

The Fatal Dower

—OR—

THE DESTRUCTION OF A PROUD SPIRIT.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Margaret Howard, on the eve of departure to join her secretly married husband, leaves her child with Susan Rivers and is drowned at sea. Susan rears the child, Daisy, as her own, and dies. Her daughter, Margaret, alone knows Daisy's secret. Lord Lisle seeks his child, and Margaret, taking Daisy's birthright, announces herself his daughter. She falls in love with his nephew, Philip.

CHAPTER XII.

Lord Lisle continually thought of that scene—those passionate tears—that bitter cry. He knew that his proud, beautiful daughter loved her cousin with all the force of her heart—with all the strength of her nature. He was grieved, for he saw nothing like love on Philip's part. No one could be more chivalrous, gay, and kind than Lord Lisle's heir, but there was no love either in his looks or words.

He watched his daughter, but she never betrayed her secret. At times, when Philip spoke to her suddenly, he saw her face flush and her dark, lustrous eyes grow brighter. But pride and hauteur wrapped her round like a garment. He could have believed the scene he witnessed from the balcony a dream.

He saw, too, although Rita guarded her secret as she guarded her life, there were times when she was jealous of every one else to whom Philip spoke. The pretty, fair-haired Countess Guardi was then considered the belle of Naples. Fair and coquettish, with bright eyes, charming smiles, and winning words, she was more popular and more admired than any other woman in Naples.

She liked Philip, and immediately upon her introduction began a little flirtation with him. She gave him her brightest smiles and gayest words, much to the amusement of her indulgent husband, who looked with something like commiseration on his wife's favorite.

It was all innocent nonsense, and the count knew it. His pretty, petted wife must have homage and admiration.

Lord Lisle and his daughter received many invitations to the Villa Guardi, the beautiful and luxurious home of the fair-haired countess. She was fond of charades—of operettas—of tableaux. Miss Lisle charmed her; that dark, magnificent beauty was the very foil she needed for her own. She was never weary in arranging tableaux in which she could act with Miss Lisle.

All the gayety and fashion of Naples assembled at the villa; dances, soirees, evening parties, morning rides, excursions both on sea and land, were constantly going on; and the center and soul of all were the Countess Guardi and Miss Lisle.

The Neapolitans raved about her; the fair face, with its delicate rose-leaf bloom, the dark, lustrous eyes, and magnificent crown of black hair, had a great charm. "The beautiful Miss Lisle!" Gentlemen flirted with the pretty countess, but they admired Miss Lisle.

Lord Lisle was delighted with his daughter's success. Mingling with this, the best and highest society in Naples, her manners became formed, her natural taste for all that was elegant became developed. He saw the time had come when he might safely present his daughter, and the most fastidious could find no fault with her.

Rita might have had lovers in abundance—Italian counts, French gentlemen, and Austrian nobles would fain have wooed and won the beautiful daughter of the rich English nobleman; but she smiled upon none. She accepted their homage in a queenly, graceful way that was infinitely charming and full of piquancy. None of them had power to move her. Lord Lisle laughed at her numerous conquests; Philip rallied her; Mrs. Marche was proud of her pupil; but Rita cared little. Her ambition was gratified; men hung

upon her words; they would have risked much for her smiles; she could rule brave and noble hearts, touch them with a look, move them at her word. She was courted, admired, and flattered; homage and adulation followed her; but the time came when Rita would have yielded this sovereignty of youth and beauty for one smile from Philip.

The Countess Guardi sent out invitations for a ball. "It is to be," she said, "a faint imitation of fairyland." No one was asked who had not some special claim to public favor—pretty girls, eligible men, but no "bores." The number of guests invited was small. The rooms were splendidly decorated with flowers; the long conservatories were lighted up; lamps gleamed like stars amid the green foliage and rich blossoms; pretty fountains rippled musically out in the pleasure-grounds, that ran down to the shore; the lights shone amid the trees. Every one talked of the recherche entertainment given by the fair countess.

Lord Lisle wished his daughter to look her best on this evening; he thought it impossible that Philip could help loving her. He wished his nephew to see her in the full blaze of her regal beauty—the queen of the ball, admired and sought by all.

The same idea came to Rita herself. She spared no pains over her toilet, and the result was perfection. Mrs. Marche, whose taste was far more than good, chose the style of dress.

