

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLIX.

Lady St. Just persisted in withholding her secret from her husband, and he as resolutely declared that she must reveal it.

"How cruel you are!" she sobbed. "Cruel, Vivien? I do not wish to wound you. It is you who are cruel. Put yourself in my place. Suppose that you found me changed, unhappy, full of a sullen brooding sorrow, suppose that you discovered that I was keeping a secret from you; that you found I was in the habit of visiting some place unknown to you, of passing by a strange name; that you found I cared greatly for a child whose face resembled my own, as Harry Dorman's resembles yours. What should you think?"

She made him no answer. "I know," he continued, "what any man who had less faith in your goodness and truth than I myself have would think about your silence. I know what the world will say if it gets hold of the story and finds out how much the boy resembles you."

"What will it say?" she asks faintly.

"Nay, if you do not understand, I will not explain, Vivien. I have used entreaties, prayers, expostulations, all in vain. Now I threaten that unless you tell me the secret yourself, I will at once set to work to find it out; and I will never rest until I know it."

"I will never speak to you again if you do that," she threatened.

"I cannot help it. Your silence to me is terrible; it shows that there is something far from right. I consider myself bound in duty to fathom the mystery. It strikes me that the boy himself would be the one to help me."

"The boy himself!" she repeated.

"Yes, he seemed struck with the word 'Lancewood.' If I were to send for him, and try all I could to awaken his memory, it seems to me I should get near the truth."

"Would you really do this, Adrian?" she asked.

"I would, indeed," he replied. "I would have no scruple in doing it."

She remembered how the boy had seemed in some vague way to recognize her face? How would it end? How much would he learn from him? All surely—most surely all. With a deep moan she buried her face in her hands, Lord St. Just knelt by her side.

"Dear wife," he said, "there is a struggle in your heart, a struggle between right and wrong; be brave—let the right prevail. Own the truth, no matter what follows. Only cowardice needs secrecy. In the name of Heaven, by the love you bear to me and to your children, by the value you set upon your fair name, by your pride of race, I entreat you to tell me—trust me."

There was no answer save a low moan. He continued—

"I am your husband—the one in all the world who loves you best. Why can you not trust me? Who could help you and comfort you as I can? Who would share your troubles as I should? My darling, do not repulse my warm, true, deep love, but trust me. I am not a foe, not an angry judge, but your true lover. If there is anything in which you have done wrong, let me set you right."

He kissed her face, he kissed her hands, he called her by every loving and tender name.

"Let me use the truest weapon in my armory," he said, playfully. "For the love of Lancewood, trust me, Vivien!"

There came a low cry from her lips, but she did not speak.

"It is from Lancewood your trouble comes," he said—"I can see that, Lancewood and this boy; but I cannot see yet how they are connected. Heaven, which has already shown me so much will show me more. There is some mystery. Poor Gerald Dorman, the boy, Lancewood and yourself, are all concerned in it. With a little more patience, I shall make it out, Vivien, would it not be better for you to tell me than for me to find it out?"

"Yes," she whispered—"but give me time."

"Take all the time you need, if you will but trust me in the end," he said.

She tried to think that what he said was true. It was neither fate nor chance that was guiding him, but the finger of Heaven. She had done a great wrong, a great injustice; it could never prosper. Yet how could she give up Lancewood, to Valerie and her dissipated friends—to the boy who really seemed to her to have no other? How could she take the place

from her son whom she had fondly believed would make so noble a master for it?

Then, again, she reflected, that if she did not tell her husband everything he would find it out; he was so near the truth, that a few questions, a few inquiries would elicit it; she had never dreamed that he would connect Lancewood and the boy.

She remembered Gerald's dying words—"He must go back to Lancewood—promise me." Dare she totally ignore those solemn words?

"What shall I do?" cried Vivien, wringing her hands.

"Trust me," said her husband. "The time has come when you must tell the truth. Do not hesitate; be brave, Vivien; and tell it."

"You will hate me," she moaned; "but, oh, believe me, Adrian, it was not quite my fault! I was mad when I uttered the words that led to it all—quite mad; and he was so devoted to me he thought I meant it. I did not, it was all a confused horror."

