



"Orange Lily Saved My Life"

These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive, scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth five, sufficient for ten days' treatment to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

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The Romance of a Marriage.

CHAPTER XXI.

The major stooped and gave it to her, and she stood—as if too proud to sit down—and fanned herself.

"Now tell me all about it," she said in a voice of command that would brook no hesitation. "Tell me everything. When—when did it happen? Where is he?"

"At Powis," replied the major. "Won't you sit down, Flossie? Pray sit down. I beg—"

"No," she says, shortly; "you sit down. Sit there," and she pointed to a chair, "where I can see and hear you," and she began to pace the room.

"At Powis; that used to be his own place. And—and the girl; what is she like? How did he meet her? Who is she?"

The major, impassive as he was, staggered under this torrent of questions.

"He met her—Bless my soul, I don't know where! She's—she's a—"

"One of your grand ladies—a swell, I suppose," broke in the clear voice, bitterly. "It is always so: one of those that would look down on me—Flossie Hamilton, of the Frivolity—as if I were dirt. I know them. Don't I see them in the stalls, with those cold, fixed eyes staring at me like figures in a wax-works. Perhaps I've seen her there," with a snap of the small, white teeth.

"My dear child, it isn't likely; she is—a mere nobody."

"What?" incredulously.

"A mere nobody," repeats the major, plaintively, extending his hand.

"A—sort of farmer's daughter."

"What?" again, and Flossie's eyes ope incredulously.

"Yes, a farmer's daughter, without a penny," says the major, almost tearfully.

Flossie draws a long breath, and the fan goes quickly, keeping time to the rapid tread upon the thick carpet.

"Then"—suddenly, with a start—"if she is a nobody, and poor, she must be—beautiful. Is she? Tell me, what is she like?"

"Like," murmurs the major. "Really—I—well, my dear Flossie, impressionable as I am by your sex—"

"Can't you tell me?" with a stamp of the tiny foot. "Is she beautiful?"

"My dear child, no," says the major, uttering the falsehood with calm emphasis. "Nothing of the kind; the girl has red hair and freckles."

"Red hair and freckles," she echoes, incredulously.

"Yes; believe me, that makes the matter so inexplicable. The poor boy must be bewitched."

"Then"—with a sudden, swift glance at the glass—"then she is not so pretty as me. Is she, or is she not?" swifly, impatiently.

"My dear child," and the major holds up his hands, "there is no comparison. I tell you the girl has red hair and freckles, and no style, absolutely no style. Poor Rick must be bewitched, as I said, as I told him."

The pale face flushes suddenly, and the blue eyes sparkle dangerously.

"Not pretty, not a swell, not rich; and he leaves me for her. He—he must be mad!"

"He is, he is," assents the major; "but in this case that does not make it the less disastrous, Flossie; for, unfortunately, they marry madmen, and when they come to their senses it is too late to undo the mischief."

"Marry!" she says, turning upon him like a tigress, her eyes flashing, her hands clenched. "He shall not! Do you hear? He shall not! Leave me—me, for a girl with red hair and freckles; marry her! I'd sooner—I will—kill him first," and she raises the fan in her hand as if it were a dagger to strike the blow.

The major looks at her with veiled satisfaction in his cunning eyes.

"My dear Flossie," he murmurs, with feigned remonstrance.

"I tell you I would!" she says, with a gasp. "I'd sooner see him lying dead at my feet. No, no!" for the mental picture has smitten her suddenly, and gone straight to her heart, and she covers her face with her hands and shudders. "Not that! I didn't mean that!"

"My dear Flossie," he murmurs, "of course not. Ridiculous. I understand; and, after all, there's an easier and pleasanter way of preventing this absurd marriage."

"What?" and her hands fall, her eyes meeting his eagerly.

"Come and sit down and I'll tell you," he says.

CHAPTER XXII.

"And to-morrow you will be far away in London," says Paula.

It is evening; the sun is sinking to rest behind the woods, the sky, that has been like a sheet of steel, with the sun emblazoned in its midst, so clear and bright that the rods lying

beside Sir Herrick and Paula have scarcely been used, and the fish have sported in safety defiantly; for fishing is impossible when the sun is as bright as it has been to-day.

But these two do not seem to care much. All the afternoon they have been wandering beside the stream, talking sometimes, but oftener silent with love's rare eloquence; in the minds of both of them is recalled that morning when they wandered there first, when Love stood at a little distance, but sitting his arrow to his bow, and ready to smite them.

Silent, yes, very silent; but their hands would meet and clasp, and their eyes would exchange those mystic glances which mean so much but cannot be written in any known language. And now, as the time comes for them to depart—for Sir Herrick is going up to town by the evening mail—a gentle melancholy sits heavily upon Paula's soul; so heavily that it feels like a presentiment, a sensation of coming disaster that, strange to say, another young lady—Flossie Hamilton—experiences about the same time; but Paula is not the girl to be overcome by foolish presentiments, or to make this last hour of their communion a miserable one.

And Sir Herrick is very quiet; he lies full length at her feet as she sits on the stump, the old stump behind which she hid when the Palmers came down upon Sir Herrick.

Very beautiful she looks, Sir Herrick's girl-love, this evening. Love is a powerful tonic; it will lend comeliness to the plainest of maidens, and it seems to have glorified Paula's fresh young loveliness.

Surely there is a deeper light in the expressive eyes, a brighter gold in the chestnut hair, a new and mystic grace in the lithe young figure. Love has sailed down from his empyrean heights and touched her with his magic wand, and added to her charms.

At least so it seems to Sir Herrick, as he lies back with his head on his arm, his eyes fixed on her face with that absorbed, watchful, devout look which true love alone wears; the look which longs and desires, and yet reveres, all in a glance and at one and the same time.

"And this is the last day," says Paula, with gentle sadness; "to-morrow you will be engulfed by the mighty London; it will swallow you up and devour you utterly."

"There will be enough left to hold memory of you, my darling," he says.

"Will there?" she says, looking down at him, "are you sure? You know what the poet says:

"Love is of man's life a thing apart,
This woman's whole existence!"

"That's Byron," he says, with a smile. "I thought women never read Byron."

"Don't they?" says Paula, innocently. "I've read him. And you will remember Myrtle Cottage and its inhabitants. Are you quite sure? I wonder where you will be this time to-morrow evening?" And she looks down on him with dreamy enquiry.

"Oh, at the club," he says. "Very likely sitting in my chambers lonely and grim, and wondering what you are doing. What shall you do?"

"Are you going to ask me to look at the sunset at a particular moment, or drink your health at a quarter past six, or something of that sort," she says, with a too palpably affected gaiety. "Do not; I never remember vows of that kind; I should be sure to forget. And yet"—wistfully—"you might safely do so, for I shall think of you all the time; while you—"

"Love is of man's life a thing apart," don't sit all alone in your rooms; go to the club and enjoy yourself, smoke cigars and play billiards; they do at the club, don't they? Be happy. I should like to be sure that you were happy. I like to see that strange light in your eyes which shines there, all across them, as it were, when you are amused and happy. I wonder—"

"Well, little witch," he says, leaning forward with an air of enjoyment. He delights most in her when she is in this mood, when her clear intellect is soaring above the commonplace, or, rather, endowing the commonplace with good-natured humour and philosophy. At such times he says to himself, exulting, "I have won not only beauty, but intellect; not only purity and the sweetest maiden modesty, but wit and wisdom; I have won a pearl. Well, little witch!" he says.

"I was wondering whether I should

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