

ESOME

OMICAL

NING CASES.

drowning have... had to be rescued... of mysterious... cases, as swim...

to show that... unknown about... man camping with... the Northern lakes...

When he failed... went to the rescue... hard work... the boat and...

at Atlantic... shallow water... A swimmer... arm as she passed...

and was... a little later when... to learn that... from drowning...

the swimmer... on the beach... sudden violent... the circulatory...

Possibly, a large... do so in the... as is popularly... to "cramp".

to any one who... with swim... the ability to... deterioration with...

surprised at the... required to com... were able to do a... his unquestionably...

to one's staying... swimming any... are exposed to... years have pass...

the water. While... learned to swim... requires a pretty... year to report to...

Sweet Miss Margery

Her cheeks were flushed, a light of 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 such 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 could not 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 more than 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 catch 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 absent, 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 beamed her face in the flowers. "How is it?" she said, slowly. "To me there 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 Morgan to give you some glass, 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 could go in happiness, I think." She looked toward the door, and her eyes suddenly gleamed 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 saw his eager glance.

"She has just left me to put some flowers in your room. Oh, Nugent, how sweet they are! I love 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 labored manner; "a week, and then, Enid, my darling, we shall return to the home where we were so happy, to the hearts 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."

"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 well." 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; "so run and put on your hat."

Margery went with a light heart, and in a few minutes followed the slight figure on its straight pedicled board to the luxurious harmonie. 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 gazed at the rare beauty of her features, her refinement and her grace, and her grace won from him admiration; that many another woman had been so vain, Margery was always ready to his courtesy, though his glowing 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 gaily, 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 one year 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 past four years crept 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—Vane Charteris, with the smile of content, the glow of perfect happiness on her lovely face; and beside her rode Stuart Crosbie. Margery had looked but once, yet she saw only too well. Vane had turned with a smile to her lover, and her hand lay close to her, and she saw the earl standing in the street, the footman beside him, and a crowd of people hurrying forward.

"Shall I ever learn her sorrow?" the earl wondered, as they bowed along, noting her sweet face. "It is only one who has suffered as I have who looks as she does—yet that is impossible in her young life."

Margery met his earnest, questioning gaze; the color rose to her cheeks and she was about to make some remark, when suddenly to her amazement, the earl leaned forward and pulled her on one side; then followed a sharp shock to the carriage. Dimly she saw a huge impending mass above her, and her senses raised in alarm; then her senses cleared, and she saw the earl standing in the street, the footman beside him, and a crowd of people hurrying forward.

"There is no damage," said the earl, getting into the carriage again—"at least, none to us. You are not hurt?" His tone was intensely eager. "No, no," Margery answered, quickly, "but Lady Enid—"

"Is all right. She told me so herself, with a smile, just this minute." Margery bent over the couch. "Then she deceived you," she said hurriedly, looking up with blanched cheeks, "for she has fainted!"

"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; rain 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? Sometimes I fancy I see a hopeless longing in her eyes, and it almost makes my heart ache."

"Indeed, Lord Court," Margery answered, earnestly, "I am sure Lady Enid lives in the very thought of going to her old home. She has talked of it so often. Please do not distress yourself; I have seen that look in her eyes, too, but I do not think it means more than a longing to be well."

She put out her hand timidly, and he raised it to his lips. Their eyes met for an instant, and he saw again the deep sadness in hers.

"Enid is waiting," he said, "let us go to the carriage." This time they drove through the streets, and Margery forced herself to talk and smile, though she was trembling with fear. If her smile died away suddenly, and if her voice had not the true ring, it was only the earl who remarked it. Lady Enid, lying back on her couch, was too interested in all that was passing to see the effort and notice the constraint.

At last all the commissions were executed, and it was with a sigh of relief that Margery found the carriage was rolling homeward.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eight in clear silver chimes; Margery paused 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 unendurable; she had been alone, listening for, yet she scarcely knew why, dreading to hear Doctor Fothergill's step on the stairs. 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 head bowed forward as if in deep thought; and when he 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 tears 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 his voice came only in a whisper, and then with a painful effort.

