

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rex and Pluma talked for some time out in the moonlight, then Rex excused himself, and on the plea of having important business letters to write retired to the library.

For some minutes Pluma leaned thoughtfully against the railing. The night was still and clear; the moon hung over the dark trees; floods of silvery light bathed the waters of the glittering sea, the sleeping flowers and the grass, and on the snowy orange-blossoms and golden fruit amid the green foliage.

"I shall always love this fair southern home," she thought, a bright light creeping into her dark, dazzling eyes. "I am Fortune's favorite," she said, slowly. "I shall have the one great prize I covet most on earth. I shall win Rex at last. I wonder at the change in him. There was a time when I believed he loved me. Could it be handsome, refined, courteous Rex had more than a passing fancy for Daisy Brooks—simple, unpretentious Daisy Brooks? Thank God she is dead!" she cried, vehemently. "I would have periled my very soul to have won him."

Even as the thought shaped itself in her mind, a dark form stepped cautiously forward.

She was not startled; a passing wonder as to who it might be struck her. She did not think much about it; a shadow in the moonlight did not frighten her.

"Pluma!" called a low, cautious voice, "come down into the garden; I must speak with you. It is I, Lester Stanwick."

In a single instant the soft love-light had faded from her face, leaving it cold, and pitiless. A vague, nameless dread seized her. She was a courageous girl; she would not let him know it.

"The mad fool!" she cried, clenching her white jeweled hands together. "Why does he follow me here? What shall I do? I must buy him off at any cost. I dare not defy him. Better temporize with him." She muttered the words aloud, and she was shocked to see how changed and hoarse her own voice sounded. "Women have faced more deadly peril than this," she muttered, "and cleverly outwitted ingenious foes. I must win by stratagem."

She quickly followed the tall figure down the path that divided the little garden from the shrubbery.

"I knew you would not refuse me, Pluma," he said, clasping her hands and kissing her cold lips. He noticed the glance she gave him had nothing in it but coldness and annoyance. "You do not tell me you are pleased to see me, Pluma, and yet you have promised to be my wife." She stood perfectly still leaning against an oleander-tree. "Why don't you speak to me, Pluma?" he cried. "By Heaven! I am almost beginning to mistrust you. You remember your promise," he said, hurriedly—"if I removed the overseer's niece from your path, you would reward me with your heart and hand." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her with a gesture. "You said your love for Rex had turned to bitter hatred. You found he loved the girl, and that would be a glorious revenge. I did not have to resort to abducting her from the seminary as we had planned. The bird flew into my grasp. I would have placed her in the asylum you selected, but she eluded me by leaping into the pit. I have been haunted by her face night and day ever since. I see her face in crowds, in the depth of the silent forest, her specter appears before me until I fly from it like one accused."

She could not stay the passionate torrent of his words. "Lester, this is all a mistake," she said; "you have not given me a chance to speak." Her hands dropped nervously by her side. There were fierce, rebellious thoughts in her heart, but she dare not give them utterance. "What have I done to deserve all this?" she asked, trying to assume a tender tone she was far from feeling. "What have you done?" he cried, hoarsely. "Why, I left you at White-stone Hall, feeling secure in the belief that I had won you. Returning suddenly and unexpectedly, I found you had gone to Florida, to the home of Rex Lyon. Do you know what I would have done, Pluma, if I had found you his wife and false to your trust?"

"You forget yourself, Lester," she said; "gentlemen never threaten women."

He bit his lip angrily. "There are extreme cases of desperation," he made reply. "You must keep your promise," he said, determinedly. "No other man must dare speak to you of love."

She saw the angry light flame into

his eyes, and trembled under her studied composure; yet not the quiver of an eyelid betrayed her emotion. She had not meant to quarrel with him; for once in her life she forgot her prudence.

"Suppose that, by exercise of any power you think you possess, you could really compel me to be your wife, do you think it would benefit you? I would learn to despise you. What would you gain by it?"

