

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Have you been scolding Daisy again, Septima?" he asked, angrily, taking the panting little damsel from the floor and seating her upon his knee, and drawing her curly head down to his rough-clad shoulder, and holding it there with his toil-hardened hand. "What have you been saying to my little Daisy that I find her in tears?"

"I was telling her if she did not mend her willful ways she might turn out like her moth—"

"Hush!" exclaimed John Brooks, excitedly. "I shouldn't have thought would have dared say that. What does Daisy know of such things?" he muttered, indignantly. "Don't let your senses run away with you, Septima."

"Don't let your senses run away with you, John Brooks. Haven't you the sense to know that Daisy is getting too big for you to take on your knee and pet in that fashion? I am really ashamed of you. Daisy is almost a woman!" snapped Septima, scornfully—"quite sixteen."

John Brooks looked at his sister in amazement, holding little Daisy off and gazing into the sweet little blooming face, and stroking the long fluffy golden curls as he replied:

"Ah, no, Septima; Daisy is only a child. Why, it seems as though it were but yesterday I used to take her with me through the cotton-fields, and laugh to see her stretch her chubby hands up, crying for the bursting blossoms, growing high above her curly golden head. Pshaw! Septima, Daisy is only a merry, frolicsome, romantic child yet."

Daisy nestled her tall-tale face closer on his broad shoulder to hide the swift blushes that crept up to cheek and brow.

"Look up, pet," he said, coaxingly. "I have news for you."

"What—what is it?" gasped Daisy, wondering if he could possibly have heard of her romantic marriage with Rex, turning white to the very lips, her blue eyes darkening with suspense.

"Come, come, now," laughed John, good-humoredly, "don't get excited, pet, it will take me just as long to tell it anyhow; it is something that will please you immensely."

He drew from his breast pocket as he spoke a thick, yellow envelope, which contained several printed forms with blank spaces which were to be filled up. There was something in his voice which made Daisy look at him, but her eyes fell and her cheeks flushed hotly as she met his glance.

Daisy was not used to keeping a secret locked up in her truthful little heart. She longed to throw her arms around his neck and whisper to him of her mad, romantic marriage, and of the handsome young husband who loved her so fondly.

Daisy knew so little of real life, and less of love and marriage, up to the time she had met Rex! Her heroes had been imaginary ones, her ideas of love only girlish, romantic fancies. It was all very exciting and charming. She was very fond of handsome Rex, but she had yet to learn the depths of love which, sooner or later, brightens the lives of lovable women.

Daisy looked at the envelope with a wistful glance.

"I am going to make a lady of you, my little sunbeam. I am going to send you off to boarding-school. That's what you have always wanted; now I am going to humor your whim."

"But I—I do not want to go now, Uncle John. I—I have changed my mind."

"What!"

"I—I don't want to go off to boarding-school now. I had rather stay here with you."

John Brooks laid down the pipe he was just lighting in genuine surprise.

"Why, it's only last week you were crying those pretty eyes of yours out, teasing to be sent to school. I—well, confound it—I don't understand the ways of women. I always thought you were different from the rest, Daisy, but I see you are all the same. Never two days of the same mind. What is the reason you've changed your mind, pet?"

"Indeed, I don't want to go now, Uncle John. Please don't talk about it any more. I—I am happier here than I can tell you."

John Brooks laughed cheerily.

"It's too late for you to change

your mind now, little one. I have made arrangements for you to start bright and early to-morrow morning. The stage will be here by daylight, so you had better start off to bed at once, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow."

He never forgot the expression of the white, startled face Daisy raised to his. For once in her life Daisy was unable to shake him from his purpose.

"I know best, little one," he said. "I mean to make a lady of you. You have no fortune, little Daisy, but your pretty face. It will be hard to lose my little sunbeam, but it is my duty, Daisy. It is too late to back out now; for once I am firm. You must start to-morrow morning."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Daisy, throwing herself down on her little white bed when she had reached her own room, "what shall I do? I can't go without seeing Rex. I never heard of a girl that was married being sent off to school. I—I dare not tell Uncle John I am somebody's wife. Oh, if I could only see Rex!" Daisy springs out of bed and crosses over to the little white curtained window, gazing out into the still calm beauty of the night. "If I only knew where to find Rex," she mused, "I would go to him now. Surely he would not let me be sent away from him." She turned away from the window with a sigh. "I must see Rex to-morrow morning," she said, determinedly. And the weary little golden head, tired out with the day which had just died out, sunk restfully down upon the snowy pillow in a dreamless sleep, the happiest, alas! that poor little girl-bride was to know for long and weary years.