"You are better, Enid?" he murmured, hoarsely. "Oh, say you are better, my darling!" "I shall be soon, Nugent," she answered. "Have you seen Doctor Fothergill?" "Indeed, Lord Court," Margery answered, earnestly, "I am sure Lady Enid lives in the very thought of going to her old home. She has talked of it so often. Please do not distress yourself; I have seen that look in her eyes, too, but I do not think it means more than a longing to be well."



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

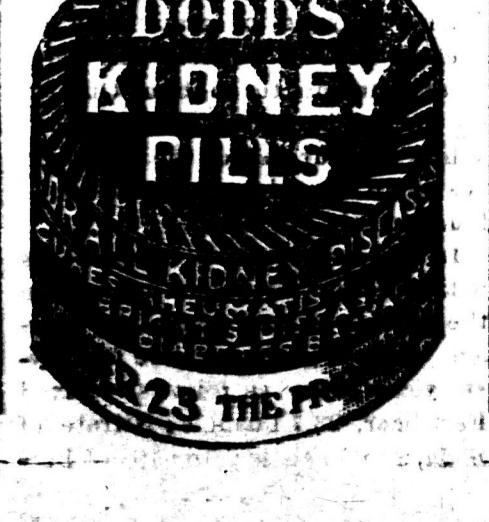
He was up again in an instant, his grief repressed by an iron will. "You promise?" she said eagerly. "I promise if you ask," he answered. "Oh, why can not I be instead of you?"

"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 head-dresses were raised, and the girl's eyes smiled again. "I have one 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.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Cures various ailments including anemia, weakness, and general debility.

Victory is the most powerful of restoratives and the deepest anaesthetics. Legless members of the Old Guard crowding into an ambulance would at sight of the Emperor rise on their stumps to salute him. After Eylan Larrey operated unintermittently for 36 hours, and he reports how the soldiers seemed unconscious of their own troubles, lost in thought of the glory of their leader, and unmindful that they were lending their best aid to fellow-patients.

At Borodina Larrey 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 kneecap 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 86 years. Many similar anecdotes are told by our Civil war veterans.

"RAZOR-BACKS." Circus Huskies Who Generally Stand in With the Gambling Fraternity. The razor-backs are stalwarts. Their business is conducive of harm. Their work of pitching and starting a camp keeps them in condition, and they are enlisted from a class of society to which the Donnybrook Fair would not long be denied. A mix-up is for them mere diversion, and though they disappear after their duties are performed and may be found sleeping under the edges of the canvas, yet they sleep lightly. These words are a battle-cry and bring prompt and effective response. The razor-back work in entire harmony with the gambling, and supply for them the show of force which occasionally becomes necessary. In the usage and ethics of the circus it is understood that the campmaster are to be supplied with their clothing tobacco by the gentlemen of the gambling concession.—From "Tainted Tents," in the July Metropolitan Magazine.

KITTEN? WELL, YOU WON'T THINK SO A YEAR FROM NOW. Mrs. "Billy" nestling in a keeper's hand, four days after the stock brought him to the New York zoo. For the next few months "Billy" will romp around his cage, cuff his mother, Kitty, on the head as she sleeps, and then 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 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, stealthy leopard then, and hungry most of the time.



HAVE YOU BEARTBURN? It's quite common with people whose digestion is poor. Immediate relief follows the use of Nervine. Stomach is strengthened, digestion is made perfect, lasting cure results in every case. Use Polson's Nervine once and you'll never be without it because every type of stomach disorder is conquered by a few doses. One 25c bottle of Nervine always convinces. Sold everywhere for the past fifty years.

HE'S PROSECUTING SHOE MACHINERY TRUST. ASA G. FRENCH. He is the United States District Attorney in charge of the case in Boston against the shoe machinery trust—"the meanest trust of all."

MADAME CURRIE'S IDEALS. (Montreal Herald) Mrs. Currie, who has been called the clearest 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 doctors 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 rubidium in the universe.

DR. VICTOR GRASPINASSE, the noted specialist of Northwestern University, declares that he believes the drifting of leas and arms on human beings will be an accomplished fact in a short time. He has been successful with such operations on animals for the past year, he says, the arteries being spliced in such a way that the blood circulation goes on perfectly. Of course, a limb that is "alive" must be available, and also a subject who is willing to be operated on—but the other conditions are all ready.

