

Heiress and Wife.

PER XL—Continued.

the flash of recognition in the blush that mantled sweet face.

grateful to you sir, for But won't you take me I don't want to go name Whitney's."

he said, with a "when you left it remarkable manner as run-

you know I ran away" flushing hotly.

Whitney has advertised responded, promptly.

he well knew what he a deliberate falsehood, guessed the little wild bird weary of the restraint,

away.

do that?" asked Daisy, "Oh, Mr. shall I do? I do not I would sooner die

reason for you to do "You are in good until the storm all probability the detectives out in all for you."

ing, so unsuspect- knew so little of the world or its intrigue- quite believed

do!" she sobbed, with her hands. to Uncle John,

idea she meant for granted she and Septima.

tain when John "mendable," he said; are aware his the place—gone, the brookses of the hill status

er, catching her "did you say, as gone—no no your Daisy was losing her

er, smothering a that is what surprised that you are all alone Of course you

mediate. You in stay in your at least a week by recover from the water and

ked Daisy, "and and who lives a time, if you Stanwick, gazing beautiful, ques-

egan, with pro- ve been filling ears with roman- way from school to sea, and of some hand- ave you, and to some castle, prince in dis- they usually But you found work very well little romance your life—eh, the second ques- at in the nick into the turbul- ag you out of ing that little above water be stopped, and on board. I ce," he continu- suspicion and in- ve been sure to —as my wife! Do said, as a sharp, the red lips. "I order to protect rned at once in adame Whitney's,

se to do with you ed, I brought you have been ever ous up to date." you brought me

good at guessing. two nights and

ere?" persisted ar house?"

ughed Stanwick. you are not very my taste," he said, the meagerly furn-

"As near as I can the house is occupied old maids. Each looks to the other. This was

er a could find, and I all the way from the rma, and under the cir- after much consulting, agreed to allow you to Now you have the in a nutshell."

"Why did they not send to Septima to come to me?" she asked presently.

"Because they thought you were with your best protector—your husband."

"Did you tell them that here, too?" asked Daisy, growing white and ill with a dizzy horror.

"Oh, Mr. Stanwick, send for them at once, and tell them it is not so, or I must!" she added, desperately.

"You must do nothing of the kind, you silly child. Do you suppose they would have sheltered you for a single instant if they had not believed you were my wife? You do not know the ways of the world. Believe me it was the only course I could pursue, in that awkward dilemma, without bringing disgrace and detection upon you."

As if in answer to the question that was trembling upon Daisy's lips, he continued:

"I am stopping at a boarding-place some little distance from here. This is not Baltimore, but a little station some sixty miles from there. When you are well and strong you may go where you please, although I frankly own the situation is by no means an unpleasant one for me. I would be willing to stay here always—with you."

"Sir!" cried Daisy, flushing as red as the climbing roses against the window, her blue eyes blazing up with sudden fire. "do you mean to insult me?"

By no means," responded Lester Stanwick, eagerly. "Indeed, I respect and honor you too much for that. Why, I risked my life to save yours, and snatched your honor with my name. Had I been your husband in very truth I could not have done more."

Daisy covered her face with her hands.

"I thank you very much for saving me," she sobbed, "but won't you please go away and leave me to myself?"

One and villain as Lester Stanwick was, he could not help feeling touched by the innocence and beauty of little Daisy, and from that instant he loved her with a wild, absorbing, passionate love, and he made a vow, then and there, that he would win her.

From their boyhood up Rex and Lester had been rivals. At college Rex had carried off the honors with flying colors. Pluma Hurlhurst, the wealthy heiress, had chosen Rex in preference to himself. He stood fit the chance with the bright-eyed maidens compared with handsome, careless, winning Rex Lyon.

Quite unobserved he had witnessed the meeting between Rex and Daisy at the fountain, and how tenderly he clasped her in his arms as they waltzed together in the mellow light. To the delicious strains of the "Blue Danube," and knowing Rex as well as he did, he knew for the first time in life Rex's heart was touched.

