

# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

He said no more. A keen restless pain took possession of him. This fair, proud woman whom he had so implicitly trusted—could it be possible that in any way she had deceived him? So queenly, so true, so noble, what secret had she?

He was not jealous. Of all the many thoughts that crossed his brain none of them were jealous thoughts. He knew that he, and he alone, had her whole and entire love—that he and he alone, was loved by her. It was not jealousy that filled his mind, but a torturing, restless desire to know what his wife was withholding from him. He never for one moment dreamed that the secret concerned herself. The only thing he could imagine was that Gerald Dorman had confided something to her, and that that something was preying upon her mind.

He considered her rather as a victim to it than one concerned in it, and he felt something like anger toward the poor dead man. What right had he to trouble his wife's peace of mind with his affairs? He knew that Vivien had nice ideas of honor. If Gerald Dorman had intrusted anything to her, she would suffer anything rather than betray him.

"It is not right," said Lord St. Just to himself; "my wife ought not to go about in that kind of fashion. I must persuade her to tell me what it is all about, but I fear she will not. If she had thought it right to tell me, she would have done so long ago. I must find matters out for myself—then I can help her."

Hence it was no idea of jealousy, no thought of wrong, no suspicion of the truth, that led Lord St. Just to seek for the discovery of the mystery; he did it out of purest kindness for his wife. Knowing how careful she was to keep her word, he imagined her difficulty to be that she had given her promise and did not like to break it.

"I have no doubt," said Lord St. Just to himself, "that she will be greatly relieved if I can help her—and I will do it."

How? That was the next question. It seemed to him that the method was easy enough. He had told her that he knew Dr. Lester—what more easy than for him to make some excuse for calling at Grove House? And, if he happened to call at the same time that his wife was there, it would simply be a coincidence. Then he should know what was troubling her, and take all the trouble from her.

There was not a more honorable man living than Lord St. Just. It was his entire and perfect faith in his wife that gave him this idea about her. If he had had the faintest notion that the secret she held was her own personal, private affair, he would no more have attempted to discover it than he would have pried into a letter or listened at a door. He did this for her sake, that he might take from her that which seemed like a burden and a trouble.

CHAPTER XLVI.

With Lord St. Just to resolve, was to act. He had brought himself to believe that it was right for him to find out the mystery which so evidently oppressed his wife, and he would let nothing interfere with his project. He pictured to himself her joy and surprise when she found that he knew all, and that he would take all further trouble from her.

His plan was very simple; he had but to find out when his wife was going to Hammersmith, and then drive down quietly after her, and find her there. He arranged it all in his own mind. The opportunity soon came. Lady St. Just declined riding with him one morning, and he said to himself that she was going to the school. He had watched her intently that morning, and was more sure than ever that something was weighing her down and destroying her happiness.

One of the nurses came to say that Master Francis had a sore throat. There was nothing that Lord St. Just enjoyed so much as a visit to the nursery. He liked to go there with his wife and watch the children at their play.

"I have an hour to spare," he said, "will you come to the little ones, Vivien?"

As pleased as himself to be with them, she rose hastily, and they went away together.

"I almost wish at times," said Lord

St. Just, "that we were not quite poor people, but that we held a less responsible position, so that we could spend more time with the children. I could almost give up King's Rest for that."

"But I would not give up Lancewood," she rejoined quickly. Her husband laughed.

"If it were not profane, I should say that you would sooner almost give up heaven," he said; and she shrank from the words as though they had been a blow, saying to herself, "Alas, alas, I have perhaps forfeited Heaven for Lancewood!"

Her husband noticed how she shrank—the distressed, pained look that came over her face. He wondered much and silently. Frank's throat was examined, but Lord St. Just said, laughingly that it was merely an excuse for getting some nice lozenges. The boy soon forgot his fancied ailment in a romp.

"When I am a big man, papa," he said, "people must not call me Frank, my name is Francis."

"Yes," returned his father, gravely; "and you must be a good man and a great man, for you will be Francis Lord St. Just."

"And what shall I be?" asked the younger one, in his lisping voice.

