

Through Storm and Sunshine

She must weather the storm alone. She must stand alone guarding the honor of her house. For evil days had dawned upon Lancewood—evil days for the beautiful home where heroes had lived and died, where pure and noble women had lived almost saintly lives—evil days for the grand old home wherein no shame had ever been sheltered. She stood as guardian of the place, trying her best, doing her best, yet wearing her heart away in bitter sorrow for the evil she could not remedy.

The sympathy of the whole county went with her. There were few houses in which the imprudent conduct of Lady Nellie was not canvassed. It was all the same to "miladi." She laughed at it. People would come to their senses in time, and she would do as she liked. She rode with Monsieur de Nouchet, she insisted on his being treated as an equal, she scoffed at all advice; she dressed, she sang, she laughed, danced, flirted, and pleased herself; while no further mention was made of Oswald's lessons, and Gerald Dorma silently went on teaching.

So the dreary months rolled by, and Vivien found that slowly but surely all her father's old friends had given Lady Neslie up. Vivien herself was not discarded. She was invited to the best houses in the county. Lady Neslie's name was passed over in significant silence—no one inquired for her. She sent out invitations that were invariably refused. Then she became defiant. She braved her neighbours' contempt—she was seen oftener than ever riding with Monsieur de Nouchet.

"Why does she not marry him?" people asked. The question could have been answered by "miladi" herself.

Months passed on, and as winter drew near "miladi" began to find Lancewood dull. While she had plenty of visitors—while parties and balls and picnics had occupied her—she had liked it well enough. Now it was dull; she had little to amuse herself with.

"Vivien," she said one morning, "do you know whether these absurd people intend to persist in declining my acquaintance?"

"Yes—so long as you set the ordinary rules of society at defiance," replied Vivien.

"Ah, well, that I shall continue to do! I consider myself in a position to follow my own rules of conduct."

"No one can do that—not even a queen on her throne," replied Miss Neslie.

"Then I will do what a queen cannot. What I wanted to say is this—if these immaculate neighbours of yours will not visit me, I shall invite friends of my own—people that I knew in France years ago."

"Then heaven help Lancewood!" thought Vivien, but she made no reply.

"I knew some gay, light-hearted happy people there who do not measure everything by rule as you English do. I shall send for them."

Evil days indeed were coming to the home of the proud Neslies.

Before many weeks had passed Lancewood was filled with guests, but they were of a kind never seen there before—ladies who laughed loudly and long, ill-bred men who ape fashionable manners. It was something in those degenerate days to see a riding-party start from the grand entrance trodden once by the feet of kings. It was no wonder that the whole neighbourhood talked of the strange proceedings at Lancewood.

There was perhaps nothing to be said against the morality of any one under its roof, but a cloud hung over the place—ladies gave a slight shudder when the place was mentioned.

The verdict of society did not affect the gayeties there. The inmates had private theatricals, charades, dances. There were times when Vivien Neslie, listening to the loud laughter and conversation, thought she would lose her reason. The life led at the Abbey seemed to her now one round of orgies. She wondered that the very walls did not fall upon the revelers. Single-handed and alone she tried to stop the current of folly, gaiety, and dissipation. She might as well have tried to stop the flowing tide; yet she did her best for the honor of the house.

"Vivien," said Lady Smeaton, on meeting her at a friend's house one day, "I insist upon your coming over to the Park; I expect some very

nice visitors, and you will enjoy yourself."

"How can I leave Lancewood?" she asked, sadly.

"The people will not set the house on fire—though it seems to me they have done everything else," said Lady Smeaton. "You look pale and ill; come for a change. You will be all the stronger for the combat when you do return."

And Vivien allowed herself to be persuaded; the notion of rest, even if only for a few days, was very sweet to her—her life was so terribly full of misery. She went to the Park, and one of the first people she met there was Lord St. Just. He had just returned from Egypt, and was delighted to see her.

