

# Through Storm and Sunshine

## CHAPTER V.

Sir Arthur Neslie, his wife and daughter, and Gerald Dorman sat together for the first time round the sumptuously appointed dinner-table at Lancewood. The baronet was all attention and devotion to his young wife. Vivian, too proud to display her feelings, talked to her father of Paris and Rome, of the friends he had met on his travels, of a thousand indifferent things. She turned occasionally to Mr. Dorman, and seemed to enlist him as a third in their conversation—but to Lady Neslie she offered no observation, she spoke no word. Gerald could not help thinking that the young wife seemed rather to prefer to listen than to talk.

There had been a slight unpleasantness when they entered the dining-room. Vivian, forgetting for a moment the change in her position, had gone as usual to her place at the table. The sudden expression of her father's face reminded her that she was doing wrong. She stopped abruptly, a flush on her fair proud face, a scornful curve round her beautiful mouth.

"I beg pardon, papa," she said. "I had forgotten." She did not look or even glance at the young wife, who stood by with laughing mischief in her eyes.

"Next to being remembered," observed Lady Neslie, "the greatest compliment is being forgotten, so I thank you for forgetting, Vivian."

Miss Neslie drew aside as the bright, piquante, pretty French girl took her place. Sir Arthur turned with an air of apology to his wife.

"My daughter has been mistreated here so long," he said.

"Do not apologize for me, papa," interposed Vivian. "I plead guilty to the fault of forgetting."

"Which I persist in thinking a compliment," put in Lady Neslie. "Sometimes strangers, on coming suddenly into our lives, make a great stir and agitation in them; when they make so little disturbance as to be forgotten, I say it is a compliment to them."

Gerald Dorman looked up with a laughing face.

"Miss Neslie will have a clever opponent," he said to himself. "Sir Arthur's wife is keen of wit and sharp of tongue."

Then the father and daughter talked together. The secretary watched Lady Neslie intently. He had been greatly impressed by her first appearance; he had thought her brilliantly lovely. But, now, as he looked, there appeared to be something artificial about her beauty; her eyes were very bright, the color of her oval cheeks was very pink, the light in her brown hair had a strange golden sheen.

"There is too much glitter," he said to himself—"nothing about her seems real."

Indeed, at times to look at Sir Arthur's wife dazzled one's eyes, she seemed so very bright; when she smiled, the strange effect of "glitter" which she produced was increased. Gerald watched her intently, and he saw what he thought no one else saw, when she believed herself quite unnoticed—her sharp, keen observation of others. She filled her place gracefully. She laughed and conversed with Vivian; but the pitiless eyes of Mr. Dorman; she tried severe wisdom with Vivian; but the pitiless eyes of the servants in waiting saw all, and when they compared notes afterward the terrible verdict was pronounced. They said to each other, "She is not a lady—at least, not like our Miss Neslie."

Then, when dinner was over, the two ladies went to the drawing-room alone. Lady Neslie thought that it was high time that her imperial companion began to thaw. She went up to the open window, and looking out at the dewladen flowers, said—

"It is a lovely evening, Vivian; will you come out into the grounds?"

But Sir Arthur's daughter had taken up a book, and seemed to be absorbed in its contents.

"No, thank you," she said; "I prefer remaining here."

"This reminds me of a night in my beautiful France," continued Valerie. "Day is lovely there; but night is even lovelier. The sky is so darkly blue, and the stars are so golden; moreover, the wind is full of perfumes. France is a favored land!"

"I wish," thought Vivian, "that you had remained there." But she made no answer.

Then Lady Neslie, perceiving that her companion was not to be persuaded to go into the grounds, went nearer to her.

"You are fond of reading," she said; "so am I. I adore books."

"You will find plenty of such objects of idolatry," returned Vivian, with a cold smile; "the library here is well stocked."

"Books are true friends," continued her ladyship, who had read but few. "I am so glad, Vivian, to find this similarity of taste between us. What pleasant hours we shall spend in the library!" she said, trying politely to suppress a yawn, and inwardly longing for the gentleman to join them.

"What are you reading, Vivian?" she asked. "I quite envy you, you seem so engrossed."

Vivian looked up.

"I am not particularly engrossed in this book," she replied, "though it is a very delightful one. It is Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth.'"

"tary is one of the best read men in England; you had better apply to A mischievous smile dimpled the bright face. "Perhaps you have taken your love of books from him," she said, jestingly.

