

# Through Storm and Sunshine

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Lady Neslie returned to her guests with a calm, unruffled face, as though nothing had happened—indeed, Henri de Nouchet's exposure of her to Miss Neslie troubled her very little. No one could send her from Lancewood or take her fortune away. It was true, Vivien might and probably would say some very unpleasant things, but then words were only air—they could not hurt her.

"Henri's revenge has come to nothing, after all," thought "miladi," "and I am really glad to have had the chance of quarreling with him. How could I have ever fancied that I loved him. How foolish girls are!"

The grand exhibition of fireworks came to an end, the banquet was over, the dancers wearied and tired, had gone home; no one noticed that the handsome Frenchman who had been her ladyship's shadow had vanished. The exhausted servants had gone to their rooms; "my lady," gay and brilliant to the last, had at length allowed her tired sister to escape. The whole household slept except she who had once been its mistress. Vivien Neslie was half bewildered by the horror of what she had heard, though it did not take her by surprise. She had always doubted Lady Neslie. Her brilliant beauty and airy grace could not conceal the fact that she was not a thoroughbred lady. Vivien would not have been surprised had the reality been even more terrible. Her whole soul seemed to die within her. Alas for Lancewood—proud, stately Lancewood! Evil and dark were the days that had dawned on it. A strolling player—Vivien shuddered as she said the words to herself—to take her mother's place—what shame! Never until now had she known the depths of her love for her ancient home, or her pride in it. She was in despair.

From this abyss of shame and horror there was no escape; and darker troubles were gathering round her. The fear of her secret becoming known had been some little restraint on Lady Neslie—now that Vivien knew it, there would be no restraint at all. Vivien understood the vain, shallow nature well enough to be sure that Valerie would seek to revenge her disgrace upon her—that for bravado's sake she would be more defiant and insolent than ever. She had never dreamed of her father's wife marrying again. It was an evil she had not foreseen; now it was one she had to dread. And when her ladyship married it would doubtless be one of those soi-disant military men whom she so much affected—not an English gentleman. What would become of Lancewood then?

There was no clause in the will to prevent her marrying and bringing any husband she chose to Lancewood; it was to be her home until Oswald attained his majority. She might have married M. de Nouchet and made him master of the Abbey. If she had the idea of marrying in her mind, it was most likely that she would carry it out.

"And I am powerless to prevent it," she thought; "powerless even to give advice! I can do nothing."

No sorrow that had fallen over her touched her as this did; and that what she dreaded would come to pass

she felt sure. Lady Neslie would marry again if she chose.

She tried to imagine what she should do—what Lancewood would be like with one of these loud-speaking, cigar smoking, billiard-playing Frenchmen as its master. Valerie and the consort would not have the power to pull down the building or to cut down the trees; but, if Oswald proved to be what he gave promise of being, they would be able to win his consent to anything.

Vivien remembered well that one day, when they were speaking of some fine old cedars, Lady Neslie said—

"As soon as Oswald comes of age, I shall persuade him to have those trees cut down."

What would happen to Oswald if his mother brought a husband to the Abbey? She recoiled from the thought. It had been bad enough when her father brought a new wife home; what would it be if that wife in her turn brought a new husband?

The morning sun found Vivien Neslie still pondering this, the greatest sorrow that had befallen her. She could not recover from the shock.

All day she went about with a white face and sad eyes. Gerald Dorman watched her anxiously—he saw that something was wrong with the woman whom he so passionately loved. There was little rest or peace in the Abbey that day—it was filled with guests. Vivien's only haven was her own room; in every other place she was liable to interruption and intrusion. Lady Neslie's friends would fain have admired her; some of the gentlemen declared that she was one of the most beautiful women they had seen in England, dreadfully proud. They made one or two attempts to talk to her, but they were great failures. The ladies of the party quietly ignored her, which was far more pleasant than if Vivien had ignored them. She was perfectly correct in her judgment of Lady Neslie. The fact that Vivien knew her secret simply increased "miladi's" dislike of her. Still Valerie felt quite sure that her secret was safe in Vivien's hands. "For the honor of the Neslies she will never betray me," she thought.

On the following morning, when the two met, Valerie introduced the subject.

"That was a fine scene last night, Vivien," she said. "Has that absurd man gone?"

"He left this morning," replied Miss Neslie—"so Holmes tells me."

"As though I should place myself and my fortune in his power!" exclaimed "miladi." "What an idea!"

"Valerie," said Vivien, "you have so little good taste that it is useless for me to appeal to that; but, if you have any sense of shame left in you, you will never mention what happened last night to me again. I at least can blush for such scenes. They are the first of the kind at Lancewood, and they are a disgrace to the place. Pray do not mention them. Will you answer me this, Lady Neslie? Have you any thought of marrying again?"

"Certainly, if I receive a suitable offer," she replied. "You may rely upon one thing though, Vivien—I shall not choose a needy Frenchman."

"But you do intend to re-marry, Valerie?" Miss Neslie repeated.