"I had intended to find you, Miss Neslie," he said quietly, "even if I had to search all England over. It was in the hope of meeting you that I came to Lancewood. I have always lived in the hope of seeing you again. I should have returned to England at once, but my plans were all arranged for a sketching tour down the Rhine, to be followed by a journey to Egypt. Had I had only myself to consult about these plans, the disarrangement of them would not have cost me a thought; but others were involved, so that I could not give them up."

"You did quite right to adhere to them," observed Vivien.

"Do not be angry with me, Miss Neslie; if I say that I took the memory of your face and voice with me." She was not angry with him.

Dreaded Meal Time.

THE STORY OF A DYSPEPTIC WHO HAS FOUND A CURE.

There is an Intimate Connection Between Good Health, Happiness and Good Digestion—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring About These Conditions.

From the Tribune, Deseronto.

Without good digestion there can be neither good health nor happiness. More depends upon the perfect working of the digestive organs than most people imagine, and even slight functional disturbances of the stomach leaves the victim irritable, melancholy and apathetic. In such cases most people resort to laxative medicines, but these only further aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic; something that will build up the system, instead of weakening it as purgative medicines do. For this purpose there is no medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood and strengthen and stimulate the digestive tract from first dose to last. In proof of this assertion the case of Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the well known and genial proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, Deseronto, may be quoted. To a reporter of the Tribune who mentioned the fact that he was suffering from dyspepsia, Mr. Stewart said:—"Why don't you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Asked why he gave this advice Mr. Stewart continued: "Simply because they are the best medicine for that complaint I know of. For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, and during that time I think I tried a score of medicines. In some cases I got temporary relief, but not a cure. I fairly dreaded meal times and the food that I ate gave me but little nourishment. On the recommendation of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a little over a year ago. I soon experienced relief and no longer dreaded meal time, but as I was determined that the cure should be permanent if possible, I continued taking the pills in light doses for several months. The result is every vestige of the trouble left me and I have as good an appetite now as any boarder in the house, and my digestive organs work like a charm. I may also add that my general health was greatly improved as a result of using the pills."

"Do you object to my publishing this in the Tribune?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have no desire for publicity," said Mr. Stewart, "but if you think it will help anyone who suffers as I did, you may publish the facts." 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.

There was a new faint exquisite sensation stirring in her heart—something like the rhythm of a beautiful melody—something that thrilled every nerve and flushed her face with a strange, sweet happiness.

"You would even be amused," continued Lord St. Just, "if I told you how your face has haunted me. On the banks of the Nile, under the shade of the mighty pyramids, under the shadow of giant palms, I have thought of you; and the first thing I did on reaching England was to come in search of you."

She turned to him with a slow, luminous smile.

"How did you know my name?" she asked. "I did not tell it you."

"No—you were cruelly reticent, but I soon learned it. All the English where I was stopping knew of Miss Neslie, heiress of Lancewood."

A shadow fell over her face and deepened in her eyes.

"I am no longer heiress of Lancewood," she said.

"So I understand—I have heard the story. I could not tell how often I wondered what had caused your sorrow. It was neither sickness nor death, nor the loss of friends or of fortune. I have pondered it for hours; now I understand you were lamenting the loss of Lancewood."

The scene returned so vividly to her—the blue, cloudless sky, the deep, clear river, the picturesque ruins, the arched window with its clinging ivy; the soft thick grass, on which she had flung herself in the passion of her despair.

"I have lived through so much since then," she said; "yet I remember the pain of that morning better perhaps than aught else in my life."

"And I have wandered far and wide—I have seen some of the wonders of the world—but I have never forgotten that hour," he observed, gravely.

She, whose experience of life had been so bitter, looked upon him in wonder.

"You have thought so much of our meeting," she said simply.

"You will never know how much," he replied; and then a deep silence fell upon them.