The answer sprang quickly to his lips: "The one great point for which I am striving—possession of White-stone Hall," but he was too diplomatic to utter the words. She saw a lurid light in his eyes.

"You shall be my wife," he said, gloomily. "If you have been cherishing any hope of winning Rex Lyon, abandon it at once. As a last resort, I would explain to him how cleverly you removed the pretty little girl he loved from his path."

"You dare not!" she cried, white to the very lips. "You have forgotten your own share in that little affair. Who would believe you acted upon a woman's bidding? You would soon be called to account for it. You forget that little circumstance, Lester; you dare not go to Rex!"

He knew what she said was perfectly true. He had not intended going to Rex; he knew it would be as much as his life was worth to encounter him. He was aware his name had been coupled with Daisy's in the journals which had described her tragic death. He knew Rex had fallen madly, desperately in love with little Daisy Brooks, but he did not dream he had made her his wife. "You have not given me time to explain why I am here."

"I have heard all about it," he answered, impatiently; "but I do not understand why they sent for you."

"Mrs. Lyon requested it," she replied, quietly. "Rex simply obeyed her wishes."

"Perhaps she looked upon you as her future daughter-in-law," sneered Lester, covertly. "I have followed you to Florida to prevent it; I would follow you to the ends of the earth to prevent it! A promise to me can not be lightly broken."

Not a feature of that proud face quivered to betray the sharp spasm of fear that darted through her heart. "You should have waited until you had cause to reproach me, Lester," she said, drawing her wrap closer about her and shivering as if with cold. "I must go back to the house now; some one might miss me."

He made no reply. The wind bent the reeds, and the waves of the sea dashed up on the distant beach with a long, low wash. He was wondering how far she was to be trusted.

"You may have perfect confidence in me, Lester," she said; "my word ought to be sufficient," as if quite divining his thoughts. "You need have no fear; I will be true to you."

"I shall remain away until this affair has blown over," he replied. "I can live as well in one part of the country as another, thanks to the income my father left me." He laid great stress on the last sentence; he wanted to impress her with the fact that he had plenty of money. "She must never know," he told himself, "that he had so riotously squandered the vast inheritance that had been left him, and he was standing on the verge of ruin." A marriage with the wealthy heiress would save him at the eleventh hour. "I will trust you, Pluma," he continued. "I know you will keep your vow."

The false ring of apparent candor did not deceive her; she knew it would be a case of diamond out diamond.

"That is spoken like your own generous self, Lester," she said, softly, clasping his hands in her own white, jeweled ones. "You pained me by your distrust."

He saw she was anxious to get away from him, and he bit his lip

with vexation; her pretty, coaxing manner did not deceive him one whit, yet he clasped his arms in a very-lover-like fashion around her as he replied:

"Forget that it ever existed, my darling. Where there is such ardent, passionate love, there is always more or less jealousy and fear. Do you realize I am making an alien of myself for your sweet sake? I could never refuse you a request. Your slightest will has been my law. Be kind to me, Pluma."

She did try to be more than agreeable and fascinating.

"I must remove all doubts from his mind," she thought. "I shall probably be Rex's wife when we meet again. Then his threats will be useless; I will scornfully deny it. He has no proofs."

She talked to him so gracefully, so tenderly, at times, he was almost tempted to believe she actually cared for him more than she would admit. Still he allowed it would do no harm to keep a strict watch of her movements.

"Good-bye, Pluma, dearest," he said, "I shall keep you constantly advised of my whereabouts. As soon as matters can be arranged satisfactorily, I am coming back to claim you."

Another moment and she was alone, walking slowly back to the house, a very torrent of anger in her proud, defiant heart.

"I must hurry matters up, delays are dangerous," she thought, walking slowly up the broad path toward the house.

