

# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I knew they had all done something or other very famous," said Lady Neslie laughing. "Now, when your story comes to be told in those same family annals, what will they say of you?"

"I do not know," replied Miss Neslie.

"I can foretell some part of it. It will read after this fashion—This lady was very beautiful, very accomplished, and is chiefly to be remembered for her great dislike to Valerie Neslie, her father's second wife. That is how it will begin,—how will it end?"

"You are a generous foe, Vivien; you would not push me into the mill-dam, like the jealous sister of Birmorie, of whom Colonel Hetley was reading last evening."

"No," replied Vivien. "I should never do anything of that kind. You should not say such things, Lady Neslie; they are not only absurd, but wrong."

"Well," said "miladi," dauntlessly, "you are better than I am. If I had been mistress of a home like this so long as you have been, and a stranger were brought in to take my place, I should hate her with a mortal hatred—I admit that frankly. You do not waste much love upon me, Vivien. I like my name Valerie better than yours; there is something light and fanciful about it. There is as much difference between our names as between ourselves."

But, talk as she would, flatter, cajole, praise, no matter what—Lady Neslie could make no impression on Sir Arthur's daughter. She could not win from her any token of interest, any mark of liking, any sign of esteem.

One day when they were discussing some invitation which Vivien had advised her father to decline, "miladi," on the contrary, was eager to go.

"You will not enjoy it," said Miss Neslie to her, "they are stiff, formal people, all of them very clever. You would not feel at home with them."

"I suppose the real truth is," observed her ladyship at the close of the argument, "that you do not wish me to go, because you do not wish them to know me, and you object to their knowing me, because you do not think me good enough for Sir Arthur."

"Your ladyship has for once supposed the exact truth," said Vivien, as she turned away.

"I am afraid," remarked her ladyship, looking after her, "that some day I shall forget my good manners, and shake that proud young lady. How astonished she would be! And Lady Neslie forgot her anger in laughing at the notion."

In time people began to perceive that there were really two parties at the Abbey—one headed by its present mistress, Lady Neslie, the other by the heiress, Miss Neslie. There was no open dispute, no ill-bred wrangling, no strife. Vivien was always proud, calm and self-possessed; Lady Neslie was always the perfection of good-humor. Nevertheless, two parties were formed, and people sided with one or the other, according to their ages and tastes. All the light, frivolous, gay, young girls of the neighborhood, ranged themselves by Lady Neslie. She was fond of life and gaiety; she loved dancing, flirting, all that they loved; she delighted in frivolity.

Lady Neslie was very happy; her hours passed gayly and brightly; she did not fear that time would ever change her lot. But one day she was out riding with her husband; he had taken her by the banks of the river Ringe and through the Hyde woods. She had never seen so much of the estate before. At the other side of the woods, near the pretty town of Hydewell, she saw a house almost hidden by the trees—a large, well-built house, very pretty and picturesque.

"What a pretty house!" she said, "but, ah me, how dull, how quiet! I should not like to live there, Arthur."

"I hope you never may," he returned. "But no, I am selfish; I must not say that. I mean that I hope it may be long years before you go there."

"I shall never go there," she said, decidedly. "Do you think I could live there amongst those trees? I should die of ennui in a week."

"Nevertheless, my bright, happy love, you may be compelled some day to go there."

"I would not go—nothing should compel me. But Arthur, you have not told me what house it is."

"We call it the Dower House," he replied.

"And now I am no wiser. What is that?" she asked.

He looked half surprised for a minute, and then he said—

"You do not understand English customs—I forgot that. The Dower House was built for the widowed ladies of the family; that is why I say I hope that you may never live there—at least, not for long."

"I do not understand even yet Arthur," she said, looking up at him gravely. "Do you mean that, if you should die, I must live there?"

"That is the custom," he replied. "When the head of the family dies, his widow retires to the Dower House."

"But," cried Valerie, "why could I not live at the Abbey?"

"When I die the Abbey passes to Vivien," he said. "I could not leave it to you. It is only mine during my life time. If I had a son, it would be his; as I have not, it will be Vivien's. It is not mine to will as I like."

She had grown very grave as she listened. After all, what were her passing triumphs, if Vivien should some day or other supplant her?

CHAPTER IX.

"When I die, the Abbey passes to Vivien," so Sir Arthur said, while he and his wife rode slowly along; and Lady Neslie thoughtfully pondered the words.

