Margery listened delightedly to his voice, though her heart would sink at times at the memory of that other who had spoken of the same scenes. She found that the earl was an artist of no ordinary ability, and was grateful to him for his many hints, entering into long discussions with a zest that delighted Lady Enid. The earl too found it a strange pleasure to listen to her, and he would start a conversation simply for the sake of hearing her speak, and to watch the ever-changing expression of her sweet face.

He gave himself up now entirely to his sister; his fears were banished, her own hopefulness kindled his, and the delicate flush that appeared on her white cheeks led him to believe that her strength was returning. Margery too shared his eager delight in Lady Enid's recovery; yet amid it all she could not repress a vague feeling of discomfort sometimes, and alarm would rise unbidden when she looked up quickly and saw the unspeakable sadness in Lady Enid's face; but she kept her fears to herself, and indeed dismissed them as fancies when she heard the brother and sister laughing and chatting together.

Lord Court was absent a week; but he sent despatches daily to town, with hampers of flowers and fruit. The two girls were ardent lovers of flowers, and Margery would flit about arranging them till the room was scarcely recognizable. On the day of the earl's return she began the pleasant task of decorating; and when all the vases were filled, she turned to Lady Enid with the great clusters that remained in her hand.

"Shall I send these up to Lady Enid?" she asked—by Lady Enid's special desire she discarded the title when speaking to her friend and mistress.

"Aunt Hannah!" Lady Enid laughed. "Oh, she cannot bear flowers. Margery! She would declare that we wished to kill her if we put them in her room!"

Margery buried her face in the flowers. "How I pity her!" she said, slowly. "To me they are as life itself. Yet, do you know, Enid, sometimes the thought comes to me that we are cruel when we cut the blossoms off so ruthlessly—they die so soon!"

She gazed admiringly at a small, delicate white rose as she spoke; it looked so delicate without its setting of green leaves. A curious fancy seized her—was not her life like this poor flower's, separated from all she loved?

"She is thinking of her grief," thought the invalid girl. "You are too tender, darling," she said, gently, "flowers are sent for our use; and, after all, we die as they do." She paused a little, and then went on, "I will tell you where to put those if you will. Nugent loves flowers as we do. Ask Margaret to give you some glasses, and arrange them on his table, will you?"

"Of course! Why did I not think of his before?" and, gathering them in her hands, Margery went swiftly from the room.

Lady Enid lay back very still as she disappeared, a strange yearning look on her face.

"If that only might be," she murmured to herself, "I would go in hours, I think." She looked toward the door, and her eyes suddenly glanced with joy.

"Nugent," she cried, "you have come back! How good of you to be so early!" Lord Court bent and kissed her.

"Where is Miss Daw? You are alone," Lady Enid said with eager glance.

"She has just left me to put some flowers in your room. Oh, Nugent, how sweet they are! I have the country air again in their scent!"

"As you will breathe it in reality, darling, soon. What does Fothergill say?"

"I am progressing slowly," Lady Enid replied, in a quiet voice, though the flush on her cheeks deepened; "it must be another week yet, Nugent, before I can think of starting."

"A week will soon pass," the earl responded, tenderly, not noticing her bored manner—"and then, and then, my darling, we shall return to the home where we were so happy, to the haunts you loved! My life shall henceforth be spent for you and with you, as of old."

Lady Enid put her hand on her brother's.

"You do not dread it?" she whispered. "All dread is gone—it is buried in the past," he answered, firmly, looking into her eyes.

Lady Enid sighed, and Margery entered the room as he released her hand.

"You have been putting some flowers in my room, Miss Daw; that is kind of you."

"I did not know you liked flowers, Lord Court," she answered, with the graceful smile that never brought any light to her eyes. "I will remember in future."

"If all that is beautiful," he said, involuntarily, then, turning to his sister—"Enid, let us celebrate my return. You have not driven out for weeks. Can you bear the fatigue to-day?"

"Yes," replied Lady Enid, with a gleam of delight. "I shall enjoy it."