Slowly the long hours of the night dragged themselves by, yet Daisy did not return to Glengrove. The hours lengthened into days, and days into weeks, still there was no trace of her to be found. Gertie's explanation readily accounted for her absence.

"She preferred to leave us rather than deliver my note," she said, angrily; "and I for one am not sorry she has gone."

"Rex did not mention having received it," said Bess, "when he came with Birdie to bid us good-bye."

"She probably read it and destroyed it," said Gertie. "Well, there was nothing in it very particular. Toward the last of it I mentioned I would send the note over by Daisy Brooks, my mother's companion. More than likely she took umbrage at that."

"That was a very unkind remark," asserted Eve. "You had no business to mention it at all; it was uncalled for."

"Well, she would not have known if she had not read it," replied Gertie. "You must admit that."

Mrs. Glenn felt sorely troubled. In the short time Daisy had been with her she had put unlimited confidence in her.

No one thought of searching for her they all accepted the facts as the case presented itself to them. Daisy had certainly left them of her own free will.

Eve alone felt distressed.

"I know everything looks that way, but I shall never believe it," she cried. She remembered the conversation she had so lately had with Daisy. How she had clasped her loving little arms about her neck, crying out:

"Pray for me, Eve. I am sorely tried. My feet are on the edge of a precipice. No matter what I may be tempted to do, do not lose faith in me, Eve; always believe in me."

Poor little Daisy! what was the secret sorrow that was goading her on to madness? Would she ever know?

Where was she now? Ah, who could tell?

A curious change seemed to come over romping, mischievous, merry Eve; she had grown silent and thoughtful.

"I could never believe any one in this world was true or pure again if I thought for one moment deceit lay brooding in a face so fair as little Daisy Brooks's."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The months flew quickly by; the cold winter had slipped away, and the bright green grass and early violets were sprinkling the distant hillslopes. The crimson-breasted robins

were singing in the budding branches of the trees, and all Nature reminded one the glorious spring had come.

Rex Lyon stood upon the porch of Whitestone Hall gazing up at the white, fleecy clouds that scudded over the blue sky, lost in deep thought.

He was the same handsome, debonaire Rex, but ah, how changed! The merry, laughing brown eyes looked silent and grave enough now, and the lips the drooping brown mustache covered rarely smiled. Even his voice seemed to have a deeper tone.

He had done the one thing that morning which his mother had asked him to do with her dying breath—he had asked Pluma Hurlhurst to be his wife.

The torture of the task seemed to grow upon him as the weeks rolled by, and in desperation he told himself he must settle the matter at once, or he would not have the strength to do it.

He never once thought what he should do with his life after he married her. He tried to summon up courage to tell her the story of his marriage, that his hopes, his heart, and his love all lay in the grave of his young wife. Poor Rex, he could not lay bare that sweet, sad secret; he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, her remarks, and have lived; his dead love was far too sacred for that; he could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to public gaze. It would have been easier for him to tear the living, beating heart from his breast than to do this.

He had walked into the parlor that morning, where he knew he should find Pluma. She was standing before the fire. Although it was early spring the mornings were chilly, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate, throwing a bright, glowing radiance over the room and over the exquisite morning toilet of white cashmere, with its white lace frills, relieved here and there with coquettish dashes of scarlet blossoms, which Pluma wore, setting off her graceful figure to such queenly advantage.

Rex looked at her, at the imperious beauty any man might have been proud to win, secretly hoping she would refuse him.

"Good-morning, Rex," she said, holding out her white hands to him. "I am glad you have come to talk to me. I was watching you walking up and down under the trees, and you looked so lonely I half made up my mind to join you."

A lovely color was deepening in her cheeks, and her eyes drooped shyly. He broke right into the subject at once while he had the courage to do it.

"I have something to say to you, Pluma," he began, leading her to an adjacent sofa and seating himself beside her. "I want to ask you if you will be my wife." He looked perhaps the more confused of the two. "I will do my best to make you happy," he continued. "I can not say that I will make a model husband, but I will say I will do my best."