"Yes, if the Fates are willing. After all, you are a sensible girl, Vivien."

For take things very quietly and very discreetly. I know you will not repeat any of those horrible stories that Henri told you last evening."

"That I certainly shall not," said Vivien; and so their interview ended.

It was evening before Vivien found a chance of escaping from the house. Then the people she dreaded to meet were out in the grounds; but none of them, she knew, would trespass in her own nook—the garden where the sundial stood. She had resolved upon consulting Gerald Dorman; he was a true friend, he would give her sound advice. She sent a little penciled note to his room, saying that she should be glad to see him, and asking him to join her in the little rose-garden. There it was all quiet and calm. After the turmoil of the day it was pleasant to sit there and think for a few minutes of her lover. She laid her head against the old sundial, while the western wind brought the scent of the roses to her, and she closed her eyes that she might the better think of her love.

The sweet balmy wind, the long sleepless nights she had passed, produced their effect. In a few minutes Vivien slept, and Gerald Dorman, presently appearing, found her there. He looked long and sadly at the pale beautiful face. Then, remembering her proud, sensitive nature, he thought that perhaps she might not be well pleased to wake and find him watching her there. So, with a true instinct of what would please her best, he went back a few steps, and made noise enough to awaken her. He saw the pain of that awakening—how her sad, sorrowful thoughts seemed to return to her one by one. Looking up suddenly, she saw him, and her whole face brightened.

"Mr. Dorman," she said, "I have sent for you because I must have a friend and a confidant. I can choose no better than you."

He sat down by her side, and neither of them imagined how that tete-a-tete would end.

"I am not surprised, Miss Neslie," said Gerald, after a thoughtful pause. "From the very first I felt that Lady Neslie was not what she seemed to be. I may even say that I am relieved. The truth, I felt sure, would be known some day, and I dreaded worse than this."

"It is bad enough," Vivien remarked sadly, adding, "But my worst fear is this. If she chooses to remain and make one of those underbred men master of the Abbey, I do not see that anything can be urged against it."

"No I," said Gerald. "I feel sure that she will marry; and then, at least until Sir Oswald comes of age, her husband will be virtually master. The Abbey will be no home for you then, Miss Neslie."

"I shall never leave it, no matter what happens. I shall remain until the end—until I die. My remaining here is the only hope for the place."

He longed to ask her if she would never marry—to remonstrate against the idea of her whole life being wasted through the folly of a false, fair woman; but he did not dare. He said—

"I do not believe that, when Sir Arthur uttered those words as a special direction to you, he intended that your whole life should be spoiled by them."

"My father trusted me," she said, simply; "I must obey."

"Look!" cried Gerald. "I should not be surprised if in a few months the Comte de Calloux were master here. I hear on all sides that her ladyship favors him, and that Monsieur de Nouchet has been dismissed."

Vivien looked in the direction he indicated, and there, in the light of the setting sun, she saw "miladi" with the count. They were walking down the broad terrace, the count all devotion, all attention, "my lady" lovely, laughing with all her usual grace. She wore a dress of white which looked almost golden in the shade of the setting sun. She wore rubies round her white throat—rubies that shone with a blood-red light; and, as Vivien looked, she saw the count bend down and kiss Valerie's jeweled hand. She looked at him with some curiosity; he was a tall, handsome man, with dark shrewd eyes and a cruel mouth.

"Do you think," she asked Gerald, "that any of these men love Lady Neslie—really love her for her own sake?"

"No," he replied, "I do not. I think they love Lancewood and its rent-roll. Lady Neslie is incapable of love; and, though she may infatuate and bewilder a man, I do not think she could ever win real love. She is too shallow too false."

Vivien thought as she watched the two on the terrace, that they certainly looked like lovers. She did not like the count. There was something suspicious, mercenary, cunning about him. He would not perhaps gamble after the fashion of M. de Nouchet, but

he would use his power mercilessly. She sighed deeply. "Alas for unhappy Lancewood," she thought—"unhappy indeed if it fall into his hands!"

Then another scene occurred. On the terrace just beneath them the little Sir Oswald was playing with a young nurse-girl. She did something to displease him. He raised the whip with which he was playing and struck her a violent blow on the mouth. The girl cried out with pain. "Miladi" and the count went to see what had happened. Weeping with pain, the girl made her complaint.

"You should manage him better," said her ladyship. "You know his spirit."

"Apparently Sir Oswald knows how to use his whip," put in the count.

"They are my servants," cried the boy, passionately, "and I shall do what I like with them!"

"A fine spirit indeed," said the count; but there was a gleam in his eyes, a line round his mouth, which told Vivien more plainly than words could have done how he longed to take the whip and use it on the boy.

Lady Neslie turned away with a light laugh.

"You must mind, Oswald, that you do not offer to beat a man so, or he might hurt you," she said; and, as she walked away with the count obsequiously bowing by her side, the two witnesses of the little scene looked at each other.

They had not time to exchange a word before the head-nurse came. It was Sir Oswald's bedtime.

