

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"He has had a quarrel with Pluma," she thought.

"Rex," she said, placing her hands on his shoulders and looking down into his face, "tell me, has Pluma Hurlhurst refused you? Tell me what is the matter, Rex. I am your mother, and I have the right to know. The one dream of my life has been to see Pluma your wife; I can not give up that hope. If it is a quarrel it can be easily adjusted; true love never runs smooth, you know."

"It is not that, mother," said Rex, wearily bowing his head on his hands. Then something like the truth seemed to dawn upon her.

"My son," she said, in a slight tone of irritation, "Pluma wrote me of that little occurrence at the lawn fete. Surely you are not in love with that girl you were so foolishly attentive to—the overseer's niece, I believe it was. I can not, I will not, believe a son of mine could so far forget his pride as to indulge in such mad, reckless folly. Remember, Rexford," she cried, in a voice fairly trembling with suppressed rage, "I could never forgive such an act of recklessness. She should never come here, I warn you."

"Mother," said Rex, raising his head proudly, and meeting the flashing scorn of her eyes unflinchingly, "you must not speak so; I can not listen to it."

"By what right do you forbid me to speak of that girl as I choose?" she demanded, in a voice hard and cold with intense passion.

Once or twice Rex paced the length of the room, his arms folded upon his breast. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"What is the girl to you?" she asked.

With white, quivering lips Rex answered back:

"She is my wife!"

The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they echoed like thunder through the room, and seemed to repeat themselves, over and over again, during the moment of utter silence that ensued. Rex had told his painful secret, and felt better already, as if the worst was over; while his mother stood motionless and dumb, glaring upon him with a baleful light in her eyes. He had dashed down in a single instant the hopes she had built up for long years.

"Let me tell you about it, mother," he said, kneeling at her feet. "The worst and bitterest part is yet to come."

"Yes, tell me," his mother said, hoarsely.

Without lifting up his head, or raising his voice which was strangely sad and low, Rex told his story—every word of it; how his heart had gone out to the sweet-faced, golden-haired little creature whom he found fast asleep under the blossoming magnolia-tree in the morning sunshine; how he protected the shrinking, timid little creature from the cruel insults of Pluma Hurlhurst; how he persuaded her to marry him out in the starlight, and how they had agreed to meet on the morrow—that morrow on which he found the cottage empty and his child-bride gone; of his search for her, and—oh, cruellest and bitterest of all—where and with whom he found her; how he had left her lying among the clover, loving her too madly to care for her, yet praying Heaven to strike him dead then and there. Daisy—sweet little, blue-eyed Daisy was false; he never cared to look upon a woman's face again. He spoke of Daisy as his wife over and over again, the name lingering tenderly on his lips. He did not see how, at the mention of the words, "My wife," his mother's face grew more stern and rigid, and she clutched her hands so tightly together that the rings she wore bruised her tender flesh, yet she did not seem to feel the pain.

She saw the terrible glance that leaped into his eyes when he mentioned Stanwick's name, and how he ground his teeth, like one silently breathing a terrible curse. Then his voice fell to a whisper.

"I soon repented of my harshness," he said, "and I went back to Elmwood; but, oh, the pity of it—the pity of it—I was too late; little Daisy, my bride, was dead! She had thrown herself down a shaft in a delirium. I would have followed her, but they held me back. I can scarcely realize it, mother," he cried. "The great wonder is that I do not go insane."

"Mrs. Lyon had heard but one word—'Dead.' This girl who had inveigled her handsome son into a low marriage

was dead. Rex was free—free to marry the bride whom she had selected for him. Yet she dare not mention that thought to him now—no, not now; she must wait a little.

No pity lurked in her heart for the poor little girl-bride whom she supposed lying cold and still in death, whom her son so widdly mourned; she only realized her darling Rex was free. What mattered it to her at what bitter a cost Rex was free? She should yet see her darling hopes realized. Pluma should be his wife, just as sure as they both lived.

"I have told you all now, mother," Rex said, in conclusion; "you must comfort me, for Heaven knows I need all of your sympathy. You will forgive me, mother?" he said. "You would have loved Daisy, too, if you had seen her; I shall always believe, through some enormous villainy, Stanwick must have tempted her. I shall follow him to the ends of the earth. I shall wring the truth from his lips. I must go away," he cried—"anywhere, everywhere, trying to forget my great sorrow. How am I to bear it? Has Heaven no pity, that I am so sorely tried?"

At that moment little Birdie came hobbling into the room, and for a brief moment Rex forgot his great grief in greeting his little sister.

"Oh, you darling brother Rex," she cried, clinging to him, and laughing and crying in one breath, "I told them to wake me up sure, if you came in the night. I dreamed I heard your voice. You see, it must have been real, but I couldn't wake up; and this morning I heard every one saying: 'Rex is here, Rex is here,' and I couldn't wait another moment, but I came straight down to you."

