

Heiress and Wife.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Rex Lyon secretly marries Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurlhurst, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Mr. Hurlhurst's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' silence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma was responsible for Daisy's removal. Lester Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many vicissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John, but falls ill and is cared for by Detective Tudor's wife.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"Supposing a husband left his wife, and afterward thought her dead, even though she were not, and he should marry again, would it not be legal?" she repeated in an intense voice, striving to appear calm.

"I can scarcely understand the question, my dear. I should certainly say, if the first wife knew her husband was about to remarry, and she knew she was not separated from him by law or death, she was certainly a criminal in allowing the ceremony to proceed. Why, did you ever hear of such a peculiar case, my dear?"

"No," replied Daisy, flushing crimson. "I was thinking of Enoch Arden."

"Why, there is scarcely a feature in Enoch Arden's case resembling the one you have just cited. You must have made a mistake?"

"Yes; you are right. I have made a mistake," muttered Daisy, growing deadly pale. "I did not know. I believed it was right."

"You believed what was right?" asked Mrs. Tudor, in amazement.

"I believed it was right for the first wife to go out of her husband's life if she had spoiled it, and leave him free to woo and win the bride he loved," replied Daisy, pitifully embarrassed.

"Why, you innocent child," laughed Mrs. Tudor, "I have said he would not be free as long as the law did not separate him from his first wife, and she was alive. It is against the law of Heaven for any man to have two wives, and if the first wife remained silent and saw the sacred ceremony profaned by that silence, she broke the law of Heaven—a sin against God beyond pardon. Did you speak?" she asked, seeing Daisy's white lips move.

She did not know a prayer had gone up to God from that young tortured heart for guidance.

Had she done wrong in letting Rex and the whole world believe her dead? Was it ever well to do a wrong that good should come from it?

And the clear, innocent, simple conscience was quick to answer, "No!" Poor Daisy looked at the position in every possible way, and the more she reflected the more frightened she became.

Poor, little, artless child-bride, she was completely bewildered. She could find no way out of her difficulty until the idea occurred to her that the best person to help her would be John Brooks; and her whole heart and soul fastened eagerly on this.

She could not realize she had lain ill so long. Oh, Heaven, what might have happened in the meantime, if Rex should marry Pluma? She would not be his wife because she—who was a barrier between them—lived.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Daisy had decided the great question of her life. Yes, she would go to John Brooks with her pitiful secret, and, kneeling at his feet, tell him all, and be guided by his judgment.

"I can never go back to Rex," she thought, wearily. "I have spoiled his life; he does not love me; he wished to be free and marry Pluma."

"You must not think of the troubles of other people, my dear," said Mrs. Tudor, briskly, noting the thoughtful expression of the fair young face. "Such cases as I have just read you are fortunately rare. I should not have read you the scandals. Young girls like to hear about the marriages best. Ah! here is one that is interesting—a grand wedding which is to take place at Whitestone Hall, in Allendale, to-morrow night. I have read of it before; it will be a magnificent affair. The husband-to-be, Mr. Rexford Lyon, is very wealthy, and the bride, Miss Pluma Hurlhurst, is quite a society belle—a beauty and an heiress."

Poor Daisy! although she had long expected it, the announcement seemed like a death-blow to her loving little heart; in a single instant all her yearning, passionate, love for her handsome young husband awoke into new life.

She had suddenly awakened to the

awful reality that her husband was about to marry another.

"Oh, pitiful Heaven, what shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands. "I will be too late to warn them! Yet I must—I must! It must not be!" she cried out to herself; "the marriage would be wrong." If she allowed it to go on, she would be guilty of a crime; therefore, she must prevent it.

Pluma was her mortal enemy. Yet she must warn her that the flower-covered path she was treading led to a precipice. The very thought filled her soul with horror.

She wasted no more time in thinking, she must act.

"I can not go to poor old Uncle John first," she told herself. "I must go at once to Pluma. Heaven give me strength to do it. Rex will never know, and I can go quietly out of his life again."

The marriage must not be! Say, think, argue with herself as she would, she could not help owing to herself that it was something that must be stopped at any price. She had not realized it in its true light before. She had had a vague idea that her supposed death would leave Rex free to marry Pluma. That wrong could come of it, in any way, she never once dreamed.

The terrible awakening truth had flashed upon her suddenly; she might hide herself forever from her husband, but it would not lessen the fact; and she only, was his lawful wife before God and man. From Heaven nothing could be hidden.

