

# Heiress and Wife.

## CHAPTER II.

One bright May morning some sixteen years later, the golden sunshine was just putting forth its first crimson rays, lighting up the ivy-grown turrets of Whitestone Hall, and skimming upon a little white cottage nestling in a bower of green leaves far to the right of it, where dwelt John Brooks, the overseer of the Hurlhurst plantation.

For sixteen years the grand old house had remained closed—the plantation being placed in charge of a careful overseer. Once again Whitestone Hall was thrown open to welcome the master, Basil Hurlhurst, who had returned from abroad, bringing with him his beautiful daughter and a party of friends.

The interior of the little cottage was astir with bustling activity.

It was five o'clock; the chimes had played the hour; the laborers were going to the fields, and the dairy-maids were beginning their work.

In the door-way of the cottage stood a tall, angular woman, shading her flushed and heated face from the sun's rays with her hand.

"Daisy, Daisy!" she calls, in a harsh, rasping voice, "where are you, you good-for-nothing lazy girl? Come into the house directly, I say." Her voice died away over the white stretches of waving cotton, but no Daisy came. "Here's a pretty go," she cried, turning into the room where her brother sat calmly finishing his morning meal, "a pretty go, indeed! I promised Miss Pluma those white mulls should be sent over to her the first thing in the morning. She will be in a towering rage, and no wonder, and like enough you'll lose your place, John Brooks, and 'twill serve you right, too, for encouraging 'that lazy girl in her idleness."

"Don't be too hard on little Daisy, Septima," answered John Brooks, timidly, reaching for his hat. "She will have the dresses at the Hall in good time, I'll warrant."

"Too hard, indeed; that's just like you men; no feeling for your poor, overworked sister, so long as that girl has an easy life of it. (It was a sorry day for me when your aunt Taiza died, leaving this girl to our care.) A deep flush mantled John Brooks' face, but he made no retort, while Septima energetically piled the white fluted laces in the huge basket—piled it full to the brim, until her arm ached with the weight of it—the basket which was to play such a fatal part in the truant Daisy's life—the life which for sixteen short years had been so monotonous.

Over the corn-fields half hid by the clover came a young girl tripping lightly along. John Brooks paused in the path as he caught sight of her. "Poor, innocent little Daisy!" he muttered half under his breath, as he gazed at her quite unseen.

Transferred to canvas, it would have immortalized a painter. No wonder the man's heart softened as he gazed. He saw a glitter of golden curls, and the scarlet gleam of a mantle—a young girl, tall and slender with rounded, supple limbs, and a figure graceful in every line and curve—while her arms, bare to the elbow, would have charmed a sculptor. Cheek and lips were a glowing rosy red—while her eyes, of the deepset and darkest blue, were the merriest that ever gazed up to the summer sunshine.

Suddenly from over the trees there came the sound of the great bell at the Hall. Daisy stood quite still in alarm.

"It is five o'clock!" she cried. "What shall I do? Aunt Septima will be so angry with me; she promised Miss Pluma her white dresses should be at the Hall by five, and it is that already."

Poor little Daisy! no wonder her heart throbbed painfully and the look of fear deepened in her blue eyes as she sped rapidly up the path that led to the little cottage where Septima grimly awaited her with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"So," she said, harshly, "you are come at last, are you? and a pretty fright you have given me. You shall answer to Miss Pluma herself for this. I dare say you will never attempt to offend her a second time."

"Indeed, Aunt Septima, I never dreamed it was so late," cried conscious Daisy. "I was watching the sun rise over the cotton-fields, and watching the dewdrops glittering on

the corn, thinking of the beautiful heiress of Whitestone Hall. I am so sorry I forgot about the dresses."

Hastily catching up the heavy basket, she hurried quickly down the path, like a startled deer, to escape the volley of wrath the indignant spinster hurled after her.

It was a beautiful morning; no cloud was in the smiling heavens; the sun shone brightly, and the great oak and cedar-trees that skirted the roadside seemed to thrill with the song of birds. Butterflies spread their light wings and coquetted with the fragrant blossoms, and busy humming-bees buried themselves in the heart of the crimson wild rose. The basket was very heavy, and poor little Daisy's hands ached with the weight of it.

"If I might but rest for a few moments only," she said to herself, eying the cool, shady grass by the roadside. "Surely a moment or two will not matter. Oh, dear, I am so tired!"

She sat the basket down on the cool, green grass, flinging herself beside it beneath the grateful shade of a blossoming magnolia-tree, resting her golden head against the basket of filmy laces that were to adorn the beautiful heiress of whom she had heard so much, yet never seen, and of whom every one felt in such awe.

She looked wistfully at the great mansion in the distance, thinking how differently her own life had been.

