

Through Storm and Sunshine

"I repeat that I was a foolish young girl. I was in love with you—I promised to marry you. All that I admit. But Sir Arthur came in my way. What girl of sense would have hesitated between a handsome penniless lieutenant, and a rich, English baronet? Love—bah! It pales before money. You owned yourself that I was doing a most sensible thing when I married him."

The Frenchman's face grew paler as he listened to the light, mocking voice.

"Then I met you again in Paris, when I had been some little time a widow, and I renewed my promise to marry you. That was rash, I knew it, I determined that I would see what you were like before I married you. I have tested you, and you have failed. I thought the wisest thing that I could do would be to invite you over to Lancewood. But this is such a curious country. I decided it was better that you should come in some business capacity. I have watched you closely since you have been here, and now I decline the alliance—I will not marry you."

"You forget," he hissed, "that you are in my power."

"I am indifferent. I will not be hard. I will give you a very handsome present and you shall return to France; but I shall not accompany you, monsieur."

"Will you at least tell me why?" he asked, with a curious whiteness coming over his face.

"Yes, I have not the least objection," replied Lady Neslie. "You were young when I first knew you. You had no decided faults. Now you are a confirmed gambler. You could no more keep from the gaming-table than you could live without air. That is why I decline to marry you, Henri de Nouchet."

"If I give my word," he began; but "miladi," interrupted him.

"There are marvels in nature," she said, "but that such a marvel as your giving up gambling could ever take place, I refuse to believe. Years ago," she continued earnestly, "I should not have thought so much of this, but I have learned the value of money. I know the value of a good home, a substantial fortune, and I shall not forfeit these things for you."

"You would not forfeit them," he said. "Miladi," waved her white hand. "I should. If I married you tomorrow, you would spend my whole fortune, and when it was spent you would be the first to ill use me. I decline the honor of being rendered penniless, by Monsieur de Nouchet."

"I wish," said Miss Neslie, "that you would permit me to pass; with this unseemly dispute I have nothing whatever to do."

"Nay," said he. "I entreat you to remain. My lady, you have driven me to bay. You promised to marry me, and you have refused. I have you in my power. I tell you that unless you consent, I will betray you to Miss Neslie."

"A betrayer is always a coward," she observed.

"Then I will be a coward. I will tell her all. And then, presumptuous as you are, you will not dare to remain here."

"I shall remain here," said "miladi." "You betraying me is a matter

of little moment now. My fortune is secure."

His face grew frightful in its livid rage.

"I will tell all I know of you," he said, "unless you consent. Think you again, Valerie—you shall have a gay, sunny, bright life in Paris. You know I love you, and will make you happy."

"Miladi" shrugged her shoulders. "We will leave love out of the question," she said, "this is a matter of funds for gambling, and the betrayal of a friend."

"I have more patience with you," he hissed between his white lips, "than I thought I could have with any woman living."

"It is all of no use," said Lady Neslie. "Words are vain; threats, persuasions, are vain. I will not marry you. You want to marry me because you want my fortune to gamble with; you shall not have it. I would rather gamble it all away myself than give it to you."

He drew his watch from his pocket and laid it on the table between them.

"I give you just five minutes in which to reconsider your words. Lady Neslie if you promise to marry me, you shall never regret it; if you refuse, I will tell Miss Neslie your story."

"Pray give me a chair," said "miladi," laughing. "I am tired—I cannot stand for five minutes longer." But he did not stir, and the others stood in silence, unbroken save by the faint ticking of the watch.

The scene was intensely dramatic. Outside a bright moon was shining, the dew lay on the sleeping flowers, the tall trees stood like huge sentinels; inside the soft pearly light of the lamp filled the room, with a warm glow, and shone upon the three faces. Never was there a more striking group—"miladi," lovely, laughing, mocking, her gay dress and jewels seeming to attract all the light, her mouth curled in scorn, her eyes flashing defiance, yet gay and reckless; Vivien, with her picturesque velvet dress sweeping the ground, her grandly-beautiful face filled with noble disdain, tall, imperial, queenly; the Frenchman agitated, pale with white lips and burning eyes.

Never a word was spoken. "Miladi" stirred the air with her fan. Vivien's heart beat loud and fast; it seemed to her that she stood there holding the honor of her house in her hand. How slowly the minutes passed! What had she to hear when they were over?

"Now," said M. de Nouchet, "the time is past; give me your answer, Lady Neslie."

"I refuse most absolutely to marry you," she replied.

He bowed, and Vivien thought she had never seen anything so terrible as his handsome, haggard, livid face.

"You refuse; then I will keep my word. I pray you to listen, Miss Neslie, while I tell you Lady Neslie's story."

