Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER III.-Continued.

It was six o'clock before Gerald Dorman presented himself in the character of an invited guest in the drawing-room. He looked with some curiosity for Miss Neslie's entrance. How, would she receive the coming interloper, the young wife who was in great mensure to wrest her kingdom from

She came in soon afterward; and though he had seen her often in the brilliancy of evening toilet he was startled. She looked older, more dignified; more stately; she looked far more like the wife of the master of the house than his daughter. It was such a strange toilet, too-all black, with gleaming diamonds throwing out the loveliest of lights-a dress of rich black lace; the perfect curves of her shoulders and arms were shown to perfection, the white neck looked the fairer for the centrast. A diamond star shone in the coils of silken hair; a diamond cross glittered on the white breast. She had evidently chosen a toilet that would add to her age and dignity; she had tried to look older instead of younger and she had succeeded. The lovely Southern face had lost none of it color; the dainty rose-leaf flush was on her cheeks, the rich crimson on her lips. He had looked on many fair women, but none so good." fair as this daughter of the Neslies. | Vivion's limit of contempt, curled I."

She did not speak when she entered the room; she looked at him with calm, graceful indifference-it was not often that she seemed to take any special interest in the young secretary. He rose with a grave, ceremonious bow; she took up a book and sat down

by the open window. "How proud she is!" he thought. "I am less to her than the ground beneath her feet, than the leaves on the trees-less than the faded flowers the throws away-yet I --- Dear Heaver, I dare not think how I love her-I dare scarcely say it even to myself!"

He watched her as she sat there; the white jeweled hands that turned the pages of her book so listlessly never trembled, the color never varied on her face, even when the sound of the parriage wheels was heard, and Gerald Dorman rose with an agitated face, Faying-

"They are here, Miss Neslie." "They are earlier than I expected,"

was the calm reply. She did not lay her book down or make any sign of disturbing herself. Gerald trembled with excitement and agitation.

down in the hall? Sir Arthur will expect it, I-" "Pray, do not trouble yourself, Mr

"Miss Neslie, are you not going

Dorman; I am not going down into the hall. You can, of course, please yourself." He went-more to save her than gra-

tify himself-and he owned that it was a sight well worth seeing-the grand entrance hall, with its mosaic pavement, its great stands of flowers and prange trees, the wealth of antiquities that decorated the walls, the long line of domestics, all standing to welcome the bride. He saw Sir Arthur, tall and stately, with a pleased, bright expression on his face, leading by the hand a lady whose features he could grace. Sir Arthur held her hand in his, and in a few well-chosen words introduced her to his dependents as their future mistress, Lady Neslie. Then, seeing Gerald, he held out his hand, with a frank, kindly smile.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Dorman. We have had quite a royal reception, such a welcome home as we shall never forget. I have been quite touched by it. Where is Miss Neslie?"

-and every one felt it to be so. Where rie." was she who had always hurried to meet him, who had been wont to fling her arms round his neck, regardless of who was present, and give him such a rapturous welcome home? Sir Arthur looked around, but the fair face of his daughter was not there. Gerald hastened to reply: " Miss Neslie is in the drawing-room

Sir Arthur; she awaits you there." He saw a sudden darkening of the baronet's face, but just then a sweet, lingering voice, said-

"How charming, Arthur! Are all English mansions like this?"

The voice was sweet and clear, the accent pretty and piquant after the fashion of French ladies who speak English well. It seemed to have a magical charm for Sir Arthur; his face cleared and his eyes brightened. "No, Valerie," he replied; "there are

few houses, even in England, like Then Lady Neslie spoke to Mrs. Spen-

ser, to the butler, and one or two of the head servants. Sir Arthur, turning to her, said-

"We will go to the drawing-room, Valerie-Miss Neslie is there. Come with us, Mr. Dorman."

