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The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER VIII.

The sun was growing ruddy in its glory, filling the heavens with a radiant, beautiful light. Margery had parted with Stuart at the Weald gate, and, urged by the wonder and fullness of her happiness, she turned back again to the spot henceforth engraved on her memory with a golden touch. She stood beneath the tree that had reared its branches over her unconscious head through the past hours, and her heart thrilled again and again at the thought of the marvelous treat that had come to her. Stuart Crosbie loved her—loved her—Margery Daw—a girl without even a name to call her own! She covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shield them from the memory of his passionate glances. What had she ever done to deserve his happiness? Had not her soul murmured often, fretted beneath the cloud of mystery that hung over her? Ah, how wrong she had been! Even while she had murmured, a gift was coming to her, a gift beside which all else faded away and vanished. A sudden impulse moved the girl. She was alone; save for the occasional note of the birds, the faint flutter of the leaves, there was not a sound to break the silence. On the very spot where she had stood when Stuart uttered his earnest, fervent vows she knelt and sent up words of thankfulness. Then she sank upon the ground and, nestling close to the tree, let her fancy wander to the future. She felt at times as if she could not be the Margery of the morning—so far away now—and she almost doubted whether it was not all a dream, till a sudden recollection of her lover's voice—the memory of his words—returned, and she knew it was a blissful reality.

The minutes slipped away, and it was not till the chiming of a distant clock fell on her ear that Margery began to realize how long she had sat and how late it was. She rose hurriedly and made her way through the wood to the path. She had her secret to whisper to the poor, sick mother at home, and the thought lent speed to her feet. What joy she would bring to that tender heart! What happiness to share her new delights with such a one! She ran down the hill, the ripple of the stream sounding in her ears like

music, and approached the garden gate. A lady was seated in the cottage doorway, and, as Margery was hurrying up the path, she rose and came to meet her. "Miss Lawson!" exclaimed Margery, in surprise. "I have been waiting here nearly an hour," the governess returned; "your mother has been extremely unwell, and—"

"Mother ill!" exclaimed Margery, with a sudden pang. "Oh, let me go to her!" Miss Lawson put a detaining hand upon the girl's arm. "You must not disturb her; she has just dropped off to sleep. Reuben has gone to fetch Dr. Metcalf, and Mrs. Carrier is sitting indoors to see to her." Margery's face had grown very sad. "What is it?" she asked, in a low voice. "She was weak when I left her to-day, but not more than usual."

"She had a severe fit of coughing, and it brought on an attack of the hemorrhage again; it has stopped now, but it has left her very weak. You can do nothing just now, Margery, and I came purposely to talk to you."

Miss Lawson was a small, thin woman with a quiet, determined face, which from long contact with the world had grown almost stern; but there were gleams of warmth and kindness from the clear, gray eyes and a touch even of tenderness about the mouth sometimes. Now, though she spoke in her keen, dry way, there was an expression of kindness, almost affection, on her features as she looked at Margery. The girl turned back from the door at once.

"Shall I bring you a chair here, Miss Lawson?" she asked, quietly—this news of her mother's illness had fallen as a cloud on the brilliancy of her joy.

"No. Come outside and stroll part of the way home with me," said Miss Lawson. "I have something of importance to say to you—indeed, I have wanted to speak to you for several days past; but I had nothing very definite in my mind at the time. To-day I have."

Margery followed the rectory governess down the path in silence.

"Margery," began Miss Lawson, abruptly "have you ever thought about your future? Have you ever thought what will become of you when Mary Morris dies?"

The flush called up by the first sentence died away quickly, and Margery's face paled. She put her hand suddenly to her heart.

"Is she going to die so soon?" she murmured, involuntarily. "Oh, Miss Lawson, you do not think she will die so soon?"

"It is impossible to say," returned the elder woman, quietly. "Mrs. Morris has been gradually sinking all this summer; she may linger for months, or she may pass away at any moment. It is not her present illness that has caused me to speak; as I tell you, I have intended doing so for days past. I have considered if my duty to put matters clearly before you."

She paused for an instant, Margery's

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face was pained and sad; her heart was heavy with sorrow and dread; all sunshine seemed suddenly to have gone from her life, and, for the moment, Stuart, her lover, was forgotten.

"Perhaps, you will think me harsh," Miss Lawson went on, "when I say that I consider it time you began to plan your future life. Remember, you are now about seventeen, and in another year—indeed, now—should take upon yourself the responsibilities of life. Hitherto you have been tended and cared for by two women. Lady Coningham has opened her purse generously, poor Mary Morris has lavished the wealth of her whole heart on you; but now, when she is taken from you, you will have but Lady Coningham to fall back upon; and, unless I judge you wrongly, I think you will grow weary of your dependence and long to be free. Don't think me unkind, child," continued Miss Lawson, putting a hand on the girl's slender shoulder. "If I did not like you so much—if I did not know the good in your nature—I should not speak so plainly. But you must review your position. You are grown now almost to womanhood; you are educated above the level of many a girl of wealthier station; you have natural gifts that will aid you; and I may say distinctly, you should shake yourself free, not with ingratitude, but with a sense of duty and independence. Believe me, Margery, in the long run you will be far happier."

"Yes, you are right," the girl assented. She had followed each word and grasped the meaning instantly. Her natural pride was roused in one moment, and she felt a thrill of desire to add no more to her heavy debt of kindness—to be indeed free.