The look that Vivian turned upon her a most frightened her, dauntless as she was.

"I do not understand you, Lady Neslie," she said, proudly. "May I inquire what you are pleased to mean?"

Lady Neslie drew back half alarmed.

"I mean nothing, except that he seems, I fancy, to admire you."

Vivian smiled a contemptuous smile, for which the bright girl at her side could almost have slain her.

"When you are more accustomed to the English society, Lady Neslie," she said, "you will understand that ladies do not just about their dependents. You will know better than to think that you will please any young lady by telling her that her father's secretary admires her."

Lady Neslie was half scared, but it was a point with her never to lose her good humor. She rose from her seat with a gay little laugh.

"I will leave you to your books," she said, "and I shall always remember my first night in England, for this reason—that, although I could not melt an icicle, I have succeeded in getting one on fire."

Then the gentlemen came in; and Lady Neslie, bent on seeing the roses by moonlight, laughingly appealed to the young secretary to show them to her.

"Not that you despise moonlight and roses, Sir Arthur, but—"

"But that you think I am too old for such pretty folly."

"Old?" she repeated. "No, you shall talk of growing old, Sir Arthur, in forty years' time—when you have lines on your face and less light in your eyes. Come, Mr. Dorman; I always sing to Sir Arthur in the evening, and I must not stay out long."

"Miss Neslie sings," said Gerald, remembering long evenings of enchantment when he had listened to the voice he loved so well.

"Does she? Most young ladies sing, I suppose," rejoined Lady Neslie; "I never remember to have met any young lady who did not play or sing—or both. But, then, you see, Mr. Dorman, I can sing songs to Sir Arthur that would sound absurd if they came from his daughter."

Then she seemed to glide rather than to walk out of the open window, and Gerald followed her wondering.

She was very pretty, very gracious, this coquettish French lady; Gerald's honest English ideas were rather bewildered by her. He had keen, sharp senses, and he soon perceived that her wish for his society was but a ruse; she wanted some hints from him as to how matters stood at Lancewood.

Most condescendingly she laid her white hand on his arm.

"You and I, Mr. Dorman," she said, in her most charming manner, "must grow accustomed to each other. Sir Arthur does not like going out after dinner, and I like it. I shall trust to you to give me some little hints."

"I am afraid," returned Gerald, confusedly, "that I do not understand the art of giving hints; I have a very unfortunate habit of speaking to the point."

"How charming! How English!" cried her ladyship, with a pretty little laugh. "But you will at least give me the carte du pays; for example now, the *carte du pays*—she is very stately, very proud, is she not?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," answered Gerald, "but I must decline to discuss either my employer's affairs or his daughter's; I should not presume to do so."

Lady Neslie withdrew her hand impatiently from his arm.

"You are so truly English, Mr. Dorman," she said; "a Frenchman would have devoted himself over and over again to me before this."

"I am very ignorant," returned Gerald; "the art of paying compliments is almost unknown to me."

"I am afraid," thought Valerie "that I shall find the men of this country almost as dull as its skies." And after that she evinced no particular desire for Mr. Dorman's society—she was well content to leave him alone.

## CHAPTER VI.

From that, the first day of Lady Neslie's arrival in her new home, Vivian Neslie devoted herself to the task of proving Sir Arthur's wife no fitting mistress for the Abbey. She assured herself over and over again, that if her father had married a lady, she would not have felt it so deeply. A lady, a true, high-bred noble woman, in her mother's place, would not have seemed so amiss; but this laughing, bright-eyed French girl, who to the keen eyes of Sir Arthur's daughter, betrayed her want of good breeding a hundred times each day—to be compelled to yield to her, to see her in her mother's place, was gall and wormwood to Vivian Neslie.

She was not ill-natured. The small faults that often mar a character were not hers; she was not vain or untruthful; her faults, like her virtues, were of an exalted type. She was a woman endowed with rare nobility of soul; she had great virtues and great defects. The virtues were all her own; the defects were principally owing to her education and training. She was generous even to a fault; there was no selfishness in her. She gave largely with royally open hands; no one ever appealed to her in vain; no one asked a kindness at her hands and was refused. She was truthful almost to a fault; she took a keen delight in detecting and unmasking little in-

sincerities, in exposing all hypocrisies; she told the truth at the expense of her own feelings and other people's also. Truth was mirrored in her eyes, dwelt on her lips; one relied on her simple word as on the oath of another. She had the virtues that should distinguish queens; she was loyal in her friendship; she was far above all such small sins as detraction and gossip; she invariably defended the absent, even when they were wrong; she never betrayed a friend or took advantage of an enemy. But with these qualities she possessed also great faults. She was proud, imperious, often intolerant; and she inherited the defect of her race—jealousy. "Jealousy as a Neslie" had ever been a proverb in the county. She loved all whom she did love with wonderful intensity, and she hated with the same fervor; she was jealous of all whom she loved.