It seemed to Gerald that the master of the Abbey was, after all, in no hurry to meet his child. He seemed to linger by the way, pointing out a nare picture or statue to his wife, his neck. Gerald began to suspect that the proud baronet felt some little trepidation at the thought of meeting his still proud daughter. They passed through the magnificent suit of rooms the stranger's sweet voice sounding Why did you bring her here-a girl- that name." like the cooing of a dove; yet, sweet as it was, Gerald feared that there was something insincere in the ring

of it. When they reached the drawingroom, Vivien was still sitting where he had left her; but when they entered she rose with a stately grace all her own. Sir Arthur released his wife's hand and went up to his daughter. She stood before him, tall, dark, dignified, with all the pride of her race flashing in her dark eyes.

"My dear Vivien," said Sir Arthur, rupted, quickly.

"how well you are looking. Have you here?" no word for me?"

She held out her hand to him.

beloved wife." vien could not have smiled, could not eyes. was a moment of painful silence. here?" voice seemed to break the spell. Sir shook.

Sir Arthur's daughter. "The greatest pleasure I had in generous-I thought you would wel- tha charming art?" coming to Lancewood was the hope come my wife." that you would love me."

are hard to understand. If wishing you will study her, not me-you will for love makes one good, then am I think of her-consult her wishes, not ty teeth.

"As though words meant anything!" cognize that," voice is false."

vien, that you will soon love Lady -and now, you ask me to give up the Neslie-no one can help it. Valerie, you au hority of years to a girl not oldwill like to go to your apartments. er than myself. It is not just, papa." Perhaps, Vivien, you-"

ed, quickly.

"Yes." replied Sir Arthur. "Then she had better go with her. she asked, reproachfully.

I will speak to you, papa." CHAPTER IV.

and, with her maid and the house- her, unhappy when away from her. keeper, soon found herself in the mag- So I determined to try to be always listened to Mrs. Spenser's explana- she consented. Now that it is done, tions, and then courteously dismissed Vivien, try to make all things plea-

"This is very good, .Marie," she said to her maid, when they were alone. "I never thought to find Lancewood so grand. It is a palace; I have seen nothing like it."

observed the girl; "and I wish you, miladi, years of happiness in it." bride; "plenty of money always Your mother's, alas! is empty!" makes one happy. Marie, find me the "I know it, and, papa, I cannot love prettiest dress I have. This young the one who would fill it. Do not lady, Sir Arthur's daughter, is stately think me wicked. I am jealous for my and beautiful as a princess; I feel mother-my darling mother. Every quite plain and insignificant by her kind word you give this stranger, evside. Find me something very nice, ery kind look, will seem an insult to that I may surpass her."

stand. She has the face of a princess; they can love twice and marry twice ?" she has the manner of a princess; she figure was the very perfection of speaks like one. Find me my prettiest dress and my rarest jewels. She shall too late. I-I did not think of these not surpass me."

"But, miladi, is it good taste-jewels me by being kind to my wife." and a courtly costume for this din- "I will show my love for my mother ner en famille? I think not. My late by preventing any one from ever takmistress, the Duchess of Fitzburgh, ing her place," was the abrupt remever made a very elaborate toilet for ply. dinner with her own family."

daughter cannot help admiring."

There was a strange familiarity be- She laughed scornfully. tween "miladi" and her maid when "Did you ever imagine, papa, that I with should espouse a wife. they twere together alone. When should call that girl mamma?" wife wore a dress of plain white silk, fingers as she stood there. trimmed with silver net, a few beau- "He loves her already," she said, "a eral use until the last century and the same fashion. tiful pearls in her hair, and a neck- thou and times better than me." lace of pearls round her throat. It Then the bell rang, and Mr. Dor- laid together, iced all over, so that was pretty and bride-like. Lady Nes- man entered. He looked surprised at when the outer crust was broken over

all my powers of pleasing," she said Sir Arthur's place," he thought to of purely Danish origin. The true to berself; "for Miss Neslie does not himself. He made some commonplace lover's knot was first designed by like me, I am sure. I have won Sir remark, but she did not hear it; and Danish hearts and derived its designa-Arthur-now I must try to win her." then the door opened again, and tion from the Danish truelofa-"I would have despaired of ever winning and loveliness entered-a fair bright her. Mr. Dorman had, much to the girl with laughing eyes and a beauti- trom the custom of the bride of the baronet's discomfiture, quitted the ful mouth, a girl with golden-brown father giving a shoe to the new husroom. He had hoped to avoid all pri- hair and a lovely face, teeth that band in token of transference of power vate conversation with his daughter, gleamed like little pearls between over her, the bridegroom lightly tapbut her strong will prevailed-they scarlet lips, a light girlish figure with ping the bride's head with it. were left alone. Then Vivien went trailing white robes and pearls in her up to him and clasped her arms round hair. She went up to Vivien and band of friends who accompanied the

ent to my proud Vivien. It was be- white dress and laughing face. cause I loved her."

