

## Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"I did not mean you to act as you have done," she said. "That day I was mad with shame and misery, but I did not mean it—I swear I did not. And I did not think you would take me at my word."

He looked at her sadly. "I understand. On that day you felt capable of anything; afterward you repented."

"I did not think much of it afterward," she replied. "Gerald, my brain is not clear—I am dazed. I forget if I really meant it. I forget if I felt sorry afterward. I only remember that I thought anything better than to let Lancewood fall into such unworthy hands."

His face brightened. "Then perhaps, after all, I have not displeased you?" he said. "Remember that I would die for you, and that death would be more acceptable to me than your displeasure."

She looked at him with sad dreamy eyes, his meaning quite lost upon her.

"It can all be remedied, Miss Neslie," he said. "You have but to say the word, and I will undo the evil. I will go at once to America and bring the boy back. I can say that he was stolen by tramps or gypsies. I can fabricate a story that will have every appearance of truth. I can say that he was stolen for the sake of the reward that would be offered. Lady Neslie would be so delighted to recover him that she would be quite content to pardon the theft. I should tell her that those who had stolen the child awaited her promise of full pardon before returning him. Trust me—even as I have done this deed, I will find some way to undo it. (Miss Neslie, everything rests now in your hands. On the day that you wished the boy got rid of you may have spoken unguardedly, under the influence of unbearable irritation; afterward you may have repented what you said; but now you have time to think, so I leave the matter in your hands. If you say 'Yes,' I will bring the boy back at once, and take all the consequences upon myself; if you say 'No,' I will let him be where he is. It is for you to decide."

She stood motionless, her hands clasped together; she heard the rustle of Mr. Greston's paper, the faint ripple of the fountain, the sweet whisper of the wind; she heard, and it all seemed to her outside her own life—she was alone with this terrible decision before her—alone with the terrible secret that had almost slain her. Should she say "Yes," and see the old times renewed in all their horror—see "miladi" with her train of followers return—see ruin, destruction, dissipation, even shame, once more at Lancewood—see the ill-trained child of a strolling player master and lord? Or should she say "No," and see more than the ancient honor of Lancewood revive? Should she say "Yes," and purchase for her own soul peace, even at the price of Lancewood? Or should she say "No," and never know peace again?

How long they had both stood there they did not know; hours might have passed in the agony of that interval. At last Vivien raised her face once more to his. It was quite colorless, with an expression in the eyes that afterward never quite left them.

"I have decided," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Let matters remain as they are."

He caught her hands in his own. "Do you mean it? You will not repent, you will not regret it?"

"I mean it," she said—"no strolling player's child shall be lord of Lancewood. I shall never repent or regret my decision—it is for the best."

And that was the sin of her life-time. Once before she had said the same thing, but it was in the hurried passion of the hour, when she was goaded past all endurance. Now there was no anger, no passion. She stood under the calm summer sky, the world at rest, the wind whispering of peace, the flowers of Heaven. She had time to reflect, to deliberate, to judge calmly; and she decided that things should remain as they were—that the heir of Lancewood should not regain his inheritance; and so she committed the sin of her life-time.

Gerald saw her bow down over some crushed passion-flowers in her hand—flowers not more crushed than the noble soul that had fallen into such an abyss of guilt.

He did not interrupt her—he stood patiently by her side, watching her intently, longing to say some word of comfort or of hope, but not daring to do so. The sun set, and the dew began to fall—he saw some drops on her dark hair and some on her

"Miss Neslie," he said gently, "you must not remain out here. You will be cold—the dew is falling fast."

He never forgot the face she raised to his, so white was it, so full of pain and anguish, the dark eyes dim with unshed tears. His whole heart went out from him in a passion of pity.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "now that we are here, talking for the last time, I hope, of this subject, which distresses you so greatly, I take courage, and venture to speak to you of my reward."

"Your reward?" she echoed. "Yes; you remember your words—that to the man who would save Lancewood you would give your life? You remember that?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"I do not ask for your life; I ask for your love. You remember the king of old who said, 'Ask of me what you will—even if it be half of my kingdom—and I will give it to you?' You have said more than that to me: I ask for your love."