Then she was prejudiced. She was proud of her noble birth, of her long pedigree, of the annals of a family which had furnished warriors and statesmen. She had a certain lofty contempt for those of inferior station—not for the people themselves, but for the station they occupied; she never expressed it in word or look, yet it was within her; she was one of those who would have considered death preferable to a low marriage, whose notion of highest honor was loyalty to their race. Family pride with her was a virtue; she could not understand how it was possible to make it a sin. Every thing also was as naught compared with love and loyalty to her family—pride in her name and position. She had a strong will, that had never been bent or broken, and she had a love of rule.

These faults had been fostered in her. Sir Arthur, who was one of the most indolent of men, never took the trouble to correct her. "Let the child have her own way," he would say, when complaints were brought to him. He loved her with such a weak, foolish love that he could not refuse her nothing, nor would he allow any one else to refuse her. She cannot be mistress here some day. She cannot begin too soon." And she had grown up with that idea firmly engraved on her mind. She was to be mistress, and the sooner she began the better. As she grew older her marvelous quickness, her wonderful talents, all seemed to fit her to be mistress of a large estate.

Hate's of Lancewood—no other destiny had ever opened before her. She could rather have imagined herself dead than living as anything except the lady of Lancewood; and her training had fostered her fault. She looked upon her succession as a right that no one could take from her. It was cruel of her father to have given her her own way for so long, and then suddenly to bring a new wife home.

Vivian had rare talents. She was perfect as a musician—she sang with the most exquisite taste and skill; she was an artist of no mean ability; she spoke French and Italian perfectly—in addition to which she had not neglected to study her own language. She was well versed in the literature of her own country. She was quick of apprehension. She understood an idea almost before it was expressed. She had excellent conversational powers. Like many other talented women, she could talk well on almost all topics—to a statesman of politics, to an artist of pictures, to an author of books. She had the peculiar and wonderful gift of seeming to enter into people's lives, of being all things to them, of understanding them with almost fatal facility. She would have made an excellent Ambassador's wife. She resembled the clever Frenchwomen who held reunions in which they seemed to govern France. Sir Arthur had often said to her, "It will be a good thing for Lancewood when it falls to you, Vivian—you will make it famous—you are one of those born to rule—you have a genius for command." And now he had brought a strange girl, young as herself, to take that rule from her.

With her glorious dower of rich Southern beauty, her genius and talent, her grand inheritance, the wonder was that she had lived until the age of eighteen without love. But she was a girl of single ideas; she concentrated her mind on one object—she was heiress of Lancewood, this grand domain that was one day to be hers, and she devoted every energy of heart, mind, and soul to fit herself for the position. In her anxiety to become worthy of it, she overlooked other things. She never thought of cultivating friends who would be useful to her. She did not think of making a position for herself. Her one idea was to be a worthy queen of her kingdom. In her own mind she had formed a hundred grand ideas for helping others—for improving the condition of the poorer tenants. They were noble thoughts for a girl of eighteen, showing that her life had not been frittered away in frivolous occupations.

Then she thought little of love because the whole evolution of her heart was given to her father. She was too quick not to see his faults—an indolent character was a novelty in their family—she saw his want of firmness, of clear sound judgment and decision; she understood that his half-wearied fashion of looking upon every thing as a burden and trouble was the fault that she must remedy.

She watched Lady Neslie closely, and with the keen, unerring perception of a gentlewoman, she discerned that her father's wife was not a lady. She was beautiful, clever, versatile, skillful in adapting herself to whatever company she might be in; but a lady—no, she was not that; Vivian felt sure of it. The very carefulness with which she avoided all that she considered vulgar was another proof to the highbred girl that her suspicions were correct. If she was not a lady, then indeed she had deceived her father, and he was not so much to blame.

"We have never had a disaster of that kind in our family," she said more than once to herself, "the men of our race have married noble women, pure and of high repute; the women have married, noble men. In all the family annals I remember no trace of a low marriage. If my father married an adventuress, he will be the first to have brought even the shadow of dishonor over us."