"I would rather not hear it. It comes too late," said Vivien, earnestly. "Lady Valerie, is one of us now; if there are any secrets in her past life, let them lie buried."

"That is the most sensible speech you have ever made, Vivien; but real-

ly I do not mind—it can make no difference to me. Before Sir Arthur's death, I persuaded, coaxed, conciliated; but now I am quite indifferent—nothing can touch my fortune. As for my position, we shall see what harm monsieur can do me."

"Valerie," he cried once more, "will you retract?"

She looked at him with burning eyes.

"After you have threatened me! Coward, betrayer, I would not marry you to save my life!"

He turned to Vivien.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "listen to me. This woman who mocks me so cruelly now was my first love. She was not Valerie D'Este, as she told your father, but Valerie Roilleux, the daughter of a grocer in Paris."

"Miladi" interrupted him with a little laugh.

"Miss Neslie will not be surprised to hear that. She never believed that I was a D'Este—did you, Vivien?"

The haughty disdain of the beautiful face was her only answer. Monsieur continued—

"Valerie was always pretty; her sister Marie, who passes here as her maid, always plain. I need not weary you, Miss Neslie, by telling you of the quiet home, where this cold, cruel woman lived, or of her vanity, greater even than her beauty. I was the son of a notary living near, and as a child I madly loved her fair, laughing face. The quiet home did not long content her; against the prayers, the wishes of her parents she left it, and when she was only fourteen she was known as the most daring rider in the most fashionable cirque in Paris. She traveled half over France with that circus, and then returned to Paris and promised—ah, madman that I was to believe her!—to marry me. Her parents were dead then, and she had a little money. She took her only sister, Marie, as her maid, and traveled abroad. She afterward returned to a Parisian boarding-house, and there met your father—Sir Arthur."

Vivien interrupted him. She did not look at the fair, false woman who had blighted her life, but the dark, earnest eyes were fixed on de Nouchet.

"If you do not mind," she said, "will you tell me, how she duped my father? I always knew that she had deceived him; I never knew how."

"Yes, I will tell you. When she found from the mistress of the house that a rich English baronet was staying there, she at once made up her mind. She caused herself to be introduced to him as Mademoiselle D'Este, a daughter of one of the younger branches of the D'Estes. She told him a sad little story about limited means, and the painful position of an orphan girl. Sir Arthur, your father, permit me to say, Miss Neslie, was not very shrewd. She was very quick, very cunning; she was very fair and very charming. She had the face of an angel, the voice of a siren; he was indolent and liked to be amused—she amused him. He did not take the trouble to inquire into her antecedents. He took all she said for granted, fell in love with and married her."

"But you, monsieur—what did you do?" asked Vivien. It annoyed her that her father should have been so easily duped—her poor, dead father!

"What did I do, Miss Neslie? I had to submit. What could I do? When she told me of her resolve to marry a rich baronet, I knew that all I could say would be vain. I will not grieve you by repeating what she promised. As to one thing she kept her word. After she was married she sent me continually handsome sums of money. She has been ungrudgingly generous to me."

"And you took it?" said Vivien.

"Yes; I took it. It was the price of 'miladi's' secret. I professed to believe her a D'Este. I said no word about her being a strolling player."

Miss Neslie held up her hands with an exclamation of horror.

"Hush!" she said. "Your words are terrible."

"They are true," he declared. "She was neither more nor less than a strolling player. I kept her secret—she paid me to do so. I read the notice of your father's death in the English papers, Miss Neslie, and then I wrote to her, reminding her of her promise. It was for that reason she came to Paris, and no other. You know what followed. She promised to marry me as soon as etiquette would permit, and in the meantime she invited me to the Abbey. Miss Neslie, she is there—ask her whether every word I have said is not true."

"There is no need to ask," said "miladi," with careless, airy grace. "I do not deny it. Every word is true. What then?"

The proud indignation of the noble face, the measureless contempt in the dark eyes, would have silenced another—they produced no effect on Lady Neslie.

"What then?" she repeated. "I was Sir Arthur's lawful wife—legally married to him."

"You deceived him," said Vivien.

"So much the worse for him. He should have been more on the alert," she observed. "I admit it all. I do not mind in the least about the exposure. I only cared to keep my affairs secret during Sir Arthur's life. Of course an exposure then would have been very awkward for me. He might have tried for a divorce, though I cannot see on what grounds. He would certainly have altered his will and left me penniless. Now that he

YEARS OF AGONY.

RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Nights the Sufferer Could Not Lie in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said:—"I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they were helping me, but I decided that I would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent."

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience."