Her whole heart seemed to go out to her young husband and cling to him as it had never done before.

"What a fatal love mine was!" she said to herself; "how fatal, how cruel to me!"

To-morrow night! Oh, Heaven, would she be in time to save him! The very thought seemed to arouse all her energy.

"Why, what are you going to do, my dear?" cried Mrs. Tudor, in consternation, as Daisy staggered, weak and trembling, from her couch.

"I am going away," she cried. "I have been guilty of a great wrong. I can not tell you all that I have done but I must atone for it if it is in my power while yet there is time. Pity me, but do not censure me; and sobbing as if her heart would break, she knelt at the feet of her kind friend Heaven had given her and told her all.

Mrs. Tudor listened in painful interest and amazement. It was a strange story this young girl told her; it seemed more like a romance than a page from life's history.

"You say you must prevent this marriage at Whitestone Hall." She took Daisy's clasped hands from her weeping face, and holding them in her own looked into it silently, keenly, steadily. "How could you do it? What is Rexford Lyon to you?"

Lower and lower dropped the golden bowed head, and a voice like no other voice, like nothing human, said: "I am Rex Lyon's wife, his wretched, unhappy, abandoned wife."

Mrs. Tudor dropped her hands with a low cry of dismay.

"You will keep my secret," scolded Daisy; and in her great sorrow she did not notice the lady did not promise.

In vain Mrs. Tudor pleaded with her to go back to her husband and beg him to hear her.

"No," said Daisy, brokenly. "He said I had spoiled his life, and he would never forgive me. I have never taken his name, and I never shall! I will be Daisy Brooks until I die."

"Daisy Brooks!" The name seemed familiar to Mrs. Tudor, yet she could not tell where she had heard it before.

Persuasion was useless. "Perhaps Heaven knows best," sighed Mrs. Tudor, and with tears in her eyes, for she had really loved the beautiful young stranger, thrown for so

many long weeks upon her mercy and kindness, she saw Daisy depart.

"May God grant you may not be too late!" she cried, fervently, clasping the young girl, for the last time, in her arms.

Too late! The words sounded like a fatal warning to her. No, no; she could not, she must not, be too late!

At the very moment Daisy had left the detective's house, Basil Hurlhurst was closeted with Mr. Tudor in his private office, relating minutely the disappearance of his infant daughter, as told him by the dying housekeeper, Mrs. Corliss.

"I will make you a rich man for life," he cried, vehemently, "if you can trace my long-lost child, either dead or alive!"

Mr. Tudor shook his head. "I am inclined to think there is little hope, after all these years."

"Stranger things than that have happened," cried Basil Hurlhurst, tremulously. "You must give me hope, Mr. Tudor. You are a skillful, expert detective; you will find her, if any one can. If my other child were living," he continued, with an effort, "you know it would make considerable difference in the distribution of my property. On the night my lost child was born I made my will, leaving Whitestone Hall and the Hurlhurst Plantation to the child just born, and the remainder of my vast estate I bequeathed to my daughter Pluma. I believed my little child buried with its mother, and in all these years that will—it still stands. My daughter Pluma is to be married to-morrow night. I have not told her of the startling discovery I have made; for if anything should come of it, her hopes of a life-time would be dashed. She believes herself sole heiress to my wealth. I have made up my mind, however," he continued, eagerly, "to confide in the young man who is to be my future son-in-law. If nothing ever comes of this affair, Pluma need never know of it."

"That would be a wise and safe plan," assented the detective.

"Wealth can have no influence over him," continued the father, reflectively; "for Mr. Rex Lyon's wealth is sufficient for them, even if they never had a single dollar from me; still, it is best to mention this matter to him."

Rex Lyon! Ah! the detective remembered him well—the handsome, debonair young fellow who had sought his services some time since, whose wife had died such a tragic death. He remembered how sorry he had been for the young husband; still he made no comment. He had little time to ruminate upon past affairs. It was his business now to glean from Mr. Hurlhurst all the information possible to assist him in the difficult search he was about to commence. If he gave him even the slightest clue, he could have had some definite starting point. The detective was wholly at sea—it was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"You will lose no time," said Basil Hurlhurst, rising to depart. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I had forgotten to leave you my wife's portrait. I have a fancy the child, if living, must have her mother's face."