"You forget," he said, "that I do not even know of what you are speaking. Tell me one thing, Vivien, which will make all else easier—tell me who is the boy?"

Should she tell him? If she did not, he would find it out—he would be sure to do so; it would be better to trust him now that he was so near the truth.

She rose slowly from the couch, she stood before him in all the magnificence of her beauty, her face pale, her eyes filled with the fire of pride; she drew herself up to her full height. He looked at her in wonder and amazement.

"I will tell you," she replied, "because it will be better for you to hear it from me than from any one else. That boy is Sir Oswald Neslie, heir of Lancewood."

Lord St. Just started; it seemed to him for a moment that he had been shot through the heart. Then he said in a low voice—

"Oswald Neslie! I thought he was dead."

"So did I—so did every one else—but he is living and well."

"Stay," said Lord St. Just. "You have taken me by surprise; I am bewildered—lost—I cannot believe it. The heir of Lancewood! Great Heaven, Vivien, what does it all mean? Did you know that he was living? Tell me."

"I will tell you all," she replied. And, standing there, erect and queenly, more beautiful in her pallor and her shame, than he had ever seen her, Lady St. Just told the whole story. As he listened to it, his face grew pale. When it was finished he looked at her.

"May Heaven forgive you!" he said, slowly.

"I did not mean it to be done, Adrian. When I spoke to Gerald Dorman as I did, I was bewildered, driven half mad by all that was going on at Lancewood. I hardly thought that he would take me at my word so quickly. Believe me, I honestly thought the child was drowned."

"You might have thought so, when such was reported to be the case—but, afterward, Vivien, when you knew all?"

"Then I sinned more wilfully, more deliberately than at first, I have not

been happy, Adrian. Sin has not prospered with me. Yet I have not looked on it as sin so much as a deed done for the good of Lancewood. People may say what they will the son of a strolling player has no right there."

"You seem to forget yourself," said Lord St. Just, gravely. "The boy may be the son of a strolling player, but he is also the son of your father, Sir Arthur Neslie."

"But he resembled his mother," she cried, eagerly, "even his face was like hers in those days—he was like her, too, in character then. Gerald Dorman's training has doubtless done much for him. Believe me, I never thought of him as my father's son. To me he was always Valerie's boy, an interloper, the evil genius of Lancewood. I had many excuses—the place was getting into evil odor everywhere—it would have gone to ruin in his hands. I loved my home so dearly, Adrian—you cannot enter into my feelings."

"I can imagine the depth of your love from the gravity of your sin," he said. Then he took her hands in his. "He looked at them long and steadily."

"What have you done, little hands," he said, "with the honor intrusted to you?"

CHAPTER L.

Lord St. Just was literally overwhelmed. He was not a hard or stern man—he was lenient, merciful, considerate. He could make excuses and allowances; he was slow to condemn.

But his wife's confession horrified him—he could not recover from the impression that it had made upon him—he could not realize it; that the noble lady he had worshiped as the pattern of all womanhood had been guilty of what she had revealed was to him incredible. Still he could make allowance for it. For her passionate love of home, for her intense pride in it, for her horror of all desecration of it, for her dislike of the gay Frenchwoman, and her friends, for her dread of seeing the fine old place ruined, he could allow, but he could not understand how so noble a woman, could have erred so terribly.

"What have you done, my darling," he said, sadly, "with the honor intrusted to your keeping?"

"I have sinned to preserve it," she replied.

"And in sinning you have lost it," he said. "The deed you have done brings greater shame to the Neslies than all Valerie's gayeties, low friends and dissipated. You have betrayed your father's trust, Vivien; you have tarnished the honor of your house far more than Valerie ever did. You have held Lancewood by fraud, which is what no Neslie ever did before; you have, in plain and simple language, committed a gigantic theft, for which the law could punish you most terribly. You have defrauded an innocent child of his rights. You have taken advantage of the fact that he was fatherless to—in plain words again—rob him. Strip your story of all false sentiment, of all sophistry, and the fact lies before you that you stole Lancewood from a child. Family pride love of race, will not hide or extenuate such wickedness."

