

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

He saw the flash of recognition in her eyes, and the blush that mantled her fair, sweet face.

"I am very grateful to you sir, for saving me. But won't you take me home, please? I don't want to go back to Madame Whitney's."

"Of course not," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "when you left it in such a remarkable manner as running away."

"How did you know I ran away?" asked Daisy, flushing hotly.

"Madame Whitney has advertised for you," he responded, promptly.

Although he well knew what he uttered was a deliberate falsehood, he merely guessed the little wild bird had grown weary of the restraint, and had flown away.

"Did she do that?" asked Daisy, thoroughly alarmed, her great blue eyes dilating with fear. "Oh, Mr. Stanwick, what shall I do? I do not want to go back. I would sooner die first."

"There is no occasion for you to do either," he replied. "You are in good hands. Stay here until the storm blows over. In all probability the madame has sent detectives out in all directions searching for you."

Daisy was so young, so unsuspecting, so artless, and knew so little of the ways of the world or its intriguing people that she quite believed his assertion.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she sobbed, covering her face with her hands. "Oh, I must go back to Uncle John, and—to—to—"

Stanwick had no idea she meant Rex. He took it for granted she meant John Brooks and Septima.

"It is quite uncertain when John Brooks returns to Allendale," he said; "and I suppose you are aware his sister has also left the place—gone, no one knows whither—the Brookses cottage on the brow of the hill stands empty."

"Gone!" cried Daisy, catching her breath swift and hard, "did you say, sir? Aunt Septima has gone—no one lives in the cottage?" Poor Daisy quite believed she was losing her senses.

"Yes," said Stanwick, smothering a low, malicious laugh, "that is what I said; but I am quite surprised that it is news to you. You are all alone in the world, you see. Of course you could not go back to Allendale. You can do no better than stay in your present quarters for at least a week or so, until you fully recover from your mad frolic on the water and gain a little strength."

"Where am I?" asked Daisy, "and how did I get here? and who lives here?"

"One question at a time, if you please," laughed Stanwick, gazing admiringly at the beautiful, questioning, eager face.

"I suppose," he began, with provoking coolness, "you have been filling that little head of yours with romantic ideas of running away from school and sailing far out to sea, and straight into the arms of some handsome hero who would save you, and would carry you off to some castle, and turn out to be a prince in disguise! That's the way they usually turn out, isn't it? But you found the theory did not work very well in real life, and your little romance came near costing you your life—eh, Miss Daisy? As for the second question, I rescued you, just in the nick of time, by jumping into the turbulent waves and bearing you out of harm's way and keeping that little romantic head of yours above water until the barge could be stopped, and you were then brought on board. I recognized you at once," he continued; "and to prevent suspicion and inquiry, which would have been sure to follow, I claimed you—as my wife! Do not be alarmed," he said, as a sharp, horrified cry rose to the red lips. "I simply did that in order to protect you from being returned at once in bitter disgrace to Madame Whitney's. Not knowing what else to do with you when the boat landed, I brought you here, and here you have been ever since, quite unconscious up to date."

"Was it last night you brought me here?" asked Daisy.

"You are not good at guessing. You have been here two nights and two days."

"But who lives here?" persisted Daisy. "Is this your house?"

"Oh, dear, no," laughed Stanwick. "Upon my honor, you are not ver-

complimentary to my taste," he said, glancing around the meagerly furnished apartment. "As near as I can understand it, the house is occupied by three grim old maids. Each looks to be twin to the other. This was the first shelter I could find, and I had carried you all the way from the boat in my arms, and under the circumstances, after much consulting, they at last agreed to allow you to remain here. Now you have the whole story in a nutshell."

"Why did they not send to Septima to come to me?" she asked presently. "Because they thought you were with your best protector—your husband."

"Did you tell them that here, too?" asked Daisy, growing white and ill with a dizzy horror. "Oh, Mr. Stanwick, send for them at once, and tell them it is not so, or I must!" she added, desperately.

"You must do nothing of the kind, you silly child. Do you suppose they would have sheltered you for a single instant if they had not believed you were my wife? You do not know the ways of the world. Believe me, it was the only course I could pursue, in that awkward dilemma, without bringing disgrace and detection upon you."

As if in answer to the question that was trembling upon Daisy's lips, he continued;

"I am stopping at a boarding-place some little distance from here. This is not Baltimore, but a little station some sixty miles from there. When you are well and strong you may go where you please, although I frankly own the situation is by no means an unpleasant one for me. I would be willing to stay here always—with you."

"Sir!" cried Daisy, flushing as red as the climbing roses against the window, her blue eyes blazing up with sudden fire, "do you mean to insult me?"

"By no means," responded Lester Stanwick, eagerly. "Indeed, I respect and honor you too much for that. Why, I risked my life to save yours, and shielded your honor with my name. Had I been your husband in very truth I could not have done more."