A rich, sweeping, flowing robe of rose-colored satin, shaded with costly white lace, that fell like a white, soft cloud. Costly diamonds were clasped round the white throat and on the fair, rounded arms. Diamonds glistened in the coils of black hair that crowned the queenly head, and a beautiful blush-rose nestled against her bosom.

When Rita entered the room where Lord Lisle and Philip awaited her, they both started with admiration. Lord Lisle kissed the beautiful face with proud, tender affection. Philip said gayly, "Ah, Miss Lisle, our little countess will be eclipsed this evening. Old England will show her supremacy. I place myself in the ranks of the rose."

Rita was charmed by the fairy-like scene. The soft, sweet music seemed to thrill the air; rare perfumes came from the rose-flowers; the little fountains rippled musically.

"There are pleasant scenes in the world," she said, turning to Philip. "There are two sides to life. This is the bright one; the other—"

"The other you shall never see," he interrupted. "Ah! ma belle cousine, moralizing in a ball-room—how thoroughly English!"

"Thoughts fly swiftly," she replied; "the ripple of that water took me back for one moment to Queen's Lynne. I was on the seashore."

"Forget that miserable time," said Philip, warmly. "We all try our best to make you forget it, Rita; do we not?"

He had never called her Rita before, and a warm flush covered her face. The rose on her bosom trembled with the quick beating of her heart.

Before she had time to reply the countess joined them.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, in her pretty, broken English. "My rooms seemed dark without you!"

She spoke to Rita and looked at Philip. He, perfectly accustomed to the lady's arrangements of look and speech, was much amused.

In a few minutes Miss Lisle was the center of a group of admirers. Then she showed to advantage; bright, witty words, clever sayings, graceful actions and movements charmed her courtiers. Prince Dalgardin prayed for the first waltz. She had hoped Philip would care for that, but he was still talking to their fair hostess, Count d'Arni,

one of the proudest men in Naples, sued humbly for the second.

It seemed like a dream. She was strongly haunted that night by the recollection of Queen's Lynne. In every pause of the soft, sweet music she heard the sea beating in and breaking upon the shore. She heard Ralph Ashton crying out that he loved her. It was like a dream that she should be queen of that brilliant room; that men of noble birth and high estate should sue so humbly for one smile. Yet it was all true, and she had done all this for herself.

"It has prospered," she thought to herself, "after all. It is not true to say that evil never succeeds—evil has been my good."

It was later on in the evening when Philip sought Rita's side.

"Can you find time for one dance with me?" he asked, gently. "You are surrounded by so many courtiers I have little chance I fear."

He was somewhat startled by the expression of her eyes as she raised them to his face; for once her secret showed there—passion and tenderness lingered in their dark depths. In her heart she was wondering that he did not know how utterly indifferent she was to every one but himself.

Her only reply was rising and placing her hand on his arm. Rita was a good dancer—graceful and easy, every movement full of harmony and the very poetry of motion.

The music sounded sweetly and softly. She never forgot the happiness of that time. Philip's face smiling down into hers; Philip's arm, with its strong, light clasp around her; Philip's voice whispering kind words—it was one half hour of perfect happiness. She saw admiring eyes follow her; she heard murmurs of admiration from those who watched her; but she was indifferent to all and everything save Philip.

The last notes of the waltz died away, and Philip, turning to her, said:

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

"You must be tired." He stopped abruptly as his glance fell upon her bright face. He saw the light in her dark eyes; he saw the blush-rose in her bosom; its fragrance came to him like a faint, sweet whisper. Her beauty had never struck Philip so forcibly before. "You should be tired," he resumed, "but I see no trace of fatigue."

She carried in her hand a bouquet of white roses and lilies. Philip bent over them.

"Give me one of those flowers, belle cousine," he said, "in memory of a dance I shall never forget."

He meant nothing more than a pretty, flattering compliment, but the words thrilled the girl's heart. She took a delicate rosebud, half shrouded in green leaves, from her fragrant bouquet.

"You will leave it somewhere to fade and die," she said.

"Nay," replied Philip, gallantly; "it shall live near my heart."