He saw the passion of love with which his wife seized the child and clasped him in her arms.

"You, my treasure, my love, my darling," she cried—"you shall be Arthur Neslie of Lancewood—of Lancewood!" she repeated, with a wail in her voice that seemed to come from an aching heart.

"I love Lancewood," lisped the boy. She rained passionate kisses on his face and hair, on his lips and eyes.

"No matter what happens," she said, "my boy shall have Lancewood." Then she stopped in sudden confusion, for she saw her husband's eyes fixed wonderingly on her.

"What can happen?" he asked, "I am only talking nonsense to the child," she replied, turning away abruptly.

"There is something wrong," thought Lord St. Just; and very slowly the idea occurred to him that this "something" was connected with Lancewood. The very word now seemed to move his wife with strange, sudden passion. He noticed that she kept the boy closely folded in her arms, as though she would shield him from all the world.

"My darling Vivien," he said, "you speak as though it lay in the power of any one to take Lancewood from the boy—but it does not."

"Heaven be thanked!" she cried, with the same fire in her eyes and face.

Slowly but surely he became convinced of it. There was something wrong concerning Lancewood, and his wife was keeping it from him. He could not even dream what it could be; but the more he watched his wife the more certain he became of his conclusion.

Something wrong about Lancewood. What could it be? Did Mr. Dorman know it? Had it anything to do with Vivien's visits to the school? He was bewildered by his own thoughts. Every possible contingency occurred to him except the right one, and of that he never even faintly dreamed. He had thought but little of the child Oswald—he had heard but little of either his life or his death. He lost himself in conjecture, until the secret preyed upon him as much as it did upon his wife.

He must solve the mystery. On this morning he asked his wife if she was going out riding, with him. When she declined, he concluded that she was about to pay one of her mysterious visits.

"I too will give up my ride this morning," he said. "There are several calls that I have to make. We will go to-morrow instead."

Lady St. Just made some reply and hastened away.

He hated himself for the meanness of watching her—but what else was he to do? How in any other way was he to discover her trouble? He saw her leave the house plainly attended—so plainly indeed that it seemed to him her dress was a disguise.

"My poor wife," said Adrian St. Just to himself—"all this is so unlike her."

He went at once and ordered the carriage, telling the coachman to drive to Hammersmith.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Arrived at Dr. Lester's school at Hammersmith, Lord St. Just found

that after all he had been right in his conclusions; a cab stood before the door, and he felt quite sure his wife had driven down in it.

He asked if the doctor was at home, and the servant told him that he was expected every minute.

"I will wait for him," said Lord St. Just.

"The anteroom is engaged," said the footman. "Will you walk this way, my lord?"

Then Lord St. Just was guilty of his first deceit.

"I know," he said, hastily—"a lady is there with one of the students."

"Yes," was the reply—"Mrs. Smith and Master Dorman. Do you wish to see them, my lord?"

"She goes by a false name," thought the peer, quickly. "My wife, my proud Vivien, to assume a false name! What can it mean?"

He heard the sound of a voice, rich, clear, and sweet, vibrating with emotion, full of pathos. He recognized it as Vivien's.

"It is all right," he said to the footman; "you need not announce me—I will go in. I expected to meet this lady here."

Only too pleased to go back to his newspaper, the footman returned to his chair, while Lord St. Just opened the door and entered the room. His eyes fell first upon his wife's face; and proud, beautiful, noble though it was, he read guilt there—guilt that looked at him out of the beautiful eyes—guilt that covered and shrank and shuddered before him. Their eyes met. She rose from her seat, tall, stately, defiant; her face blanched, her lips grew pale and sprang apart; a fierce light, such as he had never seen before, came into her eyes. She drew back, as though she had some thought of escape, and then, with a low cry, faced her husband.

"Adrian," she said, "what brings you here?"

He had intended to speak lightly, but her agitation alarmed him. What did it mean, that defiant, yet shrinking attitude—the guilt on that noble face? She looked as though something long dreaded had happened at last. That was what he saw first; then his eyes fell on a handsome, fair-haired stripling standing close by his wife's side—a boy, great Heaven, with his wife's face, so exactly like her that they might have been mother and son, with the same beautiful mouth and molded chin.

