

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

No thought occurred to her of being discovered there with her arms clasped around that marble pillar watching so intently the shadow of that graceful figure pacing to and fro.

No thought occurred to her that a strange event was at that moment transpiring within those walls, or that something was about to happen.

How she longed to look upon his face for just one brief moment! Estrangement had not chilled her trusting love, it had increased it, rather, tenfold.

Surely it was not wrong to gaze upon that shadow—he was her husband.

In that one moment a wild, bitter thought swept across her heart.

Did Rex regret their marriage because she was poor, friendless, and an orphan? Would it have been different if she had been the heiress of Whitestone Hall?

She pitied herself for her utter loneliness. There was no one to whom she could say one word of all that filled her heart and mind, no face to kiss, no heart to lean on; she was so completely alone. And this was the hour her fate was being decided for her. There was no sympathy for her, her isolation was bitter. She thought of all the heroines she had ever read of. Ah, no one could picture such a sad fate as was hers.

A bright thought flashed across her lonely little heart.

"His mother is there," she sighed. "Ah, if I were to go to her and cry out; 'Love me, love me! I am your son's wife!' would she cast me from her? Ah, no, surely not; a woman's gentle heart beats in her breast, a woman's tender pity. I will plead with her on my knees—to comfort me—to show me some path out of the pitiful darkness; I can love her because she is his mother."

Daisy drew her breath quickly; the color glowed warmly on her cheek and lips; she wondered she had not thought of it before. Poor child! she meant to tell her all, and throw herself upon her mercy.

Her pretty, soft blue eyes, tender with the light of love, were swimming with tears. A vain hope was struggling in her heart—Rex's mother might love her because she worshipped her only son so dearly.

Would she send her forth from that home that should have sheltered her, or would she clasp those little cold fingers in Rex's strong white ones, as she explained to him, as only a mother can, how gladly he had misjudged poor little Daisy—his wife?

No wonder her heart throbbled pitifully as she stole silently across the wide, shadowy porch, and, quivering from head to foot, touched the bell that echoed with a resounding sound through the long entrance-hall.

"I would like to see Mrs. Lyon," she said, hesitatingly, to the servant who answered her summons. "Please do not refuse me," she said, clasping her little white hands pleadingly. "I must see her at once. It is a question of life or death with me. Oh, sir, please do not refuse me. I must see her at once—and—all alone!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In the beautiful drawing-room at Whitestone Hall sat Pluma Hurlhurst, running her white, jeweled fingers lightly over the keyboard of a grand piano, but the music evidently failed to charm her. She arose listlessly and walked toward the window, which opened out upon the wide, cool, rose-embowered porch.

The sunshine glistened on her amber-satin robe, and the white frost-work of lace at her throat, and upon the dark, rich beauty of her southern face.

"Miss Pluma," called Mrs. Corliss the housekeeper, entering the room, "there is a person down-stairs who wishes to see you. I have told her repeatedly it is an utter impossibility—you would not see her; but she declares she will not go away until she does see you."

Pluma turns from the window with cold disdain.

"You should know better than to deliver a message of this kind to me. How dare the impertinent, presuming beggar insist upon seeing me! Order the servants to put her out of the house at once."

"She is not young," said the vener-

able housekeeper, "and I thought, if you only would—"

"Your opinion was not called for, Mrs. Corliss," returned the heiress, pointing toward the door haughtily.

"I beg your pardon," the housekeeper made answer, "but the poor creature begged so hard to see you I did feel a little sorry for her."

"This does not interest me, Mrs. Corliss," said Pluma, turning toward the window, indicating the conversation was at an end—"not in the least."

"The Lord pity you, you stony-hearted creature!" murmured the sympathetic old lady to herself as the door closed between them. "One word wouldn't have cost you much. Heaven knows, it's mighty little comfort poor old master takes with you! You are no more like the bonny race of Hurlhursts than a raven is like a white dove!" And the poor old lady walked slowly back to the dark-robed figure in the hall, so eagerly awaiting her.

"There was no use in my going to my young mistress; I knew she would not see you. But I suppose you are more satisfied now."

"She utterly refuses to see me, does she," asked the woman, in an agitated voice, "when you told her I wished to see her particularly?"

The housekeeper shook her head.

"When Miss Pluma once makes up her mind to a thing, no power on earth could change her mind," she said; "and she is determined she won't see you, so you may as well consider that the end of it."

Without another word the stranger turned and walked slowly down the path and away from Whitestone Hall.

"Fool that I was!" she muttered through her clenched teeth. "I might have foreseen this. But I will haunt the place day and night until I see you, proud heiress of Whitestone Hall. We shall see-time will tell."

Meanwhile Mrs. Corliss, the housekeeper was staring after her with wondering eyes.

"I have heard that voice and seen that face somewhere," she ruminated, thoughtfully; "but where—where? There seems to be strange leaks in this brain of mine—I can not remember."

A heavy, halting step passed the door, and stopped there.

"What did that woman want, Mrs. Corliss?"

She started abruptly from her reverie, replying, hesitatingly, "She wanted to see Miss Pluma, sir."

"Was Pluma so busily engaged she could not spare that poor creature a moment or so?" he inquired, irritably. "Where is she?"

"In the parlor, sir."

With slow, feeble steps, more from weakness than age, Basil Hurlhurst walked slowly down the corridor to the parlor.

It was seldom he left his own apartments of late, yet Pluma never raised her superb eyes from the book of engravings which lay in her lap as he entered the room.

To Get Strong After Grippe.

Build the System Up and Revitalize the Nerves by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of la grippe have proven fatal. How many people are now complaining of special ailments or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the result of the debilitating effects of la grippe?