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.

is dead and my fortune secure, I am indifferent. You may have the story printed, Vivien," she added, "if you like; it will be a finishing touch to the honor of the Neslies—a strolling player, a grocer's daughter, mistress of Lancewood! It seems to me that in telling it you will bring more shame to yourself than to me." Then, turning, from Miss Neslie, she looked at Henri de Nouchet. "As for you," she said, "traitor, coward, trader on a woman's secrets, go! Never while I live will I look upon your face again

THE INFUSION OF
SALADA
CEYLON GREEN TEA
is superior to that of the finest Japan tea grown.

never will I address another word to you. Go from my presence, and take with you my contempt. You have done your worst. Do what you will, your power over me is ended; the strolling player, the grocer's daughter, has the honor of wishing Monsieur de Nouchet a lasting adieu."

With a smile parting the crimson lips, showing the pearly teeth and the pretty dimples in the white chin, with the light gleaming in her jewels, with an easy, careless grace all her own, "miladi" swept from the room, while the Frenchman looked after her with a curse.

"She has ruined my life. I have spent it as I should never have spent it but for her," he said. And so ghastly, so terrible was the despair on his face that Vivien almost pitied him.

"What money do you want?" asked Vivien, curtly.

"Enough to take up my bills; I have some due now."

He seemed to shrink from the clear, bright glance of her dark eyes.

"Monsieur de Nouchet," said Miss Neslie. "I think you are a man utterly without principle. You have traded on a woman's secrets, you have been deceitful, mean and dishonorable. I would not condescend to ask a favor from you, but I will purchase one. Write down for me all the money you owe. I will give you the amount on condition that you tell to no other person what you have told to me, and that you never mention Lady Neslie's name again. This I do," she added, "not in the least from any motive of compassion for you, but to save the honor of the Neslies."

To Be Continued.

ARCTIC DELICACIES

This is the way an Eskimo lady sits at the head of her table and dispenses hospitality, and these are the delicate items in her bill of fare. They were tested at first hand by W. H. Gilder when, in crossing Siberia at the north, he had to accept native customs with what grace he might.

No matter how early you may awaken in the morning, you will always find the mistress of the house already up; that is, her position has changed from reclining to sitting. But as soon as she observes that you are awake, she hands you a small piece of meat to steady your nerves until breakfast-time.

Then she goes into the next apartment, which is merely an enclosure for keeping the dogs away from the stores, and after fifteen minutes of pounding and chopping, returns with the breakfast.

A large, flat wooden tray is placed on the floor, and the landlady takes her position at one end, in the attitude elegantly described as squatting. The family and their guests gather around the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs with their head toward the breakfast and their feet out.

The first course is some frozen weeds, mixed with seal oil and eaten with small portions of fresh blubber, which the lady of the house cuts with a large chopping-knife.

The next course is walrus meat. This is also cut up by the presiding lady, and is served with no stinting hand. At this portion of the meal, the one who can swallow the largest piece without chewing has the advantage, and the only way to get even with him is to keep one piece in your mouth and two in your hand.

After this joint has been thoroughly discussed, there comes a large piece of walrus hide, which has a small portion of blubber attached to it, and the hair still on the outside. It is about an inch thick and very tough, so that it is impossible to affect it by chewing. It is therefore cut into very small pieces by the hostess, and finishes the meal. Really it is the most palatable dish of all.

A Medicine of High Repute.

A Special Formula of a Great Physician is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—The Great Blood Builder.

There are imitators of Dr. A. W. Chase, but none who dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are found on every box of his genuine remedies.

Nor are there any preparations that can duplicate the marvellous cures brought about by this great physician of recipe book fame. Here is a sample of the letters daily received from grateful cured ones:—

Mr. A. T. P. LaBame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes:—"For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly, for weak, nervous people."

Mrs. E. H. Young, of 214 Greenwood avenue, Jackson, Mich., is a recogniz-

ed leader among the Lady Maccabees, Foresters and other fraternal societies, and is well known throughout the State for her executive ability and social qualities. Mrs. Young has recently recovered from nervous disorders, which she describes in the following words:—

"My social and other duties in connection with several fraternal societies had drawn so much upon my strength that I found myself all run down in health. I was very nervous, had no appetite, could get no real rest from sleep and was troubled very much with pains in the head and back. I tried many sorts of tonics, but could get no permanent help until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I took two boxes as directed and found a perfect cure for my trouble. Their action was very mild and effective, and I believe them to be the best medicine for nervous troubles that I know of."

Insist on having the genuine and you can be absolutely sure of great benefit. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates, & Co., Toronto.

EPILEPTIC
LIEBIG'S
FIT CURE
Will cure Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance and Falling Sickness. A TRIAL BOTTLE sent FREE OF ALL CHARGE to any sufferer sending us their name and address and mentioning this paper.
Address THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King St. W., Toronto.

FITS.