

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER IV.

"Daisy," said Rex, gently, as he led her away from the lights and the echoing music out into the starlight that shone with a soft, silvery radiance over hill and vale, "I shall never forgive myself for being the cause of the cruel insult you have been forced to endure to-night. I declare it's a shame. I shall tell Pluma so to-morrow."

"Oh, no—no—please don't, Mr. Rex. I—I—had no right to waltz with you," sobbed Daisy, "when I knew you were Pluma's lover."

"Don't say that, Daisy," responded Rex, warmly. "I am glad, after all, everything has happened just as it did, otherwise I should never have known just how dear a certain little girl had grown to me; besides, I am not Pluma's lover, and never shall be now."

"You have quarreled with her for my sake," whispered Daisy, regretfully. "I am so sorry—indeed I am."

Daisy little dreamed, as she watched the deep flush rise to Rex's face, it was of her he was thinking, and not Pluma, by the words, "a certain little girl."

Rex saw she did not understand him; he stopped short in the path, gazing down into those great, dreamy pleading eyes that affected him so strangely.

"Daisy," he said, gently, taking her little clinging hands from his arm, and clasping them in his own, "you must not be startled at what I am going to tell you. When I met you under the magnolia boughs, I knew I had met my fate. I said to myself; 'She, and no other, shall be my wife.'"

"Your wife," she cried, looking at him in alarm. "Please don't say so. I don't want to be your wife."

"Why not, Daisy?" he asked, quickly.

"Because you are so far above me," sobbed Daisy. "You are so rich, and I am only poor little Daisy Brooks."

Oh, how soft and beautiful were the eyes swimming in tears and lifted so timidly to his face! She could not have touched Rex more deeply. Daisy was his first love, and he loved her from the first moment their eyes met, with all the strength of his boyish, passionate nature; so it is not strange that the thought of possessing her, years sooner than he should have dared hope, made his young blood stir with ecstasy even though he knew it was wrong.

"Wealth shall be no barrier between us, Daisy," he cried. "What is all the wealth in the world compared to love? Do not say that again. Love outweighs everything. Even though you bid me go away and forget you, Daisy, I could not do it. I can not live without you."

"Do you really love me so much in so short a time?" she asked, blushing.

"My love can not be measured by the length of time I have known you," he answered, eagerly. "Why, Daisy, the strongest and deepest love men have ever felt have come to them suddenly, without warning."

The glamor of love was upon him; he could see no fault in pretty little artless Daisy. True, she had not been educated abroad like Pluma, but that did not matter; such a lovely rosy mouth was made for kisses, not grammar.

Rex stood in suspense beside her, eagerly watching the conflict going on in the girl's heart.

"Don't refuse me, Daisy," he cried, "give me the right to protect you forever from the cold world; let us be married to-night. We will keep it a secret if you say so. You must—you must, Daisy, for I can not give you up."

Rex was so eager, so earnest, so thoroughly the impassioned lover! His hands were clinging to her own, his dark, handsome face drooped near hers, his pleading eyes searching her very soul.

Daisy was young, romantic, and impassioned; a thousand thoughts rushed through her brain, it would be so nice to have a young husband to love her and care for her like Rex, so handsome and so kind; then, too, she would have plenty of dresses, as fine as Pluma wore, all lace and puffs; she might have a carriage and ponies, too; and when she rolled by the little cottage, Septima, who had always been so cruel to her, would courtesy to her, as she did when Pluma, the naughty young heiress, passed. The peachy bloom on her cheeks

deepened; with Daisy's thoughtless clinging, nature, her craving for love and protection, her implicit faith in Rex, who had protected her so nobly at the fete—it is not to be wondered at that Rex won the day.

Shyly Daisy raised her blue eyes to his face—and he read a shy, sweet consent that thrilled his very soul.

"You shall never regret this hour, my darling," he cried, then in the soft silvery twilight he took her to his heart and kissed her rapturously.

His mother's bitter anger, so sure to follow—the cold, haughty mother, who never forgot or forgave an injury, and his little sister's sorrow were at that moment quite forgotten—even if they had been remembered they would have weighed as light as a feather compared with his lovely little Daisy with the golden hair and eyes of blue looking up at him so trustingly.

Daisy never forgot that walk through the sweet pink clover to the little chapel on the banks of the lonely river. The crickets chirped in the long green grass, and the breeze swayed the branches of the tall leafy trees, rocking the little birds in their nests.

A sudden, swift, terrified look crept up into Daisy's face as they entered the dim shadowy parlor. Rex took her trembling chilled hands in his own; if he had not, at that moment, Daisy would have fled from the room.