A dark, dreamy silence wraps the cottage in its soft embrace, the moon, clear and full, sails tranquilly through the star-sown heavens, and the sweet scent of distant orange groves is wafted through the midnight breeze. Yet the dark-cloaked figure that walks quickly and softly up the graveled walk sees none of the soft, calm beauty of the still summer night. She raises the brass knocker with a quick, imperative touch. After a wait of perhaps ten minutes or so Septima answers the summons, but the candle she holds nearly drops from her hands as she beholds the face of her midnight visitor in the dim, uncertain flickering glare of the candle-light.

"Miss Pluma," she exclaims, in amazement, "is there any one ill at the Hall?"

"No!" replies Pluma, in a low, soft, guarded whisper. "I wished to see you—my business is most important—may I come in?"

"Certainly," answered Septima, awkwardly. "I beg your pardon, miss, for keeping you standing outside so long."

As Pluma took the seat Septima placed for her, the dark cloak she wore fell from her shoulders, and Septima saw with wonder she still wore the shimmering silk she had in all probability worn at the fête. The rubies still glowed like restless, leaping fire upon her perfect arms and snowy throat, and sprays of hyacinth were still twined in her dark, glossy hair; but they were quite faded now,

drooping, crushed, and limp among her curls; there was a strange dead-white pallor on her haughty face, and a lurid gleam shone in her dark, slumberous eyes. Pluma had studied well the character of the woman before her—who made no secret of her dislike for the child thrust upon their bounty—and readily imagined she would willingly aid her in carrying out the scheme she had planned.

Slowly one by one the stars died out of the sky; the pale moon drifted silently behind the heavy rolling clouds; the winds tossed the tops of the tall trees to and fro, and the dense darkness which precedes the breaking of the gray dawn settled over the earth.

The ponies which the groom had held for long hours pawed the ground restlessly; the man himself was growing impatient.

"She can be up to no good," he muttered; "all honest people should be in their beds."

The door of the cottage opened, and Pluma Hurthurst walked slowly down the path.

"All is fair in love's warfare," she mutters, triumphantly. "Fool with your baby face and golden hair, you shall walk quickly into the net I have spread for you; he shall despise you, Ay, crush with his heel into the earth the very flowers that bear the name of Daisy."

CHAPTER VI

Under the magnolia-tree, among the pink clover, Rex Lyon paced uneasily to and fro, wondering what could have happened to detain Daisy. He was very nervous, feverish, and impatient, as he watched the sun rising higher and higher in the blue heavens, and glanced at his watch for the fifth time in the space of a minute.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, whisking off the top of the buttercup near him with his ebony walking-stick. "I am not myself at all. I am growing as nervous as a woman. I think I'll read little Birdie's letter over again to occupy my mind until my sweet little Daisy comes."

He sighed and smiled in one breath, as he threw himself down at full length on the green grass under the trees. Taking from his pocket a little square white envelope, addressed in a childish hand to "Mr. Rexford Lyon, Allendale, West Virginia, Care of Miss Pluma," Rex laughed aloud until the tears started to his eyes, as they fell on the words; "Care of Miss Pluma," heavily underlined in the lower corner.

"That is just like careless little tromping Birdie," he mused. "She supposes, because she knows who Miss Pluma is, every one else must certainly be aware of the same fact."

He spread out the letter on his knee, trying hard to while away time in perusing its pages.

Rex looked so fresh and cool and handsome in his white linen suit, lying there under the shady trees that summer morning, his dark curls resting on his white hand, and a smile lighting up his pleasant face, it is not to be wondered at he was just the kind of young fellow to win the love of young romantic girls like Daisy and Pluma—the haughty young heiress.

Slowly Rex read the letter through to the end. The morning stage whirled rapidly past him on its way to meet the early train. Yet, all unconscious that it bore away from him his treasure, he never once glanced up from the letter he was reading.

Again Rex laughed aloud as he glanced it over; reading as follows: "Dear Brother Rex,—We received the letter you wrote, and the picture you sent with it, and my heart has been so heavy ever since that I could not write to you because big tears would fall on the page and blot it. Now, dear old Brother Rex, don't be angry at what your little Birdie is going to say. Mamma says you are going to marry and bring home a wife, and she showed me her picture, and said you was very much in love with her, and I must be so too. But I can't fall in love with her, Brother Rex; indeed, I've tried very hard and I can't; don't tell anybody; but I'm awfully afraid I shan't like her one bit. She looks stylish and her name Pluma sounds real stylish too, but she don't look kind. I thought, perhaps, if I told you I did not like her you might give her up and come home. I forgot to tell you the blue room and the room across the hall is being fixed up for you just lovely, and I am to have your old one."

"P.S.—And we received a letter from Mr. Lester Stanwick, too. He says he will be passing through here soon and wishes to call. When are you coming home, Rex? Don't bring any one with you."

"Your loving little sister,
"Birdie."

"There's no fear of my bringing Pluma home now," he laughed, whistling a snatch of "The Pages' Chorus." "Birdie won't have anything to fear on that score. I do wish mother hadn't set her heart on my marrying Pluma. Parents make a mistake in choosing whom their children shall marry and whom they shall not. Love goes where it is sent."