She looked at him vaguely, as though she did not understand.

"I know," he said, "that I am far beneath you—only the greatness of my love elevates me and places me by your side. I have no money, no position; but I love you with a devotion of far more worth than gold or lands. Your father trusted me; you have trusted me. He left you in some measure to my care—my whole heart and life lie at your feet."

She interrupted him suddenly with a gesture of command.

"Hush," she said. "I did not understand before; you are making love to me—love to me!"

"I am laying my heart, my life, my soul, my love at your feet," he replied. "Words are all too weak to tell you how I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw your beautiful face, and I shall love you until I die."

"Yet you have helped me to sin terribly!" she said, with a shudder.

"Is it a sin that takes power from worthless hands and gives it to a noble woman who will use it nobly? Is it a sin to save a boy from the worst of all lives—that of an idle profligate—and make of him an honest man? Even according to your own creed, Miss Neslie, is it a sin to take Lancewood from the child of a strolling player and give it to a loyal descendant of the grand old Neslie race?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. "You and I may use what sophistry we like—we may gloss it over, we may call it by any fine name we choose—none the less it is a mean, pitiful, terrible sin."

"Will you undo it?" he asked patiently.

"I have told you 'No.' Do not torture me," she replied quickly.

"And my reward?" he said. "How I have loved you! I cannot remember an hour, a day, a moment of my life that has not been filled with thoughts of you. I seem to have lived so entirely in my love that I know nothing outside it. Had you asked me for my life, I would have given it."

"You have given me your honor and your honesty," she remarked sadly—"that is more than enough."

"I dare to ask for your love," he continued, "because I know what the love of men is, and I know that no creature living will love you as I do."

She laid her hand on his and looked at him with pity in her face.

"My poor Gerald," she said, "do you not see that, even were there no other obstacle, you yourself have placed an insuperable one between us?"

"I?" he cried.

"Yes, you—by this very sin. Even had I loved you—which I tell you frankly I do not—this sin would have raised a barrier between us. You and I could not share together the inheritance that we have taken from another."

"Then you will not—you will never love me?" he said.

"No; my love is no longer mine to give—even were it so, it would never now be given to you."

"Then may Heaven help me," he cried bitterly, "for I have sinned and suffered in vain!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Vivien and Gerald Dorman had forgotten Mr. Greston, who had finished his paper, and had been more than once to the window to look at them. He thought it rather strange, that long, earnest consultation between the stately heiress of Lancewood and the young secretary—he would have thought it stranger still had he overheard the matter discussed.

"I have sinned and suffered in vain," repeated Gerald Dorman.

"Not altogether in vain," said Miss Neslie; "you have rendered me good service—you have rendered good service to Lancewood."

"It was all for you—for no one else," he told her, "and now you hate me for it."

"Nay," she replied, "I do not hate you—I am grateful to you. I have a kindly liking for you. You have proved yourself in every way, my true, devoted friend—for that I thank you; but there never could have been any thought of love between us, even had I cared for no one else?"

"Never?" he said, mournfully. "Would nothing have won you—would nothing have made you care for me?"

"Not in that way," she replied "and, Gerald, I have still more to say."

A feeling of utter despair came over him. She laid her hand on his. It was cold as death.

"It is something that must be said," she continued. "Gerald, we have sinned—I in thought and word, you in deed—you for the sake of pleasing me, I because of my pride. We have sinned grievously, and henceforward the sight of you will be a terror to me. Knowing the terrible bond between us I could never talk or laugh with you. The very sight of you would be a perpetual and terrible reminder to me of my sin."

"Then I must leave you?" he said.

"You must leave Lancewood. I am grieved to say it, but it must be so. The sin has been committed, the evil done. I refuse to undo it; but I could not bear to live with the one who has shared my guilt—you must go."

"I might have foreseen it," he moaned.

"Imagine," she said, with white lips, "you and me talking, joining in careless conversation, sitting at the same table, with this horrible sense of guilt between us—this story of a stolen child and a stolen inheritance! It could never be."