"Is it?" said the child. "You may take me if you can."

He lay down on the ground, resisting, struggling, striking out violently. He was finally overpowered and carried off amidst violent shrieks and cries.

Vivien looked after him with flashing eyes. A sudden, almost intolerable sense of her wrong came over her. She thought of what she would have done for Lancewood—how she had loved it and lived for it. She thought of her love, crushed down and well-nigh hopeless—of her vain attempts to preserve the stainless honor of her name. She gazed down the long vista years, and saw Lancewood, her honored home, a by-word in the country, a scene of low dissipation—she saw it disgraced, dismantled, its glory faded, ruined far more cruelly than if its walls had been blackened by fire. She clasped her hands with a cry of pain. All the pride of her nature rose in hot rebellion. She would have periled her life in that one moment to save Lancewood. She was beside herself with anger, with pride, with despair.

"If that child were dead," she said, "all this would be ended. The power and the rule of that false, cunning woman, would be over and Lancewood saved. I do not wish to hurt him—but oh, if he were to die, how changed it would all be!"

"His death would be the means of saving Lancewood," agreed Gerald. "But children of that description seldom die," he added.

He started for Vivien was looking into his face with a strange expression in her dark eyes. For half a minute a weird fancy crossed his mind that another soul was looking at him from her eyes.

To be Continued.

### THE OLD MAN'S TEMPER.

Tom. Has old Goldbonds withdrawn his objection to your calling upon his daughter?

Dick. No.

Tom. No? I thought you were going to make him come to terms.

Dick. So I did, and they were the vilest terms anybody ever applied to me.

### DANGEROUS MACHINE.

You know I ride a very old-fashioned bicycle. It's such a good and trusty machine that I hate to give it up but I think I shall have to lay it aside now and get a modern one.

What's the matter with it now?

An automobile took fright at it this morning and ran away.

### A WOMAN'S REASON.

Mamma why do always call money hard cash?

Because it is always so hard to get any from your papa?

### THEY'RE SO SOUGHT AFTER.

So Clara refused George because he said his was an undying love?

Yes, she said she prefers to think she may be a young widow some day.

### A WORD TO JUNE BRIDES.

One little simple song we sing,  
To brides but newly wed;  
Just make the best of everything—  
Especially of bread.

## Consumption's Victims

CAN OBTAIN NEW HEALTH IF PROPERLY TREATED.

It Was Thought Miss Lizzie Smith, of Waterford, Was in Consumption, But Her Health Has Been Restored—Advice to Similar Sufferers.

From the Star, Waterford, Ont.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of girls who owe the bloom of health shown in their cheeks, the brightness of eye and elasticity of step, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. There are few girls in the first years of womanhood who do not suffer more or less from anaemia. We see them everywhere, and they are easily recognized by a sallowness of complexion, or perhaps extreme pallor, they are subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and feel tired and worn out on the least exertion. To those who suffer in this manner Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer speedy and certain relief. Proof of this may be had in our own town. Miss Lizzie Smith, daughter of Mr. Wm. Smith, is today the embodiment of health and activity, yet not so long ago her friends feared that consumption had fastened its fangs upon her. A representative of the Star recently interviewed Mrs. Smith as to the means employed to restore her daughter's health. Mrs. Smith's unhesitating reply was that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were entitled to the credit. Mrs. Smith said: "My daughter is nineteen years of age. For some years she has not been very strong and was subject to sick headaches. Last summer she went to work in an establishment in Paris, and had not been there long when her health grew much worse. She consulted a doctor there who said that her blood was in such a bad state that the trouble was likely to develop into consumption, and on hearing this Lizzie at once returned home. When we saw her we feared she was in a decline. She suffered very much from headaches; was as white as chalk, with dark circles under her eyes and the eyes shrunken. Her appetite was very fickle and she ate very little. She was very despondent and at times said she did not care whether she lived or not. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I heard were so highly recommended in cases like hers a trial. She had only taken the pills for a couple of weeks when we could see an improvement. By the time she had used a couple of boxes her appetite was much improved, her headaches less frequent, and the spirit of depression passed away. Four boxes more fully restored her health, and to-day she is as well and as active as though she had never had a day's illness. I really think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life, and believe they are worth their weight in gold to girls suffering as she did."

Dr. Williams' Pink 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 wrappers 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.

### SWEET VOICES.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice; but it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark.

Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice for a tone which is sharp, and which sticks to him through life, and falls like a drop of gall on the listener. Some people have a sharp voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. We would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

## You Can Have Confidence

in the medicines that have stood the test of years in private practice and made famous the name of Dr. A. W. Chase.

Seldom if ever has a physician so thoroughly won the confidence of the people as has Dr. A. W. Chase, through the absolute reliability of his Recipe Book and the wonderful efficiency of his great prescriptions.

### SALT RHEUM.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used remedies, and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

### NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenoeville, 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."

### CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states:—"I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent." Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies don't dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are on every box of his genuine remedies. For sale at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.