

Through Storm and Sunshine

"Must what?" she asked, despairingly.

"We must appeal to the law. But until that time, dear Miss Neslie, live in hope."

She remembered so well the time before when he had called her "dear Miss Neslie," and she had been annoyed at it. Now matters were so altered that he was the only friend she had to rely on—the only one who could comfort or advise her. With a sudden, frank, sweet impulse she held out her hands to him.

"You are a true friend," she said. "What should I do in my trouble but for you?"

And if she could have given him the whole world she could not have made him so proud and happy as those few words did. There was nothing for it, she saw, but patient endurance. All hope of anything good from Valerie was at an end.

Several days afterward Valerie said to her—

"You remember, Vivien, what we were lately discussing—the engagement of a tutor for Oswald? I am glad to say that I have succeeded in my wish; Henri de Nouchet has consented to come."

"Miladi" was looking at her with laughing, mischievous eyes.

"It will be such a relief to me to have some friend of my own, whom I can trust near me. Henri de Nouchet is very clever, of course. In the years to come Oswald will go to your favorite place, Oxford, and then I intend Monsieur de Nouchet to succeed Mr. Dorman."

Vivien said nothing. Words were all so useless.

"Vivien," continued "miladi," "I hope you will find it worth your while to be civil to my friend. If you are not, you know the alternative. I am quite determined that the house shall be made comfortable for him."

For the sake of the heavy stake—the honor of her house—she restrained the burning passion of her indignant pride. Alas, if she went, what would in the present state of things, become of Lancewood?

"Alas, my father," sighed the unhappy girl, "what a charge you have left to me!"

She was somewhat surprised to find that Lady Neslie had selected two of the best rooms in the house for the tutor. He had a sitting-room that had been in former years a state-room, and one of the finest bedrooms.

"He is no common person," said "miladi," proudly. "For any one like Mr. Dorman I should not think of arranging such rooms; but Monsieur de Nouchet is a French gentleman and a distant relative of my own."

"I always understood that the D'Estes were a wealthy family," observed Vivien. "How is it that this gentleman is compelled to work for his living?"

"Miladi" coughed a very little cough.

"My dear Vivien," she said, "my father was a D'Este, my mother a De Nouchet and the De Nouchets were all poor."

The rooms were prepared, much to Vivien's secret annoyance. Another saddle-horse was bought—one that would do for Monsieur de Nouchet.

"Do you intend your son's tutor to spend much of his time in riding?" Vivien asked, and Valerie, with a sneering laugh, replied—

"What my son's tutor will do will be seen when he comes."

He came in May. Apparently he was in no great hurry to accept the post that Lady Neslie had offered him. He came in May, when the lilacs were budding, and the laburnums gleamed like yellow flame among the trees.

Vivien looked on in wonder that was almost fear. It was like the arrival of the master of the house rather than a paid dependent. The carriage was sent to the station to meet him—dinner was delayed.

"Henri is accustomed to dining well," said "miladi." "He would not like any ordinary kind of dinner."

"But," inquired Vivien, "will your son's tutor dine with us every day, Valerie?"

"My son and his tutor," was the wary reply. "It is high time that the child began to learn manners."

"But surely our luncheon would do for their dinner," said Vivien, "I never heard of such an arrangement as that."

"You are likely to hear of several arrangements that will startle you," remarked "miladi," with a laugh. "I have only this to say—that, if you do not choose to dine with my relative, who is also my friend, you need not trouble to dine with me."

So, in sheer despair, Vivien watched the course of events, and on the fourteenth of May Henri de Nouchet first entered the Abbey.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Miss Neslie was somewhat startled when she entered the drawing room on the day of the tutor's arrival, to find him seated there, laughing and conversing with Lady Neslie on the most familiar terms. They were seated side by side on a fauteuil, and Oswald was playing near them. Her ladyship had laid aside the last vestige of her mourning—the widow's cap had long since disappeared. She looked radiant in a dinner-dress of rose silk and white lace, with diamonds gleaming in her hair and round her throat. Henri de Nouchet, with eyes full of admiration, was gazing at her, when Vivien suddenly entered the room.

He rose quickly, looking with wondering awe at the tall, stately girl whose noble, beautiful face and white throat rose stately from a cloud of soft black tulle. Valerie rose also, and introduced Monsieur de Nouchet in a few words.

"A cousin of mine," she said, and then, in reply to a laughing remonstrance from him, she corrected her-

self. "Not exactly a cousin, then, but a distant relation."

The tutor bowed, and said her ladyship "honored him greatly," Vivien spoke kindly to him, but she was annoyed at finding him there, and at the very familiar terms on which he seemed to be with Lady Neslie. He bowed low before the queenly beauty, whose dark, proud eye seemed to awe him. He did not at first enter into conversation with her. He was quieter, too, after her entrance. He took the child in his arms, but Oswald did not seem to like him.