Then she began to wonder if it was possible that he had been deceived. He had relied evidently very much on the girl's name—Valerie D'Este. The D'Estes were a noble family; she had heard and read of them. It was just possible, however, that she might be mistaken in her conclusions.

"You are thinking of me, Vivian," said Lady Neslie suddenly one morning—hey were both in the library. "I know it, because quite unconsciously you have been sitting looking at me with those dark eyes of yours until you have almost mesmerized me."

"I was thinking of you, Lady Neslie. I was wondering to what branch of the D'Estes family you belong."

"Madam!" laughed. "Nothing ever disturbed her good humor; nothing ever made her angry; she laughed, though her face flushed."

"I should be puzzled to tell you," she replied. "I was not brought up to think so much of name and pedigree as you do. The name I bear now is more to me than the name I have borne."

"There are D'Estes in Italy and in France," said Vivian. "Do you belong to the Italian or French family?"

"You talk far more like an Italian than I do. I am French—French by birth and training; I am French in heart and soul, in mind and manner, in speech and thought. Sometimes I fancy, Vivian, that you would like me better if I had a little of the grave English propriety about me."

"I do not think it would make any difference," said Vivian, unguardedly; and then she felt almost sorry to have made so uncourtous a speech.

Lady Neslie laughed with frank enjoyment.

"You are candid enough, Vivian," she remarked; "I do not despair of making you like me some day. To dislike me is simply fighting against fate."

Vivian would not prolong the discussion, but it struck her as being strange that her father's wife should know nothing of the family to which she belonged.

(To be continued.)

## MOONET.

I hear a bird that sings of yesterday,  
A lonely bird, but none so lone as I,  
Whose life is laden as a wintry sky.  
O heart, how weary are love's woods and ways

When trod in singleness! The sight obeys  
The soul and sees no beauty far or nigh  
Unless the soul says "Look!" And so I sigh  
Through this fair spring when I should tune my praise.

I know not why the bird is sad, God knows,  
And he knows why my heart makes out no song.  
For I am burdened with the grievous wrong  
Of hard words said to one whose calm repose  
I would give all to wake. Ah, dear, how long.

How dark the night until your eyes unclose.  
—J. J. Bell in Fall Mall Magazine.

## VALUABLE STATISTICS.

By Their Use It is Often Easy to Overawe the Multitude.

"Nothing like fake statistics for giving a fellow a reputation for scholarship dirt cheap," chuckled an astute citizen. "Statistics are the most impressive things in the world, and the beauty about 'em is that nobody dares to contradict you. I've been working the scheme for several months, and my stock has advanced about 1,000 pounds a day. How do I do it? Well, to illustrate the thing, I was standing in a crowd on Canal street yesterday watching the big pile driver hammering down the walls for the drainage canal."

"Lot of power there," remarked a gentleman at my elbow as the weight came down, biff!

"Immense," I replied, "and, by the way, I was just making an interesting calculation in regard to it. Do you know, sir, that blow is exactly equal to 9,562 carpenter driving tenpenny nails into two inch oak planks with four pound steel hammers?" The man looked startled. "You don't say so, professor?" he replied respectfully, and presently I saw him whispering to the others, who sized me up with awe. The other day, when it was raining, I joined a group under an awning. "Bad day," said somebody. "Yes," I returned. "I was amusing myself a few minutes ago in figuring up the quantity of water that has fallen in the city limits between 6 a. m. and noon."

"At that the other fellows got interested. 'How much was it, doctor?' asked one of 'em. 'Poured into a row of ordinary half pint tumblers,' I said impressively, 'it would make a line once and two-fifths around the globe; it would fill a 13 inch gun barrel reaching from here to a point about nine miles east of Copenhagen; it would quench the maternal thirst of 9,468,941 Kentucky colonels the day after Christmas; it would barely go into a tank 4,562 kilometers long and 2,411 millimeters wide.'—By Jove! You ought to have seen those fellows' eyes stick out."

"When they see me now, they all touch their hats. I squelched a smart Alec at our boarding house by informing him at the table that the pies consumed annually in New Orleans would form a column, piled one above the other, precisely 12,622 miles high. 'Oh, I admit it leaves about 16 pies over,' I said when he ventured a question. 'But that's only 3½ dekometers and too small to compute.' That settled him. Now I'm the accepted authority of the establishment on everything from hash to hydraulics."

