

# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

Another little son was given to her and then Vivien's happiness was quite complete.

"This little one shall be a Neslie," said Lord St. Just. "We will call him Arthur, after your father, and he shall have Lancewood. So, Vivien, my darling, once more you will see Arthur Neslie Lord of Lancewood."

He wondered why his wife's beautiful face suddenly grew pale and her lips trembled. He wondered still more when, after lying quite still, thinking deeply, she said suddenly:

"Adrian, do you think a sin ever prospers?"

"My darling, what a question! How can sin prosper?"

"Suppose that a man stole fifty pounds, and that that made the foundation of his fortune,—should you say that sin prospered?"

"It would almost seem like it; but, Vivien, the prosperity would not pardon the sin—that would have to be accounted for. Why do you ask me such a strange question?"

"I was wondering about it, last night. Suppose that you had something that you put to a bad use, and that I, by fraud, took it from you, knowing that I could put it to a good and noble use,—should I have been justified in taking it?"

"No, that would simply be theft," he replied.

"Suppose that a bad king reigns over a kingdom, ruins his subjects, disgraces his country, and ruins himself; and suppose that another king, wiser and better than he, takes his sovereignty from him, and rules in his place—would that be theft?"

"I should say not," replied the husband.

"But the act is the same, the only difference is that one theft is on a much larger scale than the other."

"My darling wife," said Lord St. Just, with a puzzled face, "why are you giving yourself so much trouble? Why are you thinking of all these things?"

"My thoughts ran that way," she replied; "and I grew puzzled."

"I have not done much toward enlightening you, darling. We will talk it over when you are stronger and better."

He was a fine, noble, sturdy boy, this second son of hers, Arthur Neslie, who was to be lord of Lancewood. He had a Neslie face, with his mother's beautiful dark eyes, and sweet sensitive mouth. She had a peculiar love for that child quite different from her love for the other. In this one her own ancient race seemed to live again. She never thought of him as a St. Just; to her he was Neslie of Lancewood. All her pride, her ambition, her love of her name, lived again in this boy. He was the world to her—dearer than her husband—and her elder son, dearer than her life.

Before he could speak she had mapped out the plan for his education. She would teach him to live—as she had done—for Lancewood; she would teach him that love of his race, pride in his name, was next to religion; and in him, this beautiful, noble son of hers, all the glory of the Neslies should shine again.

The child was to take the name of Neslie as he grew older. He was to make his home at Lancewood as soon as it was possible, and in her thoughts she arranged that he should marry some fair and noble girl, whose name would reflect luster on their own.

"Man proposes, Heaven disposes." Never was truer proverb than this. Time passed. Lady St. Just's two boys grew in beauty and intelligence; the world went well with her. She was so happy now that there were times when she even forgot the sin of her life-time, when the shadow fell so completely from her that she no longer remembered that it existed, when she was so entirely, so completely happy that she forgot everything else but the sunny present.

She heard at rare intervals from Gerald, and his letters were so sad that they made her unhappy for days after they came; they always ended in the same manner, by his telling her that before he died he hoped to see England once again, and herself also.

She was not ungrateful to him, but those letters saddened her so greatly that she wished they would not come.

Had her sin prospered? It seemed like it. At times she grew frightened at her own happiness. "Has Heaven pardoned me?" she asked herself when she looked round her. "Has Heaven forgiven me?" she asked herself when she looked on the face of her best-loved child.

Lord St. Just had always made a point of being in London for the season. He had a magnificent mansion there, Herton House, a fine large house near Hyde Park. There all the leading men of the day rallied round him. There, too, his beautiful, graceful wife held her court—the graceful dark-eyed woman whose bearing and manner were as those of a queen. To know Lady St. Just was to proclaim oneself known. Second-rate people did not frequent her house—it was not the resort of the light, the gay, or the frivolous; the talented, wise and noble met there, and she had some reason to be proud of the society she gathered around her.

Until the day of her death, she remembered one May morning when the sun was shining brightly and she was in the breakfast-room of Herton House waiting for Lord St. Just. The room was a beautiful one, gay with rose-hued chintz and white lace—gay with scented-flowers and the small fire that burned in the grate. The open windows looked into a square, pretty garden, all filled with roses and mignonette, Lady St. Just's favorite flowers. One dark, and one golden little head peeped in at the door, and Vivien, who was looking at the flowers from the window, did not see her sons.

