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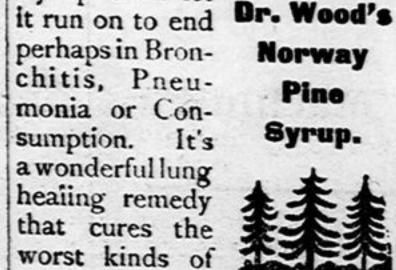
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when others fail. Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers. soul that the expected child might

coughs and colds

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# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XV.

Sir Arthur did not feel quite sure whether his wife's intelligence pleased him or not. Still he said nothing to that effect to her, but bent down and kissed her pretty young face, and muttered something about happiness. It was vague enough, yet it pacified

her. She was quite content. Was he pleased? If he should have a son, his beautiful, noble daughter would no longer be heiress of Lancewood. She would never fill the position for which she had so well qualified herself . Her life would be completely spoiled. Sir Arthur understood her, and he knew that her desire to inherit Lancewood was not so much for the wealth or the importance that would accrue to her, but because she had lofty ideas adding to the luster of her name, of doing good to all in the estate-because she would carry out needful improvements for which he had no inclination. He had often said to himself what a noble mistress Vivien would make for Lancewood, and had thought himself most fortunate in having such a daughter to succeed him. Now, if he should have a son, all hopes of Vivien's succession were A son was born to him! This fair rible in black."

be amply portioned out of the estate, claims.

He did not tell Vivien the news. "It will be time enough for her to know it," he said to himself, "when all the world knows it."

Smeatons left London they were going to Germany, and had asked her to

kind of home she may return?" he make the best of it.

dreaming of the news that would fol- the child. low her thither.

Lady Neslie was expecting the hour of her triumph. She had never admitted to herself that she might have a daughter instead of the son she longed and prayed for. And one hinting ever so remotely at such an idea incurred her severest displeasure. One day she summoned Mrs. Spenser,

the housekeeper, to a consultation. She wanted to know which of the rooms had been used as Miss Neslie's nursery. Mrs. Spenser told her "the large room, with the oval window on the first floor."

"That will not do for me," said her ladyship, decidedly. "I prefer a room glad!" she whispered. Then, looking on the ground floor. Stairs are al- into his earnest face, she said - " are so much more mischievous than that I have a son.

incautiously, "your ladyship might againhave a daughter."

"I shall have nothing of the kind," said Lady Neslie, angrily; "my son son. will be heir of Lancewood-a daughter They brought the boy into the room would be--" "Useless to me," she for her to see. It was no sweet was about to add, but prudence came motherly instinct that prompted her to her aid and checked the words.

Heaven she may be disappointed."

name for my little son."

chosen?" he asked. "Oswald. It seems to have been a "Why are you smiling, Valerie?" he favorite name in the family. I count- asked. have been famous men."

ily-"Oswald is a famous name with made just where I wanted it." whether it would have inspired me to triumph.

life; then, suddenly looking at his he asked. wife, he said-

all, you should find yourself the moth- need.' er of a little daughter as pretty as you are yourself ?" She looked up at him excitedly.

"I should be so terribly disappoint- laugh that had so long been hushed," she said, "that I should almost ed. hate her."

at her words. She perceived her imprudence. "It is your fault, Arthur-you make me say what I do not mean. whole heart is bent upon a little son. Why do you contradict me?" Indeed it was useless, as he well knew. He said no more, but he hoped and prayed with all the fervor of his

not be a son and heir. There was great consternation one evening-a sweet dewy evening -for LAXA. Cure constipation, billousness, sich | the young mistress of Lancewood was headache and dyspepsia. Every suddenly taken ill. The doctor was LIVER pill guaranteed perfect and to act summoned in haste, and he sent at

low voices. "It would be strange," servants said, as though the dead man sky-such a day for a funeral! If ever too should die;" and there were hun- and the absence of the sun. dreds of wishes expressed that no son The Abbey was cheerless within and "If ever!" repeated the maid. "You

heir was born to him-a strong, heal- -almost terrible - paraphernalia that thy boy. But there was one draw- serve merely to add to the bitterness back-Lady Neslie was in great dan- of death.

trees, the moonlight silvering all-it devout thankfulness. was a home for a man to be proud of "I was so afraid, Marie," she said and to love.