The best plan is to prevent la grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully beneficial, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the aches and pains out of the bones. No ordinary cough mixture could ever attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young alike it can be used with perfect safety

and with absolute assurance that the effects will be remarkably beneficial.

If weakened and debilitated by the enervating effects of la grippe there is nothing so suitable for your use as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great nerve restorative and blood purifier. The regular and persistent use of this great food cure is bound to result in the up-building of the system, because it contains in condensed pill form, the most efficient restoratives known to man.

Though only known in Canada for a few years, this famous discovery of Dr. Chase's, the Receipt Book author, has become generally recognized by physicians and people alike, as a great strengthener and blood builder. In no case is it more successful than in restoring and reinvigorating a system wasted by la grippe. Whether weakened by overwork, worry or disease, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will renew vigor and vitality. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

my pride for long years—and my father's before me—I would will it to an utter stranger, so help me Heaven!"

Were his words prophetic? How little she knew the echo of these words were doomed to ring for all time down the corridors of her life! How little we know what is in store for us!

"I am your only child," said Pluma, haughtily; "you would not rob me of my birthright. I shall be forced to submit to your pleasure—while you are here—but, thank Heaven, the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do as I please. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine," she quoted, saucily.

"Thank Heaven the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do as I please." He repeated the words slowly after her each one sinking into his heart like a poisoned arrow.

"So you would thank Heaven for my death, would you?" he cried, with passion rising to a white heat. "Well, this is no better than I could expect from the daughter—of such a mother."

He had never intended speaking those words; but she goaded him on to it with her taunting, scornful smile, reminding him so bitterly of the one great error of his past life.

He was little like the kind, courteous master of Whitestone Hall, whom none named but to praise, as he stood there watching the immovable face of his daughter. All the bitterness of his nature was by passion rocked. No look of pain or anguish touched the dark beauty of that southern face at the mention of her mother's name.

"You have spoken well," she said. "I am her child. You speak of love," she cried, contemptuously. "Have you not told me, a thousand times, you never cared for my mother? How, then, could I expect you to care for me? Have you not cried out unceasingly for the golden-haired young wife and the babe you lost, and that you wished Heaven had taken you too? Did I ever hear my mother's name upon your lips except with a sneer? Do you expect these things made that mother's child more fond of you, were you twenty times my father?"

She stood up before him, proudly defiant, like a beautiful tragedy queen, the sunlight slanting on the golden vines of her amber satin robe, on the long, dark, silken curls fastened with a ruby star, and on the deep crimson-hearted passion-roses that quivered on her heaving breast. There was not one feature of that gloriously dark face that resembled the proud, cold man sitting opposite her.

He knew all she had said was quite true. He had tried so hard to love this beautiful queenly girl from her infancy up. He was tender of heart, honest and true; but an insurmountable barrier seemed ever between them; each year found them further apart.

Basil Hurlhurst lived over again in those few moments the terrible folly that had cursed his youth, as he watched the passion-rocked face before him.

Another man as rich as you are would have taken their daughter to Washington for a season, and in the summer to Long Branch or Newport—somewhere, anywhere, away from the detestable waving cotton-fields. When you die I shall have it all set on fire."

"Pluma!" he cried, hoarsely, rising to his feet and drawing his stately, commanding figure to its full height, "I will not brook such language from a child who should at least yield me obedience, if not love. You are not the heiress of Whitestone Hall yet, and you never may be. If I thought you really contemplated laying waste these waving fields that have been

my pride for long years—and my father's before me—I would will it to an utter stranger, so help me Heaven!"

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La Grippe's Ravages.

A CAMPDEN LADY CURED OF ITS AFTER EFFECTS.

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain Her Strength Until She Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said: "If you think my experience will help some other sufferer I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very feeble; I was extremely nervous, and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procure a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for a little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills and I have been well and strong ever since, and I have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, of six boxes for \$2.50.

When Raymond, the famous violinist, was a young man, he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement stating that he was to furnish music from eight o'clock to eleven. He began with an andante movement, from Mozart, a composition which opens very slow and soft. The host turned to his guests. That's just like those musicians, he said; I hired him by the hour, and see how slow he plays.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.
The humming bird does not fly as fast as many slow-flapping birds of ungainly bulk. The honey bee seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile. The quail appears to get away more rapidly than does the mallard, but he does not do it. The cormorant of the sea coast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds.

IN THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.
In 1935 there will be seven eclipses. February will have five Sundays in 1920, 1948 and 1976. There will be 380 eclipses during the coming century. The twentieth century will have 24 leap years, the greatest possible number. There will be 12 transits of Mercury across the sun's disc between 1900 and 2000.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRUTHS TERSELY TOLD.

Courage is the cure for discouragement.

Money makes the mare go, but it cannot keep happiness in the saddle.

The judgments of God are as loving as His mercies.

Saints' crowns are not awarded on the merits of their frowns.

The feet will go where the heart is inclined.

The wages of sin are always paid right on time.

The fall of the sinner is like that of a meteor, the farther he falls the faster he is consumed.

PLANTING SEEDS TOO CLOSE.

Seeds are sometimes planted too close together. Even wheat will give good results when but few seeds are used over a certain area. It is stated that in an experiment made, in which the plants were set out and allowed to multiply and again divided, a single grain produced 20,000 heads, containing 170,000 grains, which made 4 3/4 pecks. Of course such cultivation is hardly possible on an acre field, but the experiment shows that a grain of wheat will produce much more than may be supposed.

TOMMY'S VIEW.

Mr. Selfmade—Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry, and seldom had a square meal.

Little Tommy, who is tired of hearing about it,—Well, that just shows how much better off you are since you've known us.