"Only a little courage, Daisy," he whispered, "then a life of happiness."

Then as if in a dream she stood quite still by his side, while the fatal ceremony went on; in a confused murmur she heard the questions and responses of her lover, and answered the questions put to her; then Rex turned to her with a smile and a kiss.

Poor little thoughtless Daisy—it was done—in a moment she had sown the seeds from which was to spring up a harvest of woe so terrible that her wildest imagination could not have painted it.

"Are we really married, Rex?" she whispered, as he led her out again into the starlight; "it seems so much like a dream."

He bent his handsome head and kissed his pretty child-bride. Daisy drew back with a startled cry—his lips were as cold as ice.

"Yes, you are my very own now," he whispered. "No one shall ever have the right to scold you again; you are mine now, Daisy, but we must keep it a secret from every one for a while, darling. You will do this for my sake, won't you, Daisy?" he asked. "I am rich, as far as the world knows, but it was left to me under peculiar conditions. I—I—do not like to tell you what those conditions were, Daisy."

"Please tell me, Rex," she said, timidly; "you know I am your—your—wife—now."

Daisy blushed so prettily as she spoke, Rex could not refrain from catching her up in his arms and kissing her.

"You shall know, my darling," he cried. "The conditions were I should marry the bride whom my mother selected for me. I was as much startled as you will be, Daisy, when you hear who it was—Pluma Hurlhurst, of Whitestone Hall."

"But you can not marry her now, Rex," whispered the little child-bride, nestling closer in his embrace.

"No; nor I would not if I could. I love you the best, my pretty wild flower. I would not exchange you, sweet, for all the world. I have only told you this so you will see why it is necessary to keep our marriage a secret—for the present, at least."

Daisy readily consented. "You are very wise, Rex," she said. "I will do just as you tell me."

By this time they had reached Daisy's home.

"I will meet you to-morrow at the magnolia-tree, where first I found my little wood-nymph, as I shall always call you. Then we can talk matters over better. You will be sure to come while the dew sparkles on your pretty namesakes?" he asked, eagerly.

Before she had time to answer the cottage door opened and Septima appeared in the doorway. Rex was obliged to content himself with snatching a hasty kiss from the rosy lips. The next moment he was alone.

He walked slowly back through the tangled brushwood—not to White-

stone Hall, but to an adjoining hostelry—feeling as though he were in a new world. True, it was hard to be separated from his little child-bride. But Rex had a clever brain; he meant to think of some plan out of the present difficulty. His face flushed and paled as he thought of his new position; it seemed to him every one must certainly read in his face he was a young husband.

Meanwhile Daisy flitted quickly up the broad gravel path to the little cottage, wondering if it were a dream.

"Well!" said Septima, sharply, "this is a pretty time o' night to come dancing home, leaving me all alone with the baking! If I hadn't my hands full of dough, I'd give your ears a sound boxing! I'll see you're never out after dark again, I'll warrant."

For a moment Daisy's blue eyes blazed, giving way to a roguish smile.

"I wonder what she would say if she knew I was Daisy Brooks no longer, but Mrs. Rex Lyon?" she thought, untying the blue ribbons of her hat. And she laughed outright as she thought how amazed Septima would look; and the laugh sounded like the ripple of a mountain brook.

"Now, Aunt Seppy," coaxed Daisy, slipping up behind her and flinging her plump little arms around the irate spinster's neck, "please don't be cross. Indeed I was very particularly detained."

Septima shook off the clinging arms angrily.

"You can't coax me into upholding you with your soft, purring ways. I'm not, Brother John, to be hoodwinked so easily. Detained! A likely story!"

"No," laughed Daisy; "but you are dear old Uncle John's sister, and I could love you for that, if for nothing else. But, I really was detained, though. Where's Uncle John?"

"He's gone to the Hall after you, I reckon. I told him he had better stop at home—you were like a bad penny, sure to find your way back."

A sudden terror blanched Daisy's face.

"When did he go, Aunt Seppy?" she asked, her heart throbbing so loudly she was sure Septima would hear it.

"An hour or more ago."

Daisy hastily picked up her hat again.

"Where are you going?" demanded Septima, sharply.

"I—I—am going to meet Uncle John. Please don't stop me," she cried, darting with the speed of a young gazelle past the hand that was stretched out to stay her mad flight. "I—I—must go!"

CHAPTER V.

"I say you shall not," cried Septima, planting herself firmly before her. "You shall not leave this house to-night."