In marrying Sir Arthur, she believed that, in the words of the marriage service, he had endowed her with all his worldly goods. She had never heard of the English law of entail; she never thought of the possibility that the estates might descend from father to son, or from father to daughter; all she knew was that she was to share her husband's wealth. The dislike between herself and Vivien Neslie had increased with every hour, but Lady Neslie had always preserved the utmost good-humor; it was part of her policy never to allow any sign of impatience or anger to escape her, and it had been easy when the victory seemed all to lie in her own hands—when Vivien Neslie appeared in no other character than that of the deposed mistress of the Abbey. Things would be quite different if in process of time Vivien should again be mistress—if it should be in her power to send her rival away.

"Now I understand," thought her ladyship. "I could not imagine how it was that so many people paid court to Miss Neslie—stood in awe of her; I can understand it all now. I am mistress here only for a time; she will be mistress forever."

It must not be. "I am not sure," mused Valerie, "that I should have married, had I known this."

Then she comforted herself by thinking that, even if she were compelled, in the event of her husband's death, to leave the Abbey, still there must surely be a fortune for her. She wished to be mistress of Lancelwood, that gave her the position she had always longed for—the position that she now enjoyed so thoroughly.

During the remainder of the ride home Lady Neslie was thoughtful, the sunny face was clouded, the ringing laugh died quickly away. Nor did she take so much interest as she had in the various views of the estate which Sir Arthur pointed out to her. What would it matter? What interest could she feel if Lancelwood was to pass away from her into the hands of the girl whose calm superiority angered her. She resolved, when she reached the Abbey, to ask some one to explain this law of succession to her—some one who would not guess her motive, —Colonel Hetley, for instance, who delighted in long and pompous arguments. She would not say any more to her husband, or he might grow suspicious, and think she had married him for the sake of being at the Abbey.

She found an opportunity of talking to Colonel Hetley, as she always found for whatever she fancied or desired.

"I have been reading a story this morning, colonel, and it turns on what is called in England, the law of entail. Will you explain what that means to me?"

"And the colonel, only too delighted to be consulted by his young and lovely hostess, entered into a complete exposition of the matter. She listened with a profound attention that flattered him.

"I understand," she said; "then this beautiful Lancelwood of ours is not what you call entailed—it does not pass to a male heir?"

"It was entailed once," replied the colonel. "I remember hearing why the entail was destroyed, but I have forgotten the reason now. Lancelwood, like many other large estates in England, can be inherited by son or daughter; but it must be in the direct line. No lord of Lancelwood has power to will his estate from his own children. If he has sons, it goes to the eldest; if daughters to the eldest; then the daughter retains the name of Neslie when she marries, and so the name is kept up from generation to generation."

"Then no master of Lancelwood could leave his estates to his friend or his wife?" she said, slowly.

"No, that would not be possible," answered Colonel Hetley, who began to perceive a drift in these inquiries. "Take yourself, for instance," he said, "though personal applications of generalities should be avoided. Suppose an event we should all deplore—Sir Arthur's death; in that case Lancelwood would belong to Miss Neslie. You would, without doubt, succeed to a very handsome fortune, but that kind of thing is generally arranged in the marriage settlement. Miss Neslie would succeed to Lancelwood; and it would descend again to her son or daughter. Do you understand now, Lady Neslie?"

She tried to throw off her gravity, and looked up with a laughing air.

"Yes, you have made it all plain to me. I thank you, Colonel Hetley. It seems hard at times to comprehend your English customs."

"But you have the law of entail in France. You have but to look through the history of your own family—the D'Estes—for numerous examples."

She looked slightly confused for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"I was but a child when I was in France. I remember nothing of such things; they had no interest for me. You have told me all about it, colonel."

"Yes. I do not remember any detail left unexplained. Miss Neslie is heiress of Lancelwood; but, if Sir Arthur should have a son, that son would succeed him."

From that moment the one passion to be consulted by this young and soul was that she might have a son. A son would inherit Lancelwood—and

what was her child's would, of course, be hers. What a victory, what a triumph for her, if she could only show Vivian a son of her own—the heir who would take Lancelwood from her!

By night and by day she pondered this one idea. People began to wonder what had come over the bright, animated, vivacious Lady Neslie. She was often to be found now with a grave, almost anxious expression on her face, she was thinking how sure she would be of the fortune if she had a little son.

She began to observe Vivian more closely. She could understand now why, despite all the victories gained over Miss Neslie, she remained calmly serene, self-possessed, self-reliant. Something more like hatred than she had ever felt before crept into Valerie's heart, and she made up her mind with true feminine resolve that Miss Neslie should not enjoy more comfort than was good for her. She had once believed it wise policy to try to make Sir Arthur's daughter her friend, but she saw now that they could never be anything but enemies. She ceased all efforts at conciliation. She made irritating little speeches. She took every opportunity of exercising her authority. She never consulted Vivian in any matter, but pleased herself entirely.

