

Sweet Miss Margery

Lord Court had welcomed Miss Lawson warmly and courteously, and even in their brief meeting a mutual liking sprang up between them. The earl was delighted to see the flush of pleasure, called up by her presence, on Margery's face, and he added his entreaties to his wishes to urge the governess to stay longer; but her pleadings were vain, and Margery could only kiss her true friend and let her depart, having first extracted from her a promise of an early visit to Court Manor.

The afternoon on which Miss Lawson left was gloomy and wet, and Margery felt sad and a little lonely as she sat with her books and work. Her husband had gone to the club before luncheon, and she had decided to make the best of a long afternoon when the door opened and he appeared.

"Do you feel inclined to go out, my darling?" he asked, tenderly, bending to impart a kiss on her brow.

Margery looked up inquiringly. "Because," he explained, "I should like to take you with me to call on an old friend who is ill. I had no idea he was in England. As a rule, he is wandering round the world in a most extraordinary fashion. But I saw Notaway at the club, and he told me Gerant has been down with rheumatic fever for the last six weeks and was quite alone. So I looked in on him for a few minutes, and, having mentioned my young wife, he pressed me to bring you round to see him, if you had nothing better to do."

"I will go with pleasure," replied Margery, rising. "Who is he, Nugent?" "Sir Douglas Gerant. I knew him years ago in England; but we met abroad principally, and I liked him very much. He is a peculiar, almost unorthodox man, but so kind and good—as tender as a woman and most unselfish. For these weeks past he has been very ill; but he would not let his people know, and has been attending only to his servant, who has been his companion in all his travels."

"And he would really like to see me?" queried Lady Court, putting her dainty work into its basket.

"He seemed to wish it. I happened to mention that I was married; and when I spoke of my happiness, he said, in his odd abrupt manner, 'Bring me your wife, if she will not be frightened by such an old savage; so I came at once. But, if you would rather not go—'

"Oh, I should like to see him!" broke in Margery. "Poor man, all alone! And I have nothing to do this afternoon. I will not be long, Nugent."

With a tender smile the early watcher of her graceful figure flit through the doorway; there he walked to the fireplace, and, leaning his back against it, gave himself up to pleasant thoughts. The careworn look, the expression of trouble and pain, was gone from his face; now seemed written on every many feature, and the handsome dark eyes flashed with a light of gladness that spoke plainly of his stored life.

Margery was soon back. She had put on her shawl, a round cap of the same rich fur surrounding her red-gold curls, and for once she wore no veil. She had determined to hide herself no longer. She had nothing to fear; it was she who had been wronged and insulted. Pride lent her strength, and she felt that her eyes could meet Vane's clearly and coldly now, even though her heart still ached with the pain Stuart Crosbie had caused.

The earl settled her comfortably in the carriage, and then stepped in himself. "This weather is terrible," he said, as they started. "Once this law business is settled, Margery, I think I shall take you to a warmer climate, to see the sunshine and breathe the scent of flowers."

"There is one pilgrimage I must make before we do that," returned Margery in a low voice. "I cannot rest till I have visited Fild's grave."

The earl raised her little black-gloved hand to his lips. "You speak only my heart's thoughts, my own; but I hesitated to take you to the manor in this wet gloomy weather. I thought the sunshine would—"

"Sunshine is beautiful; but the manor is home, and it is near here," Margery smiled faintly; she was compelled to speak these words, for she felt almost overpowered by this tender devotion and suffered miserably as she thought how poorly she could return it. Henceforth it mattered little to her where she lived; but if her choice of the manor brought him pleasure, she was glad.

"Home," repeated Lord Court, tenderly. "Ah, Margery, you can never know what a wealth of happiness there is in that word! Thank you, dear, for uttering it. Yes, we will go home."

They were silent after this till they reached a quiet street in an unfashionable quarter, and presently the earl handed Margery into the doorway of a tall, gloomy-looking house.