"I see it. I have suffered in vain. I have loved you all my life—you have been my very life; but I must crown my love by the greatest of all sacrifices—I must leave you."

Before she had time to reply, Mr. Greston walked across the terrace and joined them.

"You are admiring the beautiful night," he said. "No wonder. I think a summer night the most beautiful thing in nature." Even as he spoke he felt startled at the sight of the two, haggard white faces.

"It is growing cold," said Miss Neslie. "How quickly the dew falls. I think we will go in-doors."

Her color returned, her eyes lost their dim, dazed look. She had a secret to keep and she determined to keep it well. "It is for the honor of Lancewood," she said to herself, and then shrank within herself at the false words. In one sense the honor of Lancewood was destroyed for evermore.

There was no opportunity of speaking to Gerald again that evening, and the night Vivien spent was one of the darkest and most terrible of her life.

It was over at last, and morning dawned. It brought her a letter from Lord St. Just—a loving, tender, earnest letter—that brought a soft flush to her face, a bright love-light to her eyes—a letter in which he told her that he had waited until he could

wait no longer, that now, owing to the unfortunate death of the little heir, Lancewood was hers, the only objection she had to their marriage removed.

"I did not tell you," he wrote, "how keen and terrible the disappointment was to me—almost more than I could bear; but for you sake I bore it. Now it is ended. You shall do with Lancewood as you will; but you must be what I long to make you—my darling, my beloved wife."

It was a letter that might have made any woman that read it proud of the writer's fervent love and entire devotion—proud that such a noble heart was her own. Even as Vivien read it she knew and said to herself that the union could never take place; with her terrible secret weighing down heart and soul, she could never marry him.

Should she—and the temptation was strong—relent, send for the child, make peace with her own soul, and marry Adrian? Up rose a host of objections—"miladi's" triumphant return, Lancewood given up to folly and dissipation. No; she held its honor firmly in her own hands now; and she would keep it so."

"Gerald" said Miss Neslie, "will you come to the library? I wish to speak to you."

He went. She seated herself at a writing-table, with an open letter in her hand.

"Sit down by me," she said. "I want to talk to you. You thought I was hard upon you last night. I could perceive that you did. I want to show you that you will not have to suffer alone. See," she continued, "this letter is from the man I love better than all the world. He asked me some time since to marry him, but for the love of Lancewood I refused. I told him that I remained there as the guardian of the honor of my name—that I could never leave it; and, though he took my refusal sorely to heart, he seemed to understand. He loved me so well," she continued, with a softened voice, "that for my sake he would have remained unmarried forever. Now he has written to me, and he says in his letter that, the only hindrance to our marriage being removed, he wishes me to become his wife."

Although the fire of jealousy burned like a fierce fever within Gerald Dorman, he loved her so well that he forgot himself—forgot everything except that she was in trouble.

"Let me show you, Gerald," she went on, "that you will not suffer alone. I am going to answer this letter, and I shall tell the writer—the man whom I love with so great a love—that I can never be his wife—never while the world stands—that there is an insuperable barrier between us. My pain will be as great as yours."

He loved her so well that he even pleaded against himself.

"Why should you do it?" he asked.

"Why should you not marry him?"

"With the black shadow of a terrible sin resting upon me? No—a thousand times no! I love him too well. I am guilty of a crime. He shall not marry a criminal. The noblest of women would not be noble enough for him."

"But," said Gerald, "what will you do with your life?"

An expression of rapt thought—of patient devotion came over her face.

"I shall spend it," she said in atonement. So far as in me lies, I will make up for the evil I have done. I will not live for myself—for my own pleasure—for my own indulgence; I will live for the good of others. Gerald, you will hear of churches being built, of schools established, of hospitals erected,—of the poor, of the aged, and the sorrowing finding help and succor. When you hear of all this, say to yourself, 'That is Vivien Neslie's atonement for a wrong done.'"

To be Continued.

## STOMACH TROUBLE

MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MISERABLE.

Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P. E. I., Gives Her Experience for the Benefit of Similar Sufferers—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Watchman, Charlottetown. Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P. E. I., is well known and highly respected in the community where she resides. For some years her life was one of misery and suffering, having been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity, dyspepsia. A reporter hearing of her restoration to health through the agency of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, called upon Mrs. Holland to obtain particulars, which were cheerfully given as follows:—"About four years ago I became very ill, I was attacked with a distressing pain in my stomach, accompanied by flashes of heat and cold. These attacks were generally preceded by a sleepiness and stupor which required constant exertion to keep awake. I had little or no appetite and food lay as a stone on my stomach. As time passed, I was growing worse, vomiting of food set in, with sudden changes of heat and cold in my feet. I was so reduced in strength as to not be able to walk any distance without resting. To work I dare not attempt. I began to feel that I could not live very long in my present condition. I was reduced in weight to 115 pounds. Two years ago I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before this I had tried various advertised medicines, but without any benefit resulting. I was using the second box of the pills before I felt any benefit, but from that my recovery was rapid. I used in all five boxes of the pills, and have never felt better in my life than I do at the present moment. All the disagreeable sensations that accompany dyspepsia have vanished; I can enjoy my meals with relish, and my weight has increased from 115 to 139 pounds. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and as I have not had the slightest touch of the trouble in that time I feel safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I would strongly advise others suffering from stomach troubles to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

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. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. 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.

### REPLIES WHILE YOU WAIT.

An eccentric fat man who was on exhibition became so tired of answering questions that he had the following replies printed and pasted on a board at his side:

I weigh 345 pounds.  
I am fat.  
I know I am fat.  
I am growing fatter every day.  
I am growing larger every day.  
I can not tell you how much larger I am going to get.  
I expect to grow until I either die or collapse.

Yes, I have a good appetite.  
No, I do not eat all the time.  
Yes, I am going to stop eating.  
No, I was not always as large as I am now.

I do not remember when I was as thin as you.

Yes, my father was a large man.  
Yes, my mother was a large woman.  
I can not tell you how long it will take you to get as fat as I am.

I do not know if you will ever be as fat as I am.

I like to be told that I am fat.

I like to be stared at.

I like to have people stop in the street and laugh at me.

I like people who give me advice about reducing my weight.

Yes, I have tried dieting.

It did not do me any good.

If there is any other question you can think of that I've not answered, don't be bashful. Just ask it, and I'll try and answer it. Are you going? Well, good-bye.

### STANDING UP FOR IT.

Yes, that's a nice piece of jewelry, said Johnny, looking at the new scarf pin and handing it back. But it's gold filled.

Well, so's my tooth! fiercely exclaimed Archie. Anything wrong about that.

## Triumphs of Dr. Chase

Over the Most Obstinate Diseases That Torture Human Kind—Remedies That Bring Health and Happiness to Canadian Homes.

The marvellous successes of Dr. Chase's great family remedies prove to all the world that no disease is too severe or of too long standing to yield to these great prescriptions. Their worth to the sick and suffering can never be estimated.

### PILES FOR 23 YEARS.

Mr. W. T. Wigle, "Uncle Mike," Kingsville, Ont., states:—"For about 23 years I was troubled with piles, which at times would cause most intense distress by itching, and would ulcerate and bleed. I was treated by several physicians, and tried every remedy I could hear of, but could get no more than slight temporary relief. A traveller, Mr. Golding of Toronto, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I at once purchased from our dealer and obtained relief after the third application. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. That was two years ago, and I have never since had a touch of piles. It has since cured many to whom I have recommended it, and I am anxious to have every sufferer know of its value."

### PALE AND WEAK.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P. E. County, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, worn-out appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

### CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Mr. Geo. Benner, Wlarton, Ont., writes:—"I don't like to have my name put in public print, but I feel it a duty to my fellow-men to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about four years I was troubled with chronic constipation and weakness of the kidneys. My condition was serious when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I fervently believe that they have saved my life. I am now well and feel like a new man."

Dr. Chase's portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine remedies. Imitators dare not reproduce them. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.