

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Daisy," he said, bending over her and lifting the slight form in his arms, "they tell me some one has been troubling you. Who has dared annoy you? Trust in me, Daisy. What is the matter?"

Lester Stanwick never forgot the white, pitiful face that was raised to his.

"I want to die," she sobbed. "Oh, why did you not leave me to die in the dark water? It was so cruel of you to save me."

"Do you want to know, Daisy? I risked my life to save you, Daisy? Does not my every word and glance tell you why?" The bold glance in his eyes spoke volumes. "Have you not guessed that I love you, Daisy?"

"Oh, please do not talk to me in that way, Mr. Stanwick," she cried, starting to her feet in wild alarm. "Indeed you must not," she stammered.

"Why not?" he demanded, a merciless smile stirring beneath his heavy mustache. "I consider that you belong to me. I mean to make you my wife in my truth."

Daisy threw up her hands in a gesture of terror heart-breaking to see, shrinking away from him in quivering horror, her sweet face ashen pale.

"Oh, go away, go away!" she cried out. "I am growing afraid of you. I could never marry you, and I would not if I could. I shall always be grateful to you for what you have done for me, but, oh, go away, and leave me now, for my trouble is greater than I can bear!"

"You would not if you could," he repeated, coolly, smiling so strangely her blood seemed to change to ice in her veins. "I thank you sincerely for your appreciation of me. I did not dream, however, your aversion to me was so deeply rooted. That makes little difference, however. I shall make you my wife this very day all the same; business, urgent business, calls me away from Elmwood to-day. I shall take you with me as my wife."

She heard the cruel words like one in a dream. "Rex! Rex!" she sobbed, under her breath. Suddenly she remembered Rex had left her—she was never to look upon his face again. He had left her to the cold mercies of a cruel world. Poor little Daisy—the unhappy, heart-broken girl-bride—sat there wondering what else could happen to her. "God has shut me out from His mercy," she cried; "there is nothing for me to do but to die."

"I am a desperate man, Daisy," pursued Stanwick, slowly. "My will is my law. The treatment you receive at my hands depends entirely upon yourself—you will not dare defy me!" His eyes fairly glowed with a strange fire that appalled her as she met his passionate glance.

Then Daisy lifted up her golden head with the first defiance she had ever shown, the deathly pallor deepening on her fair, sweet, flower-like face, and the look of a hunted deer at bay in the answered velvety agonized eyes, as she answered:

"I refuse to marry you, Mr. Stanwick. Please go away and leave me in peace."

He laughed mockingly.

"I shall leave you for the present, my little sweetheart," he said, "but I shall return in exactly fifteen min-

utes. Hold yourself in readiness to receive me then; I shall not come alone, but bring with me a minister, who will be prepared to marry us. I warn you not to attempt to run away," he said, interpreting aright the startled glance she cast about her. "In yonder lane stands a trusty sentinel to see that you do not leave this house. You have been guarded thus since you entered this house; impending difficulties, I have prepared accordingly. You can not escape your fate, my little wild flower!"

"No minister would marry an unwilling bride—he could not. I would fling myself at his feet and tell him all, crying out I was—I was—"

"You will do nothing of the kind," he interrupted, a hard, resolute look settling on his face. "I would have preferred winning you by fair means, if possible; if you make it impossible I shall be forced to a desperate measure. I had not intended adopting such stringent measures, except in an extreme case. Permit me to explain what I shall do to prevent you from making the slightest outcry." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small revolver heavily inlaid with pearl and silver. "I shall simply hold this toy to your pretty forehead to prevent a scene. The minister will be none the wiser—he is blind. Do you think," he continued, slowly, "that I am the man to give up a thing I have set my heart upon for a childish whim?"

"Believe me," cried Daisy, earnestly, "it is no childish whim. Oh, Mr. Stanwick, I want to be grateful to you—why will you torture me until I hate you?"

"I will marry you this very day, Daisy Brooks, whether you hate me or love me. I have done my best to gain your love. It will come in time; I can wait for it."

"You will never make me love you," cried Daisy, covering her face with her hands; "do not hope it—and the more you talk to me the less I like you. I wish you would go away."

"I shall not despair," said Stanwick, with a confident smile. "I like things which I find it hard to obtain—that was always one of my characteristics—and I never liked you so well as I like you now, in your defiant anger, and feet more determined than ever to make you my own."

Suddenly a new thought occurred to him as he was about to turn from her.

"Why, how stupid of me!" he cried. "I could not bring the parson here, for they think you my wife already. I must change my plan materially by taking you to the parsonage. We can go from here directly to the station. I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes with a conveyance. Remember, I warn you to make no outcry for protection in the meantime. If you do I shall say you inherited your mother's malady. I am well acquainted with your history, you see." He kissed his finger-tips to her carelessly. "Au revoir, my love, but not farewell," he said, lightly, "until we meet to be parted nevermore," and, with a quick, springy step Lester Stanwick walked rapidly down the clover-bordered path on his fatal errand.