"Gerant always stays here," he said, as they went upstairs. "Will you remain here, my dearest, till I see if he is ready to receive you?"

Margery smiled, and waited in a room that looked cozy and picturesque in the fire-glow. The walls were hung with weapons of all nations; a heterogeneous mass of quaint curious things were grouped in corners; carved and painted gauds were placed here and there, with ivory ornaments and rare bits of china. It presented a strange contrast to the dull, ordinary exterior of the house, and Margery found much to attract her till her husband returned.

"Now my darling, come with me. Loose that heavy cloak, or you will be too warm; and, if the old man asks you to sing, will you gratify him?"

"I have brought my wife to see you, as I promised, Gerant," said the earl, cheerfully, leading Margery to the couch.

"It is kind of you to come, Lady Court," the sick man answered, in a faint, weak voice. "I have known your husband a long, long time—years, eh, Court?"

Where had Margery heard that voice before? It sounded familiar, faint and husky as it was.

"I am very glad to come," she responded simply, and took the chair the servant pushed forward.

"And Margery will sing for you, if you like."

"Margery!" whispered the sick man; and then he tried to raise his head from the pillow. "Margery!" he repeated.

"I think Sir Douglas is ill," said Margery, rather frightened, turning to the servant.

"It is weakness, my lady," returned the man.

"Let me raise him a little," said the earl. "I think he wants to speak." In a lower tone he added to the servant, "He's much weaker than he was this morning; what is it?"

"Spasms at the heart, my lord; his heart is very weak."

"Don't be alarmed, my darling," whispered the earl to Margery. Then he put his arm round the sick man, and raised him easily into a sitting posture.

Sir Douglas tried to murmur thanks, but for a few seconds his weakness was too great. Then, as his strength came back, he stretched out a thin white hand to the girl sitting in the shadow.

"Come into the light," he whispered; "that I may see your face."

Margery slipped her hand into the speaker's weak, trembling one, and bent toward him as the earl stirred the fire into a blaze.

The girl's eyes met the sick man's hollow dark ones, which were full of strange eagerness and excitement, and again she seemed to remember them.

Sir Douglas closed his long fingers over hers, and drew her nearer and nearer, till she bent over him.

"Closer," he murmured. "Yes—I can see—it is! Heaven is good! You are—"

His strength seemed to fail entirely. Margery bent still nearer as he sunk back upon the cushion, and her heart-shaped locket escaped and dangled against his withered hand.

"He is fainting!" she said, hurriedly. "Look how pale he is!"

His eyes opened as she spoke, and wandered from her face to the little gold locket. A spasm of pain caused his mouth to twitch; his breath came in gasps; he tried to open the locket, and his eyes spoke words that his lips refused to utter. Then, as the earl drew Margery back, the lids closed over them, and the face became calm.

"It is only a faint. Come away, my darling! I wish I had not brought you; but he was almost well this morning."

Terrible Itching Got Little Sleep



Mr. T. Williams, Winnipeg.

Until Cuticura Remedies Cured Him

Those who have suffered long and hopelessly from torturing skin eruptions will read with interest this letter from Mr. T. Williams, 118 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg (dated Jan. 14, 1911): "The Cuticura Remedies certainly did work for me, and I am thankful that there is such a remedy, and that I tried it. About three months ago a terrible itching commenced on my body. I could not understand it. It gradually grew worse and covered a large portion of my body. There was also a slight eruption of the skin, sort of a rash. I suffered greatly with the itching and at night time I had little sleep. I tried one or two remedies which did no good, and then I tried Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. In about ten days I was completely cured."

For more than a generation the Cuticura Remedies have afforded the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors of young and old. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. book on the care of the skin and treatment of its affections, send a postal to the Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 51 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

her husband remove her weary mantle and her cap without a word; then, as she stood looking undecided beside her, she turned to him.

"Please go back to him. I am right, and I should like to know how he is now."