"True, and I love you now; but that did not prevent my loving Val- ien replied. With all her burning erie. Wait until you know her."

"It will make no difference ,papa, raged pride and love, she could not You cannot expect me to love a girl quite forget her good breeding. whom you have put in my mother's "I told Sir Arthur very often that I place. Have you forgotten my mo- was quite sure I should be dreadfully ther that you bring this stranger jealous of his charming Vivien," con-

"No, I have not forgotten your mo- quite enough to make me so." She did not clasp her arms round his ther, Vivien; but a man cannot always The grave bow that was her only anneck, after the old, impulsive fashion, keep his heart buried in a grave. I have swer did not daunt her. nor did she raise her beautiful face mourned truly enough for her. You will "You look very grave, Vivien-see, I to kiss him; and Sir Arthur felt that ought rather to be pleased that I have avail myself of your permission. Gravit was the beginning of hostilities. found some one to brighten my line.' ity seems to be the pervading charac-"I brightened your life," she said, teristic of the English. In France ev-"Welcome home, papa," she said, with jealous pain. "Oh, papa, you ery one smiles, looks pleased, interestwere all the world to me! No one ed, happy; here the people are all mel- her young friends, and they have re-

"Thank you, Vivien. And now, my will love you as I did. I had no thought ancholy, serious, grave. I must teach cently had occasion to rejoice at her darling, I want you to welcome some but you; and now you have brought you to laugh, Vivien." one else-I want you to welcome my a stranger to stand between us. How "She is positively audacious," could you?"

"Good-nay," opposed the sweet same again, papa-never again. She France." voice, "I do not know that I am good. will be between us. You will love mine; she will be mistress here, not

glad you have the good sense to re- Neslie."

thought Miss Neslie. "Hers are sweet | "Your very kindness in the years enough, but the very sound of her gone past has been an injury to me," said Vivien. "You made me mistress Sir Arthur turned to his daughter. of your house when I was but a child "I venture to promise for you, Vi- -the habit of rule has grown with me "I never thought of marrying again,

> my thoughts." "Then why did you marry, papa?"

"Well, you see, my dear, I really could not help it. I fell in love with Valerie, that's the plain truth-noth-Lady Naslie left the drawing-room, ing more nor less. I was happy with sant-try to love her."

"I suppose I must tolerate her," said Miss Neslie. "As for loving her, a pretty face would never bewitch me. I shall never love her, if only because "It is none too good for miladi," she has taken my mother's place."

"That is not a fair view of the matter," observed Sir Arthur. "Remember, "I shall be happy enough," said the Vivien, she has taken a vacant place.

my mother's memory. My mother lov-"She cannot be more beautiful than ed you so-and do you remember how miladi," declared the girl flattering- often you have told me that when she lay dying she asked you never to mar-"Yes, she is. You do not under- ry again? What are men like that

Her passionate words startled him. "Hush, Vivien!" he said. "It is all things, my dear. Show your love for

"Vivien, try to like my wife. She "Of course you know best," said is young-try to make her happy. Ah, Lady Neslie, impatiently. "I wish there is the first dinner-bell," conthere had never been a Duchess of tinued Sir Arthur, thankful for the in-Fitzburgh; she is always being quoted terruption, " and I am not dressed! ence—of silence inexpressibly painful against me. Have your own way, Ma- You will try to amuse Valerie, will "No, miladi-your way, not mine. If may as well say, while we are on the your ladyship will trust to me, your subject, that, as she is so young, it toilet shall be such as Sir Arthur's would be absurd for you to call her anything except Valerie."