"Your eyes are black, and I don't like your face," he said, with his usual charming frankness. "I like Mr. Dorman best."

The tutor's face darkened.

"Who is Mr. Dorman?" he asked after a few minutes; and "miladi" replied—

"A nondescript. He was my late husband's secretary. He is secretary, steward, agent, and everything else now to Lancewood. He has rooms in the Abbey. Sir Arthur thought it more convenient than for him to live away."

"I see—a kind of upper servant—trusted confidentially."

"Yes," replied "miladi."

"No," said Vivien, joining suddenly in the conversation. "Mr. Dorman was a valued friend of my father's, and now he is a valuable friend of mine."

With a puzzled glance the tutor looked from one to the other. "Miladi" smiled significantly and said something to him in an undertone in French so rapidly that Vivien could not hear it; he only looked at her the more attentively. Then the dinner-bell rang; and she saw "miladi" take the tutor's arm.

"Do you mean Oswald to dine with us, Valerie?" she asked.

"Certainly," was the abrupt reply.

Miss Neslie took the boy's hand and followed the laughing pair into the dining-room. Her heart burned within her, her angry scorn was so great that she with difficulty restrained it—for she had to uphold the honor of her race and must have no public exposure.

As usual, Valerie took her seat at the head of the table, the tutor being on her right hand. Vivien, whose face burned with shame and humiliation saw the wondering looks of the servants; she noticed the old butler's gaze as it rested indignantly on Lady Neslie. She could imagine the comments, the gossip, the disgust of the few faithful retainers left.

Monsieur de Nouchet tried hard at first to engage her in conversation; he was most polite and deferential—he paid her compliments which she received in perfect silence.

"He does not know his position," she thought; "a tutor has no right to place himself on an equality with me."

Then all her late good resolutions returned to her mind. If she could benefit Oswald by talking to the man, obnoxious as he was to her, she would certainly do so; if she could interest him and try to make him understand her views concerning the child, she would trample under foot all smaller feelings of annoyance and mortification—she would rise above all mere personal feelings, and do her duty.

She was sorely tried; before dinner even was ended it was patent to her as well as to the servants that the tutor would be to all intents and purposes, master. Lady Neslie consulted him, deferred to him as she would have done to Sir Arthur, the finest wines in the cellar, were ordered in for him, messages were sent that the cook must prepare a certain number of French dishes every day. Lady Neslie asked him if he would take coffee in the drawing-room, and he went there with them.

Vivien was horror-stricken. What new terrible evil was this which had befallen the unhappy house of Neslie? She would fain have escaped to her own room but that she feared the comments that the servants would make if she left Valerie and the tutor tete-a-tete. The boy was dismissed, and Vivien fancied—she was not sure, but she fancied—that she heard Valerie say to Monsieur de Nouchet—

"You will not be troubled much with him."

She asked herself whether she was in some terrible dream, some waking nightmare. She went to the piano and began to play. Valerie took no notice of her and the tutor resumed his place by "miladi's" side. They laughed, talked, jested; the dainty bloom deepened in Valerie's face—she was all brightness and smiles, while Vivien looked up in silent dismay.

Suddenly Lady Neslie crossed the room to speak to her.

"Vivien," she said. "Monsieur de Nouchet and I are going to Ladypool to-morrow. It will be a pleasant ride; will you go with us?"

The question was simple, the answer difficult. Vivien asked herself if she could condescend to make a third in such a party. Her heart rebelled against the bare idea; she could never bring herself to be on equal terms with them. Then conscience asked her which was the worse—that she should seem to identify herself with them, or that they should attract attention by riding about the country alone.

A sudden escape from the dilemma occurred to her.

"To Ladypool?" she said. "Why, Valerie, there will not be time for that if Oswald's lessons begin."

"Monsieur de Nouchet will take a holiday just to look about him," she said. "I have promised to show him the country; you can please yourself as to going with us."

"Heaven help me," thought Valerie, "for I know not what to do."

"I will make no engagement now"

she said, coldly, "I will decide in the morning."

She thought to herself that perhaps the morning might bring her wiser counsels. "Miladi" seemed perfectly indifferent. Vivien played until she was tired, and then she took a book. She read until long past their usual hour of retiring. Valerie and the tutor were still talking and laughing. Vivien decided that however painful it might be, it was her duty to remain. Whatever shield her presence could throw over Valerie's want of propriety, she would throw.

It was nearly midnight when Valerie rose and said—

"I am losing my beauty-sleep. Vivien, are you not tired?"

Monsieur de Nouchet bowed profoundly over her ladyship's jeweled hand; Vivien never even raised her eyes as he bade her good-night.