In the distance the little babbling brook sang to her of peace and rest beneath its curling limpid waters.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried,

"what was the dark sorrow that tortured your brain, till it drove you mad—ay, mad—ending in death and despair? Why did you leave your little Daisy here to suffer so? I feel such a throbbing in my own poor brain—but I must fly anywhere, anywhere, to escape this new sorrow. God has forgotten me." She took one step forward in a blind, groping uncertain way. "My last ray of hope had died out," she cried as the memory of his cruel words came slowly back to her, so mockingly uttered—"the minister would be none the wiser—he is blind."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Lester returned to the cottage he found that quite an unexpected turn of events had transpired. Miss Burton had gone out to Daisy—she lay so still and lifeless in the long green grass.

"Heaven bless me!" she cried, in alarm, raising her voice to a pitch that brought both of the sisters quickly to her side. "Matilda, go at once and fetch the doctor. See, this child is ill, her cheeks are burning scarlet and her eyes are like stars."

At that opportune moment they espied the doctor's carriage proceeding leisurely along the road.

"Dear me, how lucky," cried Ruth, "Doctor West should happen along just now. Go to the gate, quick, Matilda, and ask him to stop."

The keen eyes of the doctor, however, had observed the figure lying on the grass and the frantic movements of the three old ladies bending over it, and drew rein of his own accord to see what was the matter.

He drew back with a cry of surprise as his eyes rested on the beautiful flushed face of the young girl lying among the blue harebells at his feet.

"I am afraid this is a serious case," he said, thoughtfully, placing his cool hand on her burning forehead; "the child has all the symptoms of brain fever in its worst form, brought on probably through some great excitement." The three ladies looked at one another meaningly. "She must be taken into the house and put to bed at once," he continued, authoritatively, lifting the slight figure in his strong arms, and gazing pityingly down upon the beautiful flushed face framed in its sheen of golden hair resting against his broad shoulders.

The doctor was young and unmarried and impressive; and the strangest sensation he had ever experienced thrilled through his heart as the blue, flaring eyes met his and the trembling red lips incoherently beseeched him to save her, hide her somewhere, anywhere, before the fifteen minutes were up.

A low muttered curse burst from Stanwick's lips upon his return, as he took in the situation at a single glance.

As Daisy's eyes fell upon Stanwick's face she uttered a piteous little cry: "Save me from him—save me!" she said, hysterically, that Stanwick was alarmed, mysteriously worse than rapidly was forced to leave the room, motioning the doctor to follow him into the hall.

"The young lady is my wife," he said, with unflinching assurance, uttering the cruel falsehood, "and we intend leaving Elmwood to-day. I am in an uncomfortable dilemma. I must go yet I can not leave my wife. She must be removed, doctor; can you not help me to arrange it in some way?"

"No, sir," cried the doctor, emphatically; "she can not be removed. As her physician, I certainly would not give my consent to such a proceeding; her very life would pay the forfeit."

For a few moments Lester Stanwick paced up and down the hall lost in deep thought; his lips were firmly set, and there was a determined gleam in his restless black eyes. Suddenly he stopped short directly before the doctor, who stood regarding him with no very agreeable expression in his honest gray eyes.

"How long will it be before the crisis is past—that is, how long will it be before she is able to be removed?" "Not under three weeks," replied the doctor, determinedly.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, sharply. "Why, I shall have to—" He bit his lip savagely, as if he had been on the point of disclosing some guarded secret. "Fate is against me," he said, "in more ways than one; these things can not be avoided, I suppose. Well, doctor, as I am forced to leave to-day I shall leave her in your charge. I will return in exactly two weeks. She has brain fever, you say?"

The doctor nodded.

"You assure me she can not leave her bed for two weeks to come?" he continued, anxiously.

"I can safely promise that," replied the doctor, wondering at the strange smile that flitted like a meteor over his companion's face for one brief instant.

"This will defray her expenses in

the meantime," he said, putting a few crisp bank-notes into the doctor's hand. "See that she has every luxury."

He was about to re-enter the room where Daisy lay, but the doctor held him back.

"I should advise you to remain away for the present," he said, "your presence produces such an unpleasant effect upon her. Wait until she sleeps."

"I have often thought it so strange people in delirium shrink so from those they love best; I can not understand it," said Stanwick, with an odd, forced laugh. "As you are the doctor, I suppose your orders must be obeyed, however. If the fever should happen to take an unfavorable turn in the meantime, please drop a line to my address, 'care of Mrs. Puma Hurlhurst, of Whitstone Hall, Alledale'" he said, extending his card. "It will be forwarded to me promptly, and I can come on at once."

Again the doctor nodded, putting the card safely away in his wallet, and soon after Lester Stanwick took his departure, roundly cursing his luck, yet congratulating himself upon the fact that Daisy could not leave Elmwood—he could rest content on that score.