Lady Neslie was impatient, Marie gave | His face flushed hotly at the conher plenty of sound advice, always tempt in her voice, but he made no anquoting, as a last resort, the Duch- swer; and the next moment Vivien ears, and many centuries later, an of "Cape Smoke," which is the worst ess of Fitzburgh. Left to herself, was alone-alone with her impotent English bride wore a chaplet of wheat. kind of brandy a person can drink. To Lady Neslie would have chosen some wrath, her wounded love, her heartelaborate costume; she would have ache-alone with sorrow that tore her or small bits of cake upon the heads of ever, this trade of a single egg and a decked herself with costly jewels. Ma- breast, with pride that burned the soul the newly married and the guests pick- quarter of a peck of mealer amounts rie's good taste prevailed. The young within her. She clenched her white ed up the pieces and ate them. The to a great deal during the day, as hun-

lie owned that nothing could be bet- finding her alone; he looked at the the bride's head, the cakes unside fell

beautiful face and flashing eyes. "I shall have to dress well and use "I should not have liked to be in among the guests. Bridal favors are If she had seen Vivien just then, she what seemed to them a vision of light | plight my troth."

looked laughingly into her face.

lie's hauteur.

"I leave it entirely to you," Vivjealousy and angry disdain, her out-

tinued Lady Neslie, "and now I see They are Subject to Headaches, Hears

thought Gerald to himself, and then ascertain the facts of the case Miss If it had been to save her life, Vi- Tears gose to the dark, beautiful be came to the rescue. He drew near Gauthier was out of the city on a visto Lady Neslie with a photograph of it, but her futher very gladly consenthave uttered a kindly word. She made "I loved you so much, dear," she re- the Abbey in his hand. While he was ed to give the story of her cure. He a stiff, formal courtesy, and there peated. "How could you bring her showing it to her, Vivien, walked said:-"I believe that had it not been away to the other end of the room, for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daugh-Again Gerald saw the baronet's face He was more troubled than he cared Lady Neslie looked after her with a terAlma might now have been in her darkening-again the soft, cooing to own-his voice trembled, his hands peculiar smile, and then she turned to grave, and I would be ungrateful inthe secretary.

chought you would have been more Dorman, or do you, require lessons in that restored her to health. My daugh-

"You are very good," said Vivien, said. "You may think you will love that the English laugh quite as heart- we thought she would soon regain her me as much, but it will never be the ily in England as the French do in accustomed health. As the time went

> with a smile, that showed all her pret- ness and a feeling of almost constant "What is that?" asked Gerald.

Vivien's lips, as she saw her father "Yes, that is true, Vivien; she is my difference between marble statues and fading away. If she walked up looking with rapt devotion at his new wife, and she must be mistress. I am living women if they are all like Miss stairs she would have to stop several

for anything else Gerald Dorman disliked and mistrusted her.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The oldest known love letter in the world is in the British Museum. It "Has Lady Neslie a maid?" she ask. Vivien-no hing was ever farther rom is a proposal of marriage made to an Egyptian Princess, and it was written substantial love letter in existence.

nificent rooms appointed for her. She happy. I asked her to marry me, and vants had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could The case of Miss Gauthier certainly he give them as a reward? Calling carries with it a lesson to other perthe woman he said: "Your service is great enough, for the woman always linds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none petter than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you then the husband is ready."

> 'Your Ma e ty, 'said the old servant, how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs? "Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the King gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over France, and it became a fashion after twenty-

five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding. omitted the "of". In Iceland, the op-

posite has been the custom. There the wed or security which the Anglo-Saxon bridegroom gave at espousals for the due performance of his contract. This wed was held by trustees, and in addition to it the bridegroom wore an espousal ring. As for the wedding ring, it was first designed by Prometheus, according to tradition, and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubai Cain, and was given by Adam to his son to this end, that he there-

The wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand, three wheat was then composed of solid blocks on the floor and were distributed