She was looking more beautiful than ever on that fair May morning. The fresh, perfumed air brought a color to her face, her dark eyes were filled with happy light, her mouth wore a grave, sweet smile, the wondrous wealth of dark hair was simply arranged—a rose, with a deep glowing heart was its only ornament, and a rose nestled in the bodice of her white dress. Tall, graceful, the years seemed to have fallen from her as she stood there dreaming with a happy smile on her lips.

Presently she heard a noise, and, turning, saw the little ones behind her. They were handsome children. The eldest boy, Francis, was as fair as one of Guido's angels, with golden curls and a rosebud face, the youngest had his mother's dark eyes and dark hair, a mouth like a cloven rose, a noble face like Vivien's, full of fire and intelligence—a child that one knew by instinct would grow into a noble man. The elder was five years old, the younger four, yet they were almost the same height.

"Mamma," cried the children, as Lady St. Just turned round, "we have run away from the nursery. Let us have breakfast here with you."

Then because she knew she loved the younger one best, she kissed the elder one first. Taking them both by the hand, she led them to the window and showed them some of the pretty opening buds.

"You shall stay with me," she said. "Papa will be here soon; you shall take breakfast with us, because you are good."

She little dreamed as she spoke what would happen before that breakfast was over.

## CHAPTER XL.

As he entered the room, Lord St. Just thought he had never seen so pretty a picture as the beautiful dark-eyed mother and the lovely laughing children presented. He went up to them, and tried laughingly to clasp all three in his arms. He partially succeeded.

"Now," he said, "I hold in my arms all that is loveliest, most precious, dearest in the wide world. But we must have some breakfast, children," he added; "these fresh May mornings make one hungry."

The breakfast-table was a pretty sight in itself, with its costly silver, delicate china, flowers, and richly cut glass. Lady St. Just took her place, with a child on each side of her. They talked and prattled gaily. Lady St. Just smiling as she listened, when the footman entered with the letters.

"Place them here," said Lord St. Just; and then he turned laughingly to his wife. "I always think it a sad pity that letters should come at breakfast time," he said; "there is sure to be at least one unpleasant one amongst them, and that spoils the rest."

"I hope there is no unpleasant one there," replied Vivien.

—Lord St. Just seemed in no great hurry to look at them; he enjoyed the prattle of his children.

"Give me the stamps, papa," cried little Francis, who had a fine collection in a private box.

"Let me read the letters first, Frank," he replied, laughingly; "then you shall have them all."

He turned over the envelopes carelessly.

"Here is one from Ryan," he said, "he will be coming next week; one from your jewelers, Vivien, and one for you in a hand I do not recognize. What a clear, bold, legible hand! 'The Lady St. Just, Herton House, Hyde Park.'"

He gave a large white envelope to little Arthur.

"Give that to mamma, Art," he said; but the child having his own little notion of fun, said—

"Mamma, see if you can get this," and ran away, trying to hide himself behind a large chair.

It was but an invitation to romp, and Lady St. Just rightly judged it to be so. Mother and child played with the letter. It was terrible—as though a child playing with the gleaming handle of a sword that was about to slay him.

"Now, Art, give it to me," said Lady St. Just; and the boy, knowing at once when she meant what she said, gave it to her.

But he was not to be cheated out of his romp—he made a grasp at the rose in his mother's dress, and scattered the red leaves far and wide. Vivien ran after him, caught him in her arms, and kissed him.

"You little rogue!" she said, "Adrian I cannot attend to my letters while the children are here—we must send them away."

"Never mind the letters, Vivien," returned Lord St. Just. "Nurse will be here soon—the letters can wait."

So she played on with the little ones, while the letters lay on the table, among them the one with the large white envelope. She had given one careless glance at it, but the handwriting was quite unknown to her. It was so plain, bold, and legible, that in her own mind she decided that it was a begging-letter—they were generally far better written than any others; and in her own mind she decided also that whoever wanted help should apply to her.

Then the game ended. Nurse came for the children, and they were dismissed with a hundred loving caresses.