"Are you sure you are better, darling? You were quite frightened."

"Yes, yes! Perhaps you may be of some service."

The earl stooped and kissed her, and was soon rattling away in a hansom, while she sat silently thinking and wondering over what had occurred.

Lord Court found Sir Douglas restored to consciousness, but too weak to utter a word. Already there was a great alteration in the worn face, and the sick man's eyes, as they wandered with a restless eagerness round the room, struck the earl with sudden astuteness.

"I've sent down to the castle," said Murray, who was watching his beloved master; "and I've also sent to Mr. Stuart's club. He may be in London; if so, he'll come as quickly as he can. I hope he is, for Sir Douglas would like to see him, I know. Many and many a time I've wanted to let Mr. Stuart know, but he wouldn't let me; he was always thinking he'd be better in a day or two, and was longing to be off. He has fretted so through his illness, my lord, it has quite worn him out."

"Have you sent for the doctors?" asked the earl.

"They've just gone, my lord. They didn't say much. 'Give him a teaspoonful of brandy every half hour,' they said; and I know what that means, my lord."

"How wasted he is," thought the earl; "how changed! I wish he could speak; he looks as if he wished to say something."

He bent and asked Sir Douglas, if there was anything he specially wanted; but the rigid lips did not move—only the eyes seemed to plead more and more before. The earl's presence appeared to give him pleasure, for, if Lord Court moved, the thin, trembling hand went out toward him, and Murray construed this to wish for his friend to remain.

An hour passed without change, and the earl was thinking of sending a message to Margery, explanatory of his long absence, when the door opened, and the sick man's face suddenly altered. He made a feeble attempt to rise, his hands moved restlessly to and fro, and his lips parted to speak, as a young man bent over his couch. It was Stuart Crosbie.

"Cousin," he said hurriedly, with real pain on his face and in his voice, "my dear cousin, oh, why did you not send for me before?" Then, turning to the servant, he added, "Murray, you should have let me know! Six weeks ill, and I thought him in Australia! It has distressed me more than I can say."

"Sir Douglas would not let me write, sir," replied Murray, as he put the brandy to the invalid's lips. "Lord Court came to-day, and he's the first person as has been here."

"It was a shock to me, too, Mr. Crosbie," remarked the earl. "Gerant and I have been old friends for years. I am heartily glad you have come."

"You are very kind," said Stuart, putting out his hand; "but can't he have something to give him strength?" Then, turning to the invalid, he added, "You want to speak to me, cousin?"

He knelt down by the bedside as he spoke, and looked eagerly into the sick man's face.

"Sir Douglas has tried to speak, but he can't, Mr. Stuart—yet."

"Hush," interrupted Stuart, putting up his hand—the pale lips were moving. "You will not forget?"

"My promise!" finished Stuart, gently. "No; everything you wish shall be done."

Margery—little—Margery—thank—heaven!"

The voice died away, a convulsive tremor seized the heavy eyelids, which closed slowly over the dark eyes, glazed with a film now the head sunk back, and with a sigh the spirit of Douglas Gerant fled from its earthly abode.

Stuart knelt on, whilst hot tears were stealing down his cheeks. A solemn trust was confided to his care—of what nature he knew not. The ne'er-do-well, the wandering nature, the truant from home, had not been alone all his life. The name of his father passed from his lips as death closed his eyes. Some tale of sadness, of disappointment, was to come, and with it was linked a name that had destroyed Stuart's joy and youth—the name of "Margery."

A strange thrill ran through the young man's frame when at last he rose from his knees. There was now a bond of sympathy stronger than has ever existed in life between himself and his dead cousin.

"It is not true! I will not believe it! The whole thing is a romance from beginning to end. Douglas Gerant always—"

"Mother, do not forget you are speaking of a dead man," broke in Stuart Crosbie, quietly and sternly. "I will not listen to such words."

