

# Heiress and Wife.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

After leaving the proper medicines and giving minute instructions as to how and when it should be administered, Dr. West took his departure, with a strange, vague uneasiness at his heart.

"Pshaw!" he muttered to himself, as he drove briskly along the shadowy road, yet seeing none of its beauty, "how strange it is these young girls will fall in love and marry such fellows as that!" he mused. "There is something about his face that I don't like; he is a scoundrel, and I'll bet my life on it!"

The doctor brought his fist down on his knee with such a resounding blow that poor old Dobbin broke into a gallop. But drive as fast as he would, he could not forget the sweet, childish face that had taken such a strong hold upon his fancy. The trembling red lips and pleading blue eyes haunted him all the morning, as though they held some secret they would fain have whispered.

All the night long Daisy clung to the hands that held hers, begging and praying her not to leave her alone, until the poor old lady was quite overcome by the fatigue of continued watching beside her couch. Rest or sleep seemed to have fled from Daisy's bright, restless eyes.

"Don't go away," she cried; "everybody goes away. I do not belong to any one. I am all—alone," she would sigh, drearily.

Again she fancied she was with Rex, standing beneath the magnolia boughs in the sunshine; again, she was clinging to his arm—while some cruel woman insulted her—sobbing pitifully upon his breast; again, she was parting from him at the gate, asking him if what they had done was right; then she was in some school-room, begging piteously for some cruel letter, then out on the waves in the storm and the on-coming darkness of night.

The sisters relieved one another at regular intervals. They had ceased to listen to her pathetic little appeals for help, or the wild cries of agony that burst from the red feverish lips as she started up from her slumbers with stifled sobs, moaning out that the time was flying; that she must escape anywhere, anywhere, while there were still fifteen minutes left her.

She never once mentioned Stanwick's name, or Septima's, but called incessantly for Rex and poor old Uncle John.

"Who in the world do you suppose Rex is?" said Matilda, thoughtfully. "That name is continually on her lips—the last word she utters when she closes her eyes, the first word to cross her lips when she awakes. That must certainly be the handsome young fellow she met at the gate. If he is Rex I do not wonder the poor child loved him so. He was the handsomest, most noble-looking, frank-faced young man I have ever seen; and he took on in a way that made me actually cry when I told him she was married. He would not believe it, until I called the child and she told him herself it was the truth. I was sorry from the bottom of my heart that young fellow had not won her instead of this Stanwick, they were so suited to each other."

"Ah," said Ruth, after a moment's pause, "I think I have the key to this mystery. She loves this handsome Rex, that is evident; perhaps they had a lovers' quarrel, and she has married this one on the spur of the moment through pique. Oh, the pretty little dear!" sighed Ruth. "I hope she will never rue it."

## CHAPTER XV.

Slowly the days came and went for the next fortnight. The crisis had passed, and Dr. West said she would soon recover. The beautiful, long, golden hair had been shorn from the pretty little head, and the rose-bloom had died out of the pretty cheeks, but the bright, restless light never left the beautiful blue eyes—otherwise there was but little change in Daisy. It had been just two weeks that morning, they told her, as she opened her eyes to consciousness, since she had first been stricken down.

"And I have been here ever since?" she inquired, wonderingly.

"Yes, my dear," replied Ruth Burton, softly patting the thin white cheeks; "of course you have been here ever since. I am afraid we are go-

ing to lose you soon, however. We have received a letter from your husband, saying he will be here some time to-morrow. Shall you be pleased to see him, dear?"

In one single instant all the dim, horrible past rushed back to Daisy's mind. She remembered flinging herself down in the clover-scented grass, and the world growing dark around her, as the terrible words of Stanwick rang in her ears—he would be back in just fifteen minutes to claim her.

Ah, bonny little Daisy, tossing on your pillow, babbling empty nothings, better would it have been for you, perhaps, if you had dropped the weary burden of your life into the kindly arms of death then and there than to struggle onward into the dark mystery which lay entombed in your future.

"Shall you be glad to see Mr. Stanwick, dear?" repeated the old lady, and, unconscious of any wrong, she placed the letter he had written in Daisy's hands. Like one in a terrible dream, Daisy read it quite through to the end. "You see, he says he incloses fifty dollars extra for you, dear. I have placed it with the twenty-five in your little purse."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you are so very kind to me. I shall never forget how good you have all been to me," said Daisy, softly, watching the three peaceful-faced old ladies, who had drawn their rocking-chairs, as was their custom, all in a row, and sat quietly knitting in the sunshine, the gentle click of their needles falling soothingly upon Daisy's poor, tired brain.