"It would be a glorious revenge," Stanwick had muttered to himself, "if I could win her from him." Then a sordid motive of revenge alone prompted him—now he was beginning to experience the sweet thrillings of awakened love himself. Yes, he had learned to love Daisy for her own sweet self.

He smiled as he thought of the last words Pluma Hurlhurst had said to him; "Revenge is sweet, Lester, when love is turned to bitter hatred. Help me to drag Rex Lyon's pride as low as he has this night dragged mine."

and you shall have my hand as your reward. My father is an invalid—he can not live much longer—then you will be master of Whitestone Hall." As he had walked down the broad gravel path, running his eye over the vast plantation stretching afar on all sides, like a field of snow, as the moonlight fell upon the waving cotton, he owned to himself it was a fair domain well worth the winning.

But as he stood there, gazing silently down upon little Daisy's face—how strange it was—he would have given up twenty such inheritances for the hope of making sweet little Daisy Brooks his wife.

It was well for Daisy Brooks he little dreamed of the great barrier which lay between them, shutting him out completely from all thoughts of love in Daisy's romantic heart.

CHAPTER XII.

"Please go away," sobbed Daisy. "Leave me to myself, and I will get up."

"Very well," said Stanwick, involuntarily rising her little white hands courteously to his lips; "and remember, I warn you, for your own sake, not to dispute the assertion I have made—that you are my wife."

"Why?" asked Daisy, wistfully. "They will forgive me when I tell them how it all came about."

"You do not know women's ways," he replied. "They would hand you over at once to the authorities; you would bring disgrace and ruin upon your own head, and bitter shame to John Brooks's heart. I know him well enough to believe he would never forgive you. On the other hand, when you feel well enough to depart, you can simply say you are going away with your husband. No one will think of detaining you; you will be free as the wind to go where you will. It will cost you but a few words. Remember, there are occasions when it is necessary to prevaricate in order to prevent greater evils—this is one of them."

Daisy could not dispute this specious logic, and she suffered herself to be persuaded against her will and better judgment. She was dreadfully homesick, poor little soul! and to go back to Alleendale, to Rex, was the one wish of her heart. But would he clasp her in his arms if a shadow of disgrace haunted her fair name? She would go back to him and kneel at his feet, and tell him why she had left home. Whitney's. She certainly meant to tell him what followed, and, with her little warm cheek pressed close to his, ask him if she had done right.

At that moment the door of an adjoining room opened, and Lester observed the three ladies standing in a row in the doorway. He knew that three pairs of eyes were regarding him in early through as many pairs of blue glasses.

"Good-bye, my little wife," he said, raising his voice for their benefit; "I'm off now. I shall see you again to-morrow," and, before Daisy had the least idea of his intentions, he had pressed a kiss upon her rosy lips and was gone.

The three ladies quickly advanced to the couch upon which Daisy reclined.

"We are very glad to find you are so much better this morning," they exclaimed, all in a breath. "Your husband has been almost demented about you, my dear."

They wondered why the white face on the pillow turned so pink, then faded to a dead white, and why the teardrops started to her beautiful blue eyes.

"I was telling my sisters," pursued one of the ladies, softly, "you were so young to be married—hardly more than a child. How old are you, my

dear—not more than sixteen, I suppose?"

"Sixteen and a few months," answered Daisy.

"How long have you been married, my dear?" questioned another of the sisters.

A great sob rose in Daisy's throat as she remembered it was just a week that very day since she had stood in the dim old parlor at the rectory, while Rex clasped her hands, his handsome, smiling eyes gazing so lovingly down upon her, while the old minister spoke the words that bound them for life to each other. It almost seemed to Daisy that long years had intervened, she had passed through so much since then.

"Just a week to-day, madame," she made answer.

"Why, you are a bride, then," they chorused. "Ah! that accounts for your husband's great anxiety about you. We all agreed we had never seen a husband more devoted!"