The throwing of the slipper comes

The best man is a survivor of the suitor in his wife-winning and kept "Welcome home, papa! I could not "I must not call you Miss Neslie," watch for him over the bride's tribe, kiss you before, with that stranger she said-"that has a formal sound. while the lover sought the opportunihere. Oh, papa, why have you Sir Arthur was always talking of ty to carry off his prize. The homeybrought her? Why have you marri- 'Vivien.' Will you let me call you 'Viv- moon journey is the hurried flight of ed her? Was not I enough for you? ien ? I have learned to know you by the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of the pursuing tribe. only a girl? Why did you marry her?" Miss Neslie had recoiled suddenly as The presents given the bridesmaids Sir Arthur looked very uncomfort. Lady Neslie approached her; and now and ushers are simply a relic of the able. It was not the pleasantest po- the two stood face to face, the young bridegroom among his personal friends sition in the world. He tried to make secretary intently watching the so that they would assist in the capthe best of it. He threw his arms scene. He thought to himself that it ture of his chosen bride when the day round her and drew her nearer to was like the first act of a tragedy- arrived on which he had determined Vivien tall, dark, stately, the diamonds to carry her off. In the fifteenth an ailment of the autumn. "You ask why I married her. The gleaming in her black dress; Val- century, a bride-if one of the aristoreason will perhaps not seem suffici- erie fair, graceful, slender, with her cracy-often received twenty rings from her relatives and six from the "Shall I call you 'Vivien ?" she ask- bridegroom-two when he became in-"You had me to love," she inter- ed, not at all dismayed by Miss Nes- terested in her, two for the espousal and two when they were married.

THE CONDITION OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

Trouble, and an Indisposition to Exertion-Parents Should Act Prompily in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to deed if I did not at all times say a Arthur's wife held out her hand to "Come, Vivien, you disappoint me. I "Do you know how to laugh, Mr. kind foord in favor of the medicine ter's health first began to give way "When you have been with us a lit- several years ago. At first the trou-"Our happy life is all over," she tle longer, Lady Neslie, you will find ble did not appear to be serious; and on, however, this proved not to be the "There is one thing that will puz- case. She grew weaker, was troubled Ah, that is an English idiom! They your wife better than your daughter- zle me in England," said her ladyship, with headaches, poor appetite, dizzilanguor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improve-"I shall hardly be able to tell the ment. She seemed to be gradually times to rest on the way. She lost And for that one speech more than all her color and her face was as white almost as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Fink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Refore they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of boxes were procured, and under their an inscribed brick, and is therefore use she day by day acquired new. not only the oldest, but also the most strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of The first silver wedding dates back her pallor and langour gone. This is to the time of Hugh Capet. Two ser- entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

ents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anaemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some

substitute.

TRADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The natives of South Africa have a The practice of the wife's assuming curious method of selling their farm Roman custom. Julia married to products. It is a common sight to see Pompey became Julia of Pompey. In some of these negroes entering the latter times married women signed Kimberley stores; one will have a their names in the same manner, but single egg in his hand, another will have a quarter of a peck of meales the husband assumes the wife's name. corn. The negro with the egg is as The word wedding is derived from serious and as much concerned concerning the sale of his single egg as if the transaction amounted to thousands of dollars.

The peculiar trade is carried on somewhat after this fashion: "How much Bass give for this?" asks the negro, as he holds out the egg in his hand to the storekeeper. Sometimes the proprietor of ers him two cents for it; but it eggs are scarce the negro may get all the way from 5 to 10 cents for his egg.

Very often the small amount that the native receives goes for a drink The bridesmaids threw grains of corn the storekeeper of Kimberley, howwedding, cake did not come into gen- dreds of natives sell their products in

SHE COULDN'T TELL A LIE.

Of course, I wouldn't lie, even to a conductor, she said, but I just couldn't bear to pay fare for Ethel.

How did you get out of it? Why, I told him she was five years old yesterday. She was, you knowalso the day before, and the day before that, and, in fact, every day for the last two and a half years. I didn't say that she wasn't more than five, but merely that she was five. Or, I couldn't bring myself to tell an

SMALLPOX TIME NOW.

The statistics of smallpox show that this ailment is more prevalent from January to June than in the late er half of the year. Measles show a descending curve in January, a rise in May and June, a fall from August to October, and then a rise in November and December, carrying us on to the January fall. Scarlet fever is low from Jahuary to July; it rises in August, and is high till the end of December. Typhoid fever is typically

A REFUSAL

She-You are a conundrum. He-Indeed! She-Yes; and I'm going to give

you up.