The soft, wooing breeze fanned her cheeks, tossing about her golden curls in wanton sport. It was so pleasant to sit there in the dreamy silence watching the white fleecy clouds, the birds, and the flowers, it was little wonder the swift-winged moments flew heedlessly by. Slowly the white lids drooped over the light-blue eyes, the long, golden lashes lay against the rosy cheeks, the ripe lips parted in a smile—all unheeded were the fluted laces—Daisy slept. Oh, cruel breeze—oh, fatal wooing breeze to have unfolded hapless Daisy in your soft embrace!

Over the hills came the sound of baying hounds, followed by a quick, springy step through the crackling underbrush, as a young man in close-fitting velvet hunting-suit and jaunty velvet cap emerged from the thicket toward the main road.

As he parted the magnolia branches the hound sprang quickly forward at some object beneath the tree, with a low, hoarse growl.

"Down, Towser, down!" cried Rex Lyon, leaping lightly over some intervening brushwood. "What kind of game have we here? Whew?" he ejaculated, surprisedly; "a young girl, as pretty as a picture, and, by the eternal, fast asleep, too!"

Still Daisy slept on, utterly unconscious of the handsome brown eyes that were regarding her so admiringly.

"I have often heard of fairies, but this is the first time I have ever caught one napping under the trees. I wonder who she is anyhow? Surely she can not be some grudging farmer's daughter with a form and face like that?" he mused, suspiciously eying the basket of freshly laundered laces against which the flushed

cheeks and waving golden hair rested.

Just then his ludicrous position struck him forcibly.

"Come, Towser," he said, "it would never do for you and me to be caught staring at this pretty wood-nymph so rudely, if she should by chance awaken just now."

Tightening the strap of his game-bag over his shoulder, and readjusting his velvet cap jauntily over his brown curls, Rex was about to resume his journey in the direction of Whitestone Hall, when the sound of rapidly approaching carriage-wheels fell upon his ears. Realizing his awkward position, Rex knew the wisest course he could possibly pursue would be to screen himself behind the magnolia branches until the vehicle should pass. The next instant a pair of prancing ponies, attached to a basket phaeton, in which sat a young girl, who held them well in check, dashed rapidly up the road; Rex could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise as he saw the occupant was his young hostess, Pluma Hurlhurst, of Whitestone Hall. She drew rein directly in front of the sleeping girl, and Rex Lyon never forgot, to his dying day, the discordant laugh that broke from her red lips—a laugh which caused Daisy to start from her slumber in wild alarm, scattering the snowy contents of the basket in all directions.

For a single instant their eyes met—these two girls, whose lives were to cross each other so strangely—poor Daisy, like a frightened bird, as she guessed intuitively at the identity of the other; Pluma, haughty, derisive, and scornfully mocking.

"You are the person whom Miss Brooks sent to Whitestone Hall with my mull dresses some three hours since, I presume. May I ask what detained you?"

Poor Daisy was quite crestfallen; great teardrops trembled on her long lashes. How could she answer? She had fallen asleep, wooed by the lulling breeze and the sunshine.

"The basket was so heavy," she answered, timidly, "and I—I—sat down to rest a few minutes, and—"

"Further explanation is quite unnecessary," retorted Pluma, sharply, gathering up her reins. "See that you have those things at the Hall within ten minutes; not an instant later."

Touching the prancing ponies with her ivory-handled whip, the haughty young heiress whirled leisurely down the road, leaving Daisy, with flushed face and tear-dimmed eyes, gazing after her.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had never been born," she sobbed, flinging herself down on her knees, and burying her face in the long, cool grass. No one ever speaks a kind word to me but poor old Uncle John, and even he dare not be kind when Aunt Septima is near. She might have taken this heavy basket in her carriage," sighed Daisy, bravely lifting the heavy burden in her delicate arms.

"That is just what I think," muttered Rex Lyon from his place of concealment, savagely biting his lip.

In another moment he was by her side.

"Pardon me," he said, deferentially raising his cap from his bossy curls, "that basket is too heavy for your slender arms. Allow me to assist you."

In a moment the young girl stood up, and made the prettiest and most graceful of courtesies as she raised to his face he never forgot. In-

voluntarily he raised his cap again in homage to her youth, and her shy sweet beauty.

"No; I thank you, sir, I have not far to carry the basket," she replied, in a voice sweet as the chiming of silver bells—a voice that thrilled him, he could not tell why.

A sudden desire possessed Rex to know who she was and from whence she came.

"Do you live at the Hall?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "I am Daisy Brooks, the overseer's niece."

"Daisy Brooks," said Rex, musingly. "What a pretty name! How well it suits you!"

He watched the crimson blushes that dyed her fair young face—she never once raised her dark-blue eyes to his. The more Rex looked at her the more he admired this coy, bewitching, pretty little maiden. She made a fair picture under the boughs of the magnolia-tree, thick with odorous pink-and-white tinted blossoms, the sunbeams falling on her golden hair.

The sunshine or the gentle southern wind brought Rex no warning he was forging the first links of a dreadful tragedy. He thought only of the shy blushing beauty and coy grace of the young girl—he never dreamed of the hour when he should look back to that moment, wondering at his own blind folly, with a curse on his lips.

