

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Youth is blind and will not see," had been too bitterly true with him. It was in his college days, when the world seemed all gayety, youth and sunshine to him, he first met the beautiful face that was to darken all of his after life. He was young and impulsive; he thought it was love that filled his heart for the beautiful stranger who appeared alone and friendless in that little college town.

He never once asked who or what she was, or from whence she came, this beautiful creature with the large, dark, dreamy eyes that thrilled his heart into love. She carried the town by storm; every young man at the college was deeply desperately in love. But Basil, the handsomest and wealthiest of them all, thought what a lark it would be to steal a march on them all by marrying the dark-eyed beauty then and there. He not only thought it, but executed it, but it was not the lark he thought it was going to be. For one short happy week he lived in a fool's paradise, then a change came over the spirit of his dreams. In that one week she had spent his year's income and all the money he could borrow, then pitulantly left him in anger.

For two long years he never looked upon her face again. One stormy night she returned quite unexpectedly at Whitestone Hall, bringing with her their little child Pluma, and, placing her in her father's arms, bitter recriminations followed. Bitterly Basil Hurlhurst repented that terrible mistake of his youth, that hasty marriage.

When the morning light dawned he took his wife and child from Whitestone Hall—took them abroad. What did it matter to him where they went? Life was the same to him in one part of the world as another. For a year they led a weary life of it. Heaven only knew how weary he was of the woman the law called his wife! One night, in a desperate fit of anger, she threw herself into the sea; her body was never recovered. Then the master of Whitestone Hall returned with his child, a sadder and wiser man.

But the bitterest drop in his cup had been added last. The golden-haired young wife, the one sweet love whom he had married last, was taken from him; even her little child, tiny image of that fair young mother, had not been spared him.

How strange it was such a passionate yearning always came over him when he thought of his child!

When he saw a fair, golden-haired young girl, with eyes of blue, the pain in his heart almost stifled him. Some strange unaccountable fate urged him to ever seek for that one face even in the midst of crowds. It was a mad, foolish fancy, yet it was the one consolation of Basil Hurlhurst's weary, tempest-tossed life.

No wonder he set his teeth hard together as he listened to the cold words of the proud, peerless beauty before him, who bore every lineament of her mother's dark, fatal beauty—this daughter who scornfully spoke of the hour when he should die as of some happy, long-looked-for event.

Those waving cotton-fields that stretched out on all sides as far as the eye could reach, like a waving field of snow, laid waste beneath the fire fiend's scorching breath! Never—never!

Then and there the proud, self-conscious young heiress lost all chances of reigning a regal queen, by fair means, of Whitestone Hall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The servant who opened the door for Daisy looked earnestly at the fair, pleading young face, framed in rings of golden hair, so pure and spiritual that it looked like an angel's with the soft white moonlight falling over it.

"You will not refuse me," she repeated, timidly. "I must, speak to Mrs. Lyon."

"You have come too late," he replied, gently. "Mrs. Lyon is dead."

The man never forgot the despairing look of horror that deepened in the child's blue eyes raised to his.

"Rex's mother dead!" she repeated, slowly, wondering if she had heard aright. "Oh, my poor Rex, my poor Rex!"

How she longed to go to him and comfort him in that terrible hour, but she dared not intrude upon him.

"If there is any message you would like to leave," said the kind-hearted Parker, "I will take it to Mr. Rex."

"No," said Daisy, shaking her head, "I have no message to leave; perhaps I will come again—after this is all over," she made answer, hesitatingly; her brain was in a whirl; she wanted to get away all by herself to think. "Please don't say any one was here," she said, quickly; "I—I don't want any one to know."

The sweet, plaintive voice, as sweet as the silvery note of a forest bird, went straight to his heart.

Whatever the mission of this beautiful, mysterious visitor, he would certainly respect her wishes.

"I shall not mention it if you do not wish it," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, simply; "you are very kind. My life seems made up of disappointments," she continued, as she walked slowly home under the restless, sighing green branches.

It seemed so indeed. She was so young and inexperienced to be thrown so entirely upon the cold, pitiless world—cut off so entirely from all human sympathy. She entered the house quite unobserved. Eve—bright, merry, dashing Eve—was singing like a lark in the drawing-room, making the old house echo with her bright young voice.

"How happy she is!" thought Daisy, wistfully. "She has home, friends, and love, while I have nothing that makes life worth the living."

Like a shadow, she flitted on through the dim, shadowy hall, toward her own little room. She saw Gertie's door was ajar as she passed it, and the sound of her own name caused her to pause involuntarily.