"Pretty handsome barn, don't you think?" said the member of the city group, who had been on the farm before. "Which is that?" asked the one who was on her first visit. "The large red building is the barn." "Oh, yes; and the little buildings around it are the harnesses, are they?" Buffalo Knicker.

THE NEVA ICE PALACE. The use of ice for architectural purposes is a part that has been carried to a high state of perfection in northern countries, and some almost incredible feats have been accomplished in this curious branch of industry. Probably the most remarkable building constructed wholly of ice, says the "Scientific American," was the palace built on the Neva by the Czarists, and in Russia in 1878. The first attempt to construct this building was unsuccessful, as the slabs of ice used for the walls and building collapsed in the first thaw. Subsequently large blocks of ice were cut and squared with great care, and laid one on another by skillful masons, who cemented the joints with water, which immediately froze. The building was 50 feet long, 12 feet broad and 21 feet high. It was of but one storey. The facade contained a door surmounted by an ornate pediment, and six windows, the frames and panes of which were all of ice. An elaborate balustrade surrounded the building, the level of the ground. The balustrade to the enclosure were flanked with pillars supporting urns, the latter containing orange trees whose branches, leaves and flowers were all of ice. Hollow pyramids of ice on each side of the building contained lights by night. The grounds were further adorned with a life-size figure of an elephant, with a maillot on his back. A stream of water was thrown from the elephant's trunk by day, and a flame of naphtha by night. A tent of ice contained a hot bath, in which persons actually bathed. There were also several canons and mortars of ice, which were loaded with bullets of ice and discharged.

The interior of the building was completely furnished with tables, chairs, statures, looking glasses, a clock, a complete tea service, etc., all made of ice.

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. Red blood is the only cure—good, rich, red blood is the only cure. There you have the real reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia. They are the only medicine that contains, in correct proportions, the very elements needed to make new, rich, red blood. This alone reaches the root of the trouble, soothes the jangled nerves, and drives away the nagging, stabbing pain, and brace up your health in other ways. Mr. M. Brennan, an ex-sergeant of the 2nd Cheshire Regiment, now a resident of Winnipeg, Man., says: "While serving with my regiment in India on a hill station, I contracted a severe cold which brought on acute neuralgia, at times lasting for three weeks. I was constantly suffering almost every month in the year for over seven years, the pain being sometimes so severe that I wished I was dead. On my return to England I seemed to get no better, though I spent large sums of money for medical advice and medicine. Then I came to Canada, and about a year ago saw the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a Winnipeg paper. Although I had begun to think my complaint was incurable I told my wife that I intended giving the Pills a fair trial. I was suffering from terrible pains when I began taking the Pills, but before the second box was finished the pain began to disappear, and under a further use of the Pills it disappeared entirely, and I have not had a twinge of it during the past year. Only those who have been afflicted with the terrible pains of neuralgia can tell what a blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and you may be sure I shall constantly recommend them to other sufferers."

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These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six bottles for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE NEVA ICE PALACE. The use of ice for architectural purposes is a part that has been carried to a high state of perfection in northern countries, and some almost incredible feats have been accomplished in this curious branch of industry. Probably the most remarkable building constructed wholly of ice, says the "Scientific American," was the palace built on the Neva by the Czarists, and in Russia in 1878. The first attempt to construct this building was unsuccessful, as the slabs of ice used for the walls and building collapsed in the first thaw. Subsequently large blocks of ice were cut and squared with great care, and laid one on another by skillful masons, who cemented the joints with water, which immediately froze. The building was 50 feet long, 12 feet broad and 21 feet high. It was of but one storey. The facade contained a door surmounted by an ornate pediment, and six windows, the frames and panes of which were all of ice. An elaborate balustrade surrounded the building, the level of the ground. The balustrade to the enclosure were flanked with pillars supporting urns, the latter containing orange trees whose branches, leaves and flowers were all of ice. Hollow pyramids of ice on each side of the building contained lights by night. The grounds were further adorned with a life-size figure of an elephant, with a maillot on his back. A stream of water was thrown from the elephant's trunk by day, and a flame of naphtha by night. A tent of ice contained a hot bath, in which persons actually bathed. There were also several canons and mortars of ice, which were loaded with bullets of ice and discharged.

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