Mrs. Crosbie turned and faced her son. Stuart was leaning against the mantelpiece in a room of a London hotel, his face pale, yet determined. Mrs. Crosbie, dressed in heavy black robes half hidden with erape, was walking to and fro, vexed and wrathful.

"Do you mean to say you will not dispute this iniquitous will?" she asked, sharply.

"Certainly not. I have no right. It is a most just one."

"And you will let Beecham Park pass from your hands into the clutches of some low-born girl who has no more right to it than a beggar in the street?"

"Except the right of a daughter!"

"Daughter!" repeated Mrs. Crosbie, with scorn. "There was no marriage, and even if such was the case, the girl is not to be found; he left trace of the mother and child for sixteen years, and now has conjured up some romance about a likeness in a village wench."

"Mother, you are not just or temperate. Douglas Gerant has set forth in this letter the sorrow of his life. With his dying lips he claimed my promise to fulfill his wishes, and I shall do so."

"You are mad, Stuart!" declared his mother coldly. "But," she added, with a sneer, "I need not look very far for your motive; it is for the sake of the girl, this Margery Daw, that you are determined to sacrifice everything. Had Sir Douglas seen a resemblance in any other woman, the desire to carry out his wishes might not have been so strong. You have no pride, Stuart, not a—"

"I have honor, mother," Stuart interrupted, his brow clouded, his lips stern. "You wrong me and insult me. The past is gone. Why bring it back? I shall do my duty for Douglas Gerant's sake, for honor, justice, right and truth's sake, and for nothing else. I shall seek out Margery Daw; I have pledged myself to the dead and shall keep my word."

"And what will Vane say to this quixotic course?"

"Vane is a true-hearted woman; she will say I am right. But should the will say I am not, then I can not help it—I am resolved."

Stuart turned to the fire as he spoke, and looked into the blaze with a pained, weary expression on his face.

"The world will call you mad," observed Mrs. Crosbie, crossing to the window and sinking into a chair; "and Vane will be greatly displeased."

"Vane loves me—so you say," replied Stuart quietly; then he turned to the table and began to write rapidly. (To be Continued.)

Bobba—My wife is cleaning house; I actually hate to go home; everything is at sixes and sevens. Slobba—It's a good thing you're not superstitious; sixes and sevens, you know, make thirtens.

Jack (to friend back from vacation)—Well, old man, how did you make out among the summer girls? Tom—"I'm no photographer, but I got a lot of negatives."—Boston Transcript.

NEW USES FOR GYROSCOPE. The gyroscope, for many years a mysterious toy, has been receiving practical recognition recently at the hands of the world's inventors. Applied to a camera for taking moving pictures it enables the operator to dispense entirely with the use of the tripod. The camera is simply held as an ordinary instrument of this character and the rapidly-revolving wheel of the gyroscope steadies it so that there is no perceptible motion. This greatly enlarges the field of the moving picture, as scenes of busy streets may be reproduced without attracting crowds of onlookers, which mars the results on the film. The gyroscope built in the chassis of the automobile is said to be a remedy for skidding and, used in connection with the mariner's compass, it enables the vessel to be sailed much closer to her course.

Pleasures of Trout Fishing. Catching trout is not the only thing that makes fishing a mountain stream worth while. The early morning ride to the place where you are to commence your day's sport is in itself pleasant to a degree wholly missed by those who take their rides later in the day. During the early hours of the day the air is fresh and invigorating; every leaf and spear of grass by the roadside sparkles with dew, and the forest is pungent with pleasant and health-giving odors that are dispelled as the sun rises above the tree tops and dries the moisture on leaf and twig. As you drive quietly along you may have the good fortune to see

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND

MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

PLENTY OF DULL, GREENISH GOLD.

Heavy Cords Trim Hats and Figures As Centures on Smart Costumes.

In a number of cases this fall the black velvet toques have nothing more in the matter of decoration than a very heavy cable cord of old gold tissue— not the gold of last season, but a more greenish and subdued tint which suggests ormulu. This is twisted into a huge Turk's head knot on one side of the hat, with short tasseled ends depending from it.