He spoke, gravely, sternly, and every word seemed to fall like fire on her heart. She saw her sin stripped of all sentiment; she stood face to face with it now, for the first time—for the first time she saw that it really was a base, cruel fraud on a helpless child. Before this she had

looked upon herself rather as a victim; now she saw the base, horrible nature of her wickedness, and Vivien St. Just cried out with terror.

"I must unto it all, Adrian!" she exclaimed, "I must unto it all—at once. He must go back."

"Thank Heaven," said Lord St. Just, "that I hear you say so. Yes, my darling, he must go back at once."

He saw her kneel down and bury her face in her hands while she wept aloud, he heard her murmur words of little Arthur—little Arthur and Lancewood. He knew how terrible the ordeal was for her. His eyes grew dim with tears as he remembered the passionate pride in and worship of the boy who was to have been Arthur Neslie of Lancewood.

"You have sinned greatly," he said, "and your atonement must be complete. It must be speedy and entire. Vivien; the boy must go back without loss of time."

All her pride had left her now, she had sunk sobbing on her knees; she was no heroine, but a criminal; her head was bent in lowly self-abasement, in lowly contrition.

Lord St. Just sat still, wrapped in thought. The sound of the gong striking for luncheon recalled him to every-day life. He went to his wife and kissed her fondly.

"Vivien," he said gently, "you must rouse yourself—we have to live our lives, dear. We must eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, no matter what we suffer, what we endure. Raise your face to mine, darling wife."

She looked at him with weeping eyes.

"I do not make light of your error, my wife," he said; "it was a terrible one. But you are ready to undo it, ready to atone for it. I can enter into your feelings—I know how you loved your home—but, my darling, I cannot understand your sin. What I want to say to you is this—you shall not repent of your trust in me. I will take the whole matter in hand—I will so arrange it that, while the young heir shall be restored to Lancewood, you shall be screened. Your share in the transaction shall never be known. You will trust to me to accomplish this?"

"Yes," she said, and raising her face to his, she went on; "You are too kind to me, Adrian. I am all unworthy; I do not deserve it."

But he answered—
"My darling, you are still on your throne—the queen of all womankind for me. There is no creature living who has not done wrong, who has not yielded to temptation, who has not either more or less gone astray. Your sin was, after all, a kind of virtue gone to seed—an intense pride in your name, family and race; it had its origin in what was really a virtue. It was not of the common order of sin, although, my darling, it was the sin of a life-time. Now we must go back to the duties of life; they will be all the better fulfilled since we have resolved upon doing right, cost what it may. I will tell you this evening all that I have arranged to do."

But Lady St. Just did not go to her room to dress; he saw her go to the nursery—and he followed her, lest in the madness of her misery she should say something of which she would afterward repent.

To Be Continued.

NEW AND STRANGE.

A model of the human heart, working as in life and pumping blood through artificial arteries, is the work of a Continental physician.

The potato, hitherto grown as a tuber under ground, is now being produced like fruit from the stem of the plant. The flavour of these really "new" potatoes, is excellent.

A new cork for poison bottles ought to be very effective in the prevention of mishaps. It has a kind of anchor attached to it so that the cork cannot be entirely separated from the bottle, and it gives a warning click when the cork has reached the limit of withdrawal.

An ingenious German has devised a method of plucking fowls. The dead bird is placed in a receptacle and subjected to several cross currents of air from electric fans turning at the rate of 5,000 revolutions a minute. The bird has every feather and quill blown off in an incredibly short space of time.

The newest kind of marble for boys is one that will give a loud report twenty times in succession when thrown on the pavement, and then leaves the boy in possession of the ordinary marble of the larger size. The reports are caused by a thin layer of explosive material just under the outer covering of the marble.

A Great Reputation

HAS BEEN ACHIEVED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Not Only in Canada, But in Every Civilized Country Throughout the World—Merit Alone Has Given This Medicine Its Great Prominence Over Competitors Everywhere

The reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only in Canada, but throughout the world, rests upon a very solid basis, which may be summed up in two words—sterling merit. The Enterprise has had occasion to investigate a number of cures effected by this medicine, and knows that in some instances at least these cures were wrought after other medicines had failed even to give relief. Recently another cure came under our notice that cannot fail to increase the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the locality in which it occurred, and as we can vouch for the facts, it may well bring hope to sufferers elsewhere.

