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MRS. MORRELL.

"I can cheerfully recommend your remedies, especially your 'Favorite Prescription,' for all female disorders," writes Mrs. M. M. MORRELL, of Bluff City, Tenn., Route 2. "During the past seven years I suffered from pains in the back and ovaries. Tried many remedies but found only transient relief until I was persuaded by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After giving this remedy a fair trial, I found that it would do just what it is recommended to do. I used in all seven bottles. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce's remedies for all female derangements."

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to their respective places in a thoughtful, worried manner, as if he were anxious to find the right object before entering the room. The small ruse served his purpose, the squire gave an impatient cough, and Hare following the sound knocked at the sitting-room door and entered, smiling.

"What a time you have been," Felix said; "I began to think you must have gone home with Mrs. Wycherly."

"No," he replied, carelessly, "I met and asked the way here of a decent-looking young woman who has a sister named Jennie, a father a farmer, and a fool of a mother who was evidently bent on making things hot for poor Mr. Farley. Who is she?"

"Mary Ashwood; there are three girls. Jennie is the youngest and prettiest."

"And Robert Sims, do you know him?"

"Nothing out of the common, nothing but what's remarkably stale. He and Jennie have been courting all the summer; father asks intentions; young man says he can't afford to marry; father forbids the house; daughter meets young man in the fields after dark, and in view of eventualities, daughter pretends to have seen a great deal of a Mr. Paul Farley; raves about him, and rouses mother's suspicions, that's all."

"Thank you," Felix said, emphatically; "I'll keep Sims junior in mind. What about the Wycherly affair? Are you going on with it, or are you going to throw it up? What are you going to do?"

"I am going to marry her to-morrow morning at eight o'clock sharp," he said, divesting himself of his cumbersome liveriness, and waving his hat above his head he flung it up to the ceiling and caught it again deftly.

"Are you mad?" Felix asked, dropping limply into the nearest chair.

"As mad as a hatter; stark, staring, raving mad with the thrill of a beauty sufficient to fascinate a hundred empires."

"I cannot allow it, Hare," he said, gravely. "I am responsible to Graham for your well-being and safety; I am responsible all round. I will not allow it; you must give up the insane idea, Hare."

"I don't recognize your responsibility, Mr. Fleming, and besides, can you prevent it?" he asked, equably.

"Yes, by explaining matters to Mr. Hare, and he will refuse to perform the ceremony."

"In that case I should explain matters to Mrs. Wycherly; I should give away the whole show and Mr. Farley can take his chance."

"How are you to be married at a moment's notice?"

"The vicar has already received the intimation, and Mrs. Wycherly has the license in due order; had it for days past."

"Ah! been waiting her opportunity."

"Yes; and if she does not marry me you may take your oath she will Farley. Why interfere? I am willing and he is not."

"But you will go through the ceremony under an assumed name."

"When she discovers that fact I shall insist upon a rehearsal, and if she does not discover it for herself within a month I shall inform her."

"Do you think she will take the information quietly; don't you think she

Continued on page 7.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Austin Loses His Head

The forty minutes occupied by the journey Felix employed in perusing the "Standard," and gazing out of the window into the darkness, or contemplating Hare as he sat beneath the lamp completely absorbed in his notebook. He felt the brake applied some distance from Weyberne, and the train slowed so gradually that they crept gently and almost noiselessly into the dull, badly-lighted little country station.

The moon, that had seemed to follow them and peep inquisitively into the carriage window all the way, established itself behind the zinc roofing of the shelter, smiling calmly down upon the smoky paraffin lamps, and casting long black shadows across the platform. There were only two passengers for Weyberne, and they appeared in no hurry to alight, the reason being because the squire was hunting everywhere but the right place for Hare's portmanteau, which was behind his heels under the seat, and Hare himself with his hat pushed back, his glasses off, sat staring through the open window as if he had become suddenly and permanently petrified.