an ample fortune, but he knew her |-it would never belong to her; it be- passed the morning in a violent strugwell. No fortune or money could longed now to the little child whom he gle with his two nurses, stoutly refuscompensate her for the loss of Lance- had not seen, and Vivien was disin- ing to put on the black dress provided wood. He knew that she would ra- herited. As he stood there he for him-"it was ugly, and he hated ther be mistress of Lancewood than thought of his first wife - Vivien's it"-which mutiny, on being reported Queen of England. It would be a ter- mother-of how, during her short life, to "miladi," caused her to smile and rible blow to her. The bringing home she had talked of the time when her sayof a young wife had been bad enough, daughter would inherit Lancewood. "The dear child has so much sense; prostrated. When doctors failed to cure but that would seem trivial in com- He thought of Vivien and of how she black is very unpleasant. But rehim I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, parison with the loss of Lancewood. had spent her life. She had not cared member he is Sir Oswald now, and he Another thing-if he had a son, it for romance or sentiment; the light, must do as he likes." was almost improbable that he could pretty occupations of other girls had The long black procession moved live to see him reach manhood, and, no charm for her. She had fitted her- silently through the park, the rain if he did not, who would train him- self to be mistress of Lancewood, as falling on the waving plumes. So the who would teach him all that Vivien she would have done to be queen of a late master of Lancewood passed from had so aptly learned? He did not say great kingdom. He could remember the home where his feet should never so to his wife, but in the depths of her enthusiasm over the grand old tread more while the daughter who his heart Sir Arthur hoped that a trees. How she had loved them! How had loved him as she had loved no one little daughter might be born to she had gloried in the fact that, al- else lay weeping in her darkened them, and not a son. If that were though they might die of old age, chamber-weeping as though her the case, the evil would be changed they could never be cut down! He re- grief could never grow less. She into a blessing. A daughter could membered, as he stood there watch- thought of what Lord St. Just had ing the fair domain that was not to said about time. Would time ever and would not interfere with Vivien's be hers, how she had planned a pictur- bring healing to her? Would her ter- smothering, faint and weak spells, esque bridge to span the river, and a rible heartache ever cease? Would her boat house lower down. Now she awful sense of desolation ever depart? would never plan again. Tears dim- Lady Neslie longed for the hour med his eyes, partly in gratitude for when the blinds should be drawn up. the son born to him, and partly in sor- She had never left her room-no crea-

through his birth. Ther he reproached himself. It accompany them, which she very was too late, he said, for thoughts of much wished to do. Sir Arthur gave that kind - too late for regret; he was married, and a son was born; "Who knows, poor child, to what there was nothing to be done but

said. "It may have passed from her Soon afterward he saw the little hands never to be entirely her own babe-a strong, healthy boy, with his mother's eyes and hair-a bonny, beau-So Vivien went to Germany, little tiful boy-and his heart warmed to cap lay on the toilet table-not the wives usually wear, but a pretty "After all, there will be some sat-

isfaction in being succeeded by a son," coquettish cap. "Miladi" took it in her he thought; "this boy will be Sir Oswald Neslie of Lancewood." He stooped down to kiss the tiny rose-bud face, and then he went quiet-

ly to his wife's room. She looked so ill and weak. She had fainted, they told him, two or three times in succession; but she recognized him now, and called him by name, "Arthur," she said, faintly, as he

bent over her, "they will not let me speak; they will not tell me." He saw her face flush with triumph, ill as she was. "A son, heir to Lancewood-I am so

ways dangerous for children, and boys shall not die, Arthur; I shall live now Then he left her, and she lay still, "But," interrupted the housekeeper, saying to herself over and over

"Sir Oswald Neslie, heir of Lancewood, Thank Heaven, I have a

questions, "Is he well?" "Is he The housekeeper went away with a strong?" "Is he healthy?"-no motherly instinct, but the longing that he "It is easy to see," she said, "that might live to inherit Lancewood. The miladi wants a son, so that Miss Nes- moment that the little child cried she lie shall not have Lancewood. I pray waved it impatiently away; she did not want that-she wanted nothing Lady Neslie herself never seemed to but to know that he was living and well. They wondered much - those "Arthur," she said one day to her who were with her - that she so husband, "I have been looking over the seldom desired to have the child with family annals, and I have found a her; if he was well, she was content. Sir Arthur saw her smiling one day "Indeed! What name have you as she looked at the child's face-she was recovering rapidly then.

ed ten Oswalds, and they all seem to "I was just thinking," she replied, "that after all I might have my own "Yes," observed Sir Arthur, dream- way, and see Lady Valerie's Drive

us, and we have had some gifted men Again, they were looking over some called by it. If I had a son, I could fine views of the castle, and she saw not wish for a better name for him. amonst them one of the Dower House. I often wonder, if I had another name, She showed it to him with a smile of

"I shall never have to live in that He spoke regretfully, like one who dreary old place now," she said. felt that he had missed some road in "How do you know that, Valerie?" | K

"I am quite sure of it. I need never | & "Valerie, you make very sure of leave Lancewood, because my own son this son of yours. What if, after will be here, and there will be no

"But suppose he marries, Valeriewhat then?" She laughed the merry, happy, light

"He cannot marry for twenty years !! "Hush, Valerie!" he cried, shocked to come, at least," she said; "and when he does, I will choose his wife - she shall be one after my own heart." And as he listened Sir Arthur wondered which love was the stronger in her heart-the love of Lancewood, or the love of her child.

