

## Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER L.—Continued.

He need not have feared. Nurses and children looked up surprised when she entered, looking so pale and stately. She dismissed the servants, and then took the child Arthur in her arms.

"It is all over, my little boy," she said—"all over."

She kissed him as some mothers kiss a dead child in a perfect passion of grief; tears fell from her eyes on to his brown curls and upturned little face.

"It is all over, my darling," she said.

He would never be heir of Lancewood—this child for whom she had formed such proud hopes.

"Mamma," said the little one with solemn upturned face, "why do you cry so? Am I going to die?"

"No, my darling," she replied, and then she tried to compose herself.

"Is any one going to die?" he asked again.

"No, dear child," she answered; and she thought to herself there were troubles greater than death.

She parted the soft, shining curls on his forehead. What a lovely face it was—so noble, so fair. What a noble lord and master he would have made for Lancewood! It was all over; the home she had fought for, struggled for, sinned and suffered for, would be the prey of the spoilers once again, and she could not help it.

That same evening, after all their visitors had left them, Lord St. Just told his wife what he had decided upon.

"To begin with," he said, "it would be advisable, before taking any steps to install Oswald as heir of Lancewood, to study the boy for a time, to see what he is like before placing so magnificent a fortune in his hands—not that there should be any unnecessary delay in making him master of Lancewood, but that it would be well to note his tastes and habits, so as to know better how to deal with him. What I propose," continued Lord St. Just, "is this. We are going to King's Rest; let us ask him, as your visitor, to go with us to spend, we will say, the summer vacation. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then," went on Lord St. Just, "when he is at King's Rest, and free from all school restraint, we can watch him, we can talk to him, we can give him some valuable lessons, we can teach him the respect and reverence that is due to the name of Nestle; and, when he is quite imbued with our sentiments, we can tell him the truth."

"How much shall you tell him?" asked Vivien.

"As little as possible," replied Lord St. Just. "I shall write to his mother, telling her that her boy has been restored to us by the people who stole him. I shall send a statement to all the leading newspapers, that the child was stolen, not drowned, and that he is now restored to his relatives. The affair will excite comment, no doubt; but it will only be a nine days' wonder, and then it will die away."

"But Valerie will want to know more."

"I shall refuse to tell her more. I do not think she will care; much of her interest in Lancewood has died; she is the Comtesse de Cal-loux. Indeed, I believe she will be so pleased to come back again that she will ask few questions."

"But the world—the world!" sighed Lady St. Just. "I fear we shall not escape slander."

"The world will say little about the matter, managed as I shall manage it. There will be a little wonder; a little talk, and then all will be forgotten. Of one thing you may rest assured, Vivien—the world will never attribute to you any share in the abduction; the fact that the restoration of young Sir Oswald deprives our son of the estate will exonerate you even in the minds of the most suspicious."

She turned to him and placed her hands on his shoulder.

"Our own son," she said, "our little Arthur—what shall we say to him if he asks you in the future about this?"

"My dear Vivien, there is a question of greater importance still. What shall we say to the Great Judge if we permit this injustice to go on?"

"You are always right, Adrian," she said, her hands falling listlessly by her side.

He kissed her fair face; it seemed

strange even to himself, but this sin of his wife's made him love her more dearly than ever; there was somewhat of pity, mingled now with his affection.

So it was settled that they should leave London during the week following and go to King's Rest. Lord St. Just arranged that they should go together to Hammersmith and, with Dr. Lester's consent, invite the boy to pass his summer vacation with them.

"I shall not give Dr. Lester the faintest idea of the truth at present," he said. "When the time comes for making young Sir Oswald known, then I shall give him an outline of the story, and bind him to secrecy. We cannot prevent him from knowing something of it, but he is a gentleman, and will never betray us."

They did as Lord St. Just suggested. "Henry Dorman" was delighted beyond measure at the invitation.

"Will you let me ride?" he asked Lord St. Just. "My uncle taught me when I was in America."

"Yes, you shall have a horse of your own," replied the peer, kindly, "and more than that, Harry."

Perhaps the lad was more surprised at finding his friend "Mrs. Smith" Lady St. Just than at anything. He looked up into her face with a frank, manly laugh.

"I never thought you looked like a Mrs. Smith," he said, "but I did not think you were Lady St. Just. If I had, perhaps I should have been afraid of you."

Dr. Lester bade him farewell, and, full of delight at the prospect of a glorious holiday, the boy went down with them to King's Rest.

It was a singular thing—and Lord and Lady St. Just talked of it often in after-years—but from the very first the young visitor evinced an almost passionate love for little Arthur. He never wearied of taking the child out, of talking to him, playing with him, telling him tales. He would rather romp for an hour with him than do anything else. Once Lady St. Just said to him—

"Do you not like Francis, Harry?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I like this little fellow better—better, indeed, than all the world. If ever I grow to be a rich man, I shall leave little Arthur all my money."

Husband and wife looked at each other, struck with the words. The great affection of the child for the grown boy, and of the boy for the child, became at last almost tire-some; they could not be separated.

