

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER X.

Deprived of her accustomed avocations, Vivien spent more time than usual in the library, quietly, without noise or unpleasantness. Valerie had managed to take all authority from her. The servants never went to her now for orders, having found out that, when they did so, Lady Neslie invariably countermanded them.

"Flowers always get the rising sun," said the girl, bitterly. "They seem to forget that I am still heiress of Lancelwood."

Yet, though Lady Neslie asserted her authority, and Sir Arthur upheld it, Vivien was by far the best loved. "Mildred" gave liberally—she was generous to her servants; but, with the quick instinct of their class, they saw that she was not a lady like their "own young mistress." One lacked the high bred manner, the innate good taste, the air of command natural to one born to rule. She was a fable and courteous one day, haughty and imperious the next. She was either too familiar or too severe; she did not in the least understand the science of governing.

There were times when she would fain have consulted Vivien, or asked her assistance, but that she feared showing her ignorance. It was a fact that the beautiful, bright, courted Lady Neslie, mistress of Lancelwood, stood more in awe of Sir Arthur's daughter than of all the world besides. These dark, proud eyes seemed to look into the very depths of her soul—they seemed to pierce through all disguises, all affectations. She felt uneasy in that fair, graceful presence; her pretty airs and graces, which seemed so charming at other times, suddenly appeared vulgar. Vivien outshone her as the grand, clear light of the sun outshines the flame of a taper. It was the unconscious influence of truth over falsehood, of a noble soul over an ignoble one, of a lofty nature over a mean one.

As time passed on, and their mutual dislike increased, Lady Neslie studied how she could hurt and wound Sir Arthur's daughter. One morning, under some slight pretext, she paid a visit to Vivien's apartments. More than once she had tried to obtain an entrance, but Miss Neslie would not consent. She had a suite of rooms on the eastern wing—rooms that she had chosen for herself—and she was determined that they should be sacred from all intrusion. As Lady Neslie walked along the broad corridor, she met Joan Habley, Vivien's maid.

"Is Miss Neslie in her room?" she asked. And Joan was compelled to answer "Yes."

"Shall I say your ladyship is here?" asked Joan, who knew how unwelcome such a visit would be.

"No, I will go to Miss Neslie's boudoir," said her ladyship; and Joan looked after her with a darkening face.

"What is she going there for—some piece of mischief or spite?" she asked herself. "Ah, well, please Heaven, it will be my young lady's turn to rule some day!"

The fact was, that on the previous evening Lady Neslie had overheard Vivien talking to her father about a distant relative, Clarence Howard—a distant cousin of her mother's—whose photograph had been sent to Miss Neslie. She was showing it to Sir Arthur and speaking of it when Vivien overheard them.

"It is a glorious face, papa," Vivien was saying, "noble, thoughtful, high-bred. It is like my mother's face—and I have seen none so beautiful as hers. Have you, papa?"

"No," replied Sir Arthur, "that I certainly have not." And Vivien was so delighted with the reply that she kissed him lovingly, as of old, before the young wife came between them.

"That does my heart good, papa," she said. "I thought you had quite forgotten my mother."

"My dear Vivien," returned Sir Arthur, earnestly, "when you know more of life, you will know that a man never forgets and never ceases to love his first love." And Lady Neslie, overhearing the words, felt the bitterest hatred for the dead mother and the living child.

"I should like to see what the face was like that he thought so beautiful," she said. And that evening she called her maid to a solemn consultation.

"Marie," she said, "I want you to discover for me—first, whether there is a portrait of the late Lady Neslie; secondly, where it is. You can find out by a few well-directed questions in the servants' hall."

In twenty minutes' time Marie returned to tell the "miladi" that there was a very beautiful picture of the late Lady Neslie, and that it hung in Miss Neslie's boudoir—it used to be in the Blue Room, but, when the pictures were removed from there, Miss Neslie insisted on having it taken to her apartments. "Miladi" laughed a mocking little laugh, and instantly made up her mind, that, if it were possible to give Miss Neslie something disagreeable to think of, she would do so. She was jealous—jealous of the dead wife who had been so dearly loved, and whose child was heiress of that grand domain.