"I am all in ruins," said Lady St. Just, with a smile—the rose leaves were scattered all over her dress, the masses of dark hair were all unfashioned—"and I made such a careful toilet this morning," she added. "Those children grow so strong, Adrian."

"They have nothing else to do but grow," said Lord St. Just, cheerfully. Then he bent over his wife. "You are always lovely, my queen," he said. "I like to see you with your hair loose. The children know what suits you."

"You are a flatterer, Adrian," she said, as Lord St. Just in his turn quitted the room.

She stood before the mirror, fastening the shining mass of hair—a sweet, noble woman; and she forgot all about the letter.

She saw it when the servant came in to clear the table.

"You have forgotten this, my lady," he said, handing it to her.

"My begging letter," she thought to herself. "Now let me see who is in trouble."

She stopped for half a moment, as her husband had done before her, to note the clear, bold handwriting, then she opened it—opened it with the May sun shining in and the rose-leaves lying around her—opened it with a smile on her lips which was never seen there again.

The room seem to whirl round her, a red mist settled over the white pages, then died away, and the letters stood out in characters of fire.

"Will you come to me at once,"

Lady St. Just? I am dying, and I cannot die until I have seen you. Come alone—I have something to say. Do not delay—come to-day.

"From your devoted,

"GERALD DORMAN."

The address given was Victoria street, Regent's Park. The writing on the envelope was strange to her, that in the letter she recognized as Gerald's—faint, crooked, almost illegible, still she knew it was his.

Then he was in London—he had returned from America! How strange that he had not told her he was coming! How strange that Gerald should be dying and she not know!

He had something to say to her. What was it? A deadly, horrible fear that she could not describe, and for which she had no name, came over her; a sudden subtle instinct told her that what he had to say was concerning her sin.

He could not die until he had seen her. Why? She did not hold the peace of his soul in her hands. Why should he say that? Then she reproached herself for having a foolish fear. He had loved her very dearly, this poor secretary; he had loved her with a mad, insane worship. He wanted only to look on her face again and bid her an everlasting adieu.

She said to herself, "Down with this foolish coward fear! What could there be to say concerning her sin? It was repented of; the poor boy was dead—the whole matter buried long ago. What need for fear?"

"I will go at once," she said. She rose from her seat, but was compelled to wait some little time; she trembled like an aspen-leaf.

After a time she walked up to her room. She met Lord St. Just on the stairs, and turned away lest he should see the pallor of her face; then she looked after him.

"Adrian," she said, "I shall not go out riding with you this morning. I am going out about some business of my own."

"Very well, my darling," he replied, carelessly. He would sooner have thought of questioning a bishop about his theology than his wife about her movements.

"I may not see you until dinner," she said, "I cannot tell how long I may be delayed."

"Do not forget that we shall have a party," he reminded her—"a political party, Vivien—and I shall want you to look."

"I will not forget," she replied, and then hastened to her room.

"I am going out," she said to the faithful Joan, who still remained with her. "No, not my riding-habit,—a plain dress and a shawl. Joan, you must go with me. I am nervous."

The maid looked at her mistress. "There is nothing wrong, my lady, I hope?" she said.

"What should be wrong, Joan?" asked Vivien.

"Nothing, I hope; but, my lady, you have got your anxious look back—a look I have not seen on your face since before you were married."

"Have I? Then I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I will drive it away. I shall not take the carriage," she continued. "Will you get me a cab yourself? I do not want remarks made about my going out. Get it yourself, Joan, and dress yourself to come with me."

Faithful Joan shook her head gravely, as she hastened to obey.

"She may say what she likes, but I am sure there is something wrong. That is just the troubled, harassed look she used to wear, and I have not seen it on her face for many a long day."

Lady St. Just entered the cab and gave the driver the address, and then she turned to her maid.

"I may tell you, Joan, where I am going," she said, "Mr. Dorman is dying and has sent for me."

"There is something wrong, I am sure," thought Joan hably again; "but Heaven only knows what it is."

To Be Continued.

# Gloom and Despair

GIVE WAY TO VIGOR, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

An Attack of La Grippe Left the Sufferer Weak, Nervous and Enfeebled—A Victim of Insomnia and Heart Trouble.