Nearly all the Empire gowns and coats have the waist-line defined in this manner, an enormous cord of padded velvet or satin, over which the corsage pouches a little, marking the raised line of the waist. This is the great feature of the present season.

One can more readily date a gown by the shape and style of its waistline than one can by its sleeves, the old-fashioned, tight waistline being quite discounted.

Sometimes a narrow band of old-gold braid is used to mark the waist-line, while in other cases the flat cord sash with fringed ends is preferred.

Bead chains are worn extensively now. There are the soft-shaded gray beads, known as "Job's Tears," which are really huge seeds dried and polished, and which are strung together and worn over the velvet gown or costume, and there are the chains of semi-precious stones, such as lapis lazuli or jade, which are linked together with tiny beads of gold filigree.

A BAD BRUISE

Often causes a good deal of trouble. The best cure is a prompt application of Nerville's which instantly stops pain, prevents swelling, removes all blackness and discoloration. Nerville is antiseptic—prevents blood poisoning. No liniment so strong, so penetrating, so swift to destroy pain. You miss a lot of comfort by not using Nerville's. For nearly fifty years it has been the standard family liniment of Canada.

A VEGETABLE WHISKEY SHOP.

Among the many rare and interesting plants forming the collection in the Botanical Gardens, at Washington, is a complete set of insectivorous plants. These plants are so constructed as to attract insects, capture them in various ways, and feed on them. Among these is a species called the "Vegetable Whiskey Shop," as it captures its victims by intoxication. The entire shop is shaped after the manner of a house, with the entrance projecting over the rim. Half-way down the brim of the cavity there are an immense number of honey-glads, which the influence of the sun brings into active operation. This sweet acts as a lure to passing insects, and they are pretty sure to alight on the outside edge, and tap the nectar. They, however, remain there only a brief period, as there is something more substantial inside the cavity in the shape of an intoxicating liquid which is distilled by the plant. The way this beverage is straight, and the entrance is paved with innumerable fine hairs, all pointing to the bottom. When the fly has had its first sip it does not stop and fly out, as it could do, but indulges until it comes staggering up and reaches the point where these fine hairs begin and where its progress outward is stopped owing to the points of the hairs being placed against it. The poor fly is now in a pitiable plight, it attempts to use its wings, but in doing so only hastens its own destruction.

It inevitably gets immersed in the liquid, and dies drunk—another example of the fate of the moderate drinker.—Selected.

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Thereafter Giotto made many pictures and statues of the lamb, but the one supposed to be the best is at the Tower of Giotto where a corner near the street is a bas relief of a shepherd with a lamb.

Some claim that at certain times of the night the lamb and its master come to life and wander about the high tower just as fairies do.

WEARING AWAY YOUR LUNGS?

Yes, and your strength too. Stop coughing and get rid of that catarrh. The one remedy is "Catarrozone" which goes to the diseased tissues along with air you breathe; it don't fail to reach the source of the trouble it's bound to kill the germs, and as for healing up the sore places, nothing can surpass "Catarrozone. If you don't get instant relief and ultimate cure you will at least get back your money for Catarrozone is guaranteed to cure catarrh in any part of the system. You run no risk—therefore use Catarrozone—at our expense if not satisfied.

Decision of Interest to Anglers.

A judge in Monroe County, Wisconsin, has handed down a decision of more than passing interest. An angler in pursuit of trout waded a stream through private property. The owner brought suit, alleging trespass. The court held that a landowner has no right or title to a stream passing through his land or to the fish in that stream; that the streams and the fish in them belong to the Commonwealth, and that the public has a right to navigate these streams, either in boats or by wading. It was further held that so long as a person following the stream refrained from setting foot on the banks no charge of trespass could lie.—From the Forest and Stream.

Facts About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong.

Any woman who would like special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