It was about the middle of August, and Vivien had been then some days at Smeaton Park. They had been very happy days, despite the trouble that lay so heavy at her heart. Lord St. Just had been so pleased to see her—they had become such intimate friends. Lady Smeaton, who desired nothing better than that Vivien should marry, threw them as much as possible together. She was delighted at finding Lord St. Just admired the beautiful Miss Neslie. She gave a quiet hint to her daughters to that effect; and Vivien hardly guessed how many hours each day she spent in the company of her new friend. They were standing one evening in the Park—they had been walking for some time and had paused at a low stile that led to the cornfields. How fair and calm and sweet it was! The rich sunlight fell on the golden wheat—sheaves the hedge-rows were filled with masses of bloom, the western wind seemed to breathe of love, hope, and happiness, far away stretched the wide, undulating park. It was a fair, tranquil home-picture.

Vivien sat down on the moss-covered stepping-stones, and looked around her.

"This is surely fairer than any scene in France or Italy," she said. "You saw nothing in Egypt, Lord St. Just, like this?"

"No," he replied; "I prefer English scenery, as I love English faces best. But, Miss Neslie, pardon me, it is of you yourself I want to talk—you will not be angry with me? When I look at you, it seems to me that you have suffered so much. You should not have that shadow of painful thought always in your eyes. Tell me, is it indeed for the loss of Lancewood you are in such despair?"

She raised her beautiful dark eyes and looked frankly at him.

"I will tell you," she said, "because I think that you will understand me. I have said but little of my sorrow—people mistake it; they think it is the loss of wealth and position. It is not that. If I had lost Lancewood and won three times the value of its rent-roll, I should not have cared for it. I was so proud of my home; I loved it as other people love living friends; it was everything to me. I had never thought of any other lot in life except taking care of Lancewood; I had trained and fitted myself for it. If—oh, believe me, Lord St. Just—if it had passed from me to one noble, good just, loyal, one who would have loved it, I should have been pleased; it was not so much that I wanted Lancewood as that I wished it to be in wise, loving keeping. You understand me?"

"Yes," he replied, "I understand

perfectly. I love my own home, King's Rest, just in the same fashion. I would rather burn it to the ground than know that it was in unworthy hands."

She looked up at him with quick, eager interest.

"King's Rest," she said—"what a peculiar name!"

"It is an appropriate one," he replied. You have heard of the Hertwell Woods in Devonshire a famous hunting place of the old English kings? One of them built a magnificent house near to them, where with his court he used to reside for weeks at a time. It was called the 'King's Rest'; then, long years afterward it was purchased by the founder of our family, and we are known as the St. Just's of King's Rest. It is more like a palace than a house, and is, I think, one of the loveliest places in England."

"I should like to see it," she said musingly.

His face flushed under her simple, unconscious gaze.

"I hope you will some day. You will admire it."

"Have you seen, Lancewood?" she asked.

"Yes—that is, I have seen the towers and turrets of the Abbey from between the trees. Miss Neslie, will you let me speak to you as a friend—as an old friend? Try to imagine that we have known each other for many long years—that we are trusted, true loyal friends."

"I can easily imagine it; it is not difficult with you," she replied dreamily.

"Then let me talk to you. In common with every one else, I hear unpleasant stories about Lancewood—are they true?"

"I will tell you just how much is true," she replied, and she told him exactly what had happened—how the place was crowded with strange French visitors, people whom her father would not have admitted.

"And you can do nothing to put an end to it?" he said.

"No, my interference makes it worse; that is the sorrow of my life," she said—"the sorrow that takes the brightness from my days, the sleep from my nights—the sorrow that seems to hang over me and hide all hope from me. To see degraded the home that I have loved with such passionate love, to imagine the shameful future of a race that has never known dishonor—this has produced a sorrow for which there is no cure."

"I feel keenly, for you," he said, gently.

"No one knows what I suffer," she observed. "If I could save Lancewood by sacrificing my life I would do so. I would do anything to restore it and make it what it was in my father's time."

"But these friends of Lady Neslie's—who are they?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you. There are two or three military men—French captains, who play at billiards and drink cognac all day. The ladies—well, they are quite unlike any other ladies I have seen; they quarrel a great deal amongst themselves, but in one thing they all unite—in flattery and praise of Lady Neslie."

"Why do you not leave the place?" he said. "It must be very uncomfortable for you."

"It is uncomfortable," she replied "but I cannot leave it, Lord St. Just, because my father confided the honor of his house to my hands." And then she told him of the will.