Rex kissed the pretty little dimpled face, and the little chubby hands that stroked his hair so tenderly.

"Why, you have been crying, Rex," she cried out, in childish wonder. "See, there are tear-drops on your eyelashes—one fell on my hand. What is the matter, brother dear, are you not happy?"

Birdie put her two little soft white arms around his neck, laying her cheek close to his in her pretty, childish, caressing way.

He tried to laugh lightly, but the laugh had no mirth in it.

"You must run away and play, Birdie, and not annoy your brother," said Mrs. Lyon, disengaging the child's clinging arms from Rex's neck. "That child is growing altogether too observing of late."

"Child!" cried Birdie. "I am ten years old. I shall soon be a young lady like Bess and Gertie, over at Glen-grove."

"And Eve," suggested Rex, the shadow of a smile flickering around his mouth.

"No, not like Eve," cried the child, gathering up her crutch and sun-hat as she limped toward the door; "Eve is not a young lady, she's a Tomboy; she wears short dresses and the other two wear silk dresses with big, big trains and have beads to hold their fans and handkerchiefs. I am going to take my new books you sent me down to my old seat on the stone wall and read those pretty stories there. I don't

know if I will be back for lunch or not," she called back; "if I don't, will you come for me Brother Rex."

"Yes, dear," he made answer, "of course I will."

The lunch hour came and went, still Birdie did not put in an appearance. At last Rex was beginning to feel uneasy about her.

"You need not be the least alarmed," said Mrs. Lyon, laughingly, "the child is quite spoiled; she is like a romping gypsy, more content to live out of doors in a tent than to remain indoors. She is probably waiting down on the stone wall for you to come for her and carry her home as you used to do. You had better go down and see, Rex; it is growing quite dark."

And Rex, all unconscious of the strange, invisible thread which fate was weaving so closely about him, quickly made his way through the fast-gathering darkness down the old familiar path which led through the odorous orange groves to the old stone wall, guided by the shrill treble of Birdie's childish voice, which he heard in the distance, mingled with the plaintive murmur of the sad sea-waves—those waves that seemed ever murmuring in their song the name of Daisy. Even the subtle breeze seemed to whisper of her presence.

CHAPTER XX.

"I am very grateful to you for the service you have rendered my little sister," said Rex, extending his hand to the little veiled figure standing in the shade of the orange-trees. "Allow me to thank you for it."

Poor Daisy! she dared not speak lest the tones of her voice should betray her identity.

"I must for evermore be as one dead to him," she whispered to her wildly beating heart.

Rex wondered why the little, fluttering, cold fingers dropped so quickly from his grasp; he thought he heard a stifled sigh; the slight, delicate form looked strangely familiar, yet he could see it was neither Eve, Gerty, nor Bess. She bowed her head with a few low-murmured words he scarcely caught, and the next instant the little figure was lost to sight in the darkness beyond.

"Who was that, Birdie?" he asked, scarcely knowing what prompted the question.

Alas for the memory of childhood! poor little Birdie had quite forgotten. "It is so stupid of me to forget, but when I see her again I shall ask her and try and remember it then."

"It is of no consequence," said Rex, raising the little figure in his arms and bearing her up the gravelled path to the house.

As he neared the house Rex observed there was great confusion among the servants; there was a low murmur of voices and lights moving to and fro.

"What is the matter, Parker?" cried Rex, anxiously, of the servant who came out to meet him.

"Mrs. Lyon is very ill, sir," he answered, gravely; "it is a paralytic stroke the doctor says. We could not find you, so we wait for Doctor Elton at once."

It seemed but a moment since he had parted from his mother, in the gathering twilight, to search for Birdie. His mother very ill—dear Heaven! he could scarcely realize it.

"Oh, take me to mother, Rex!" cried Birdie, clinging to him piteously. "Oh, it can not, it cannot be true; take me to her Rex!"

The sound of hushed weeping fell

upon his ears and seemed to bring to him a sense of what was happening. Like one in a dream he hurried along the corridor toward his mother's boudoir. He heard his mother's voice calling for him.

"Where is my son?" she moaned. He opened the door quietly and went in. Her dark eyes opened feebly as Rex entered, and she held out her arms to him.

"Oh, my son, my son!" she cried; "thank Heaven you are here!"

She clung to him, weeping bitterly. It was the first time he had ever seen tears in his mother's eyes, and he was touched beyond words.

"It may not be as bad as you think, mother," he said; "there is always hope while there is life."

She raised her face to her son's, and he saw there was a curious whiteness of the soft, sweet moonlight. A large night-lamp stood upon the table, but it was carefully shaded. Faint glimmers of light fell upon the bed, with its costly velvet hangings, and on the upon it.

The large, magnificent room was quite in shadow; soft shadows filled the corners; the white statues gleamed in the darkness; one blind was half drawn, and through it came white, drawn lace that lay on the pillows, with the gray shadow of death stealing softly over it—the faint, filmy look that comes only into eyes that death has begun to darken.