"Understand me—you must not turn suddenly and be selfishly murmuring over the past," urged Miss Lawson, who had been closely watching the girl. "Whatever happens, be grateful, Margery."

"I am—I am," cried Margery, "thankful to all, and to you, for you have done so much for me, and now you come to help me again!"

"As I shall always help you, I hope," returned the governess. "I knew you would understand me, Margery—I felt you would be true to your nature. I waited only till I had something definite to propose before I spoke to you." She drew out a letter from her pocket as she finished. "You have heard me speak of my sister, Mrs. Fothergill. This is from her. She has married a doctor in London, a man who is fast becoming celebrated as a specialist. I have written many times about you, and when we have met, I have chatted to her, till she thoroughly realizes what you are. This letter came only this morning, and it contains something that I thought would just suit you."

"Yes!" said Margery, simply.

Miss Lawson unfolded the letter. "You have often heard me mention Lady Enid Walsh," she read, "the poor young creature whom John has been attending during the past year. I was sitting with her yesterday. She seems to have taken a fancy to me, and during our conversation she asked me to help her to find a companion."

(To be continued.)

HER NERVES BETTER NOW

Received Much Benefit by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Chatham, Ont.—"I started to get weak after my second child was born, and kept on getting worse until I could not do my own housework, and was so bad with my nerves that I was afraid to stay alone at any time. I had a girl working for me a whole year before I was able to do my washing again. Through a friend I learned of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took four bottles of it. I gave birth to a baby boy the 4th day of September, 1922. I am still doing my own work and washing. Of course, I don't feel well every day because I don't get my rest as the baby is so cross. But when I get my rest I feel fine. I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and am going to keep on with it until cured. My nerves are a lot better since taking it. I can stay alone day or night and not be the least frightened. You can use this letter as a testimonial and I will answer letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. CHAR. CARSON, 27 Forsythe St., Chatham, Ont. Mrs. Carson is willing to write to anyone suffering from female trouble.

St. John's Mother No Longer Fears Whooping Cough

Use of Vaporizing Ointment, Vicks Vapor-Rub. Proves very Effective for All Cold Troubles

Mrs. David England of No. 20 Field St. is another mother who has learned that it is no longer necessary to "dose" children with internal medicine in treating colds.

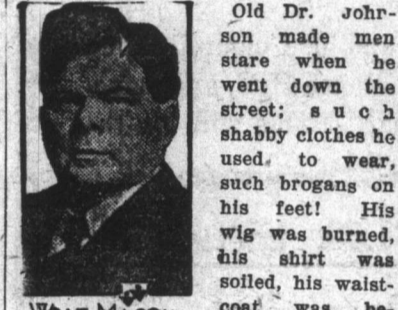
As she says: "I have used Vicks on my children for whooping cough and colds with excellent results and I must say that it is the best thing I have ever had for a household remedy. I would not be without it in the home."

When Vicks is rubbed over the throat and chest for croup, deep chest colds, bronchitis or whooping cough, its volatile ingredients—Menthol, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Thyme, etc.—are released as vapors by the heat of the body and inhaled directly into the affected air passages.

At the same time Vicks is absorbed and stimulates the skin like a liniment, taking out tightness and soreness and thus helps the vapors inhaled to break up the congestion.

It is a stubborn cold that can withstand this direct, double action of Vicks.

THE SINGED CAT.



Old Dr. Johnson made men stare when he went down the street; a u o h shabby clothes he used to wear, such brogans on his feet! His wig was burned, his waistcoat was besouped, and as along his path he tolled, he grunted and he whooped. He lurched and wallowed as he strode, it was his idle boast that as he progressed up the road he fingered every post. Eccentric motions he displayed wherever he might go, and every time he'd climb a grade he had to shift to low. I seem to see the pikers stand, as Johnson thundered by, and cry: "He surely beats the band! He is the batty guy! And all the cheap and little skates had caustic things to say as he went wheeling past their gates, in striking disarray. And they fell dead when they were told that Johnson led the van, possessing genius manifold, the age's greatest man. I see men journey through the town in queer, unseemly ways; I see, but do not set them down as badly laced jays. For great men's thoughts are oft afar, to summits they ascend; and when they'd smoke their last cigar they bite the burning end. Their meditations, in a flood, bar out both sight and sound; they walk right through a pool of mud, nor think to go around. I see the man of learning tread unconscious up the street; he wears his shoes upon his head, his hat upon his feet. The current of his musings is too wonderful to tell, and who am I to say "Gee whiz! He needs a padded cell."

IVORY SOAP is the most Economical Soap

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THE PURPOSE.

This much I know: this little gift of years, Which men call life, on me has been bestowed; I have been set upon the open road To journey through the sunshine and the tears, To fashion something out of hopes and fears, And doubts and little facts—a form or mode, Which neither shame nor weakness can corrode, And wait for judgment when the end appears.

I did not ask to come, nor do I know How long my pilgrimage, nor whence nor why; But still I feel all this will clearly show Sometime, somewhere beneath a fairer sky; And then I hope I shall not blush to see The finished thing I shall have made of me.

Ask Grandma, she knows that PEARLINE is the best washing powder. Grandma used it forty years ago. It is the best now as it was then.—Jan 29, 21

Fads and Fashions.

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A smart combination for the street. Shoe is golden tan and black patent leather.

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