Naturally every sick person to whom help is promised, will ask, "has the remedy been successful? Whom has it helped?" We cannot better answer these questions than by publishing testimonials received from grateful people who are anxious that other sufferers may profit by their experience. One of these grateful ones is Mrs. Douglas Kilts, of Perry Station, Ont., Mrs. Kilts says: "Three years ago I had a very severe attack of la grippe, and the disease left me in an extremely worn out, nervous, and enfeebled condition. The nervousness was so severe as to have almost resulted in St. Vitus dance. Sleep forsook me. I had bad attacks of heart trouble, and the headaches I endured were something terrible. I had no appetite, and was literally fading away; I was not able to work about the house and was so weak that I could scarcely lift a cup of tea. I was treated by a good doctor, but with no benefit. Almost in despair, I resorted to patent medicines, and tried several, one after another, only to be disappointed by each. I lingered in this condition until the winter of 1899, when a friend prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began taking them. From the first the pills helped me and I could feel my strength gradually returning. I continued the use of the pills according to directions until I had taken eight boxes when I was again enjoying perfect health. My strength had entirely returned, my appetite was splendid, the heart trouble and nervousness had ceased, while the blessing of sleep, once denied, had again returned. I had gained over thirty pounds in weight, and was able to do all my housework with ease. In fact I had received a new lease of life. I believe my cure is permanent, as more than a year has since passed and I feel so strong and well that I venture to say there is not a healthier woman in this section; indeed I am enjoying better health than I have for twenty years, and this has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I cannot say enough in their praise for I believe they saved my life. My son has also received the greatest benefit from the use of these pills in a case of spring fever."

## WANTS TO GO BACK.

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight; make me a kid again just for to-night; with the freckles and warts I possessed long ago, and the dear little stone bruise that grew on my toe. Give me back my old kite with its dog-fennel tail, for the kind I fly now always lands me in jail. Back to the river once more let me roam till the gloaming arrives, and when I get home take me out to the woodshed and there let me dance to the tune father played on the seat of my pants.

## POINTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

They drink wine hot.  
Old men fly kites.  
White is worn as mourning.  
Their babies seldom cry.  
Their compass points to the south.  
The family name comes first.  
Carriages are moved by sails.  
Seat of honor at the left.  
Visiting cards four feet long.  
School children sit with their backs to the teacher.  
Fireworks are always set off in the daytime.

## ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Irate Father, of pretty girl—What! Is it possible you are here again after the treatment you received last night! Young Man—Yes, sir. When you kicked me downstairs and set the dog on me, the animal tore a large piece from my trousers.

Irate Father—Well, isn't that enough. What more do you want? Young Man—If it isn't too much trouble, sir, I would like that piece of cloth.

## TRAINED.

I might as well tell ye before we go any further, said the witness, who had been getting rather the better of the lawyer, that ye needn't expect to rattle me by askin' fool questions.

No? retorted the lawyer.  
Naw. I've raised three boys, an' got two grandsons that's keepin' me trained all the time.

# To Live Without Sleep Is Worse Than Death.

Sleeplessness is an Unmistakable Symptom of Weak, Exhausted Nerves, and is Permanently Cured When the System is Built up by

## DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

To pass a single night in the vain attempt to sleep among the miseries which one can never forget.

To lie awake night after night with the brain on fire with nervous excitement and the thoughts flashing, before the mind in never ending variety is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted.

During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.

Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's work the body is further weakened and exhausted, and the mind is unbalanced by this terrible waste of energy with which the lamp of life is rapidly burned out.

It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and deaden the nerve by the use of opiates. There is a reaction to all such treatment that is doubly injurious to the nervous system. It hastens the decay of the nerve cells.

partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.

There will be no more sleepless nights, no more nervous headache and dyspepsia, no more days of gloom and despondency when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

But don't expect a cure in a night. The nerve tissue of the body is completely changed in about sixty days. Though you will feel the benefit of this treatment in two or three weeks, you should persist in the use of the nerve food for at least sixty days in order that the results may be lasting.

Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which will disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for nervous prostration and exhaustion. Surely it is wiser to build up and epilepsy and all the most serious forms of nervous disease.

## DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Is the world's greatest restorative for pale, weak, nervous men, women and children. It is specific for woman's ills, because they almost invariably arise from exhausted nerves. In pill form, 50c a box, at all dealers, or by mail from Edmanston, Bates, & Co., Toronto.