"We shall miss you sadly when you go," said Ruth, knitting away vigorously. "You have been like a ray of sunshine in this gloomy old house. We have all learned to love you very dearly."

"You love me?" repeated Daisy, wonderingly. "I was beginning to believe every one hated me in the whole world, every one has been so bitter and so cruel with me, except poor old Uncle John. I often wonder why God lets me live—what am I to do with my life! Mariana in the moated grange, was not more to be pitied than I. Death relieved her, but I am left to struggle on."

"Heaven hear her!" cried Ruth. "One suffers a great deal to lose all interest in life. You are so young, dear, you could not have suffered much."

"I have lost all I hold dear in life," she answered, pathetically, lifting her beautiful, childish blue eyes toward the white fleecy clouds tinted by the setting sun.

Their hearts ached for the pretty, lonely little creature. They believed she was thinking of her mother. So she was—and of Rex, the handsome young husband whom she so madly idolized in her worshipful childish fashion, who was worse than dead to her—the husband who should have believed in her honor and purity, though the world had cried out to him that she was false. He had

thrust aside all possibility of her writing to him; cast her out from his life; left her to be persecuted beyond all endurance; bound by a vow she dare not break to keep her marriage with Rex a secret. Though he was more cruel than death, she loved Rex with a devotion that never faltered.

Daisy lay there, thinking of it all, while the soft, golden sunlight died out of the sky, and the deep dusk of twilight crept softly on.

Then the old ladies arose from their chairs, folded their knitting, and put it away. Dusk was their hour for retiring.

They were discussing which one should sit up with Daisy, when she summoned them all to her bedside.

"I want you all to go to bed and never mind me," coaxed Daisy, with a strange light in her eyes. "Take a good sleep, as I am going to do. I shall be very happy to-morrow—happier than I have ever been before!"

She clasped her white arms about their necks in turn, clinging to them, and sobbing as though she was loath to part with them.

Ruth's hand she held last and longest.

"Please kiss me again," she sobbed. "Clasp your arms tight around me, and say 'Good-night, Daisy.' It will be so nice to dream about."

With a cheery laugh the old lady lovingly complied with her request. "You must close those bright little eyes of yours, and drift quickly into the Land of Nod, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow. Good-night, my pretty little dear!" "Good-night, dear, kind Ruth!" sighed Daisy.

And she watched the old lady with wistful, hungry eyes as she picked up her shaded night-lamp, that threw such a soft, sweet radiance over her aged face, as she quietly quitted the room.

A sudden change came over Daisy's face as the sound of her footsteps died away in the hall.

"Oh, God! help me!" she cried, piteously, struggling to her feet. "I must be far away from here when daylight breaks."

She was so weak she almost fell back on her bed again when she attempted to rise. The thought of the morrow lent strength to her flagging energies. A strange mist seemed rising before her. Twice she seemed near fainting, but her indomitable courage kept her from sinking, as she thought of what the morrow would have in store for her.

Quietly she counted over the little store in her purse by the moon's rays. "Seventy dollars! Oh, I could never use all that in my life!" she cried. "Besides, I could never touch one cent of Stanwick's money. It would burn my fingers—I am sure it would!"

Folding the bill carefully in two she placed it beneath her little snowy ruffled pillow. Then catching up the thick, dark shawl which lay on an adjacent table, she wrapped it quickly about her. She opened the door leading out into the hall, and listened. All was still—solemnly still.

Daisy crept softly down the stairs, and out into the quiet beauty of the still, summer night.

"Rex," she wailed, softly, "perhaps when I am dead you will feel sorry for poor little Daisy, and some one may tell you how you have wronged me

in your thoughts, but you would not let me tell you how it happened!"

In the distance she saw the shimmer of water lying white and still under the moon's rays, tipped by the silvery light of the stars.

"No, not that way," she cried, with a shudder; "some one might save me, and I want to die!"

In the distance the red and colored gleaming lights of an apothecary's shop caught her gaze.

"Yes, that way will be best," she said, reflectively.

She drew the shawl closer about her, pressing on as rapidly as her feeble little feet would carry her. How weak she was when she turned the knob and entered—the very lights seemed dancing around her.

A small, keen-eyed, shrewd little man stepped briskly forward to wait upon her. He started back in horror at the utter despair and woe in the beautiful young face that was turned for a moment toward him, beautiful in all its pallor as a statue, with a crown of golden hair such as pictures of angels wear encircling the perfect head.

"What can I do for you, miss?" queried the apothecary, gazing searchingly into the beautiful dreamy blue eyes raised up to his and wondering who she could possibly be.

"I wish to purchase some laudanum," Daisy faltered. "I wish it to relieve a pain which is greater than I can bear."