There was a minute's silence, awkward enough for both.

"You have asked me to be your wife, Rex, but you have not said one word of loving me."

To Be Continued.

KANGAROO THREAD.

one of the Queer Kind Used by Modern Surgeons.

The outfit of a modern surgeon includes dozens of different kinds of thread used for sewing up cuts and wounds. Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days, and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away.

Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while fine silver wire is practically indestructible. With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal, and will then disappear completely.

To accommodate this assortment of threads, special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, in a point like a miniature knife-blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular.

REASONABLE.

Mrs. Hoon—I have read an item which declares that insanity can often be cured by music.

Mr. Hoon—The theory is a probable one, I should say. The average amateur cornetist would throw the ordinary lunatic into fits, and almost any physician can cure fits.

IT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED.

Before going any further a lecturer on sociology wants to hear a reasonable explanation of why a man has 20 pockets and a woman none at all.

INCREDULOUS HUMANITY.

Pay as you go is my rule. Yes; so many people won't believe you when you say you'll pay as you come back.

Extreme Weakness

RESULTING FROM POOR WATER-ERY BLOOD.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed Until the Sufferer Felt That His Case Was All Most Hopeless.

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.

No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement. "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and if I stooped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved, and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FROM THE TALMUD

Do not live near a pious fool. Attend no auctions if thou hast no money. Pride is a sign of the worst poverty—ignorance. If thy friend is honey, do not lick him up altogether. If the thief has no opportunity, he thinks himself honorable. Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him. A man should be careful not to afflict his wife, for God counts her tears. One inward contrition in the heart of man is better than many flagellations. Let not your heart with cares be filled, for care has many a victim killed. Beautiful is the intellectual occupation, if combined with some practical work. Do not confine your children to your own learning, for they were born in another time. There are three who are especially beloved by God: He who is forbearing, he who is temperate and he who is courteous. Blessed is he who gives from his substance to the poor; twice blessed he who accompanies his gift with kind, comforting words. Do not worry thyself with the trouble of to-morrow; perhaps thou wilt have no to-morrow, and why shouldst thou trouble thyself about a world that is not thine? GENTLEMEN AS HACK DRIVERS. Reduced gentlemen find occupation as coachmen in Berlin. Among the coachmen of that city are seven retired army officers, 16 noblemen and three clergymen.

Uric Acid In the Blood

Gives Rise to Painful and Fatal Complications—The Liver and Kidneys Responsible for the Presence of This Poison.

The most dreadful result of indigestion is the overcrowding of the liver by crowding on to it the mass of undigested food. Failing to do its work under these conditions, there is left in the system more uric acid poison than the kidneys can possibly remove.

The outcome of this state of affairs is the formation of uric acid stones in the kidneys and bladder, a most excruciating and even dreadfully fatal ailment.

An early and marked indication of the presence of uric acid in the blood is a deposit similar to brick dust in the urine. This is accompanied usually by pain or irregularity in urinating and weakness or aching in the small of the back.

The cause of uric acid is a deranged liver, which fails to convert undigested food into urea. Permanent cure can only be effected by a treatment such as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which act directly on both the liver and kidneys.

Mere kidney remedies only stimulate

the kidneys to unusual effort, and so help them temporarily to remove the excess of uric acid. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills strengthen both the liver and kidneys. By their invigorating effect on the liver they enable it to do its duty perfectly, and so remove the cause of uric acid; at the same time they tone the kidneys and enable them in their task of removing this poison from the body.

No treatment was ever so successful as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in correcting derangements of the kidneys and liver, and so avoiding the deposits of uric acid, which cause rheumatism or stone in the kidneys and bladder. Dr. Chase was the first to conceive of a combined treatment acting at once on both the great filtering systems of the body, and the success of his prescription, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, has been phenomenal. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson Bates & Co., Toronto.