Again from over the trees came the sound of the great bell from the Hall.

"It is eight o'clock," cried Daisy, in alarm. "Miss Pluma will be so angry with me."

"Angry!" said Rex; "angry with you?"

"She is waiting for the mull dresses," replied Daisy.

It was a strange idea to him that any one should dare be angry with this pretty gentle Daisy.

"You will at least permit me to carry your basket as far as the gate," he said, shouldering her burden without waiting for a reply. Daisy had no choice but to follow him. "There," said Rex, setting the basket down by the plantation gate, which they had reached all too soon, "you must go, I suppose. It seems hard to leave the bright sunshine to go indoors."

"I—I shall soon return," said Daisy, with innocent frankness.

"Shall you?" cried Rex. "Will you return home by the same path?"

"Yes," she replied, "if Miss Pluma does not need me."

"Good-bye, Daisy," he said. "I shall see you again."

He held out his hand and her little fingers trembled and fluttered in his clasp. Daisy looked so happy yet so frightened, so charming yet so shy, Rex hardly knew how to define the feeling that stirred in his heart.

He watched the graceful, fairy figure as Daisy tripped away—instead of thinking he had done a very foolish thing that bright morning. Rex lighted a cigar and fell to dreaming of sweet little Daisy Brooks, and wondering how he should pass the time until he should see her again.

While Daisy almost flew up the broad gravel path to the house, the heavy burden she bore seemed light as a feather—no thought that she had been imprudent ever entered her mind.

There was no one to warn her of the peril which lay in the witching depths of the handsome stranger's glances.

All her young life she had dreamed of the hero who would one day come to her, just such a dream as all youthful maidens experience—an idol they enshrine in their innermost heart, and worship in secret, never dreaming of a cold, dark time when the idol may lie shattered in ruins at their feet. How little knew gentle Daisy Brooks of the fatal love which would drag her down to her doom!

(To Be Continued.)

## SHADOWGRAPHS.

Stretch a white cloth or a large sheet of white paper on the wall in a darkened room, and opposite to it place a small table, on which there is a lighted candle. Put a book, or some similar object, between the candle and the cloth so that it will cut off the light from the latter, leaving it comparatively dark.

When you are ready to show your pictures hold a mirror sideways before the candle at such an angle that the reflection will be thrown on the cloth. The pictures that you show will be really silhouettes, and you will need, therefore, little figures cut out of stiff paper. Hold one of them between the candle and the mirror, and its sharply-defined shadow will be thrown on the cloth. By moving it forward you may make it appear to walk across the cloth. The effect will be all the better if you make the mirror fast so that you may use both hands in moving the figures. Thus you may get a variety of movements, even in two directions at the same time.

# Hope Had Departed.

## THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S RESCUE FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

For Years Her Life Was One of Misery—Her Feet and Limbs Would Swell Frightfully and She Became Unable to do Her Household Work.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked by the proprietor "If ever there was a friend to woman, it is those pills." She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:—

"My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and am happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick despondent, useless condition, to my present state of health, and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits, I might mention, but suffice it to say I would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womankind. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A THORN IN THE FINGER.

A simple way of removing a thorn from a child's hand is to press a small key over it. When the key is removed the thorn will probably be found sticking out enough to allow it to be caught hold of and drawn out by tweezers. When the thorn refuses to come out a bread poultice should be put on for an hour or so to draw it, as it is very dangerous for it to remain in the flesh any length of time.

## A HOSPITAL FOR PLANTS.

There are few Paris windows, especially in the poorer quarters, where plants growing in pots are not seen. A rich philanthropist has had the queer idea of opening a free hospital for sick plants in the Faubourg St. Antoine. There are big green houses with plenty of gardeners who look after the plants that are brought in till they recover and then return them to their owners.

# The Young Grow Old Before Their Time.

When youth shows infirmity, when old age creeps in before its time, when the days that should be the best of manhood and womanhood are burdened with aches, pain and weakness, we know that the nervous system is wearing out and that there is imminent danger of nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

How we admire the old in years—crowned with silvered hair, yet erect in stature, faculties retained with vigor necessary to the declining years—cheerful, bright, grand old age. How lamentable is youthful infirmity, middle-aged enfeeblement, parting of the ways too soon, told by restlessness, starting up violently during sleep, morning languor, tired, fagged, worn-out, trembling limbs, worried brain, mind aimless and depressed.

Whatever the indirect cause, the condition is lack of Nerve Force—nerve

waste has not been repaired. It won't repair itself. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food furnishes in condensed pill form the nerve nutriment which repairs nerve waste. There rests the secret of the wonderful cures made by this great nerve-building medicine.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Is prepared in condensed pill form and on every box is found the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase. Insist on having the genuine, 50cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanston Bates & Co. Toronto.