"It is a lovely day," went on the earl. "I long to drag you from this gloomy room—a drive will do you good, I am sure."

"Yes, I know it will," Margery knelt for an instant beside the couch.

"Are you quite sure?" she whispered. "Will Doctor Fothergill?"

"He has urged me to go many times," Lady Enid interrupted, kissing her; "he ran and put on his hat."

Margery went with a light heart, and in a few minutes followed her sister to the carriage, where she found her waiting in a luxurious barouche. Lady Enid's couch was placed in the carriage, for she was compelled to retain her recumbent position; and, with a heart full of pity, Margery took her seat beside the invalid.

London was very full, considering that the shooting season had commenced, and many people came to the side of the carriage either to bow or to offer their greetings to Lady Enid. To all of these acquaintances Margery was introduced as "my dear friend," and her heart swelled with gratitude to Lady Enid for her delicacy and consideration. Lord Court, though he was busy talking, lost none of the varying expressions that passed across her face. Gradually it was becoming a pleasure to him to be near this girl whom his sister loved; he recognized the rare beauty of her nature, her inborn refinement and her pride and her grace won from him attentions that many another woman had sighed for in vain. Margery was always gratified by his courtesy, though his growing admiration was lost on her. She sat back in the carriage listening to the conversation, speaking only when addressed.

The earl had judged rightly; the drive seemed to have brought new life to his sister. She chatted gayly, breathing the soft air with avidity, and his hope rose higher and higher as he gazed at her animated face. They had turned into the park, which was filled with carriages and equestrians; and Margery, who had been only once before in this part of London, grew interested in watching the groups of people passing to and fro.

Lord Court's eyes wandered from his sister's face to hers, and a sense of peace such as he had never felt in the four years' exile came into his heart. Lady Enid saw his eyes turned on Margery, and she smiled to herself a happy little smile; she felt that these two would be friends, and the thought pleased her. Just as they were turning to leave the park, a gentleman rode up to the carriage and entered into conversation with the earl and Lady Enid. Margery sat back and let her eyes and thoughts wander.

She watched with a smile on her face two children struggling for a doll, heedless of the voice of their nurse; then suddenly the smile faded, and her heart seemed to stand still. Beneath the trees to their right a party of riders was just moving on—a woman between two men, followed by two grooms. Margery's cheeks blanched, and her hands trembled, she knew that graceful form only too well. It was Vane Charteris, the girl who had been so kind to her, the girl who had been so kind to her, the girl who had been so kind to her.

Margery buried her face in the flowers. "How I pity her!" she said, slowly. "To me they are as life itself. Yet, do you know, Enid, sometimes the thought comes to me that we are cruel when we cut the blossoms off so ruthlessly—they die so soon!"

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would not that be discovered? They had not seen her to-day; but who could tell whether she might not meet them again? She felt low-spirited and disheartened for a time, then grew gradually easier in her mind. In a week perhaps they would leave London, and down at Court Manor she would have peace, if not happiness. Comforted by this thought, she fell asleep just as the gray dawn was breaking, her troubles forgotten for the time in dreams.

For the next three days life went on as it had before Lord Court arrived. Margery took her solitary walks in the square garden, secure from all fears there, and Lady Enid declared herself much better. As the end of the week drew near, Margery felt her heart lighten. Only a few hours more and she would be safe for a long time!

"Have you your canvas and all the necessities for our pictures, Nugent?" asked Lady Enid, on the afternoon of the day before that fixed for their departure.

"I have one or two little commissions to execute this afternoon," returned the earl; "then I shall be quite prepared for work."

"Let us go with you; it is a lovely day."

"But the fatigue!" he said, warningly. "Remember, Enid, there is the journey to-morrow."

"I should enjoy it," Lady Enid murmured, a little plaintively.

"Then come by all means, my darling," With a beating heart Margery put on her hat; faint would she have stayed at home, but she could think of no excuse, and she did not like to spoil Lady Enid's pleasure. She shrunk from the idea of seeing those two faces again, and the chance of being recognized.