Miss Neslie could not sleep; she was restless and miserable. What did this horrible familiarity mean? How would it end? How was she to keep the honor of her house stainless and scatheless?

The next morning she rose, hoping against hope for better things; but when she went down to the breakfast room, the tutor was there, and there was no excuse this time in the fact of the boy's being present. He had the favorite chair, in which her father had preferred to sit; he asked if the papers had arrived; he named a dish that he should like for luncheon. If that breakfast had lasted much longer, Vivien's patience would have given way. He conducted himself in every way as though he had been master of the house. Miss Neslie could hardly trust herself to think of it.

After breakfast the horses were brought round. Her ladyship descended, looking very bright and bonny in her riding-habit. She had a pretty jeweled riding-whip—Sir Arthur's gift—in her hand.

"I shall not ask you again to join us, Vivien," she said laughingly. "I have remembered the old adage—'Two are company, three are none.'" So the onus of the decision did not rest after all with Miss Neslie.

She watched them until out of sight, and then, with dismay on her face and despair in her heart, she went to consult Gerald Dorman.

"What must I do?" she cried to him in passionate wrath. "What can I do? If I speak to Lady Neslie, she will only be defiant and make matters worse. Has such a thing ever been heard of, that a man should be taken into a house and treated like the master of it, as this stranger is?"

Gerald was at a loss what to do or advise; he could only try to soothe her and calm her angry despair.

"Things will probably alter in a few days," he said. "Lady Neslie evidently likes her relative. After she has shown him the country, and the excitement of his arrival is over, she will doubtless behave differently."

"And in the meantime what about the scandal?" asked Miss Neslie. "I saw the strange looks yesterday on the faces of the servants. Think of the scandal, the comments, and the gossip, when it is known that Lady Neslie and her son's tutor ride out together—that he, in fact, lives with us as one of ourselves."

"We can only hope that Lady Neslie will remember the public opinion, and think twice before she outrages it," said Gerald.

And, when Vivien began to think matters over she saw she could only await the course of events.

Things did not improve. Monsieur de Nouchet took luncheon with them; he spent the afternoon loitering through the conservatories with "miladi," he dined and spent the evening with them. There had been no allusion to the boy or his lessons. Vivien bore the irregularity patiently that day, but she promised herself that she would speak on the following morning.

How she detested the idea of sitting down to breakfast with them no one but herself knew; yet she saw that if she gave orders for breakfast to be taken to her own room, it would give rise to all kinds of gossip amongst the servants, and that above all things, she wished to avoid. She went down-stairs; it seemed to her that her absence or her presence was of little consequence—"miladi" and the tutor were engrossed in each other. In answer to some remark of Monsieur de Nouchet's Valerie said—

"We will have a long ride to-day. We will go to Nuneham Park."

Then Vivien seemed to think it was time to speak. She raised her head, and looked the tutor full in the face.

"When do you think, Monsieur," she asked, "of beginning Sir Oswald's lessons?"

Somewhat taken aback at this direct attack, he glanced at "miladi."

"Whenever Lady Neslie thinks well," he replied.

"And that will not be just yet," said Valerie. "You will begin when I tell you—not before. Have you any reason for wishing to know, Vivien?"

"Only that people will think it strange you should engage a tutor who never gives a lesson," answered Miss Neslie.

"Never mind that," laughed Valerie; "if Mrs. Grundy chooses to ask rude questions, refer her to me."

The tutor looked again from one to the other.

"Who is Mrs. Grundy?" he asked wonderingly.

A lady whom I like to pique and to startle," said Valerie. "I will manage my own affairs, Vivien, thank you."

And that day Gerald Dorman resumed his teaching of the boy.

To be Continued.

ABOUT PONTOON BRIDGES.

Wide pontoon bridges are steadier than narrow ones. The boats for such structures should not be immersed deeper than within a foot of the top, and are placed stem on to the current.

Decorating The Teeth.

"It's a curious thing," said the dentist as he caught the end of a nerve on a crochet needle and knotted up a few inches of it in chain stitch, "that, while some people consider gold fillings very disfiguring, more people look upon them as desirable decorations. I have had a great many people come in here and ask me to put gold fillings in perfectly sound front teeth. Of course I wouldn't do it; it wouldn't be professional. A great many colored people want solid gold teeth where there isn't the slightest necessity of having them."

"But the oddest request I've had yet was from a variety actress—vaudeville, I believe you say nowadays—who played here a short time ago. She came in to have a front tooth filled. When I told her that the gold would show a great deal, what on earth do you suppose she asked me? Why, she wanted to know if I couldn't drill the cavity larger and make the filling look not like a mere gold edge, but like the letter 'J.' She told me she was going to marry a man named John, and she thought it would be lovely to have a gold 'J' in her tooth."