He looked at his watch again.

"By George!" he muttered, turning very pale upon seeing another hour had slipped away, "I can not stand this a minute longer. I must see what has happened to Daisy."

To Be Continued.

SHIPS WILL GROW.

The tendency is to increase the size and speed of all steamers nowadays, and the rule holds good in regard to self-trimmers. Many of them will carry 7,000 tons of coal as cargo, at 11 knots, and there is sufficient evidence to support the view that the larger the vessel the more economical in proportion, is the coal consumption. A return in which are given the results of a large number of voyages by different ships, shows that a 9,000-ton steamer, running 257 miles a day, had a consumption of .036 pound of coal per ton displacement per mile. An 8,000-ton steamer, running 266 miles a day, used .038 pound, while a 7,000-ton vessel, steaming 264 miles a day, burned .048 pound. A 6,000-ton steamer, going 257 miles a day, used .054 pound of coal per ton displacement, and a 500-ton steamer, traveling 260 miles a day, .067 pound; while a 4,000-ton steamer, going 269 miles a day, consumed .081 pound. These figures show in each case speed of close about 11 knots, and they also show that the cost of the 9,000-ton steamer for coal was less than half that of the 4,000-ton boat, per mile per ton displacement, showing that the larger the steamer the less the coal consumption per rata.

ISLAND FOR SALE.

W. L. Drinkwater Carey, the new owner of the Calf of Man, has arrived in Manxland, to enter up his little kingdom. It is hardly an exaggeration to call it a little kingdom, although it is smaller than the Principality of Monaco and considerably smaller than the Isle of Man, from which it is separated by a narrow channel.

Mr. Carey's rights as owner transcend those of the ordinary landlord, for he is not a tenant of the "Lady of Man," Queen Victoria, and he even claims the minerals that may lie beneath the surface without payment of royalty. This last is not an unimportant point, as it is believed that a rich silver lode passes through the substratum of his little islet. The new owner inherits the little domain on the death of his father and elder brother. He was born in the Isle of Man, and spent his first school days at King William's College.

The Calf Island is a very desirable possession. There is only one inhabited house, and that is a substantial building surrounded by 120 acres of cultivated land. The whole island swarms with rabbits and thousands are exported yearly. Hares are also in evidence, and the rock fishing is excellent. A little harbor has been cut out of the rocks for the accommodation of the small boats that occasionally visit the place. Mr. Carey says he is prepared either to sell or let the Calf Island, and he thinks it is worth £2,000.

MALARIAL FEVER.

AFTER EFFECTS LEAVE THE VICTIM WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Miss Emma Huskinson, a Captain in the Salvation Army, Tells How She Regained Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever. A reporter of the Sun hearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better; her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered and have been in the best of health ever since. My advice to all ailing is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PARCEL POST ODDITIES.

Referring to some of the contradictory rules of the British postoffice, J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., says:—No living creature, "except bees," may be sent by post, although in France crabs and in Germany human beings may be so forwarded. The prohibition of living creatures is no doubt due to the experience of the officials charged to open parcels forwarded by entomologists, rat catchers and other scientists, though one is puzzled to account for the toleration of bees. Perhaps some postmaster-general was an ardent apiculturist; but anybody who has ridden in the Australian bush would certainly back a swarm of bees, irritated by several hours' jolting in a freight train, to clear a sorting office in record time. Arms may not be sent to "prohibited districts" in Ireland in a parcel, and "the expression 'arms' includes any cannon."

It would seem to follow that a cannon may be sent by parcel post to any other part of the United Kingdom. Eggs may be sent by parcel post, but no compensation will be given for injury to them, though payment will be made if the parcel be lost. This is why, when all the eggs in a box have been smashed into fragments, and the liquid contents have oozed out, the box containing the empty shells is invariably delivered with scrupulous care to the addressee.

DEMONS AS DEBT COLLECTORS.

In China if a merchant is derelict in paying his debts his creditor on New Year's day—the Chinaman's New Year's day—carries away the door of his shop, thus permitting all the demons and evil spirits of the universe to enter and disturb his equanimity as long as the poor tradesman lives.

The Home Treatment For Coughs and Colds.

Few indeed are the family circles from whence there has not been taken some member as the result of neglected coughs and colds. The prudent mother is constantly on guard lest her little ones fall prey to croup, bronchitis, or colds. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against consumption, pneumonia and other lung troubles.

Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to promptly loosen the tight chest coughs, to allay the inflammation, to clear the air passages and thoroughly cure the cold. Their confidence in this grand prescription of Dr. Chase has never been shaken, because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is of such unusual merit as to have attained to by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

A HACKING COUGH.

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton Street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it "honey" and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

BRONCHITIS.

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine,

Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size containing about three times as much, 60cts. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.