It was lovely weather, and King's Rest looked its fairest. The woods were filled with deep green foliage, the flowers wore their brightest colors, and young Oswald was unwontedly happy. One day he heard Lord St. Just call his wife by her Christian name, and he looked up in wonder.

"Vivien," he repeated—"Vivien! Why, I have heard that name; it is like the other word, 'Lancewood.' It seems to sound from afar off. 'Vivien'—I have called some one by that name." He looked with a long earnest look into the face of Lady St. Just. "Do you know," he continued, "that I could fancy that I had called you Vivien. My Vivien, if ever I had one, had just such a face."

"Rely upon one thing," said Lord St. Just to his wife after that, "if we had not decided on doing full justice to that boy, he himself, in time, would have demanded it. I am quite certain that his memory would gradually have returned."

He asked him one day if the name "Oswald" was common in America, and the boy turned eagerly to him.

"How strange," he said, "that you should ask me that question, Lord St. Just! My uncle and I quarreled about that very name."

"Why did you quarrel?" asked his lordship.

"I am quite sure that once—I do not know when or where—I used to be called Oswald," he replied. "I often hear voices calling me Oswald even in my sleep. I have dreamed of that ever since I have dreamed at all; but Uncle Dorman said that it was all nonsense, that I imagined such things, and then took them to be true. I know, however, that at some time or other I was called Oswald."

Again Lord St. Just looked at his wife, and they agreed that he must be told all soon. Evidently memory was awakening fast within him. He had been there some time, and both were pleased with him. He seemed to have outgrown the faults of his childhood, he was no longer insincere, but rather blunt and frank; his tem-

per though not perfect, was good. Vivien could see now that his faults resulted rather from training than from anything else. He would not after all make so bad a master for Lancewood. Her husband agreed with her.

"He is a high-spirited boy," said Lord St. Just, "he is brave and courageous; he does not know fear; he is not over-obedient, and glories in an act of daring—but he will be easily managed through his affections, and that is why, before telling him the truth, I wanted him to love us. Now he is so devoted to you, Vivien, and to me, that we shall be able to influence him; he will not love his own mother so much, and we can prevent her from gaining an evil ascendancy over him. I am quite sure, for instance, that we can make him see the need for absolutely refusing to allow her to live at Lancewood; and I shall advise him to travel—to do anything, in fact, rather than submit to her guidance."

"That will be wise," said Vivien. The thought of Valerie reigning at the Abbey had almost driven her mad.

"I foresee better days for Lancewood, Vivien," said Lord St. Just. "Oswald will develop into a good man; I am quite sure of it. We must advise him to marry young; and if he marries well and wisely, there will be good times for the Abbey, depend upon it."

She looked up with a brighter smile on her face than he had seen there for some time.

"Adrian," she said, "if that should come to pass—if I should gain peace of mind, peace of soul, and see brighter days dawn for Lancewood—I shall be happy." And to herself she thought "I am escaping the punishment of my sin."

CHAPTER LI.

Lord and Lady St. Just were out in the pleasant grounds of King's Rest walking under the shade of a grove of chestnut-trees; the day was warm and beautiful, the sky blue and cloudless, the birds were singing gayly, the air was filled with the sweet breath of flowers. In the distance, where the grounds sloped, ran a broad, clear, deep river, the water seemed to sing as it ran, yet it was a deep, dangerous stream, with swift-flowing currents and whirling eddies.

"How beautiful the river looks this morning!" said Lord St. Just. "Vivien, we must have a new pleasure-boat, I find our present one not only leaks, but is unsafe. Ah, here come the boys!"

But there were only two of them, young Oswald and little Arthur, Master Francis having refused with great dignity to leave his nurse. Lord St. Just stood by laughing heartily—for the big boy had put himself "in harness," and the little one was driving him with the greatest glee, laughing as he flourished his little whip.

"Look at my horse, mamma!" cried little Arthur—his beautiful face was flushed with exercise, his curls were tossed by the wind.

He looked so beautiful that Lady St. Just caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"Do not stop me, mamma—look at my horse!" cried the child.

"Take care of him, Harry," said Vivien; "he is very little—mind he does not get into mischief. What a noble boy he is!" she said, turning to her husband. "And how strange it

would be if, after all, Oswald left Lancewood to him!"

"Oswald must marry," decided Lord St. Just. "We have fortune sufficient for our children—we need not want his."

They both remembered the words. They stood watching the boys until they disappeared behind the trees.

"They will not go near the river, I hope," said Lady St. Just.

"No," replied her husband, "Oswald has more sense."

And then, with the sun shining on them, the song of the birds in their ears, the sweet perfume of the flowers round them, they re-entered the house.

For some hours on that bright sunlit morning no one suspected anything wrong. Lord St. Just rode over the estate—he had many little matters to attend to; Lady St. Just had letters of invitation to send out; the servants were busy. No one thought of the absence of the two boys extraordinary.

Lady St. Just was more thoughtful than usual this morning—for, as they entered the house, her husband had told her the time was come when they might safely tell the young Sir Oswald his history. She was thinking deeply of all that would arise from it, or she might have found time to inquire if the boys had come in.