"Of course I couldn't do that either. It would not be according to professional ethics. It would be malpractice. But that woman offered me the price of a dozen gold fillings if I'd only make the filling in her tooth look like a 'J.'"

—Washington Post.

A Floral Miracle.

"The most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said Robert N. Wilson of the Morgan line, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the rainflower, the botanical name of which is the cooperia. It usually blooms three or four days after a rain. I was through the country to look after some land for a friend, and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a low piece of land of ten acres or more that was covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed this piece of land, and it was absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating."

"I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unsightly waste transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom."

"I made inquiry of the natives and learned that once in a long time the rainflower bloomed in a few hours after a rain, though ordinarily the blossoms did not appear for three or four days and then usually came in the night."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Making Barrels.

"Cooperage is one of the trades that no one thought of improving until within recent years," said a manufacturer, "but then the inventors and expert machinists started in with such a rush that it takes a good deal of our time keeping abreast of the improvements that are coming into the market every day."

"The work used to be done entirely by hand, and the coopers often had to buy their hoops from a firm that made nothing else. The coopers were not well enough equipped to make all the different parts of a barrel themselves, and often they bought everything outside and merely put the barrels together. It used to take five or six men to do the work properly, and an hour's time would perhaps turn out ten barrels."

"As the system is now, all the different parts are made by one machine, and only one man is needed to attend it. After the wood is fashioned into staves and hoops and braces by it the pieces are run through another section of it and come out almost immediately a finished barrel, ready to be loaded and shipped to our customers."

"On a regular average about 30 barrels can be turned out in an hour. You can see what the saving is over the old way. Employing six men for one hour, as they used to do, we can get 160 barrels, where by the old system they were only able to get ten."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Chinese Arithmetic.

The Chinese rejoice in a wonderful talent for inaccuracy in every detail. For instance, a pound or a pint varies as it suits the merchant's fancy. In some part you get half or a quarter as much as you do in others for the same price and measure.

Then, again, their way of calculating distance does not at all tally with Euclid. For instance, you are told from A to B is four miles, but from B to A is eight miles. If you ask how this is possible, you are told it depends from which end you start; if you start from A, it is down hill, so much easier to walk; whereas, starting from B, you have to walk up hill, which is much more exerting and fatiguing—in fact, it is the same as walking a longer distance on even ground.

This form of argument always amused me nearly as much as the way the Chinese have of counting a person's age by tens. "My mother," they will tell you, "is 30" (or 40). When she leaves 30, she is getting near 40. Should we all like to be told that, I wonder?—Leslie's Weekly.

Household Worries

MAKE SO MANY WOMEN LOOK PREMATURELY OLD.

They Are the Fruitful Source of Headaches, Nervous Disorders, Pains in the Back and Loins and the Feeling of Constant Weariness That Affected So Many Women.

Almost every woman meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterward, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system. Indeed, it is these little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may also be noticeable in other ways, such as sick or nervous headache, fickle appetite, pains in the back or loins, palpitation of the heart, and a feeling of constant weariness. If you are experiencing any of these symptoms it is a sign that the blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted as a regulator of the ailments that afflict women, and through the blood and nerves act upon the whole system, bringing brightness to the eye and a glow of health to the cheeks. Thousands of grateful women have testified to the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Dromore, P.E.I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her. Mrs. Hughes speaks of her illness and cure as follows: "Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications. My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skilful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew gradually weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed. Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I was crying half the time. My condition can best be described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid. I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right more than that, they are generally dangerous. When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Literary Consuls.

It is one of the curiosities of literature, says George F. Parker in The Atlantic, that, although the consular service has not produced reports of either economic or informing value, many writers have done conspicuous work before and during service and after retirement. W. D. Howells wrote some delightful books on Italy. Besides his "Life of Peter the Great," Eugene Schuyler wrote an acceptable short history of American diplomacy and translated some of Turgeneff's novels. Hawthorne, Elihu Burritt, Underwood, Bret Harte, Penfield, Richmond—mention only a few—have done notable work in literature, but not an official report of value. In the one case there was something to say, united with freedom of view and opinion; in the other there was nothing to say, and red tape was too strong for them. The fault is in the system, not-in the men.

Cooking and Eating.

If we ate properly, the physician would lose his occupation. And we can eat for whatever we want—to get fat, to get lean, to be nervous or phlegmatic or to stop or encourage the ravages of disease. An "open door" awaits them all. It is too much to hope that the twentieth century will see a law compelling cooks to take a medical course?

Almost There Already.

Miss Fortee—Yes, dear, we have been engaged for a long time, but what has prevented me from taking the irrevocable step has always been the fateful question, "Will he love me when I grow old?"

Miss Tenny—Don't worry, darling; you'll soon know now.—Stray Scories.