"If your father uttered such strong words as those, he must have had doubts about his wife," said Lord St. Just.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE RING.

One of the Most Interesting Little Curios in the World.

The most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly-prized old family heir-loom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme.

Inside of this tiny circle of gold are the works of a perfect little music box. You touch a spring and hold the ring quite close to your ear. Then you hear the sweetest, weirdest, tinest little tune, which seems like a voice from the spirit land.

This ring was once in the possession of one of Mr. Temple's ancestors, who lived in France. He was a staunch royalist, and in the days of the Revolution, he valiantly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Louis and his lovely, doomed queen, Marie Antoinette. He was arrested, thrown into jail, where he lingered for days and weeks.

One of the few pleasures in the gloomy solitude of his dreary dungeon was to listen to the voice or tune of the little musical ring, which he always wore on the third finger of his left hand. He had inherited it from his grandfather, who had it manufactured in Genoa at great cost.

One day, sullen faced men, heavily armed, came to his dark dungeon and told him he must follow them. He knew that this meant the guillotine. He stepped bravely out to meet his fate, determined to die like an English gentleman and a brave man. And he did.

A strange fancy took possession of him just before they led him to the block. He touched the spring of his little ring and lovingly held it to his ear. It sang its little tune merrily and briskly.

Then the signal came. He laid his head on the guillotine which a few hours before had known the life blood of a queen.

In the course of time the little ring found its way back into the Temple family, but it was silent. Its present owner took it to a London jeweller, who found in the musical mechanism a clot of blood that for years had lain there and impeded the working of the machinery.

This was removed and the little ring sings again the same little tune that beguiled the many sad hours of its former owner.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS

Young Gammie Spender is carrying out his Governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?

How's that? Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds.

THEORY, ONLY.

Weary Watkins—Pardner, did you know that nigh 90 per cent. of the human system is water?

Hungry Higgins—I've heard of it. I s'pose that's the reason we can't live forever.

A Strange Malady Among Soldiers!

Said to be Locomotor Ataxia, a Nervous Disease, Which is Also Prevalent in This Country—Peculiar Symptoms.

Capt. J. P. Finlay, of the 9th United States Infantry, has returned from Manila, suffering with what he says is "a terrible malady which is prevalent among the officers and men. It develops into neuritis or nerve paralysis, and many of its victims are crippled for life."

Dr. Wilson, of Buffalo, N.Y., says that this "mysterious disease" is locomotor ataxia, and is just as prevalent in North America as in the Philippines. It is a degeneration of the nerve cells of the spinal cord, which affects the nerve controlling motion. There are many examples of the terrible results of this disease to be seen on the streets of Toronto and other Canadian cities. The characteristic symptoms of this nerve-exhausting disease is inability to walk properly or to control the hands and arms. The feet are raised high up and put down heel and sole together in a sort of flapping motion. The victim is in danger of falling when going up or down stairs or around corners. He walks with his eyes on his feet, experiencing shooting pains in the legs and sense of pressure about the waist.

In the later stages locomotor ataxia as this disease is called, is incurable. If taken in time it is found to yield to the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely rebuilds the wasted nerve cells of

the spinal cord and revitalizes the nerves.

The time to act is when nervousness first makes itself apparent. When you find yourself tapping with the fingers, when the nerves of the body twitch after retiring at night, when you lie awake, too nervous to sleep, when you have nervous headache and nervous dyspepsia.

These symptoms of exhausted nerve force are the beginning of a wasting process which must end in locomotor ataxia, paralysis, nervous prostration, or epilepsy unless the system is restored. For the benefit of all readers of this article we cannot do better than to recommend the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which in a few months will completely rebuild the exhausted nervous system and cure the most serious diseases of the nerves.

This treatment is recommended above all others because it is a modern scientific preparation compounded from a favourite prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase, who has tested it in thousands of cases of locomotor ataxia, paralysis and nervous prostration with which he comes in contact in his immense practice. It is considered by medical men to be the greatest restorative which nature provides for pale, weak, nervous men, women and children.