The earl was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"Enid has sent me for you, Miss Daw," he said, hurriedly; "but I was most anxious to speak to you for a minute alone. Tell me honestly, do you think she wishes this journey to-morrow?"

"I am sorry," she said faintly, "for I must tell you myself."

"Tell me what, Enid?" he asked, his voice almost inaudible in its kindness. She did not answer at once, but, after awhile she raised her weak hand and passed it over her brow.

"Nugent," she faltered, her tones a little clearer. "I want you to give me a promise, dear."

"Need you ask for one?" he answered, pressing her hand to his lips, then clasping it firmly within his own.

"I want you to be a friend to Margery; she has no one, and I love her. Nugent my darling, do not look at me like that—there is no hope. Oh, don't cry, my own dear brother! Listen! I have deceived you—her voice grew fainter—I have been growing weaker and weaker every day. This is the finish."

The earl had sunk upon his knees; his face was almost hidden. Lady Enid's hand, wandering over his hair, touched his eyes—they were wet with tears.

"Don't, don't! Oh, Nugent, you break my heart!"

He was up again in an instant, his grief repressed by an iron will.

"You promise?" she said eagerly.

"I promise all you ask," he answered. "Oh, why can I not be instead of you?"

"You must live and keep your promise," Lady Enid whispered; then she closed her eyes for a minute; and, in despair, he beckoned to the maid to moisten the pale lips.

The heavy lashes were raised, and the girl's eyes smiled again.

"I have the great, great wish," she murmured, faintly.

"It is granted. What would I not do for you, Enid?"

(To be Continued.)

All druggists, grocers and general stores sell Wilson's Fly Pads. Be sure you get the genuine Wilson's.

CHAPTER XVII.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eight in clear silvery chiming; Margery pounced in her walk to and fro in the boudoir and looked at it. Three hours since they had returned, and carried Enid's poor fragile form to the bedroom, her face as white as death itself. The agony of Margery's suspense was unbearable; she had been alone, listening for, yet, she scarcely knew why, dreading to hear Doctor Fothergill's step on the stair. All thought of self was banished now; she could think only of the sweet angel-woman who had been a spirit of goodness to her, and of the look of speechless grief on the earl's face as he carried his sister into the house. Down stairs, in another room, a man was sitting with her bowed head as with age. It was the Earl of Court. He had returned from his sister's couch, after placing her there, and dropping into the chair beside the fire, had never moved during the three weary hours that passed. He heard the doctor slowly descend the stairs; yet he, like Margery, dared not approach him because of the unspeakable dread that was in his heart, and he heard the street door close with a slight shudder at the fears that possessed him.

It was not till the door was gently opened that he roused himself from his trance of despair; then, raising his head, he saw Margery, pale and agitated, standing before him.

"Enid wishes for you," she said faintly.

He started to his feet in an instant. "You have seen her?" he murmured.

"No," Margery shook her head. "I will come after you; she has asked for us both, and—" She stopped—her voice failed her.

The earl pressed his hands over his eyes, and followed her from the room.

Lady Enid was lying back on her pillows, very pale and faint. She could not move her hand as her brother entered; but she saw the look of pleasure that illumined her face. He bent low over her and heard her voice come only in a whisper, and then with a painful effort.

"You are better, Enid?" he murmured.



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ed, hoarsely. "Oh, say you are better, my darling!"

"I shall be soon, Nugent," he answered. "Have you seen Doctor Fothergill?"

He shook his head and he thought he saw a look of pain gather on her face.

"I am sorry," she said faintly, "for I must tell you myself."

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THE TONIC OF VICTORY.

Army Surgeons Say it Acts Almost as an Anæsthetic.

Bonnette, a French army surgeon attached to the Thirty-ninth Artillery, writes in the Presse Medicale of the extraordinary indifference to the pain of operation manifested by the soldiers of Napoleon while the great conqueror was sweeping victoriously over Europe. While the defeated soldier is full of imaginary terrors, subject to panic, madness and treason, the conqueror on the other hand is intoxicated with success, says the New York Medical Journal. Nothing, not even the morbid microbe, can resist troops who believe themselves to be invincible.