His mother had never been demonstrative; she had never cared for many caresses; but now her son's love seemed her only comfort.

"Rex," she said, clinging close to him, "I feel that I am dying. Send them all away—my hours are numbered—a mist rises before my face, Rex. Oh, dear Heaven! I can not see you—I have lost my sight—I may see you."

A cry came from Rex's lips. "Mother, dear mother," he cried, "there is no pain in this world I would not undergo for your dear sake!" he cried, kissing the stiffening lips.

She laid her hands on the handsome head bent before her.

"Heaven bless you my son," she murmured. "Oh, Rex, my hope and my trust are in you!" she wailed. "Comfort me, calm me—I have suffered so much. I have one last dying request to make of you, my son. You will grant my prayer, Rex? Surely Heaven would not let you refuse my last request!"

Rex clasped her in his arms. This was his lady-mother, whose proud, calm, serene manner had always been perfect—whose fair, proud face had never been stained with tears—whose lips had never been parted with sighs or worn with entreaties.

It was so new to him, so terrible in its novelty, he could hardly understand it. He threw his arms around her, and clasped her closely to his breast.

To be Continued.

KEEPING FUNERAL FLOWERS.

It is a sad fact that the floral tributes to the dead from their living friends fade and become unattractive so soon. The following recipe for preserving flowers enables them to be kept almost indefinitely as a reminder of friendly good-will.

To preserve the flowers they should be fresh and firm, of pure white or delicate tints, without green leaves. If a bouquet is to be preserved without taking the flowers apart the leaves at least will have to be replaced with some other substitute, as the process does not apply to them as well as to the flowers themselves. Take paraffine of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state for use.

Into this thin and transparent mass dip the blossoms or, if found more convenient, brush them quickly with a small brush, so as to give them a very thin coat that will cover every part of each petal, and this will form a casing about them that will entirely exclude the air and prevent their withering.

The transparency of the metal renders this coating almost or quite invisible, so that the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes their peculiar charm. Green leaves, if preserved in this way, must be coated with green wax, or with paraffine prepared with the addition of green powder paint. Chome green is best. Lighten to any tint required by adding chrome yellow. Wax leaves well made, may be used to very good advantage, or moss will answer very well for a background or foundation for the flowers.

A fire engine is merely a water pitcher.

RENEWED VIGOR.

BROUGHT ABOUT THROUGH THE USE OF DR WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years of Neuralgic Pains After Doctors and Other Medicines Had Failed.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Gainsboro, Lincoln county, Ont., are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness, and ultimate cure:—"For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unspeakable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite left me, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and as a consequence, I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my housework without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicine fails." The reporter can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do, the benefit these pills have been to her.

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.

COOL AND METHICAL.

A lawyer who worthily bears a distinguished name occupies an old-fashioned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story which is reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method.

Recently his sister tiptoed into his room sometime after midnight, and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs.

In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard. The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling at it with all his might. The lawyer, seeing the robber's predicament, called to him:

"It does not open that way, you idiot! It slides back!"

TIME'S PRANKS.

Every one notes that the passage of time seems now swift and now slow; but it is not given to every one to express his cognizance of this fact in Mrs. Herlihy's bewildering language.

Sure, an' yistherday the hours was dragging at me heels as if they'd stoned tied to them, remarked the good woman as she bent over the scrubbing-board, wrestling with Mr. Herlihy's one white shirt; an' here's to-day they're galloping that fast it's meself can't even catch the tails av them.

Yistherday at this toime, she continued, after one fearful glance at the clock in the corner, yistherday at this toime it was nowheres near half past tin, an' to-day it's all but twilve!

PARLIAMENTARY TEETOTALISM.

The Belgian chamber has resolved that every M. P. shall be a total abstainer—at least during the hours when he is officiating as a legislator.

To Know La Grippe.

The Symptoms and Dangers of the Deadly Epidemic Which is Driving so Many to Beds of Sickness—Effective Treatment Described.

Chill followed by fever, quick pulse, severe pains in the eyes and forehead, and dull pains in the joints and muscles, mark the beginnings of la grippe. There is also hoarseness, inflamed air passages and obstinate cough, furred tongue, distress in the stomach, and diarrhoea. The one unmistakable feature of la grippe is the depressed spirits and weakness and debility of the body.

With the very young, and very old, and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe are very great. Pneumonia, a violent and fatal form is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after-effects of la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victim is more than most nervous systems can endure—paralysis or prostration follows.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend

both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment, recommended by Dr. Chase cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food seeks out the weak spots in the system and builds them up. It rekindles the vitality of persons weakened by disease, worry, or over-exertion, and cannot possibly be equalled as a restorative and reconstructant to hasten recovery from la grippe, and to prevent serious constitutional complications. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates, & Company, Toronto.