CHAPTER XXII.

The ending of a human life is but as the falling of a leaf from a tree. Sir Arthur Neslie was dead; and when those who had cared most for him summed up his life, there was but litwithout any griping, weakening or once for another. There was distress had despaired of rectifying them. The tle to record about it. He had lived unto death, and it seemed a terrible his love for the fair, noble wife whom thing that one so young and beauti-The "Chronicle" is the only ful should die.

There were long hours of suspense, when the doctors consulted with grave faces, and the servants whispered in family vault where the Neslies of

Lancewood slept. The day of his gloom. Ah, this foggy, miserable funeral was one not soon forgotten England, it has nothing to recommend at the Abbey. There was no sun- it out its money!" shine, but a cold, drizzling rain. The | "England has been a good fosterworld looked gray and disconsolate, mother to you, 'miladi,'" remarked there was not even a gleam of blue in Marie.

the latter said, "if this Lady Neslie could note the darkness of the sky I am buried, I hope it may be when

might deprive Miss Neslie of her without. There was no sound outside will have to die, 'miladi,' just as well RATES save that of the steady downfalling as the rest of the world." Sir Arthur, walking up and down rain beating on the ground. Inside "That will not be for many years the broad corriders, tried to unde- all was gloom. The blinds were yet," she said, laughingly. "Now, are paid, except at the option of the preprietor. stand his own heart, and failed. Then drawn; the servants, dressed in deep- Marie, I am going to enjoy my life. I they came to him, those grave-faced est mourning, moved about noiseless- did not care much about Sir Arthur, doctors, and told him that he had ly; there was the muffled step of the you know; he was all very well as re-

ger. He asked if he could see her; There were two who mourned the and they told him "Not yet-she was dead man; one was Vivien, the other Gerald Dorman. Lady Neslie did all A son was born to him! When the that decorum could expect; she shut doctors had gone away, leaving him herself into her own room, where she alone, he went to the window that was supposed to be undergoing parlooked over the Hyde woods. The oxyms of grief, but where, in reality, moon was rising over the trees, the she amused herself by reading a sky was without a cloud. The fair French novel. She professed herself domain of Lancewood looked unwont- too much overcome even to see any edly fair. The undulating, well- one. But she was able to study the wooded park, the hills in the far dis- effect of her mourning. "It became tance, the dark, picturesque masses of her"-and she clasped her hands in

to her maid, "that I should look hor-

of course ended. He could give her domain would never be his daughter's Master Oswald, in his nursery,

Vivien wrote to say that when the row for the daughter who had lost all ture living had a greater dread of death and everything belonging to it than his gay-hearted lady. She paid no visits to the darkened room where lay the man who had loved her; she never saw him after he was dead; and the time seemed long to her while the house was all in gloom. She sat in her own room with her maid while Sir Arthur was buried and she was restless with excitement. A widow's somber head-dress that sorrowing

> "I shall not mind this so much," she said. "You have really made it very cleverly, Marie; it will not hide my

She laid it on the glossy brown coils of hair, and viewed herself with great

It is positively becoming," she said "Marie, you are a perfect treasure. Hark! That tiresome child is scream. doctor. ing still. He must have a black suit on-for a time at least. We have to go to the library, Mr. Dorman says, to hear the will read."

"I only hope he may behave himself, but I do not think he will," observed the maid. She had not much heart herself, but "miladi's" total want of it disgusted her.

Lady Neslie walked restlessly to the window. She drew up the blind and looked out on the cold, cheerless my hands got completely cured.

"What a day!" she said. "The very earth and sky are full of funeral Ont.

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"I do not deny that, but look at the "Such a day to be buried on!" the mist, the rain, the drizzle, the leaden the sun shines."

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Mother got some medicine, but it did me no good. After I had suffered with the

itching and burning about three would try Burdock Blood Bitters.

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garding worldly advancement - I knew that I should never do better than in marrying him." To be Continued.

Brigadier-General Brabant, who has been doing such brilliant work in the forty-five years' military service, having entereed the 2nd Derby Militia as an ensign in 1855. He proceeded to South Africa, the following year, and joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. In 1873 he retired from the Rifles, and was elected member of Parliament for the Port of East London, and appointmonths, mother thought she ed Field Commandant of the Colonial Forces in 1878. The gallant General was made a C.M.G. in 1880, and has I only took two bottles, when been a Volunteer enthusiast during his career at the Cape.

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