Victory is the most powerful of restoratives and the deepest anæsthetics. Legions members of the Old Guard, crowding into an ambulance would at sight of the Emperor rise on their stumps to salute him. After Eylau Larrey operated uninterruptedly for 30 hours, and he reports how the soldiers seemed unconscious of their own troubles, lost in thought of the glory of their leader, and maimed as they were lending their best aid to fellow patients.

At Borodina Larry disarticulated the shoulder of a colonel, who immediately set out for France on foot, where he arrived after three months walking. After fording the Beresina, a river in Russia, General Zayonchek, 75 years old, had his knee-joint shattered by a bullet; amputation was performed in three minutes in a violent snowstorm and in bitterly cold weather, yet the white-haired officer was placed in a sledge and taken to Vilna, where he died at the age of 80 years. Many similar anecdotes are told by our Civil war veterans.

"RAZOR-BACKS."

Circus Husbands Who Generally Stand in With the Gambling Fraternity.

The razor-backs are stallwarts. Their business is conducive of brawn. Their work of pitching and starting camp keeps them in condition, and they are enlisted from a class of society to which the Donnybrook Fair would hold strong appeal. A mix-up is for them mere diversion, and though they disappear after their duties are performed and may be found sleeping under the eaves of the canvas, yet they sleep lightly. The canvas, they say, is a good sleep. Instant and strenuous activity. These are a battle-cry and bring prompt work in entire harmony with the gambler's and supply for them the slow of force which occasionally becomes necessary. In the usage and ethics of the circus it is understood that the gambler is to be supplied with their evening tobacco by the gentlemen of the gambling concession. From the first issue of the July Metropolitan Magazine.

KITTEN? WELL, YOU WON'T THINK SO A YEAR FROM NOW



er's hand, four days after the stork brought him to the New York zoo. For the next few months "Billy" will romp around his cage, cuff his owner, sit on the head as she wishes, and when he'll begin to show signs of wanting to climb the bars. How will he be kept from doing it? That is the question that puzzles the keepers. Kitty, who is 18 years old, has borne 20 baby leopards, but most of them tried to climb before their legs were strong enough and were fatally injured in the falling. You can rub noses with "Billy" now, as he lies in your hand, but you wouldn't care to do it a year from now, if he lives. He will be a huge, gaunt, stealthy leopard then, and hungry most of the time.

SIR JAMES WATSON'S OPINION.

He says that the commonest of all disorders, and one from which few escape is Catarrh. Sir James firmly believes in local treatment, which is best where Catarrh is used: it is a mirror worker, reflects almost instantaneously and cures after other remedies fail. Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrh because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrh is free from cocaine, it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own cure. Accent no substitute for Catarrh which alone can cure Catarrh.

MADAME CURRIE'S IDEALS.

(Montreal Herald)
Mrs. Currie, who has been called the cleverest woman in the world, has been seeking through a London house agent a "little house in rural England not far from London with a garden in which a little girl could play." It seems the doctor, have ordered change of air for the little girl in question, a small person who is the apple of her mother's eye and of far more account than all the riches in the universe.
Mrs. Sklodowska Currie is still a young woman, just after forty. Her features are distinctly Polish and her forehead is unusually wide for a woman. She is tall and well built, and her manners are a little distant, some call her austere. Her hair, innocent of puffs or rolls, owing nothing to tongs or curl pins, is her crowning glory.
Society, especially Parisian society, tried to lure her into its centre, but more it seeks her further she flees from it, and now society is getting tired of pursuing and leaves her alone.

Arthur—Why is it, fairest Evangeline, that when I am with you the hands on that clock seem to take wings and fly? Stern Voice (at the head of the stairs)—Without wishing to be impertinent, young man, I simply want to observe that them hands hasn't got nothin' on the ones on our gas meter.—Judge.

SEVEN YEARS PAIN FROM ACUTE NEURALGIA

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Neuralgia is not a disease—it is only a symptom. It is the surest sign that your blood is weak, watery and impure, and that your nerves are literally starving. Bad