Daisy hid her face in the pillow. She thought she would go mad upon being so cruelly misunderstood. Oh! if she had only dared throw herself into their arms and sob out her heart-aches on their bosoms. Yes, she was a bride, but the most pitifully homesick, weary, disheartened little girl-bridge that ever the sun shone on in the wide, wide world.

They assisted Daisy to arise, brushing out her long, tangled, golden curls, declaring to one another the pretty little creature looked more like a merry, rosy-cheeked school-girl than a little bride-wife, in her pink and white dotted muslin, which they had in the meantime done up for her with their own hands.

They wondered too, why she never asked for her husband, and she looked almost ready to faint when they spoke of him.

To Be Continued.

DANGER IN WASP'S STING.

Two Women Who Died From Being Stung by That Insect.

To illustrate that the stings of wasps are often dangerous, a writer in the British Medical Journal on the subject of their stings, cites the two following cases which have come under his notice:

A strong, healthy girl of 27 was stung on the neck by a wasp and fainted. On regaining consciousness she complained of a general feeling of numbness and partial blindness, and vomited; she suffered severe abdominal pain. She recovered in the course of a few hours. Two months later she was stung again; this time on the hand. Her face became flushed, she again complained of numbness and blindness, suddenly became very pale, fainted, and died twenty-five minutes after she was stung.

Another case was that of a girl of 22, who was stung by a wasp behind the angle of the jaw. The sting was at once extracted and ammonia applied. In a few minutes she complained of faintness and would have fallen if she had not been supported. Her face assumed an expression of great anxiety, and a few minutes later she was tossing on the bed, complaining of a horrible feeling of choking and of agonizing pain in the chest and abdomen. Brandy gave no relief. There was nausea, but no vomiting. She rapidly became insensible, and died fifteen minutes after receiving the sting.

The most probable explanation of such cases seems to be what is known as idiosyncrasy—that is, abnormal sensitiveness in particular individuals to certain toxic agents. It is well known that drugs vary much in action in different people. What is a safe dose for one is dangerously large for another. The inability of some people to eat strawberries or shellfish is another instance of the same phenomena. The active agent of bee stings is generally believed to be formic acid. It therefore seems very desirable that we should have more accurate information regarding the action of this drug on different species of the lower animals, and through them on man himself."

PARSON SILENCES A LAWYER.

A clergyman was giving evidence in a horse stealing case, and the opposing counsel was trying to confuse him. "Pray, sir," he cried, "do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "Indeed," replied the reverend gentleman, "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow or between a bull and a bully; only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully—" here he made a bow to the lawyer—"luckily for me, has none."

A DELIGHT TO HOUSEWIVES.

A new needle which must be a delight to housewives, has been invented in Germany. It has a prolongation behind the eye of smaller diameter than the bored part of the needle, with grooves in it to receive the thread. The object of it is to facilitate the passing of the needle through the holes in buttons, when sowing them on. The thread lies in the grooves, and hence the needle passes much more easily and rapidly.

ENGLISH MILITARY HATS.

Some of Them Weigh as Much as a Full Dozen "stovepipes."

Our Tommies have many kinds of headgear, ranging from the glorified pill boxes of the Guards to the helmets of the Lancers and Life Guards.

Whether or not busbies and helmets look picturesquely artistic is a matter of opinion, but of their weight there can be no question whatever.

We civilians are wont at times to grumble at the fashion which, in a manner, compels us to wear silk hats. Now, as a matter of fact, the average topper weighs but a paltry 7 ounces, whereas the helmet of the Household Cavalry weighs no fewer than 55 ounces.

Our soldiers will shortly be returning from South Africa, where they have served so unselfishly, so that the time is now come when we should do everything in our power to contribute to their comfort in token of our appreciation of their devotion. And surely in lessening the weight of their headgear we should to some extent improve their lot.

When a civilian wears a silk hat he carries 7 ounces, and if he dons a bowler 41-2 ounces; while the average cap weighs 3 ounces.