It was very natural for Daisy to pause. How many are there who would have passed on quietly, with no desire to know what was being said of themselves, when they heard their own names mentioned in such a sneering manner? Daisy certainly meant no harm by it; she paused, thoughtfully and curiously, as any one would have done.

"I am sure I don't like it," Gertie was saying, spitefully. "It is an actual shame allowing Daisy Brooks to remain here. Uncle Jet was a mean old thing to send her here, where there were three marriageable young ladies. I tell you he did it out of pure spite."

"I believe it," answered Bess, spiritedly. "Every one of my beaux either hints for an introduction or asks for it outright."

"What do you tell them?" questions Gertie, eagerly.

"Tell them! Why, I look exceedingly surprised! Why, I do not know to whom you refer. We have no company at the house just now. I mean that beautiful, golden-haired little fairy, with the rosy cheeks and large blue eyes. She is not your guest, may I ask you she is? I am certainly compelled to answer so direct a thrust," continued Bess, angrily; "and I ask in well-feigned wonder: 'Surely you do not mean Daisy Brooks, my mother's paid companion?'"

"What do they say to that?" asked Gertie, laughing heartily at her elder sister's ingenuity, and tossing her curl papers until every curl threatened to tumble down. "That settles it, doesn't it?"

"Mercy, no!" cried Bess, raising her

eyebrows; "not a bit of it. The more I say against her—in a sweet way, of course—the more they are determined to form her acquaintance."

"I don't see what every one can see in that little pink-and-white baby-face of hers to rave over so!" cried Gertie, hotly. "I can't imagine whiet in the world people see her. I have as much as told her she was not expected to come into the parlor or drawing-room when strangers were there, and what do you suppose she said?"

"Cried, perhaps," said Bess, yawning with ennui.

"She did nothing of the kind," retorted Gertie. "She seized my hand, and said: 'Oh, Miss Gertrude, that is very kind of you, indeed! I thank you ever so much!'"

"Pshaw!" cried Bess, contemptuously. "That was a trick to make you believe she did not want to be observed by our guests. She is a sly, designing little creature, with her pretty face and soft, childish ways."

"But there is one point that seriously troubles me," said Gertie, fastening the pink satin bow on her tiny slipper more securely, and breaking off the thread with a nervous twitch. "I am seriously afraid, if Rex were to see her, that would be the end of our castle in the air. Daisy Brooks has just the face to attract a handsome, debonaire young fellow like Rex."

"You can depend upon it he shall never see her," said Bess, decidedly. "Where there's a will there's a way."

"I have never been actually jealous of any one before," she acknowledged, flushing furiously, as she acknowledged the fact; "but that Daisy has such a way of attracting people toward her! they quite forget your presence when she is around. 'When one rival leaves the field, another one is sure to come to the fore.' That's a true saying," said Gertie, meditatively. "You see, he did not marry the heiress of Whitestone Hall. So he is still in the market, to be captured by some lucky girl."

"Well, if I am the lucky one, you must forgive me, Gertie. All is fair in love and war, you know. Besides, his wealth is too tempting to see slip quietly without a struggle."

Before she could reply Eve popped in through the long French window that opened out on the porch.

"Oh, I'm so tired of hearing you two talk of lovers and riches!" she cried, throwing herself down on the sofa. "I do hate to hear love weighed against riches, as if it were a purchasable article. According to your ideas, if a fellow was worth a hundred thousand, you would love him moderately; but if he was worth half a million, you could afford to love him immensely."

"You have got a sensible idea of the matter," said Bess, coolly.

"For shame!" cried Eve, in a hot fury. "It's an actual sin to talk in that way. If a handsome young man loves you, and you love him, why, you ought to marry him if he hadn't a dollar in the world!"

Gertie and the worldly-wise Bess laughed at their younger sister's enthusiasm.

"Now, there's Rex Lyon, for instance," persisted Eve, absolutely refusing to be silenced. "I would wager a box of the best kid gloves either one of you would marry him tomorrow, if he were to ask you, if he hadn't a penny in his pocket."

"Pshaw!" reiterated Gertie, and Bess murmured something about absurd ideas; but nevertheless both sisters were blushing furiously to the very roots of their hair. They well

knew in their hearts what she said was perfectly true.

"Eve," said Bess, laying her hand coaxingly on the young rebel's arm, "Gertie and I want you to promise us something. Come, now, consent that you will do as we wish, that's a good girl."

"How can I promise before I know what you want?" said Eve, petulantly. "You might want the man in the moon, after you've tried and failed to get his earthly brethren, for all I know!"

"Eve, you are actually absurd!" cried Bess, sharply. "This is merely a slight favor we wish you to do."