So, with a sharpened arrow in her heart and a smile on her lips, she went into Vivien's room. She was so bland and smiling that it was hard to imagine she could be so unkind.

"I ought to offer you a thousand apologies, Vivien," she said. "I know that I am intruding, but I wanted to ask you if you would recommend me some really good book."

Vivien was not pleased at the intrusion, but she was always polite. She answered kindly—

"I do not know what your taste in literature is—I have not seen you read many books. Try one of Dickens'."

"I will. What a pleasant room this boudoir of yours is! You have a

beautiful view from the window. How fond you are of flowers! Your room is full of them."

"Yes; I love flowers," assented Vivien.

Then Lady Neslie went to the door, as though about to leave; she looked round the walls.

"You have some nice pictures. Dear me, what a strange face that is! Is it a portrait?"

She was looking at the pictured face of Vivien's mother. Vivien made no answer. Lady Neslie walked up to it. "It is a strange face," she said, as though studying it. "I do not like it; the expression is disagreeable, sulky, and proud—the eyes want intelligence. I should not keep such a picture in my room. Is this one of your boasted Neslies, Vivien?"

Vivien had grown white even to the very lips; her anger was so great that she was literally speechless. Lady Neslie looked at her.

"Have I annoyed you?" she said, quickly. "I am sorry. Surely this is not the portrait of any one you care for? If so, I am sorry. I would not have spoken of it had I known."

Vivien's anger was terrible. "Lady Neslie," she said, slowly, "that is my mother's picture."

"Your mother's!" exclaimed Valerie. "How sorry I am! Why did you not stop me? How could I know? I always understood she was a beautiful woman."

"That is my mother's portrait," repeated Vivien, "and you know it. You are very clever, Lady Neslie, but you are not clever enough to deceive me. From some motive of your own you have come here purposely to insult me through my dead mother; you have achieved your purpose. Will you oblige me now by leaving me?"

Lady Neslie turned scarlet with shame at having been detected.

"I assure you—" she began.

"Hush! said Vivien, calmly. "There is no need for further words. That is my beloved mother's picture—and she was as worthy of honor and esteem as you are of contempt."

But Lady Neslie had recovered herself by this time. She laughed.

"What an absurd mistake! I am really sorry. I must tell Sir Arthur, but it is foolish of you to be cross about it, Vivien."

She found that she was talking to the air—Miss Neslie had left the room. "Never mind," said her ladyship to herself, "I have hurt her; but the victory is not a great one, after all."

That little incident amply deepened Vivien's contempt for her father's wife, while it increased in some vague way Lady Neslie's awe of her.

There had been a slight disagreement over the jewels that Vivien's mother had worn. At her mother's death they were all locked away; but it was the right and privilege of the reigning Lady Neslie to wear them, and Valerie was not one to forego her privileges. Sir Arthur had spoken to her about the jewels, and she was all anxiety to see them. It happened that more than once Sir Arthur had also spoken to his daughter of them.

"They are family heir-looms," he had said. "As I have no wife to wear them, you must wear them, Vivien, when you come of age."

That promise he could not keep. Lady Neslie mentioned them when she had been some days at Lancelwood.

"I should like to see them, Arthur," she said. "Perhaps some of these settings are old-fashioned. If so, the stones must be reset."

And one morning when a sudden shower of rain prevented their going out, Sir Arthur asked his wife and daughter to join him in the library, where the cases were all arranged for inspection. They had never been touched since the dead Lady Neslie had closed them, and Sir Arthur remembering that, looked gravely at them. Vivien felt it deeply.

"Papa," she said, "I can be of no use here. Why did you send for me?"

"I thought you would assist Valerie in selecting what should be reset—you have so much taste in such things."

"I can suggest nothing," said Vivien. "They were my mother's jewels. If I were consulted, I should say, keep them for her sake just as they are."

"Perhaps you are right," said Sir Arthur; but Lady Neslie cried, abruptly—

"No, I cannot wear them as they are. They would not suit me. I should like these pearls arranged as flowers, and this huge, old-fashioned diamond comb made into a pretty tiara. They will not do for me at all as they are."