"Here you are!" Felix exclaimed, making a successful dive, "catch hold, Hare, and—what the deuce is the matter with you, man?"

He stared at the rapt, intent face, so like and yet in some subtle secret way unlike Paul Farley's, and his eyes mechanically followed the other's gaze, and there, just where the moonlight fell over the corrugated roofing in one broad stream along the asphalt, stood Rowena Wycherly, her graceful shoulders wrapped in a velvet and sable pelisse, a feathery black chignon toque resting on the waves of her corn colored hair, and her face with its ravishing beauty turned upwards to the silver stars.

"Put on your glasses and get out of here, Hare, or we shall be taken on to Weyberne."

Hare complied. He stepped out awkwardly, continuing to gaze as if he were dazed or half daff.

"Who is she?" he whispered, grasping Felix by the arm.

"Mrs. Wycherly," he returned in an undertone; "I told you she was handsome."

"Handsomer!" he repeated, without moving his eyes from the upturned face, "there's not a word, not a language to describe or express such a glorious, delicious type of beauty—and I am to take this marvellous creature in my arms and receive her kisses unmoved? Good Heavens! My dear sir! What do you take me for? Do you think I could pretend to court a woman like that and remain proof against her powers, her influence, her dazzlement? Why, the very cattle in the fields must feel the magic of her beauty as she passes. So is this the woman Mr. Farley has resisted?" He drew a sharp, deep breath. "What a phenomenal youth! Has he blood in his veins, or is it curdled milk! Look, sir! She has turned this way; she has recognized us; she is smiling—oh, ye gods and graces, what a smile! Introduce me, sir, I—"

"Introduce you! If you are going to lose your head, my man, you had better return to town by the next train. You won't have to wait long, she will come to you; she is engaged to you; she has been waiting hours for you; I'll wager she has met all the afternoon trains. Just pull yourself together, Hare; get this little interview over, and throw up the sponge afterwards if you like."

She came floating towards them, her outstretched hand bare, the stones in her rings gleaming and scintillating in the moonlight, and then there came a wild electric flash from two pairs of dark eyes virile and mighty enough to kindle comets.

"Good evening," she said prettily, glancing with saucy defiance at the squire; and as he raised his hat and moved away she caught Hare's hands and clung to them with nervous strength.

"You have come back, my darling," she said tenderly, "come back for good! Oh, Paul, my dearest, I thought perhaps you wouldn't. I thought I had been a fool to let you go. The day has seemed a year. I've been mad with suspense. I've been tortured with misgivings, with ghoulish fears, and all sorts of cruel imaginings. I'll never pass another day like this! You shall never go away again, Paul, without me. You must come back with me tonight. I can't bear you out of my sight."

"I will come later on in the evening, Rowena," he said, "I have business with Sir Thomas which I must transact before dinner. I have the ring, and will bring it to me promised."

She looked at him inquiringly and knit her brows.

"Are you not well?" she said. "Have you a cold? You are quite hoarse, darling."

"Am I?" he returned smiling. "There is rather a scraped feeling in my throat, I expect I have contracted a little chill, the fog gives one a cold sooner than—"

"You want me to take care of you, Paul. My husband won't be allowed to play fast and loose with his health, and contract promiscuous chills. If he must go to town the brougham will take him to the station, and when he returns the carriage will meet the train. He will travel first-class; he will have every luxury and comfort that love and money can supply."

"I believe that, Rowena, and I also

believe you will spoil that lucky man."

"You think my husband will be a lucky man? Ah, Paul, if that were true you would not be so hard to win."

Hare glanced down the platform and beheld the squire carrying on a laughing dialogue with the station-master. He pressed her little soft hands until he hurt her, and bent his dark face very low.

"What would you say, Rowena, if I were to tell you that I am already more than half won?"

"I should say, prove it to me."

"How?" he asked.

"By marrying me soon—to-morrow!"