"Loothache, most probably?" intimated the brisk little doctor. "I know what it is. Lord bless you! I've had it until I thought I should jump through the roof. Laudanum's a first-rate thing, but I can tell you something better—jerk 'em out, that's my recipe," he said, with an off little smile. "Of course every one to their notion, and if you say laudanum—and nothing else—why it's laudanum you shall have; but remember it's powerful. Why, ten drops of it would cause—death."

"How many drops did you say?" asked Daisy, bending forward eagerly. "I—I want to be very careful in taking it."

"Ten drops, I said, would poison a whole family, and twenty a regiment. You must use it very carefully, miss. Remember I have warned you," he said, handing her the little bottle filled with a dark liquid and labeled conspicuously, "Laudanum—a poison."

"Please give me my change quickly," she said, a strange, deadly sickness creeping over her.

"Certainly, ma'am," assented the obliging little man, handing her back the change.

Daisy quite failed to notice that he returned her the full amount she had paid him in his eagerness to oblige her, and he went happily back to compounding his drugs in the rear part of the shop, quite unconscious he was out the price of the laudanum.

He was dreaming of the strange beauty of the young girl, and the smile deepened on his good-humored face as he remembered how sweetly she had gazed up at him.

Meanwhile Daisy struggled on, clasping her treasure close to her throbbing heart. She remembered Ruth had pointed out an old shaft to her from her window; it had been unused many years, she had said.

"The old shaft shall be my tomb," she said; "no one will think of looking for me there."

Poor little Daisy—unhappy girl-  
bride, let Heaven not judge her harshly—she was sorely tried.

"Mother, mother!" she sobbed, in a dry, choking voice, "I can not live any longer. I am not taking the life God gave me, I am only returning it to Him. This is the only crime I have ever committed, mother, and man will forget it, and God will forgive me. You must plead for me, angel-mother. Good-bye, dear, kind Uncle John, your love never failed me, and Rex—oh, Rex—whom I love best of all, you will not know how I loved you. Oh, my love—my lost love—I shall watch over you up there!" she moaned, "and come to you in your dreams! Good-bye, Rex, my love, my husband!" she sobbed, holding the fatal liquid to her parched lips.

The deep yawning chasm lay at her feet. Ten—ay, eleven drops she hastily swallowed. Then, with one last piteous appeal to Heaven for forgiveness, poor, helpless little Daisy closed her eyes and sprang into the air.

To Be Continued.

## UNNECESSARY AID.

Mrs. D. Spepsia, to her star boarder,—Will you please help the butter? Star Boarder—It strikes me as strong enough to help itself.

# PAINS IN THE BACK.

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

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.

## THE CARE OF THE BODY.

Great stress is laid by all instructors in physical training on deep breathing. A simple shoulder exercise that the children may take several times a day, consists in raising the shoulders slowly but vigorously as high as possible, then slowly lowering them. This may be done either with both shoulders at the same time, or with the left and right alternately. Inhale while raising and exhale while lowering the shoulders. In a case of a so-called high shoulder, which is caused by a lameness of one side, or a lateral weakness of the backbone, the exercise may be performed only on one side, that is, by the lower shoulder. The bending of the body sideways is helpful for lateral curvatures of the spine. The bending should be performed by the opposite side from that towards which the curvature bends. All exercises should be taken if possible out of doors, or at least, with opened windows. If children do not breathe deeply naturally, they should be encouraged to take quick leg work by running and leaping—exercises that demand a great deal of force in a short time. Let the children associate pleasure with the care of the body, let them run and jump and climb and shout, indulging freely in all out of door exercises, remembering girls as well as boys need just this training to keep them hardy and healthy.

## FOR THE TEETH.

Mix one ounce of charcoal, as much quinine as will lie on a dime, five grains of magnesia, and a few drops of attar of roses. Both a soft and a hard brush should be used, and the upper teeth brushed from the top downwards, the lower teeth from the bottom upwards. The inside of the teeth require to be brushed in the same way. Besides the usual brushing twice a day, the teeth should be brushed with soap three or four times a week. This is not at first pleasant, but it is very beneficial to the teeth. Soap is an alkaline preparation, besides being antiseptic, and it also helps to remove the tartar.

## SULPHUR.

Geo. T. Angell, publisher of Our Dumb Animals, calls attention to the usefulness of sulphur, sprinkled in the shoes as a preventive of the grip. Half a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur in each shoe or stocking is considered to be sufficient.

# It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust, in the urine, scanty painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease.

Mrs. Pursley, 131 Lippincott street, Toronto, says:—"I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to

add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies."

Mr. James Clark, Concession, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states:—"Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief. At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them, and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a day, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.