The breach between Sir Arthur and his beloved daughter grew wider. Lady Neslie had a fashion of saying—

"It is of no use asking Vivian; she is too grave to care about such nonsense."

Then she would twine her arms round Sir Arthur's neck, and, laying her bright head on his shoulder, ask him—

"Would you love me better, dear, if I tried to be grave and wise, like your beautiful daughter?"

"No, Valerie; I like you just as you are."

"Nonsense and gaiety included!" she asked with a wistful smile.

"Just as you are, my darling, without change," replied Sir Arthur, fondly.

She clapped her hands with the glee of a child—such little white hands they were, all shining with costly gems.

"Now I shall never try to be wise again; after all, I am but one of the butterflies of nature, I shall spread my wings in the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasts, without thinking of the coming rainy days."

"Do you think of rainy days, my darling?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not often; but I do not expect to be always as happy as I am now."

"I do not see anything that could make you less happy, Valerie."

She did not say, "You have overlooked the loss of Lancelwood—the fact that my rival will reign one day where I am queen now—the fact that I shall have to give way to her;" but she looked up at him, with an expression of devotion in her brilliant face.

"I should be happy enough if I might always have you, Arthur; but, if I were to lose you, what happiness could I ever know again?"

"That is but a gloomy idea for a butterfly," said Sir Arthur, laughingly. "My dearest Valerie, we know how uncertain life and death are; still I hope to spend many years with you yet."

It was wonderful how solicitous she became about his health. His looks were a barometer of her spirits. When he seemed perfectly well, she was gay, happy, light of heart, full of merriment; if he looked pale or ill, if he complained even in the least, she was all anxiety and solicitude. Sir Arthur thought it concern about his health, arising from her great love. Vivian understood it better; she knew what it was, and called it by its right name.

"Oh, if I had but a son," exclaimed Lady Neslie, inwardly, "there would be no more cause for anxiety or dread!"

For many long years there had not been such gaiety at Lancelwood. One of Lady Neslie's wildest caprices was a masked ball; nothing else would satisfy her. In vain Sir Arthur said that a masked ball was all very well during a carnival, but that it was not a favorite amusement amongst English people.

"But I must have it," she said. "Of all balls in the world a masked ball is the most enjoyable."

"I am afraid our neighbors will not think so, Valerie. I am doubtful whether you would even find your invitations accepted. There are hundreds of English people who entirely disapprove of such things."

"We will try them," said Lady Neslie. "Masked balls are common enough in Paris."

"There are many things common in Paris that I should be sorry to see here," put in Vivian, "Lancelwood is an ancient building, but I do not think such an entertainment as a balsmasque has ever been given in it."

"There is no record of one in the family annals," mimicked Lady Neslie. "Surely some of your ancestors must have had a little notion of enjoying themselves. All argument is useless, you know. Sir Arthur, you cannot refuse me; let me give a masked ball."

Sir Arthur looked at his daughter, as though he would fain have asked her to help him; but in the noble, beautiful face he only read contempt for his weakness and contempt for his wife.

Valerie quickly noted his glance. "It is of no use looking at Vivian, Sir Arthur; she will be quite sure to oppose me; she does it on principle, to counterbalance your indulgences."

"I think, Valerie, you must defer a little to English prejudices. I assure you the whole neighborhood would be startled by the notion of a masked ball."

She laughed aloud in the fullness of her glee.

"You are the kindest husband in the world!" she cried.

But Sir Arthur was right; the neighborhood was startled. The more serious portion of it looked grave, and said Lady Neslie was really going rather too far; but the gay young girls and gay young wives applauded the idea, and the masked ball was a success.

To be Continued.

## GUARDS OF ROYALTY.

Something About Those Who Watch Kings and Queens.

The monarchs of Europe are not guarded from harm by the showy soldiers in shiny tin cuirasses who disport themselves about palace ante-rooms. The actual seamy work is done by the plainly clad, unostentatious secret police. The degree to which police protection is indispensable may be gathered from the fact that President Carnot's assassination occurred immediately after Prime Minister Dupuy had disbanded the Brigade d'États, or Presidential police.

Scarcely a week passes during Queen Victoria's sojourns at Windsor or Osborne without some crazy person endeavoring to obtain an interview either by calling at the palace or by attempting to waylay the sovereign when she is out driving. Those of the male sex, usually declare that they are in love with the Queen or profess that they are secretly married to her, while the females allege that they are either daughters or sisters of Her Majesty, or else married to the Prince of Wales.