"Well, you shall please yourself, Valerie," said her husband. "They are yours to wear during your lifetime. Vivien is there anything amongst them that you would like?"

The girl's proud dark eyes were dim with tears. It was inexpressibly painful to her to see what had been her mother's taken possession of after this fashion. She took up a pretty little pearl pendant.

"The last time I saw my mother she wore this. I should like it, papa. I remember taking hold of it, and she told me to mind that I did not injure the stones. I should like this."

Lady Neslie, looking up, saw the softened expression on her husband's face.

"Every time he sees that on his daughter's neck he will think of my mother," she said to herself; and again a quick unreasonable jealousy of the dead came over her.

"You will spoil the set if you take that," she said, quickly.

Vivien laid the pendant down.

"I will not take anything, papa," she said, quietly, and fearful of betraying how keenly she was hurt, she quitted the room.

Sir Arthur's face clouded over.

dear. You do not know what a tender-hearted, earnest girl your daughter is. If she had taken that pendant, every time she wore it she would have been miserable; believe me, I did it from kindness. I knew she might not understand it—but I thought you would. Arthur, let us have a beautiful pendant made for her—she will be pleased."

"My dear, generous wife," said the easily persuaded baronet, "I hardly gave you credit for so much consideration. We will send the order to London at once."

Some weeks afterward a beautiful pearl necklace and pendant arrived for Vivien—but she never wore either.

CHAPTER XI.

Though there were all the elements of strife in the household at Lancelwood, yet all was perfectly calm. People might surmise what they would—they knew nothing for certain, unless they ranged themselves on either side—they became partisans either of Lady Neslie or of the heiress of Lancelwood—but outwardly all was calm and gay.

Only one person saw beneath the surface, and that was Gerald Dorman. Sir Arthur's marriage had considerably increased his labors. Before that Sir Arthur would at times answer a letter, audit his accounts, give audience to his tenants; now he did none of these things—they all fell upon the secretary. Sir Arthur was too deeply engrossed with his wife. He had to attend to her whims and caprices, and to escort her during her visits; he had not been so busily occupied for years. Yet, though his work was incessant, Gerald found time to watch the course of events.

He soon grew to dislike the new mistress of Lancelwood; beneath all her seeming carelessness and light-hearted gaiety, he saw malice and jealousy. Every slight, every trifling insult, offered to Vivien made his blood boil. He had kept his word—without ever intruding, he had been her most faithful friend. In a thousand ways that no one save himself understood he shielded her. He was careful to show her the greatest deference and respect—more, if possible, during this time of her downfall than he had shown in her prosperity. He always spoke of her and to her as though she were still mistress of the Abbey. Whenever she was not present, and he could make an opportunity, he spoke of her as heiress of Lancelwood.

For the secret of this man's life was that he loved Vivien Neslie with the whole force of his heart and soul—loved her silently, desperately, hopelessly. He never dreamed of any return; he was content to lavish his adoration on her, to pour out the love of his soul at her feet. He had never dared to raise his eyes with love to her face. He worshipped her as pagans do the far-off bright stars. He was not one of those who delude themselves. He never said to himself that he had talents, and that he would work until, by his success, he should win her. He raised for himself no such false hopes, he dreamed no foolish dreams, he never imagined that he should win her; but his love was so great that he was content to give all and look for nothing in return. It was the very madness of love—it was too great, too entire, to have any alloy of selfishness. If the fair proud young heiress had bidden him lay himself at her feet, that she might trample on him, he would have done so, had she bidden him give her his life, he would have laid it down with a smile on his face. He gave her all—he asked nothing; he was content to live in her presence as flowers live in the sun. He asked for nothing but permission to serve her, to live and die for her. He was content if from time to time she gave him a smile, a kind word, or even a kind look—if she allowed him to do something for her that required both time and skill.

It was not a presumptuous love, for he had never dared to touch even the hem of her dress. Once, in giving her a book, his hand touched hers, and it seemed to him that even that slight touch drove him almost mad. Her beautiful face often bent over the same page with his own, her hair brushed his cheek; he trembled then like a man seized with ague. She raised her dark, proud eyes to him once.

