

# The Lady Brandolin ;

OR, THE LOST PATRIMONY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd)

"Yes! Ah, Ferdinand! I shall have a sister, I do not care for Constant much. I do not care for the brother I shall gain, for I have already one dear brother; but I care very much for the father and the sister I shall have. I have been lonely, Ferdinand. I have borne within my bosom a cold heart, because I have had no mother or sister to keep it warm. For some reason or other, I never formed a female friendship in my life. I never could bring myself to make advances to other young ladies, and something within we repelled others from making advances to me. I have, with all my independence, needed that sisterly relation. Generally, I have been cold and strong enough; yet sometimes I have felt myself suddenly droop, with an utter weakness, for the want of some gentle woman friend whom I could love, whom I could trust. Now, in the failure of a sister of my own, my husband's sister will become inexpressibly dear to me; at least, I feel as if it would be so. I think it will be her own fault if it be not so."

I wondered to hear Regina speak so. It was the first glimpse, with one exception, that I had ever had of the heart within her cold bosom. Yes, I wondered, until I remembered that under the snow of earliest spring the grain still germinates unseen in the warm and genial soil.

That evening, according to appointment, Mr. and Miss Wallraven arrived.

In the bustle of their arrival, I had little opportunity of making observations.

After supper, however, when we were all—the three Wallravens, Regina and myself—gathered in our parlor, I had every facility for studying my prospective relatives.

First, I saw that Regina was more than satisfied with the new brother and sister.

Constant Wallraven was nearly the fac-simile of Wolfgang—the same tall, slight, elegant figure, the same haughty set of the head, the same light-gray blazing eyes, the same wilderness of slightly curling, silky black hair, jet black eyebrows, and long, black lashes. But he looked stronger, older, and more settled than Wolfgang. He looked as if at some time not far distant in the past, he had been just such a chaotic assemblage of discordant elements as Wolfgang now was; and as if some mighty power had forcibly subdued the chaos, bringing out of it a world of harmony, beauty and strength. Withal, there was an expression of frankness, good humor, and health of mind and body on his handsome face, which testified that the transforming power, whatever it had been, had not crushed but disciplined him. Only by the perfect repose, perfect harmony of these antipathetic elements of character betrayed in his features and complexion, could one judge of the pre-existence of a disciplining experience. One saw in him now a man who, though still quite young, had gained the great victory of his life: whose manner of existence and work was henceforth defined, laid out, and well understood.

I felt instinctively a high respect for, and a strong attraction to Constant Wallraven, as to a soul more exalted than my own.

Constantia was the same dark, majestic, superbly beautiful woman I had seen her by night at Hickory Hall. I do not know that my artist taste was ever so highly gratified as by comparing these two young girls, Constantia and Regina, both so perfectly beautiful, yet so opposite in their forms, features, and complexion; yes, and style—though both were of the queenly order. Constantia's was a natural dignity, Regina's a conventional stateliness. Upon the whole, we were all pleased with each other, and it was on the stroke of twelve before we parted for the night.

Once or twice I had observed an unwonted thoughtfulness upon the usually clear, open countenance of my sister: but that was so natural under the circumstances, that it made no impression on my mind. When I had retired to my room, however, and before I had time to

begin to take off my dress, I heard a tap at my room door, and, thinking that it was of course Wolfgang, I bade him come in. The door opened, and my sister entered, and sunk softly down in her usual seat, near my dressing-table. I looked at her inquiringly, anxiously. The stately gaiety which had distinguished her all the afternoon and evening had quite gone and the thoughtfulness that had once or twice, cloud-like, flitted past the sunshiny snow of her countenance, was now settled into a profound gloom.

"My dear Regina, you look so grave! but then this is a serious time to you?"

To my astonishment, she burst into tears, and dropped her head upon my dressing-table.

"Regina, my dear sister, what is this? Tell me?" But she sobbed on.

"Regina, you alarm and distress me! What is this?"

But she sobbed on, and I sat down by her side, took her hand and pressed it, while I waited silently for her to tell me the subject of her grief. When her fit of weeping had expended itself, she lifted up her head, dried her eyes, and, after remaining silent and still for a little while, she said,

"You think me now sentimental, maudlin, sickening. I feel that you do. I am not that. I never was so. You ought to know it."