Every time that Queen Victoria plans to leave her residence at Windsor, Osborne, Balmoral or Buckingham Palace for her afternoon drive the intention is communicated to the Chief Inspector some hours beforehand by the equestrian on duty, who announces the route which her Majesty proposes to take. At certain points along the way policemen in plain clothes are stationed.

An inspector of the London police is in charge of the men appointed to guard the Prince of Wales.

King Humbert of Italy is guarded by one policeman. This official is a sergeant-major of the Carabinieri, composed of picked soldiers and ex-commissioned officers of the army. He is a man of herculean proportions and of tried resource. Moreover, as he is a native of Piedmont, he is blindly devoted to his king; he never leaves his side by day, and at night sleeps across the threshold of the room occupied by his master.

Napoleon III. had a bodyguard each of whom was a Corsican, their chief, Griscelli by name, having saved the Emperor's life several times.

When Count Camerata, a cousin of Napoleon, was assassinated in the Tuileries, Griscelli disguised himself and followed the supposed murderer, Kambo, to London, where Kambo was stabbed.

The same fate overtook Silvani di Peruggio, who had organized a plan for wrecking the imperial train near Biarritz. He fell a victim to the Corsican's dagger at Bordeaux, whether Griscelli had tracked him. Two Mazzinist conspirators, Russini and Galli were likewise stabbed by Griscelli.

One evening when Napoleon was calling at the Countess of Castiglione's suburban residence a man crept into the room, knife in hand, and threw himself upon the Emperor. Gen. Fleury, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, pioned his arms until Griscelli rushed into the boudoir and cut short the existence of the conspirator. Documents of a compromising character were found and the result was the temporary exile of the Countess.

## A RIGHTEOUS CUSTOM.

I kissed the tempting crimson of her cheek;

As fragrant as a rose.

And, lo, across its bloom a pallid streak!

And here, upon my nose,

A touch of red, of which I blush to speak!

'Tis true I have no reason for complaint—

I stole the fragrant kiss.

And yet 'tis customary to acquaint

Unwary ones of this,

By placarding the danger point!

## GROWING CORDIALITY.

Mesheck—You must come up to my place some evening and try one of my cigars.

Fawner—Thanks, but I don't smoke.

Well, come up on Thursday and have a glass of wine with me.

Thanks, I never drink.

Himmell Then come up and see me every evening.

## WONDERFUL INVENTION.

McJigger—I attended Mrs. Blank's lecture on liquid air last night. She poured mercury into a paper mold shaped like a hammer, immersed the whole in the liquid air, and the mercury came out so solid that she easily drove a nail through a board with it.

Thingumbob—Wonderful! Any invention that will enable a woman to easily drive a nail through a board can't be beat.

# PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Too Much of a Jar.

A little group of professional men were talking of dentists the other day when the stout man of the party related a humorous incident that occurred some time ago. It happened in a dentist's office in Kansas City.

A typical cow puncher came in and wanted a tooth treated. He was a big fellow with an immense soft hat, and when he deposited himself in the operating chair everything creaked.

"Mind you don't hurt me," he said in a menacing tone, and then the dentist got to work.

After boring into the tooth a moment he paused.

"Now," he said, "don't stir. If you do, this tool may slip and your nerve will get a nasty jar."

All went well for a few moments and the big fellow threw his head back.

There was a yell, a scramble, a falling chair, and then a brawny fist flew out, and a dazed and bleeding dentist picked himself from the floor on the opposite side of the room.

"You blamed idiot," he mumbled with his hand on his jaw. "I told you not to move!"

"That don't make a mite o' difference!" roared the cow puncher. "No man kin hurt me like that alive!"

And, seizing his big hat, he plunged heavily down the stairs, anathematizing the whole dentist fraternity at every step.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

## Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whiskey for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumors about his exchanging oats and hay for whiskey and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry, "it's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer himself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gen'leman, that ain't seed his boots after his feet was in 'em for years, while you, sah, is tall and round shouldered an sees your feet all da time youse walkin, an look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, while I'se only skin an bones!"

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well satisfied with the explanation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Taking the Cowboy's Picture.

"Now," said the border photographer, pulling his gun and leveling it across the camera at the man in the chair, "will you have the kindness to look pleasant?"

Much amused by the cheek and the cool nerve of the request thus conveyed, the bold cowboy smiled broadly, and at that instant the border photographer pressed the button.—Chicago Inter Ocean.