"Are you ill, Mr. Dorman?" she asked.

He answered "Yes," and with unsteady steps he left the room.

"How mad—how worse than mad I am!" he cried. "Dear Heaven, how is it to end, this love of mine?"

He saw no end to it but death. Well, many a man died for less; many a man had loved his life through, and met with reward. His fate was so different.

"Only let me live, and living, love her!" he would say to himself.

He had never betrayed this love of his. True, he had made her some ardent speeches. He had talked of living and dying for her, of thinking only of her; but, then, Miss Neslie was used to compliments—she was accustomed to homage. It was nothing new for her to hear that some one was willing to die for her. There were times when she was inclined to think the young secretary presumptuous—when she thought he was using words that only those whom she considered her equals should use. It was but natural she should think, that he should offer her what all the rest of the world gave her—praise and homage. If any one had said to her that her father's secretary loved her with a love that was overpowering in its intensity, she would have thought it an insult. As it was, she had a kindly feeling for him. She placed a certain amount of trust in him. He would be faithful to her, she thought, if ever she required fidelity. She knew that it would be a pleasure to him to serve her—no matter in what manner—but that he was presumptuous enough to love her she never dreamed.

So he kept his love in his heart, and it grew there like a fair flower. A queen might have been proud of such devotion—it was so deep, so genuine,

so entire, so utterly unselfish; it was the love of an artist for his ideal, of a musician for the most cherished offspring of his brain.

He did his best to serve her. When the news of Sir Arthur's marriage came, no one felt it more keenly than he did. He would a thousand times rather have endured pain himself than have seen Vivien suffer; and he knew that nothing could cause her such intensity of pain as this marriage.

It was to screen her from Sir Arthur's anger that he had worked so hard to prepare for the bride's coming home. He had both sense and self-control. He knew that fighting against fate was worse than useless—Vivien showed her anger, it would be all the worse for her. There was no course open to her but submission.

"Had I been Sir Arthur," he said to himself, over and over again, "I would rather have died than contracted this marriage." Now that it was done, all contentment was useless.

He never knew when her love gave him most pleasure or most pain. There was never a moment in which he dared indulge it. He dared not look long at the face he loved so well. If he did so, hoping that it was unnoticed, Miss Neslie would say, "Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dorman?" She would not admit, even in the utmost depths of her heart, the faintest idea that her father's secretary presumed to love her.

Once, as she was crossing the drawing-room, a lower fell from her hair, and he believing that she had not seen it, hastened to pick it up. He took it in his hand, when she turned round with a calm face, and said—

"I will thank you for my flower, Mr. Dorman."

"Will you not let me keep it?" he asked. The proud calm deepened.

"I beg your pardon," she said, looking at him with clear, cold, pitiless eyes—"I did not understand."

And with those proud eyes gazing coldly at him, he did not dare to repeat the words. With a low bow he placed the flower in her hand and left her.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SHIP OF WAR.

Observations and Conclusions of an Officer of the Navy.

In a modern battleship the captain is condemned to imprisonment during action in a steel conning tower 10 inches thick and 6 feet 10 inches in diameter, compared with which the prison of the Man With the Iron Mask was a palace.

I tried the conning tower in the Massachusetts during the bombardment of Santiago, but soon abandoned it for the bridge, finding it difficult to grasp all the varying conditions of the action from the narrow peepholes often blanketed by thick smoke. One did not feel really in touch with the action or with his own ship in such a position, and the movements of the men were controlled by an unseen spirit. Of course, when in close action with another ship and a hailstorm of rapid fire and machine guns is falling upon your vessel, it would be unwise not to seek its shelter, but from great gun fire alone I prefer to do as we did in the civil war and to take my chances on the bridge in the open.

Other commanding officers thought the same way, and at the bombardment of San Juan Captain Taylor sat upon the bridge of the Indiana calmly smoking a cigar.

Today the majority of men in a battleship are shut up in a tight steel box in which are immense boilers heating the atmosphere to a stifling temperature and where they can only hear, but cannot see. They work away in their floating dungeon without any inspiring vision to lighten their labors.