"My dear little woman," he expostulated, "what about preliminaries? There are several forms to be gone through before a couple can present themselves in a church or chapel or registrar's office for marriage. If you wish to be married in church, the banns must be published for three successive Sundays, or a license must be obtained. In either case, one of the parties must have resided in the parish seven or fifteen days."

"I've been married before, Paul," she remarked naively.

"Of course you have, and know all about details, there you have the advantage of—"

"Listen, darling," she interrupted, eagerly, toying with the edge of his coat collar, "I have a wedding ring at home and a special license made out all in due proper legal form. I have been living in the parish of Weyberne quite long enough, so everything must be valid and in order. If you are willing I can drive straight to the Vicarage now and give notice for the ceremony to take place to-morrow morning at eight. You are willing, Paul? Oh, my darling, say you are willing!"

Austin Hare gazed at the beautiful face. He was disconcerted, bewildered by the rapidity of the arrangements, by the overwhelming force of her desperate nervous energy.

"But," he began, "suppose somehow in the hurry of this marriage things were afterwards found not to be exactly square? Often when one hastens through a serious matter which ought to have been undertaken in calm, temperate, deliberate thought, and performed openly and above board, a man is apt to find he has over-reached himself. Suppose we found, through some neglected precaution, an illegality which would render our marriage null and void—no marriage at all—what then?"

"We should just solve the wonderful technical point, get it remedied, and go through the ceremony again."

"Yes, certainly! we could do that," he agreed.

"Are you willing?" she asked again, her hands trembling on his arm, her heart in her eyes.

Hare was no longer master of himself. A slave of adventure, and elated by the vague blissful fear of unknown issues and the host of powerful influences encircling him, the temptation was keener than such a nature could withstand. Accordingly, with his love for the mysterious and the woman's wonderful alluring beauty and mad rush of passion actively bearing upon him, he threw all common sense and moral scruples to the winds, and entered heart and soul into the spirit of Rowena Wycherly's scheme.

"Yes," he said, decisively, "I am willing, provided you abide by any error, any crooked, unpleasant consequences."

"I will," she replied, laughing her gleeful laugh.

She flung back her head in conscious triumph, and her hazel eyes and strong white teeth glittered in the moonlight. He cast a second glance along the platform. The squire was standing alone by the station exit, looking towards them.

"I must go," he said reluctantly, "Mr. Fleming is waiting for me, he is driving me to the Hall."

"His dogcart is at the 'Popinjay,' you can join him there when you have seen me to the carriage."

She took his arm and he led her down the platform. As they passed Felix, Hare intimated that he would be at the hotel in less than two minutes. She stepped into the luxurious brougham, he let down the window, closed the door after her, and thrust his head through the aperture.

"Will you have the ring?" he asked, smiling, and without waiting for an answer he tossed the simple little circlet into her lap.

"Won't you come up this evening and put it on?" she pouted.

"No," he said, "I shall not have time, but whenever I do place a ring on your finger it shall be a decent one, Rowena."

She bent forward and out of the station lights fell full upon and illumined her eloquent face.

"You won't deceive me, Paul?" she asked, with a meaning smile.

"Deceive you," he echoed, startled, "how, in what way, Rowena?"

"I mean you will be at the church to-morrow morning and marry me?"

"I am alive," he said solemnly, "I will be at Weyberne Church to-morrow morning ten minutes before eight, and make you my wife to the best of my ability. I am anxious to marry you as properly, as legally, as

possible."

CHAPTER XX.

An Accident

"Mr. Fleming here?" he asked, meeting Mrs. Radler full tilt as she bustled out.

"In the sitting-room, Mr. Farley," she returned with a glowing smile; "you know the way, sir."

Hare hesitated, presently he took a few steps down the long, brick passage, stared at three grained doors, and halted. To gain time he fumbled in his coat pocket, brought several articles to light, returning each again

to his pocket.

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