A shadow startled them. Looking up, Rita saw the countess by her side. The pretty coquette was looking her best that evening. Her rich white dress was looped up with white lilies, her fair hair beautifully arranged; white lilies drooped from it; the same delicate flowers nestled in her bodice.

"I am interrupting a pretty scene," she said. "You English people understand the sentimental, after all. Mr. Lisle, I have been looking for you. The Princess Dorietti wishes for an introduction. Prepare yourself to be all that is fascinating."

Philip did not respond with his usual alacrity, and a pretty look, half smile, half frown, came over the lady's face.

"I see," she said. "You would rather remain here."

"Yes," said Philip. "If I consult inclination only I would rather remain here; but your wish, Madame la Comtesse, is my law."

"I shall be glad to rest here for a few minutes," said Rita. "Do not mind leaving me alone."

They went away together. She wished to be alone to dream over the

happiness that she believed was coming to her—to dream over the words and looks that made her music and sunshine. Not there, where at any moment a gay crowd might surround her. Rita went through the long conservatory, out into the pleasant, moonlit garden, where the lilies and roses perfumed the night air. She sat down on one of the pretty seats placed near the fountain. The night was solemn and still; pale stars gleamed in the darkening sky; the moonbeams gave a silver radiance to water and trees; the flowers were sleeping; only the roses seemed to be awake and greeting her with perfume. Far off, like the sweet, faint echo of a dream, she heard the rise and fall of the music. She was alone—alone with the beauty of the summer night and her own love.

"He is beginning to love me," she thought.

He had called her Rita, he had lingered by her side, he had asked for the flower. He would love her in time; and earth held no pleasure, no happiness, for her save in his love. She had believed ambition, pride, and love of admiration to be the master-passions of her life. This love was even stronger. She would rather—ah! ten thousand times rather—be poor with Philip than share the throne of a king.

"I love him!" she murmured, "who never knew what love meant—who never cared for it! I love him, and he must love me in return!"

Nothing like pity crossed her mind for the man who had cared so much for her—who had left her believing that she would be true to him and wait for him.

When the thought of Ralph Ashton came it was with a sense of loathing and contempt—a wonder that she could ever have endured the sound of his voice or the touch of his hands.

Out among the lilies and roses she dreamed of the love she hoped to win—of the bright future, of the title, of the honors, the grandeur that awaited her. The solemn stars, the sleeping flowers, the whispering night wind brought no bright or holy thoughts—they brought no remorse, no pity, no compunction; and she smiled brightly, thinking that her evil deed had prospered, and would bear good fruit.

(To Be Continued.)

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

She Tells How Little Ones Can be Kept Well, Contented and Happy.

When baby is cross and irritable you may rest assured he is not well, even if you are unable to see any symptoms of his illness other than fretfulness. It is not natural for a

baby to be cross, and he is not so without reason. He has no other way of telling his troubles than by crossness and crying. When baby is cross give him Baby's Own Tablets, and they will soon make him good-natured and happy, because they will cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour little stomach and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. These Tablets are just what every mother needs for her little ones—and her older children too.

Mrs. Clarence McKay, Roseway, N.S., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones. When my baby was four months old he was very much troubled with indigestion. He would vomit his food as soon as he took it, no matter what I gave him and he seemed to be always hungry and kept thin and delicate. He also suffered from constipation. After giving him the Tablets a few days the vomiting ceased and his bowels became regular, and I must say that since I began the use of the Tablets I have had less trouble with this baby than I had with any of the rest of my children." Every mother should keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times—there is no telling when an emergency may arise.

These Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, such as constipation, indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, sour stomach, and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug, and dissolved in water may be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BY MEANS OF GAS.

Some interesting experiments recently took place to show the effects of a new system for the extermination of rats on board ship. The vessel is charged with sulphur dioxide gas, which apparently has the effect of attracting the rats from their hiding places, and as soon as they breathe the fumes they become suffocated. In the experiments several hundred rats were destroyed in a few minutes by means of the gas.

A DRESS THAT GIVES SHOCKS.

The electric robe is the newest thing in baths, though it is not a bath so far as the ordinary meaning of the word goes. It consists of a thick robe entwined with wires which conduct a current of electricity. The garment is donned and the current is switched on. When this is done a warmth is produced which has all the effects of a Turkish bath.

NERVOUS TROUBLES.