It is related that during the destruction of Cervera's fleet, when there was a lull in the firing on board the Oregon, the chief engineer came up from the fireroom and said to Captain Clark, "For God's sake, captain, fire another gun so as to keep up the spirits of my men." These devoted souls, far down to the depths of the ship, facing the fiery furnaces, knew only by the sound of the guns of the battle raging above them, and the heavier the fire the harder they worked. In order to realize the exhausting condition under which men fight in a modern battleship it is only necessary to see them, when the hatches are opened after action, pour up from below, perspiring and half naked; to see with what relief they breathe the fresh air and how eagerly they run to have a look at the battery or ship which has been engaged.

Modern science, with all its tremendous resources and increase of power, has not lightened the conditions under which men labor during action.—Commodore Higginson in Independent.

THE PHILIPPINES.

That shipload of mules will assist in forming a stable government in the Philippines.—Pittsburg News.

It is hoped that the trouble at Iloilo will take a few kinks out of the city's name as well as out of the insurgents.—Chicago News.

Common folk have dodged it for months. Now it must be recognized and pronounced. It is Eel-o-see-o on the island of Panay.—New York Press.

If Aguinaldo is as great a general as he assumes to be, he will show his strategic abilities by keeping out of a fight with General Lawton.

SIMPLE SALVE.

If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. If a vein, compress below.

For diarrhea a tablespoonful of raw flour in a glass of water, taken in two doses, half an hour apart.

If poisoned, drink a pint of lukewarm water with a spoonful of mustard. In case of opium or laudanum, drink strong coffee and keep moving.

Some one who has tried it says that if two or three dandelion leaves be chewed before going to bed they induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried one may be.

A Woman's Advice

TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEADACHE.

Mrs. Robins, of Fort Colborne, Tells How She Found a Cure and Asserts the Benefit That the Same Remedy Will Cure Other Sufferers.

Mrs. James Robins, of Fort Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1877 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus's dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice, and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and headaches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regarded myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise."

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves; bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The Ceylon yellow silk spider has a body that weighs nine ounces.

Fleas will never touch an epileptic, and will instantly leave a dead or dying person.

The goldfish is a great coward, and a tiny fish with the courage to attack it can frighten it almost to death.

The camel cannot swim. It is an extraordinary fact that the moment it loses its footing in a stream it turns over and makes no effort to save itself from drowning.

Gayest People in the World.

The population of Italy is 8,000,000 less than the population of France, but Italy has more theaters than France and twice as many as England, though the population of the United Kingdom is fully 5,000,000 larger than that of Italy. These figures, recently compiled, re-enforce the claim long ago made by Italian managers that there are more theaters in proportion to its population in Italy than elsewhere in the world. There are approximately 1,000 places of amusement in the United States. In Italy there are 448; in France, 437; in Germany, 890; in Great Britain, 862, and in Spain, 210.

One explanation which has been offered for the very large number of theaters in Italy is that many of them are small affairs and unworthy of recognition as such. This view of the case, however, is inaccurate, as in respect to the seating capacity Italian theaters are rather larger than those of other countries. One explanation of the large number of theaters in Italy is to be found in the fact that the cultivation and appreciation of music are perhaps more general in Italy than in any other country, and many of the playhouses therefore are devoted not to the theatrical but to musical entertainments. What are called concert halls in England are theaters in Italy.

Source of the Niger.

An English officer thus describes the tiny source of the mighty river Niger: "Cutting our way through the undergrowth, we crept and clambered down the slippery slopes till we reached the bottom and came to a moss covered rock from which a tiny spring issues and has made a pool below. The foliage at this spot is green, most luxuriant and beautiful, and as one looks on the birthplace of the Niger it is easy to imagine oneself at a dripping well in some wood in England."

Alamas are the chief freight carriers in central Peru. The usual load for an animal is about 100 pounds. If you put upon his back more than he can easily carry, he quietly kneels and will not budge until the load is reduced.

It is said that there are, between Madagascar and the coast of India, about 10,000 islands which are not inhabited.

The Japanese are capturing the match and umbrella trade in India and Burma.