Daisy covered her face with her hands.

"I thank you very much for saving me," she sobbed, "but won't you please go away and leave me to myself?"

Roué and villain as Lester Stanwick was, he could not help feeling touched by the innocence and beauty of little Daisy, and from that instant he loved her with a wild, absorbing, passionate love, and he made a vow, then and there, that he would win her.

From their boyhood up Rex and Lester had been rivals. At college Rex had carried off the honors with flying colors. Pluma Hurlhurst, the wealthy heiress, had chosen Rex in preference to himself. He stood little chance with the bright-eyed maid-

ons compared with handsome, careless, winning Rex Lyon.

Quite unobserved he had witnessed the meeting between Rex and Daisy at the fountain, and how tenderly he clasped her in his arms as they waltzed together in the mellow light, to the delicious strains of the "Blue Danube," and knowing Rex as well as he did, he knew for the first time in life Rex's heart was touched.

"It would be a glorious revenge," Stanwick had muttered to himself, "if I could win her from him." Then a sordid motive of revenge alone prompted him—now he was beginning to experience the sweet thrillings of awakened love himself. Yes, he had learned to love Daisy for her own sweet self.

He smiled as he thought of the last words Pluma Hurlhurst had said to him; "Revenge is sweet, Lester, when love is turned to bitter hatred. Help me to drag Rex Lyon's pride as low as he has this night dragged mine, and you shall have my hand as your reward. My father is an invalid—he can not live much longer—then you will be master of Whitestone Hall." As he had walked down the broad gravel path, running his eye over the vast plantation stretching afar on all sides, like a field of snow, as the moonlight fell upon the waving cotton, he owned to himself it was a fair domain well worth the winning.

But as he stood there, gazing silently down upon little Daisy's face—how strange it was—he would have given up twenty such inheritances for the hope of making sweet little Daisy Brooks his wife.

It was well for Daisy Brooks he little dreamed of the great barrier which lay between them, shutting him out completely from all thoughts of love in Daisy's romantic heart.

CHAPTER XII.

"Please go away," sobbed Daisy. "Leave me to myself, and I will get up."

"Very well," said Stanwick, involuntarily rising her little white hands courteously to his lips; "and remember, I warn you, for your own sake, not to dispute the assertion I have made—that you are my wife."

"Why?" asked Daisy, wistfully. "They will forgive me when I tell them how it all came about."

"You do not know women's ways," he replied. "They would hand you over at once to the authorities; you would bring disgrace and ruin upon your own head, and bitter shame to John Brooks's heart. I know him well enough to believe he would never forgive you. On the other hand, when you feel well enough to depart, you can simply say you are going away with your husband. No one will think of detaining you; you will be free as the wind to go where you will. It will cost you but a few words. Remember, there are occasions when it is necessary to prevaricate in order to prevent greater evils—this is one of them."

Daisy could not dispute this specious logic, and she suffered herself to be persuaded against her will and better judgment. She was dreadfully homesick, poor little soul! and to go back to Allendale, to Rex, was the one wish of her heart. But would he clasp her in his arms if a shadow of disgrace blotted her fair name? She

She would go back to him and kneel at his feet, and tell him why she had left Mme. Whitney's. She certainly meant to tell him what followed, and, with her little warm cheek pressed close to his, ask him if she had done right.

At that moment the door of an adjoining room opened, and Lester observed the three ladies standing in a row in the doorway. He knew that three pairs of eyes were regarding him intently through as many pairs of blue glasses.

"Good-bye, my little wife," he said, raising his voice for their benefit; "I'm off now. I shall see you again to-morrow;" and, before Daisy had the least idea of his intentions, he had pressed a kiss upon her rosy lips and was gone.

The three ladies quickly advanced to the couch upon which Daisy reclined.

"We are very glad to find you are so much better this morning," they exclaimed, all in a breath. "Your husband has been almost demented about you, my dear."

They wondered why the white face on the pillow turned so pink, then faded to a dead white, and why the teardrops started to her beautiful blue eyes.

"I was telling my sisters," pursued one of the ladies, softly, "you were so young to be married—hardly more than a child. How old are you, my dear—not more than sixteen, I suppose?"

"Sixteen and a few months," answered Daisy.

"How long have you been married, my dear?" questioned another of the sisters.

A great sob rose in Daisy's throat as she remembered it was just a week that very day since she had stood in the dim old parlor at the rectory, while Rex clasped her hands, his handsome, smiling eyes gazing so lovingly down upon her, while the old minister spoke the words that bound them for life to each other. It almost seemed to Daisy that long years had intervened, she had passed through so much since then.

"Just a week to-day, madame," she made answer.

"Why, you are a bride, then," they chorused. "Ah! that accounts for your husband's great anxiety about you. We all agreed we had never seen a husband more devoted!"