He gave a cry—a short, despairing cry; for the moment he was beside himself with fear and pain; then he grasped his wife's wrist and held it, while with the other hand he pointed to the youth.

"In the name of Heaven, Vivien, tell me who is that boy?"

He saw that she tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"Who is that boy?" he repeated, in a stern, angry voice.

Still she made no answer, and the boy stepped forward in eager defense of his kind friend.

"Sir," he said, "I can tell you myself who I am; my name is Henry Dorman."

"I do not believe it!" cried Lord St. Just.

"I am Henry Dorman, and this lady comes to see me sometimes. She knew my mother, sir, and she is very kind to me. She is the only friend I have had in the world since my uncle died. Are you angry that she comes to see me?"

"Who is that boy?" repeated Lord St. Just, looking sternly at his wife.

"I have told you, sir, who I am; if you do not believe me, let me fetch Mr. Hardman. Do not, pray, be angry with my friend."

"Vivien I wait your answer," said Lord St. Just. "Who is this boy, and what brings you here to him?"

She had recovered herself by then; a faint color returned to her beautiful face.

"Ask him yourself, Adrian," she replied, proudly; "I am not accustomed to such a tone."

"I have told you, sir," repeated the boy, impatiently. "I do not know much about myself, but I am Henry Dorman, nephew of Mr. Dorman, who died not long since, and who brought me from America and placed me here."

"From America?" repeated Lord St. Just. "Did you come from America?"

"Yes, with my uncle; and this lady, who was my mother's friend, comes to see me. Why should you be angry with her, sir?"

Lord St. Just looked puzzled, bewildered; he glanced from one to the other—the resemblance between the two faces was most marvelous.

"What is the name of this lady—your mother's friend?" he asked.

And the boy answered fearlessly—"Mrs. Smith."

"Can you explain this, Vivien?" said her husband.

"I have no explanation to offer," she replied, proudly. "Question the boy, not me."

Lord St. Just turned his pale, puzzled face to the boy.

"You are the nephew of Mr. Dorman, who was once secretary to Sir Arthur Neslie, of Lancewood?" he said.

A curious change came over the stripling's handsome face.

To Be Continued.

## PYRENEAN DWARFS.

Professor Miguel Marazta has reported a curious anthropological discovery in the Valley of Rebas, at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees. He says:—

"There exists in this district a somewhat numerous group of people, who are called Nanas, dwarfs, by the other inhabitants, and, as a matter of fact, are not more than four feet in height. Their bodies are fairly well built, hands and feet small, shoulders and hips broad, making them appear more robust than they really are.

"Their features are so peculiar that there is no mistaking them among others. All have red hair; the face is as broad as long, with high cheek bones, strongly developed jaws and flat nose. The eyes are not horizontal, but somewhat oblique like those of Tartars and Chinese. A few straggling, weak hairs are found in place of beard." The skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that the sex can only be told from the clothing.

"Though the mouth is large, the lips do not quite cover the large projecting incisors. The Nanas, who are the butt of the other inhabitants, live entirely by themselves in Rebas. They intermarry among themselves, so that their peculiarities continue to be reproduced.

"Entirely without education, and without any chance of improving their condition, they lead the life of pariahs. They know their own names, but rarely remember those of their parents, can hardly tell where they live and have no idea of numbers."

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Warn You Against the Most Dreadfully Fatal of Disorders. You Can be Cured by Promptly Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Pain is nature's signal whereby she warns man of approaching danger. Few diseases are so dreadfully fatal as disorders of the kidneys and few are accompanied by more severe pains and discomforts.

One of the most common symptoms of kidney disease is the smarting, scalding sensation when passing water, which is likely to come very frequently and at inconvenient times. Then there is the dull, heavy, aching in the small of the back and down the limbs.

When these pains are accompanied by deposits in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours you may be sure that you are a victim of kidney disease and should not lose a single day in securing the world's greatest kidney cure—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Take one pill at a dose, and in a surprisingly short time you will be far on the road to recovery, for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and promptly on the kidneys, and are certain to prove of great benefit to any-

one suffering from irregularities of these organs.