Meanwhile the three venerable sisters and the young doctor were watching anxiously at Daisy's bedside. "Oh, my poor little dear—my pretty little dear!" sobbed Ruth, caressing the burning little hands that clung to her so tightly.

"Won't you hide me?" pleaded Daisy, wringing her hot cheek against the wrinkled hand that held hers. "Hide me, please, just as if I were your own child; I have no mother, you know."

"God help the pretty, innocent darling!" cried the doctor, turning hastily away to hide the suspicious moisture that gathered in his eyes. "No one is going to harm you, little one," he said, soothingly; "no one shall annoy you."

"Was it so great a sin? He would not let me explain. He has gone out of my life!" she wailed, pathetically, putting back the golden rings of hair from her flushed face. "Rex! Rex!" she sobbed, incoherently, "I shall die—or, worse, I shall go mad, if you do not come back to me!"

The three ladies looked at one another questioning, in alarm.

"You must not mind the strange ravings of a person in delirium," said the doctor, curtly; "they are liable to imagine and say all sorts of nonsense."

Pay no attention to what she says, my dear ladies; don't disturb her with questions. That poor little brain needs absolute rest; every nerve seems to have been strained to its utmost."

To be Continued.

OLD STAGE-COACH DAYS.

Thrilling Incident of Those Times in England.

Adventures of varied nature belonged to the old English mail-coach days. One of the most thrilling episodes of the road occurred one night on the way from Salisbury to London, in 1816.

As the coach went bowling along, the horses suddenly became extremely nervous, and what was thought to be a large calf was seen trotting along beside the left leader in the darkness. As they neared the inn the horses became uncontrollable; and then the supposed calf seized one of the animals. By this time the horses were frantic, plunging and kicking, and it was remarkable that the coach was not overturned.

The guard laid hold of his gun and was about to shoot the assailant, when several men, accompanied by a large mastiff, appeared. The foremost, seeing that the guard was about to fire, pointed a pistol at his head, declaring that he would shoot if the beast was killed.

The "calf" was a lioness, escaped from a travelling show. The dog was set upon the brute, who left the horse, seized the mastiff and tore him to pieces, and retreated under a granary. The spot was barricaded to prevent her escape, and she was noosed and returned to captivity.

The horse which had been seized was seriously injured by the lioness, but finally recovered.

LEFT THE TRAIL.

Dunne—This is the last time I'll ask you for that money.

Detter—Realize the hopelessness of ever getting it.

HOW SHE VALUES HIM.

Mrs. Ladd used to worry terribly when her husband was away on his trips, but she's gotten over it.

Conquered her nervousness, I suppose.

Oh, no; succeeded in making him have his life insured.

YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith, of Hawkesbury, who suffered for Many Years from Kidney Trouble.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he was suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically incapable of exertion. He doctored a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. "It seemed," said Mr. Smith to a reporter of the Post, "that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do almost anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pills long before there was undoubted relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years was gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing."

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. 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.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

When a woman can't find any other excuse for being sick she says she is "nervous."

Lucy—Clara's honeymoon was completely spoiled. Alice—How? Lucy—The papers containing the account of the wedding did not reach her.

She—For my part, I would never forgive a young man who would kiss a girl against her will. He—Nor I; but do you suppose a young man really ever did?

Lucille—Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare I'm surprised that he puts up with you. Genevieve—Oh, but we're engaged. Lucille—Oh!

There are three things yet to be discovered—perpetual motion, a flying machine that will fly and a woman who does not face to the rear end when getting off a street car.

If Miss Gay devoted as much time to mental culture as she does to dress she would be a very learned woman. Yes, but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of making every other woman green with envy.

FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Walkerton Telescope tells the following strange story. Two or three years ago Mr. Perry Eli put an advertisement in the local papers stating that he had found a large sum of money. No particulars were given but a day or two ago he received a letter from one Snodgrass, of Chicago which contained some particulars of some money which he had lost here about eighteen years ago. The writer states that he had been paid \$420 in Canadian bank bills, but before leaving Kincairdine he exchanged it for gold, American gold pieces, twenty in number, had been wrapped in some brown paper and duly labelled. On arriving at Walkerton he had fallen in with the late G. G. Bobier and had shared a jug of whisky with him in the cellar of the house. On sobering up the money was gone. As Eli found the money on the beam in the cellar of the old Bobier house, and there was just \$ 400 in American eagles in the package he naturally concludes that he has found the rightful owner.

PIANO KEYS FOR CHILDREN.

Half-sized pianos are being made in Germany for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so that new pianos are made with keys half the usual width in order to prevent such injury.

The Ability of Dr Chase

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Consecoc, Ont.—Mr. James Dellihunt, Consecoc, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance, and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty

and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now, and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., Consecoc, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.