MAKES LIFE A SOURCE OF CONSTANT MISERY.

The Sufferer is Constantly Tired and Depressed, Will Startle at the Slightest Noise, and is Easily Irritated.

There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise; is oppressed by a feeling that something awful is going to happen; is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is unable to sit or lie still.

If you are nervous or worried, or suffer from a combination of languor and constant irritation, you need a nerve food and nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You will find after taking them that your feelings of distress and worry are being rapidly replaced by strength, confidence, and a feeling that you are on the road to full and complete health and strength. Get rid of your nervousness in the only possible way—by building up strong, steady nerves.

Miss Ina Doucet, Bathurst, N.B., says: "Words fail me to adequately express what I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was attacked by la grippe, the after effects of which took the form of nervous exhaustion. The least noise would startle me and I would tremble for some time I used several medicines, but they did not help me, and as time went on I was growing worse and was so nervous that I was afraid to remain alone in a room. I slept badly at night and would frequently awake with a start that would compel me to scream. The trouble told on me to such an extent that my friends feared for my recovery. At this time my aunt urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using eight boxes I was completely restored to health. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I sincerely hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. They make new, rich blood with every dose, strengthen the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step are certain to follow a fair use of this medicine. Be sure that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box you buy. All others are imitations. If you do not find these pills at your dealer's they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EASTER GIFTS.

Now that the custom of giving Easter tokens has become general, there is quite a call for articles appropriate for the occasion. There are a few articles that, while inexpensive, are pretty.

Materials required are a few small round trays, such as grocers use for butter, green, brown and yellow tissue paper, and diamond dyes of such colors as you wish. Cut yellow tissue paper into strips two and one-half inches wide, fold and cut crosswise, leaving one-half inch at each edge to hold the fringe.

With a little paste fasten a strip of fringe close to the edge of the tray, then another strip a little way inside, so that the fringe will cover the pasted edge of the first row; continuing until the tray is entirely covered. Crumple the fringe slightly with the hand, to give it the appearance of straw, and your nest is ready for the eggs. These must first be boiled hard in clear water.

Dissolve a very little blue Diamond dye in a saucer of hot water; then roll three of the eggs around in it, and they will be a lovely sky blue. A name, a little sketch, or an Easter greeting may be traced on the egg with a stick dipped in lard before they are put into the dye bath, and it will remain white.

Place the blue and white eggs in the yellow nest, and it is dainty enough to please anyone. Make nests in the same way of the green or brown paper, and color eggs to contrast prettily.

Little gifts may be made of egg shells which have been prepared by carefully breaking the small end of the egg so that the contents may be poured out. Trim the edge of the shell as evenly as possible and bind it with a strip of gold paper pasted on. Use Roman floss to crochet a cover. Plain open work crochet or a fancy pattern may be used, shaping it to fit the shell; make a row of shells to finish the top. Use Asiatic couching silk of the same color for a draw string, making a tiny bow at each side and leaving four strings to hang it up by. Tie them together about six inches from the top of the shell, with blue Roman floss or Asiatic twisted embroidery silk. Baby ribbon may be used in place of the Asiatic couching silk, but is not quite as pretty to work with and the color cannot be so readily matched. Any color to suit the fancy may be used and the little cases so made, can be used to hold hairpins, matches, a thimble, rings, etc.

Legs So Swelled He Couldn't Walk

Kidney and Urinary Troubles were Followed by Dropsy—A Perfect Cure by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This case of Mr. James Treneman, the well-known butcher, of 536 Adelaide street, London, Ont., is another proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective in the most severe and complicated diseases of the kidneys.

The double action which this famous prescription has on both the kidneys and liver is in a large measure responsible for its wonderful curative effects. When there are backache, frequent, difficult or painful urination, dropsical swellings, biliousness, constipation or stomach derangements, you may depend upon it that the kidneys are clogged and the liver sluggish.

It is at such times that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prove themselves prompt to give relief and certain to effect a cure. The evidence to prove this fact is simply overwhelming.

Mr. James Treneman states:—"Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I procured a box and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and am firmly convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day."

As a family medicine of tested and known worth, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have never been approached. They act directly on the kidneys and liver, regulate the bowels and ensure the perfect action of the digestive and filtering systems. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.