At that opportune moment some one interrupted them. Mr. Tudor had not time to open the portrait and examine it then, and, placing it securely in his private desk, he courteously bade Mr. Hurlhurst good-afternoon; adding, if he should find a possible clue, he would let him know at once, or, perhaps, take a run up to Whitestone Hall to look around a bit among the old inhabitants of that locality.

It was almost time for quitting the office for the night, when the detective thought of the portrait. He untied the faded blue ribbon and touched the spring; the case flew open, revealing a face that made him cry out in amazement;

"Pshaw! people have a strange trick of resembling each other very often," he muttered; "I must be mistaken."

Yet the more he examined the fair, bewitching face of the portrait, with its childish face and sunny, golden curls, the more he knit his brow and

whistled softly to himself—a habit he had when thinking deeply.

He placed the portrait in his breast-pocket, and walked slowly home. A brilliant idea was in his active brain.

"I shall soon see," he muttered. His wife met him at the door, and he saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"What is the commotion, my dear?" he asked, hanging his hat and coat on the hat-rack in the hall. "What's the difficulty?"

"Our protegee has gone, Harvey; she—"

"Gone!" yelled the detective, frantically, "where did she go? How long has she been gone?"

Down from the rack came his hat and coat.

"Where are you going, Harvey?"

"I am going to hunt that girl up just as fast as I can."

"She did not wish to see you, my dear."

"I haven't the time to explain to you," he expostulated. "Of course, you have no idea where she went, have you?"

"Wait a bit, Harvey," she replied, a merry twinkle in her eye. "You have given me no time to tell you. I do know where she went. Sit down and I will tell you all about it."

"You will make a long story out of nothing," he exclaimed, impatiently; "and fooling my time here may cost me a fortune."

Very reluctantly Mr. Tudor resumed his seat at his wife's earnest persuasion.

"Skim lightly over the details, my dear; just give me the main points," he said.

Like the good little wife she was, Mrs. Tudor obediently obeyed.

It was not often the cool, calculating detective allowed himself to get excited, but as she proceeded he jumped up from his seat and paced restlessly up and down the room. He was literally astounded.

"Rex Lyon's wife," he mused, thoughtfully. "Well, in all the years of my experience I have never come across anything like this. She has gone to Whitestone Hall, you say, to stop the marriage?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Yes," she replied, "the poor child was almost frantic over it. You seem greatly agitated, Harvey. Have you some new case connected with her?"

"Yes," he answered, grimly. "I think I have two cases."

Mr. Tudor seldom brought his business perplexities to his fireside. His little wife knew as little of business matters as the sparrows twittering on the branches of the tree out in the garden.

He made up his mind not to mention certain suspicions that had lodged in his mind until he saw his way clearly out of the complicated affair.

He determined it would do no harm to try an experiment, however. Suiting the action to the thought, he drew out the portrait from his pocket.

"I do not think I shall have as much trouble with this affair as I anticipated."

Mrs. Tudor came and leaned over his shoulder.

"Whose picture have you there, Harvey? Why, I declare," she cried, in amazement, "if it isn't Daisy Brooks!"

"Mrs. Rex Lyon, you mean," said the detective, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "But for once in your life you are at sea—and far from shore; this portrait represents a different person altogether. Come, come, wife, give me a cup of tea—quick—and a biscuit," he cried, leading the way to the kitchen, where the savory supper was cooking. "I haven't time to wait for tea, I must overtake that girl before she reaches Whitestone Hall."

To be Continued.

A FINE CATCH.

A London gentleman returning from an unsuccessful fishing expedition encountered on his way a professional angler.

How do you do? said the former; I rejoice to see that you have been more successful than I. Would you, for a consideration, part with a few of your fish, that I may not return to my family empty-handed?

The professional angler said he would, and the gentleman went on his way with all the trout caught by his more successful acquaintance.

He met, a little later on, another gentleman, who eyed his fish, and stopped to speak to him.

Did you catch those fish yourself? he said.

The gentleman said Yes, and asserted, moreover, that he was ashamed to take home so few, saying that his usual catch was much larger.

Indeed, said the other, then come with me, for I am an officer, and have for a long time been lying in wait for men who catch trout out of season.

Whereupon he took him before a justice of the peace, who fined him £2.

HOUSE CLEANING DAYS.

The boy knocked at the front door. The bell was out of order.

Presently somebody was heard trying to climb over the furniture in the front hall, and a woman's voice asked:

Who is there?

Telegraph messenger, loudly replied the boy. Got a message for the man of the house.