"You have no right to keep me here," panted Daisy. "I am—I am—" The words died away on her lips. Rex had told her she must not tell just yet.

"You are a rash little fool," cried Septima, wrathfully. "You are the bane of my life and have been ever since that stormy winter night John brought you here. I told him then to wash his hands of the whole matter; you would grow up a willful, impetu-

ous mix, and turn out at last like your mother."

Daisy sprung to her feet like lightning, her velvet eyes blazing, her breath coming quick and hot.

"Speak of me as lightly as you will, Aunt Septima," she cried, "but you must spare my mother's name! Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, flinging herself down on her knees, and sobbing piteously, "if you had only taken me with you, down into the dark cruel waters!"

"I only wish to Heaven she had!" fervently ejaculated Septima.

At that moment a quick, hurried step sounded on the gravel path without, and John Brooks hastily entered the room.

"Ah! thank God! here you are, Daisy. I was over at the Hall for you, and they told me you had left some hours before. I knew you had not been home, and I was sorely afraid something had happened to you."

Ah! how little he knew! Something had happened to her, the darkest and cruellest shadow that had ever darkened a girl's life was slowly gathering above her innocent head, and was soon to break, carrying in its turbulent depths a sorrow more bitter than death to bear.

John Brooks glanced inquiringly from the one to the other, intuitively guessing he must have interrupted a scene.

Daisy had struggled up from her knees to a sitting posture, putting her hair, curled into a thousand shining rings, away from her flushed face.

(To Be Continued.)

MILLIONS REMAIN UNSEEN.

It is startling when one considers how many stars yet remain to be catalogued, which are rendered visible by the photographic telescope now in use. One of the plates taken at Cambridge, with the Bruce photographic telescope, shows about 400,000 stars, or, excluding those near the edges, it shows about 250,000 in a region five degrees square. One thousand six hundred plates would cover the entire sky, and at this rate would contain 400,000,000 stars.

As, however, the stars are much less numerous in other parts of the sky the actual number within our present reach possibly does not exceed 100,000,000. How many millions are there beyond the present reach of our existing telescopes and the appliances of photography?

In 1886 a conference of astronomers was held in Paris, which led to the attempt to obtain photographs of the entire sky. Seventeen observatories agreed to take part in this work, each having a particular portion of the sky assigned to it. Photographic telescopes of the usual form and having an aperture of 13 inches were prescribed for this work, each photograph covering a region only two degrees square. So far a small portion only of these photographs has been taken.

WHEELING ON MUDDY DAYS.

For riding on very muddy days the tires of a bicycle should be pumped much harder than for riding on dry roads. This matter of inflating the tires is one of importance, as a really hard tire is not nearly so liable to slip as is one that is only moderately hard.

The Human Body a Bundle of Nerves

Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak



result in such derangements as cause indigestion, nervous dyspepsia and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear of venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general break-down of the body.

The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is instilled with nerve energy and vitality when their nerves are revitalized by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Through this great restorative prescription, Dr. A. W. Chase has made it possible to cure the most serious case of nervous disease. This great food cure tones and invigorates the system as no preparation was ever known to do.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

On every box of the genuine will be found a portrait and fac-simile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the best guarantee as to quality which any preparation can possibly have. This cut of the box is given for your guidance. Insist on having the genuine, and do not, under any circumstances, accept substitutes of any description. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanston, Eates & Co., Toronto.

A STRANGE CASE

EYE TROUBLE WHICH DEVELOPED INTO RUNNING SORES.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery Was Looked upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Wm. Thompson, papermaker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself:—"About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease (spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was also lanced a couple of times but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ESSENCE OF LIGHTNESS.

The luminiferous ether is the lightest substance in nature. This substance pervades the universe, and, by means of its vibrations, light is transmitted from place to place. Yet it must be almost absolutely without weight. The earth, the moon, and the planets pass through it, but their motion is not perceptibly retarded by it. The calculations of astronomers on the motions of these bodies are based upon the supposition that they are moving through empty space. Yet it is certain that the ether is a substance, for it is impossible that empty space should vibrate, and by the different modes of its vibration should produce the colors of the solar spectrum, the green of the landscape, the blue of the sky, and the varied tints of nature and art. The slightest substance that has been actually weighed is hydrogen gas. It is less than one fourteenth of the density of the air, and hence it is the best substance for inflating balloons.

JUST COMMONPLACE.

Candidate, alighting from carriage in very muddy road, to voter: How do you do, my dear Mr. Green? And how is Mrs. — Considerate Voter:—Hi! stop! Don't go into that mud. I'm going to vote for you, anyhow!