The first person who suspected anything wrong was one of the gardeners, who, passing by the river, saw a pleasure boat floating slowly upside down. He wondered to himself as to what it meant, and then went to the boat-house and found both boat and oars were missing.

(To Be Continued.)

THEY CANNOT STAND RAIN.

Chinamen the World Over Dread Being Caught in a Storm.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese to carefully avoid being caught in the rain. The chief reason for this is that they have a superstition that drops of rain falling on the hair breed vermin, which, with their very long hair, it is very difficult for them to get rid of. They are, however, equally careful not to wet their feet. Their care of their feet is not altogether due to the fact that the soles of their shoes are made of pasteboard and liable to be injured by soaking, but also because they believe that sore feet are brought about by getting them damp.

This fear of the Chinese of rain storms has had a peculiar effect on their mobs and armies. At the time of the massacre of 1870 at Tien Tsin the mob, after it had burned the cathedral and convent, had destroyed the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity and had murdered the consul, all the sisters and several priests, started toward the other settlement, determined to put all foreigners to death. The cathedral behind them was in flames and the mob, fresh from the torture of nuns, was hungry for blood. They started down the Taku road with frenzied shouts and the beating of drums and gongs, when suddenly it began to rain. That was the end of the massacre. The crowd covered their heads and scattered.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Tee—A Scotchman can't see a joke, they say, and yet he originated golf. Putt—Well, golf is no joke.

## 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 fullness in the region of the stomach and depression and despondency of spirits.

Constipation can not 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 regularly 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.

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. 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."

Mr. James Gardiner, Bath, Ont., says: "I was a sufferer for forty years from indigestion and constipation. At times I would go two weeks without a motion in my bowels, suffered violently from headaches. I spent a small fortune in remedies, but the only remedy that gave me relief was Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; I would not be without them for anything."

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

## SLOW STARVATION.

THE CONDITION OF THOSE AFFLICTED WITH INDIGESTION.

Flatulency, Sick Headache, Offensive Breath and Eructations, Irritability, and a Feeling of Weight on the Stomach are Among the Symptoms.

Dyspepsia, or indigestion, as it is also frequently called, is one of the most serious ailments that afflicts mankind. When the stomach loses its craving for food, and the power to digest it, the person so afflicted is both mentally and physically in a condition of wretchedness. The symptoms of the disorder are manifold, and among them may be noted, a feeling of weight in the region of the stomach, sick headache, offensive breath, heartburn, a disagreeable taste in the mouth, irritability of temper, disturbed sleep, etc. The condition is in fact one of slow starvation of the blood, nerves and body, and on the first symptoms treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sought. Mr. William Birt, a well known blacksmith at Pisquid, P. E. I., is one who suffered for years, and relates his experience for the benefit of similar sufferers.

Mr. Birt says:—"For many years I was a victim of indigestion, accompanied by nervousness, palpitation of the heart and other distressing symptoms. My appetite was irregular, and what I ate felt like a weight in my stomach; this was accompanied by a feeling of stupor or sleepiness, and yet I rarely enjoyed a night's sound sleep. When I would retire a creeping sensation would come over me, with pains and fluttering around the heart, and then when I arose in the morning, I would feel as tired and fatigued as I did before I went to bed. It is needless to say that I was continually taking medicine, and tried, I think, almost everything recommended as a cure for the trouble. Occasionally I got temporary relief, but the trouble always came back, usually in a still more aggravated form. All this, of course, cost a great deal of money, and as the expenditure seemed useless I was very much discouraged. One day one of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them, and I decided to do so, thinking nevertheless, that it would be but another hopeless experiment. To my great gratification, however, I had only been using the pills a few weeks when I felt decidedly better, and things began to look brighter. I continued taking the pills for several months, with the result that my health was as good and my digestion better than it had ever been. One of the most flattering results of the treatment was my increase in weight from 125 pounds to 155 pounds. It is more than a year now since I discontinued the use of the pills and in that time I have not had the slightest return of the trouble. We always keep the pills in the house now, and my family have used them for other ailments with the same gratifying results."

These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POISONS IN PLANTS.

The berries of the yew have killed many persons, says the Scientific American, and it is pretty well known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach pits or cherry kernels at once. Among the garden plants commonly in vogue which possess a poisonous nature, botanists mention the jonquil, white hyacinth and snowdrop, the narcissus being also particularly deadly—so much so, indeed, that to chew a small scrap of one of these bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic. There is enough opium in red poppies to do mischief, and the autumn crocus, if the blossoms are chewed, causes illness. The lobelias are all dangerous, their juice, if swallowed, producing giddiness, with pains in the head. Lady's slipper poisons in the same way as does poison ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies-of-the-valley are also poisonous. The leaves and flowers of the oleander are deadly, and the bark of the catalpa tree is very mischievous. The water dropwort, when not in flower, resembles celery and is virulent.

VALUE OF MAIL DELIVERY.

It is estimated that free rural mail delivery is increasing the value of land in Colorado, where it is in operation, \$5 an acre.