"I do know it, my dear sister; and sentimentality is the last fault I should suspect you of. I know that you are strong, cool, and spirited—therefore I have been the more surprised and distressed at your tears this night. I know that it is natural—nay, generally inevitable—that a girl should drop some—not very bitter—tears on bidding good-bye to her maiden life and liberty; but I scarcely expected to see you do so, inasmuch as you have less to regret, and more to hope for, than most young maidens similarly situated—nevertheless, I suppose these 'natural tears' must fall!" said I, gently caressing her.

She replied mockingly, "Ah! it is quite proper for a bride to weep, then! Like the ring and the white kid gloves, it is an indispensable ingredient in the wedding-dish!—It is understood and expected of us, in short—and people would be shocked and disappointed if it were omitted."

"Regina—sister," said I, tenderly.

"Certainly! Half the trashy songs I learned to sing at school were—not after my own taste, the martial—but such mawkish ditties as the 'Bride's Adieu,' etc."

"Humph! Wolfgang's queerities are certainly contagious; that I know of my own experience," said I, and I dropped suddenly into a short reverie upon the contagion of resemblance between persons of no consanguinity who love each other and are constantly associated.

Feeling too deeply interested in my sister's emotions to indulge, even for five minutes, in this tempting subject, I turned, stole my arm around her waist, and said, gently,

"Regina, my dearest sister, to-morrow I will scarcely have a right to do this," and I gathered her to my bosom, and pressed my lips to hers. "To-morrow, certainly, I shall have no right to question your happiness, or the state of your affections; do not, therefore, be proud or cold towards me, like your worse self; and do not be sarcastic, bitter, or satirical towards me, for that is not like yourself at all. That you have caught from Wolfgang; but, tell me, what has so deeply, so strongly moved you this evening? It is not an imaginary grief, nor a real one, if slight, that could trouble you so much—what is it then?"

She did not reply; but remained in my lap with her arms thrown up over my shoulders, and her face ever my bosom.

I spoke again. "You have apparently less to allow your happiness than almost any other bride. You have less to regret and more to hope for. You leave no dear, familiar home, no honored father, no beloved mother, no dear sister—wherefore should you grieve?"

"I leave you, my dearest brother! I leave you the sole remnant of our family circle! I leave

you who stood to me for father, mother, sister, home!"

"Yet leaving me, dearest Regina, should not cost you a sigh! nay, it will not! Dearly as we have ever loved each other, we have not been together much; therefore you will still remember and love me, without throwing away a sigh upon my absence."

"Yes! so you have judged my heart! You have studied me so well!" she replied, almost bitterly. "The one thing I looked forward to in life was a reunion with my only brother, Ferdinand—and you know it was the main topic of all my letters; yet now you judge me able to part with you for a long, indefinite time—perhaps forever—without pain."

"At least, so I would have it, dearest sister. I am not so selfish as to wish you to regret my absence!"

"But I should regret it! I shall regret it, if I cannot persuade you to go with us, as I hope to do! as I must do!"

"As you will not do! But it is not I for whom or by whom you sorrow now! Tell me, then, what it is, dearest sister, while it is not yet too late! To-morrow—yes! in seven hours from this—for it is now one o'clock—I shall have no right to ask you!"

"I will tell you, then. My heart is dreadfully oppressed! Oh, how I do wish that I had a mother, an aunt, a married sister, a maternal friend—any wise gentlewoman, upon whose bosom I could lay my head as I lay it now on yours, and ask her in a whisper if upon the eve of her bridal day she was visited with such terrible forebodings as I am now—such anxieties—such funereal presentiments!"

"How long has this been so with you, Regina?"

"Oh, for days, or rather for nights past—in the daytime I have been amused, and forgetful, but at night, as soon as I get to sleep, I start from my first sleep in a terrible panic! just as a condemned criminal might be awakened out of deep, sweet sleep, with the sudden recollection that he was shortly to be hanged. To-morrow is my wedding-day; yet it terrifies me as though it was the day of my execution! I do not believe Madame Roland and the heroines of the Reign of Terror dreaded the guillotine half as much as I dread the altar!"