"If you warn her not to do a thing, that is just what she will set her heart upon doing," said Gertie significantly.

By this time Eve's curiosity was well up.

"You may as well tell me anyhow," she said; "for if you don't, and I ever find out what it is, I'll do my very worst, because you kept it from me."

"Well," said Gertie, eagerly, "we want you to promise us not to give Daisy Brooks an introduction to Rex Lyon."

A defiant look stole over Eve's mischievous face.

"If he asks me, I'm to turn and walk off, or I'm to say, 'No, sir, I am under strict orders from my marriageable sisters not to.' Is that what you mean?"

"Eve," they both cried in chorus, "don't be unisisterly; don't put a stumbling-block in our path; rather remove it!"

"I shall not bind myself to such a promise!" cried Eve. "You are trying to spoil my pet scheme. I believe you two are actually witches and guessed it. What put it into your heads that I had any such intentions anyhow?"

"Then you were actually thinking of going against our interest in that way," cried Gertie, white to the very lips, "you insolent little minx!"

"I don't choose to remain in such polite society," said Eve, with a mocking courtesy, skipping toward the door. "I may take a notion to write a little note to Mr. Rex, inviting him over to see our household fairy, just as the spirit moves me."

This was really more than Gertie's warm, southern temper could bear. She actually flew at the offending Eve in her rage; but Eve was nimble of foot and disappeared up the stairway, three steps at a bound.

"What a vixen our Gertie is growing to be!" she cried, pantingly, as she reached the top step.

She saw a light in Daisy's room, and tapped quietly on the door.

"Is that you, Eve?" cried a smothered voice from the pillows.

"Yes," replied Eve; "I'd like very much to come in. May I?"

For answer, Daisy opened the door, but Eve stood quite still on the threshold.

"What's the matter, Daisy, have you been crying?" she demanded. "Why, your eyelids are red and swollen, and your eyes glow like the stars. Has Gertie or Bess said anything cross to you?" she inquired, smoothing back the soft golden curls that clustered round the white brow.

"No," said Daisy, checking down a hard sob; "only I am very unhappy, and I feel just—just as if every one in the world hated me."

"How long have you been up here in your room?" asked Eve, suspiciously, fearing Daisy had by chance overheard the late conversation down-stairs.

"Quite an hour," answered Daisy, truthfully.

"Then you did not hear what I was talking about down-stairs, did you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No," said Daisy, "you were playing over a new waltz when I came up-stairs."

"Oh," said Eve, breathing freer, thinking to herself, "She has not heard what we said. I am thankful for that."

"You must not talk like that, Daisy," she said, gayly, clasping her arms caressingly around the slender figure leaning against the casement; "I predict great things in store for you—wonderful things. Do not start and look at me so curiously, for I shall not tell you anything else, for it is getting dangerously near a certain forbidden subject. You know you warned me not to talk to you of love or lovers. I intend to have a great surprise for you. That is all I'm going to tell you now."

To be Continued

NOT IN A CONDITION.

Didn't your wife sympathize with you when you had the grip?

No; she had it herself.

A PLEASANT TIE.

How did you get on conversing with that French lady?

All right; my French wasn't any worse than her English.

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Better—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Geo. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called upon him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never hesitate to say so either." Mr. McLean continued: "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally, I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

RUSSIAN SACRED PICTURES.

They Are Made in the Province of Vladimir by the Peasants.

They are to be seen everywhere—the icons, or sacred pictures of the Russians. They are found standing on a shelf opposite the door of every Russian room, be it shop or private house, market stall or railway booking office. Many also are found in the streets, outside churches or in shrines where passers-by stop and make obeisance.

It is a matter of wonder to the stranger when his droshky driver stops suddenly in the middle of the road, doffs his hat and mutters a few words of prayer. His devotion to the icons seems to the foreigner as strange as the fact that he devoutly crosses himself before he entrusts himself and his vehicle to a bridge.

A writer explains that icons vary much in material and value, but little in style. The style is always strictly Byzantine, and is copied faithfully from some old picture, in its turn a slavish copy of another.

The story of the manufacture of the icons is interesting. Most of them are made in the Province of Vladimir by peasants who work at them in their cottages. Very much like an up-to-date factory process is the fashioning of these pictures. The work passes from hand to hand. One man makes the boards, another paints the backgrounds, a third puts in the figures, and the picture passes on from fashioner to fashioner until all is complete. It is said that as many as two millions of icons are produced each year.

Some of those hung in the churches are valuable, being, like that of Our Lady of Kazan, in the Cathedral in St. Petersburg, covered with and indeed almost made of, precious stones.