Mr. Walter H. Johnson is one of the best known residents of the northern section of Queen's county. He resides in the town of Caledonia, where he keeps a hotel, and also runs a stage that carries passengers and mail between that town and Liverpool, a distance of some thirty miles. Mr. Johnson was in Bridgewater recently, on which occasion he gave a reporter of this paper the following facts: About three years ago he was taken very ill. He had the best of medical attendance, but made very little progress towards recovery, and the doctor told him there was very little hope that he would be able to return to his former work. The trouble appeared to have located itself in his kidneys, and for eight weeks or more he was confined to bed. He suffered greatly from constant pains in the back, his appetite became impaired, and his constitution generally appeared to be shattered. At this juncture he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a half dozen boxes. In the course of a couple of weeks he noticed an improvement in his condition and he continued the use of the pills until he had taken some ten or twelve boxes, when he not only felt that his cure was complete, but also felt that in all respects his health was better than it had been for years. Since that time he has been continually driving his coach between Caledonia and Liverpool, and has not had the slightest return of the trouble, notwithstanding that he has to face at times very inclement weather, that might well bring on a return of the trouble had not his system been so strongly fortified against it through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If the blood is pure and wholesome disease cannot exist. The reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure so many forms of disease is that they act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus reaching the root of the trouble. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the trouble, and that is the reason the trouble always returns when you cease these medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make permanent cures in kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelas, anaemia and kindred diseases. But be sure you get the genuine which bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box.

BLACKBOARD

Made at Home Very Simply and at Little Cost.

It is easier to make a black wall than a blackboard, and the wall surface will be smoother if you prepare it in the right way. Fill holes or cracks with plaster of Paris and water, pressing in only a little of the mixture at a time, and using an old kitchen knife for the purpose. Now sandpaper the whole surface. The blacking consists of liquid gum shellac and lampblack. Stir this mixture very thoroughly, and paint with a clean, wide brush. Before blacking the wall itself, "sample" a smooth piece of board, and after the paint has dried, mark on the surface with chalk. If the chalk slips the paint is too thick, and should be thinned with alcohol, which cuts the shellac. If the paint rubs off after drying the mixture needs more gum. One quart of shellac and 5 cents worth of lampblack will turn the daytime of a good-sized wall into the deepest night—a night two coats thick.

REAL ENOUGH FOR HIM.

Miss Romantique—Do you think—dreams are ever productive of anything real? That is—

Mr. Rounder, absent-minded—Well I had one once that produced pink snakes and blue spiders that looked real enough to suit me.

Constipated Bowels

Give Rise to Dyspepsia and Other Bodily Derangements—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are Unique as the Only Treatment Which Permanently Cures Constipation.

Constipation, or inactivity of the bowels, is probably the cause of more distress and suffering than any other organic derangement. Once the bowels are constipated the kidneys become clogged, the liver torpid and the stomach and whole digestive system completely interfered with.

The head aches, there is dizziness, weakness and dimness of vision, pains in the back, sides and limbs, the accumulation of wind and gas on the stomach, pains and fulness in the region of the stomach and depression and despondency of spirits.

Constipation can never be cured by the use of salts and similar weakening and debilitating purgatives. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills not only cause the natural action of the bowels but so strengthen and invigorate them as to enable them to regulate perform their functions without the aid of medicines. They also act on the liver and kidneys, and so revitalize the whole excretory system and permanently cure the most serious cases of constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia.

Mrs. W. B. 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 longstanding complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

Mr. Henry Moore, Pickering, Ont., states: "In the fall of 1895 I used three or four boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Constipation and Stomach Troubles and never found anything to compare with them. I had suffered from these complaints for many years and taken many kinds of medicine, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to cure me. I am now well and strong but continue to take one or two pills a week to counteract the uric acid condition in the blood and to keep the bowels perfectly regular."

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