Gloomily as my sister spoke, or, perhaps, because she did speak so gloomily of what appeared to me to be only considerable exaggeration of a very natural feeling, for the life of me I could not help laughing in which, to my surprise, I was joined by Regina, who raised her head from its resting-place, and, arising from my lap, sat down beside me.

## WHY YOU ARE THIN; HOW TO GET FLESHY.

Discusses Causes of Thinness and Gives New Method of Increasing Weight and Rounding Out the Form.

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A treatment which anyone can prepare cheaply at home, has been found to increase the weight, improve the health, round out scrawny figures, improve the bust, brighten the eyes and put new color into the cheeks and lips of anyone who is too thin and bloodless. It puts flesh on those who have been always thin whether from disease or natural tendency; on those who by heavy eating and diet have in vain tried to increase; on those who feel well but can't get fat; and on those who have tried every known method in vain. It is a powerful aid to digestion, nutrition and assimilation. It assists the blood and nerves to distribute all over the body the flesh elements contained in food, and gives the thin person the same absorbing qualities possessed by the naturally fleshy.

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"I would be an old maid, then, if I were you. There is no law against it, and this is a free country!" said I.

"I know it is foolish—this presentiment—"

"Presentiment!" "Yes, presentiment—this dark, uncertain, slippery, cold feeling of the precipice edge!" she replied, gravely—her flush of mirth quite gone.

"But this will pass away in a few days, Regina. You love Wolfgang."

"Yes, and dread him more! Oh, listen, Ferdinand! Listen, my dear brother! I will open my heart to you this first and last time! for once! for to-morrow, as you say, you will have no right to inquire into the secrets of my bosom. I will have no right to communicate them to-morrow; this would be an infringement of my marriage vow; to-morrow my oath of allegiance would make these confidences treachery. Listen then. I do love Wolfgang quite as much as I am capable of loving any one—almost as much as he loves me. I have loved him almost from the first evening of our meeting; but, since our engagement, lately—now listen! for contradictory as what I am now about to tell you may appear, it is nevertheless true—though inexplicable to me, as it may seem to you. Lately, as I said, while I am strongly attached to Wolfgang, I am as strongly repulsed! It is as if some principle in my being were powerfully drawn toward him, while another principle was as powerfully repelled; or, as if some element in Wolfgang's nature possessed for me irresistible fascination, while some other element affects me with disgust—which fills me with remorse—which I endeavor to conquer—which I only succeed in concealing!"

"You have succeeded in that! I never suspected it!"

"Thus, you see, my bosom is made the battlefield of warring emotions, and over all broods this dark presentiment, like the lowering black clouds of some approaching and destructive storm!"

"Do not marry him!" said I, earnestly.

"I must. The hand of fate is on me! I have no power to stop myself!"

"Then I can stop you! I can be stronger than fate! You shall not be married!"

"But I will! I love him! If I had the power I would tear out from my bosom that which occasionally recoils from him, though it were one ventricle of my heart! It is half-past one o'clock; my marriage-day has come, dearest brother; dearest, only brother! I only came in to kiss you."

"To give me an opportunity, for the last time, of pressing my maiden sister to my bosom," said I, as I held her there.

"Yes! and with no intention of afflicting you with my equinoctial storms—"

"Your—what?"

"My equinoctial storms—the clouds, the thunder, lightnings, and showers, that have marked my approach to the line matrimonial! And dashing clouds and tears from her now sparkling face, she kissed me and vanished from the room. (To be continued.)"

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## THE STOMACH TELESCOPE.

Invention Proves of Value in Diagnosing Stomach Troubles.

The "stomach telescope," or gastro-scope, invented at the London Hospital last year, has proved to be of the greatest value in the diagnosis of stomach disorders. An eminent surgeon recently referred in the highest terms to the advances lately made at that hospital in the early detection of diseases of the stomach by means of this instrument, which will in the immediate future probably come to be part of the equipment of every up-to-date hospital. The gastro-scope now enables the physician or surgeon to actually see for himself the exact condition of the whole of the interior of the stomach, the slightest ulceration, growth or other abnormality in the lining membrane being thus readily observed. To be able to do this is of the very greatest importance in suspected cancer of the stomach, where the only hope of cure lies in the eradication of the cancerous growth at the very earliest moment. This means that the increased use of the gastro-scope will in the future save many lives that would otherwise inevitably be lost through that disease.—London Telegraph.

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