"I've found it a good idea, by the way, to use the decimal system whenever possible. It mixes 'em up when you begin to talk about millimeters and hectometers and gives a fine flavor of learning to your remarks. I never ran across a fellow yet who dared to question a statement in decimals."

Cuba is said to occupy the third place in education among the Latin-American countries, for in each 100 inhabitants 8 can read in Uruguay, 6 in Argentina, 5 in Cuba, 4.7 in Mexico, 4.5 in Venezuela, 4.1 in Chile, 2.1 in Brazil and still fewer in the others.

# Saved Their Child.

MR. T. W. DOXTATER, EXPRESSES A FATHER'S GRATITUDE.

His Little Child Was Attacked With Heart Trouble and Doctors Said She Could Not Recover—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Made Her Sound and Lively as a Cricket.

From the Sun, Belleville, Ont.  
In a comfortable farm home in Sydney, near Belleville, lives Mr. T. W. Doxtater, a prosperous farmer and most respected citizen. In this pleasant home the heart of a father and mother beats with gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they firmly believe they saved the life of their little daughter. A reporter of the Sun having heard of the case drove out to Mr. Doxtater's for the purpose of getting at the facts, and found both father and mother of the little girl very enthusiastic in their praise of the medicine that has unquestionably done so much to relieve suffering in this country. Said Mr. Doxtater: "Yes, we have good reason for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think they are worth ten times their weight in gold. When our little daughter Clara was about eight years old she was stricken with what the doctors said was heart trouble. Up to that time she had been a strong healthy child. The first symptoms shown were fainting spells, and these would attack her without a moment's warning. We consulted a doctor, under whose care she was for a time, but the treatment did her no good—in fact she was growing worse. Then we called in another doctor and he frankly told us that he could hold out but little hope for her recovery. By this time she was confined to bed, and for three months was as helpless as an infant. In some of the fainting spells she was attacked with convulsions. Her appetite seemed entirely gone and she was reduced to a living skeleton. At this time I read the particulars of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave me hope, and I determined that our little girl should try them. I first got one box, and when they were used she seemed brighter. Then I got five more boxes, and by the time she had finished them she was as sound a child as you could find in the neighborhood, bright and lively as a cricket. She has been going to school for the past eighteen months, and has shown absolutely no symptoms of the old trouble. I attribute her cure entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and if anyone doubts the truth of this statement you can refer them either to myself or my wife."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. 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 try something else said to be "just as good."

## Irrigators.

"Just to think," said one trolley car conductor to the writer, "that the experience that I'm going to tell you about is quite common and not a single instance. You have a crowded car, and there is an almost empty one not more than two rods behind you. A lady at a street corner hails you, and you come to a stop."

"Do you go to the Park street station?" she asks.

"Yes, ma'am."

"She starts to climb on."

"But, ma'am, you say, 'this car is crowded, and the one just behind is going to Park street, too, and it is almost empty.'"

"Hum!" says the lady scornfully as she climbs on. "But it doesn't come from the same place!"

The conductor on a Boston car was the other day quite at a loss what to say to a lady who said to him, "I'm going to a place that they tell me is about five minutes' walk from Massachusetts avenue, and I want you to tell me where I'd better get off."

As Massachusetts avenue is several miles long, the conductor felt compelled to ask for further information, but no more could he get from his questioner.

When people travel on street cars, they should not leave their common sense behind them.—Youth's Companion

## The African's Endurance.

Two cases notably illustrative of the African native's power of endurance are reported from the British Central Africa protectorate. In each instance a man was dragged from his canoe by a crocodile and had an arm bitten almost to a pulp. The men had to be taken long distances overland. On reaching Zomba each had the injured limb amputated and quickly recovered. Dr. Douglas Gray, acting chief medical officer there, remarks further in his report upon the growing confidence of the native in the European medicines. Reports of cures—more especially in relation to surgery—spread rapidly among the natives, and the one old cure, a fiber band tied round a limb above the seat of disease, is, he says, fast losing its reputation.—London News

## Assortment.

Mrs. Brown—I was in the new drug store today. It's just lovely!  
Mrs. Jones—Yes?  
Mrs. Brown—Yes. They have six different shades of pills!

In the original deed for the regulation and endowment of Harrow school, dated 1500, it is directed, "You shall allow your child at all times bows, shafts, bowstrings and bracer."

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.