Don't imagine that you are experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are almost as well known as his great Recipe Book, have made some of the most surprising cures of kidney disease on record and have come to be considered the only absolute cure for kidney disease.

Mr. James Simpson, Newcomb Mills, Northumberland County, Ont., writes:—"This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and since that time have been working every day, although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## PHOTOGRAPHING PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

Now that every well regulated family has its camera, and one is invited to inspect the collection of "snapshots" with all the empressment that once attended the production of the family album some suggestions as to methods, etc., will undoubtedly prove beneficial to the amateur, and perhaps save him some failures. Robert McGregor, in a little magazine devoted to floriculture, called "How to Grow Flowers," offers some hints from which we quote:

"A fruitful cause of failure is the background. Out doors, the specimen should be placed on the open lawn, or against a lattice, fence, tree trunk or rock. If placed against a background of other shrubs or plants the foliage of the specimen will intermingle with that of the background and the effect be spoiled.

"In photographing plants or flowers indoors it is well to provide special backgrounds of various shades of gray. White sheets are not so desirable, as the contrast will be unpleasant. Good backgrounds can be made at home with very little expense, and will be the same practically as are used by the professional photographer. Over frames from four feet square for small specimens to six by seven feet for large plants, stretch unbleached muslin in single pieces, seams will show. This muslin should be stretched quite taut. It is then painted with one coat of gray calcimine water-color paint, such as is used in tinting rogn walls in the house. This paint must be applied quickly and with a long-bristled brush. A new whitewash brush might answer. If several of these frames are made of the sizes suggested above, and of different shades, from light to dark or medium gray, subjects such as white flowers against the darker or dark flowers against the lighter backgrounds, can be handled well. Avoid placing the object to be photographed too close to the background, as it may not only cast a shadow, but the light that may be reflected, if any, may have a bad effect.

"Many may have wondered how photographs are made showing a clear smooth background all about the object and even below the jardiniere, with the appearance of the jardiniere being suspended in midair, except that it casts a shadow on the background, merely enough to look well. "This is most easily accomplished. Set one of the background screens mentioned above in front of you, remove all the tacks from the bottom of the frame and half way or two-thirds the way up on each side, to release the muslin that far. Then pull the bottom of the muslin toward you about eighteen inches, which will curve the background gracefully. By placing a box underneath of proper height for the loose end of the muslin to rest on, a place is furnished on which to place the vase of flowers or jardiniere containing the plant. Set it back about nine inches from the edge, so that when focusing the camera may be pointed a little downward, and just sufficient to avoid showing the rough edge of the muslin nearest the operator.

Most amateurs, says Mr. McGregor, place their subjects too close to the background. The subject should be at least a foot or fifteen inches away from the background. The background should be of good size, so that when printed it will extend to the edges of the negative.

"Never attempt to photograph flowers in the sunlight. The high lights will be so white and the shadows so black that detail will be lost. Photograph flowers in the shade, and in a subdued light. A very good light, though inclined to be a little flat, is often had on a veranda, under a tree or at the north side of a house, in the shade. Indoors, select a location where a large window admits light from the north if practicable. The professional generally prefers a north light. Avoid placing directly in front of a window; five feet away and a little to one side is better. The camera should not be directed toward the light, nor should the light be at the back, but at right angles, or, as it were, one should work across the light.

"The direct light from the window should also be modified or subdued and diffused. This can be done by a very filmy substance such as light netting. Net curtains will often answer for this, just as they hang in front of the window.

"The focusing is another important item. . . . The average person seems to have difficulty in determining distance in focusing. If the camera to be used has a fixed focus lens, no focusing is necessary. If a camera by which focusing is done to a scale according to the number of feet is used, the operator will have to do the best possible and trust to the accuracy of the camera and the eye.

"Timing the exposure is something Mr. McGregor says which must be learned from experience. No fixed rule is possible. It leaves also the mechanical part of the work to the operator, as this is not different from that of any other subject.