Daisy hid her face in the pillow. She thought she would go mad upon being so cruelly misunderstood. Oh! if she had only dared throw herself into their arms and sob out her heart-aches on their bosoms. Yes, she was a bride, but the most pitifully homesick, weary, disheartened little girl-bride that ever the sun shone on in the wide, wide world.

They assisted Daisy to arise, brushing out her long, tangled, golden curls, declaring to one another the pretty little creature looked more like a merry, rosy-checked school-girl than a little bride-wife, in her pink and white dotted muslin, which they had in the meantime done up for her with their own hands.

They wondered too, why she never asked for her husband, and she looked almost ready to faint when they spoke of him.

To Be Continued.

FOOD FOR YOUR BRAIN.

Apples Said to Be the Best for the Entire System.

If you want brains eat the right sort of food. There is the rub! What is the right sort of food? A score or more of things have been recommended by just as many more or less eminent authorities, yet there is not any startling evidence of great brain growth above the normal.

After special recommendations of all sorts of fish, flesh and fowl—particularly the fish—now comes sage medical advice to eat apples, and plenty of them, not only for brain material, but for the sake of the well being of the entire system. It is argued that the nervous system is crying for phosphorus, and that apples fill the want, to the quieting of the nerves and feeding of the brain. Then to its credit, it is said that a good ripe, raw apple is completely digested in eighty-five minutes. This is a saving of power that favors longevity.

Besides being recommended as valuable and convenient food, and one that should be placed in the reach of children—particularly the first thing in the morning—apples are credited seasickness and to be an antidote for with power to relieve the nausea of the tobacco habit.

CONFUCIANS LEAD.

There are 256,000,000 Confucians in the world, beating the Roman Catholic Church in number by 25,000,000.

A Story From Life.

SHOWING HOW SUFFERING CAN BE OVERCOME.

A Mill Operator Who Suffered from Kidney Trouble Spent Many Dollars in Useless Experiments to restore His Health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Acted Promptly and Effectively.

Good health is the chief requisite to happiness, low spirits, moroseness and irritability can in most cases be traced to ill health, and in no few instances are direct symptoms of kidney trouble. These, added to the severe pains in the back which accompany the disease, make the life of the sufferer one of abject misery. One such sufferer was Mr. Darius Dean, of Jordan, Ont. Mr. Dean in an interview with a reporter recently gave his experience as follows:—"I am a saw and grist mill operator, and naturally a strong man; but the life of a miller is a hard one, with long hours of labor and frequent exposure. Some years ago as the result of this exposure I was afflicted with kidney trouble, and although I spent much money in various remedies I did not find a cure until I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the autumn of 1898, the trouble began to assume an aggravated form. I suffered from most severe pains in the back, and a feeling of drowsiness, and yet so severe was the pain that many a night I scarcely closed my eyes. My appetite was poor, I suffered from headaches, lost flesh, was miserably and wholly unfit for work, it was while in this condition that I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured three boxes. Before I had finished the third box I felt much better, and I then procured a half dozen boxes more. I used all these, but before they were all gone I felt that my health was fully restored. In the interval since then I have had just one slight return of the trouble, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon drove this out, and my health since has been the very best. I have gained much in weight, eat and sleep well and consider myself as healthy a person as there is in the county; and the credit for this I feel is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the supply and the richness of the blood, and in this way cure physical and functional weaknesses. Most other medicines simply act upon the symptoms of the disease, hence when the medicine is discontinued the patient is soon as wretched as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble and cure to stay cured. Hence it is unwise to waste money in experiments with other medicines. These pills are sold by all dealers 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.

NOVEL DISHES.

Elephant's Foot is Considered a Great Delicacy in Africa.

Lion's flesh is said to make a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India, nevertheless, it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning which characterizes the animal.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. The natives of India and Africa consider it a dainty, but the opinion of at least one European is against it. He says;

"I have tasted elephant over and over again. It is more like soft leather and glue than anything else to which I can compare it." Another traveller however, declares that he cannot imagine how any animal so coarse and heavy as an elephant can produce such delicate and tender flesh.

All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even the traveller quoted above admits that baked elephant's foot is a dish fit for a king.

When an elephant is shot in Africa the flesh is cut into strips and dried. This is called "biltong." The foot, having been cut off at the knee-joint, is saved to make a feast. A hole about three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard with burning wood. Most of the fat is then removed and the elephant's foot is placed in the hole, which is filled with earth tightly packed.

The process is completed by building a blazing fire on top. This is kept burning for three hours. Thus cooked, the flesh is like jelly, and can be eaten with a spoon. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.

DR. CHASE PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumptives if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally accepted. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive's cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the tight chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant avenue, Deer Park, Ont., writes:—"I have suf-

fered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold, which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

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."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.