The attic window flew open, a cobwebbed head was thrust forth, and a man with a wild, despairing voice yelled out:

Wrap it around a stone and throw it up here!

A LAME BACK.

CAUSES MR. C. H. WILCOX YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

Injured His Spine While Lifting, and the Doctors Told Him He Would Never Fully Recover—But He is Once More Free From the Trouble.

From the Brockville Recorder.

In the western section of Leeds county there is no man better known than Mr. Chas. H. Wilcox. He has resided in the vicinity of McIntosh Mills for years, and during much of the time has conducted a very successful saw-milling business. All of Mr. Wilcox's neighbors know that he was a great sufferer for years from a lame back, and most of them know that this affliction has now happily passed away. Mr. Wilcox says he owes this happy release from pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who know him will not for an instant question the sincerity of his statement. He gives the story of his suffering and subsequent cure in the following statement:—"One day, while working in the mill, and engaged in lifting lumber I had the misfortune to severely wrench my back. I was so badly injured that I had to be carried home, and for six months I was practically unable to move, and suffered great torture. The doctor told me that I had injured my spine and that I would never fully recover from its effects. At last I was able to go about again, but was far from being the man I had been before. For years I suffered almost continually from pains in the back, and was unable to lift any heavy weight. At times the pain was so bad that I was unable to work at all, and I was often confined to the house for days at a time. During this time I was treated by four different doctors but their treatment did not seem to do me any good. They told me that owing to the injury to my spine my back would always be weak. Seeing that the doctors were unable to help me, and having read of the many cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a trial, and procured a supply. Very soon I could see that they were relieving me a little and this encouraged me to continue their use. In all I took about ten boxes and when they were finished my back was as strong as ever. The pains that had racked my body for so many years had entirely disappeared, my back felt as strong as before the injury. It is now two years since I discontinued the use of the pills and in all that time I have not had an ache or pain, so that I may safely say that my cure is permanent. I would advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for knowing what they have done for me, I am confident that they cannot be less successful in other cases."

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine 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. Do not take any substitute or any other remedy alleged to be "just as good."

PECULIAR PRISONERS.

One Became So Attached to the Gaol That He Wished to Die There.

That a prisoner, after being imprisoned in gaol for a term of several years, should be loth to leave his cell at the conclusion of his sentence would seem at first sight an almost farcical situation, yet such occurrences are by no means unknown both in British and foreign penitentiaries.

Not so very long ago a negro confined in a trans-Atlantic gaol protested vigorously against being discharged from the establishment when his hour of release arrived, and had to be conveyed to the outer gates by four stalwart wardens. He averred that he had become so attached to the gaol that he desired to spend the remainder of his days there, and doubtless he would have done so had not the authorities decreed his removal by force.

The peculiarities of prisoners are, indeed, many and varied. What will be thought of a Bristol gaol-bird who insisted on writing religious stories during the hours allotted to him for instructive recreation—stories which in many respects were equal to the productions of professional authors? The convict in question had committed well-nigh every crime in the calendar, and the irony of the business is, therefore, all the more remarkable.

A French prisoner at Tulon vowed on entering the penal settlement that he would not speak a single word to any living soul during the ten years of his sentence, and he kept his word to the letter. All the blandishments of the good-natured officials could not win a syllable from the silent convict, who, however, retained his powers of speech by conversing with himself in the solitude of his cell.

Another Gallic prisoner simulated deafness in order to annoy his gaolers. The man was an excellent actor, and for many months he succeeded in imposing upon the complete staff of the prison, from the governor downwards. Eventually, however, he "gave himself away" in an unguarded moment, and from that time onwards he found it to his advantage to cultivate an excellent hearing when addressed by the officials.

Green Sickness or Chlorosis.

Just at the threshold of womanhood, that trying period when the whole system is undergoing a complete change, many a girl falls a victim of Chlorosis or Green Sickness. Her disposition changes and she becomes morose, despondent and melancholy. The appetite is changeable, digestion imperfect and weariness and fatigue are experienced on the slightest exertion. Blondes become pallid, waxy and puffy, brunettes become muddy and grayish in color, with bluish black rings under the eyes.

Examination shows a remarkable decrease in the quality of the blood. Iron and such other restoratives as are admirably combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are demanded by the system. The regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot fail to benefit any girl or young woman suffering from chlorosis, feminine irregularities or weaknesses resulting from poor blood and exhausted nerves. It reconstructs wasted tissue, gives color to the cheeks and new vitality to every organ of the body.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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