Against this we find that the forage caps worn by the staff weigh an ounce more than the average topper, and as much as a bluejacket's straw hat—that is to say, 9 ounces. The helmet used by our infantry for home service weighs 141-2 ounces, while a General's cocked hat and plume weighs an ounce more.

The khaki-covered Indian helmet weighs an ounce over the pound; the Hussar's busby 29 ounces, the Lancer's "cap" 2 ounces over 2 pounds, the Guards' bearskin 3 ounces more, and last, the helmet of the Household Cavalry, 3 pounds 7 ounces.

In the navy they are more sensible, for the seaman's cap weighs but 6 ounces, and his cap over half a pound, while a chief petty officer's peaked cap just turns the scales at 61-4 ounces. Captains' and commanders' caps in the royal navy weigh half a pound, and their cap covers half a dozen ounces.

Now, Tommy's home-sewed khaki hat only weighs as much as the ordinary bowler—that is to say, 41-2 ounces, while the South African hats, made of felt, and the military field service caps, are only an ounce heavier. None of these, it will be seen, weighs as much as the average silk hat.

When such hats can be made, one naturally asks one's self why an unfortunate trooper in the Household Cavalry should be expected to carry the weight of eight top hats on his head, or the equivalent of a round dozen of civilian bowlers. Even the infantry soldier has to carry the equivalent of a couple of toppers, the Hussar four, the Lancer five, and the Infantry Guardsman five and a half.

It is to be hoped that now that these facts have been brought before the public the matter will not be allowed to drop until something has been done to lighten the burden of Mr. Atkins.

NOVEL DISHES.

Elephant's Foot Is Considered a Great Delicacy in Africa.

Lion's flesh is said to make a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India, nevertheless, it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning which characterizes the animal.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. The natives of India and Africa consider it a dainty, but the opinion of at least one European is against it. He says:

"I have tasted elephant over and over again. It is more like soft leather and glue than anything else to which I can compare it." Another traveller however, declares that he cannot imagine how any animal so coarse and heavy as an elephant can produce such delicate and tender flesh.

All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even the traveller quoted above admits that baked elephant's foot is a dish fit for a king.

When an elephant is shot in Africa the flesh is cut into strips and dried. This is called "biltong." The foot, having been cut off at the knee-joint, is saved to make a feast. A hole about three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard with burning wood. Most of the fat is then removed and the elephant's foot is placed in the hole, which is filled with earth tightly packed.

The process is completed by building a blazing fire on top. This is kept burning for three hours. Thus cooked, the flesh is like jelly, and can be eaten with a spoon. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.

MAKING BACON.

It takes about 15 bushels of grain and meal to fatten a large bacon pig.

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Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "leaky" losses. They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method of treatment will positively cure you.

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Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.


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Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and dependent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE
No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well. They cure those feelings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women, who have come to think there is no cure for them.

Read the words of encouragement in this letter from Mrs. Thos. Sommers, Clifton, New London, P.E.I.

"Last fall I was in a very serious condition suffering from nervousness and weakness, I got so bad at last that I could hardly move around, and despaired of ever getting well. Seeing Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills highly recommended for such conditions I purchased a box.

"Before I had taken half of it I could notice an improvement in my condition and when I had used two boxes I was completely cured.


"It was wonderful how these pills took away that dreadful feeling of nervousness and gave me strength.

"I recommended them to my neighbor who was troubled with nervousness, and they cured her, too. We all think there is nothing equal to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

R. P. A. N. S.

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.



B.B.B. Cures Ringworm.

"I had ringworm on my head for nearly a year.

"I consulted three doctors but derived little or no benefit from their treatment.

"I then commenced to use Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Besides taking it internally I washed the affected parts with it and when the bottle was finished I was completely cured." Elsie Slaght, Teeterville, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, eczema and all skin eruptions of the most chronic type. It makes the blood rich and pure, drives all foul material from the system and builds up the tissues of the body.

DR. CHASE PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumptives if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally accepted. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive's cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the tight chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant avenue, Dear Park, Ont., writes:—"I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold, which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto, by far the largest sale of any other