

# Heiress and Wife.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Daisy," he said, bending over her and lifting the slight form in his arms, "they tell me some one has been troubling you. Who has cared annoy you? Trust in me, Daisy. What is the matter?"

Lester Stanwick never forgot the white, pitiful face that was raised to his. "I want to die," she sobbed. "Oh, why did you not leave me to die in the dark water? It was so cruel of you to save me."

"Do you want to know why I risked my life to save you, Daisy? Does not my every word and glance tell you why?" The bold glance in his eyes spoke volumes. "Have you not guessed that I love you, Daisy?"

"Oh, please do not talk to me in that way, Mr. Stanwick," she cried, starting to her feet in wild alarm, "indeed you must not," she stammered. "Why not?" he demanded, a merciless smile stirring beneath his heavy mustache. "I consider that you belong to me. I mean to make you my wife in very truth."

Daisy threw up her hands in a gesture of terror heart-breaking to see, shrinking away from him in quivering horror, her sweet face ashen pale. "Oh, go away, go away!" she cried out. "I am growing afraid of you. I could never marry you, and I would not if I could. I shall always be grateful to you for what you have done for me, but, oh, go away, and leave me now, for my trouble is greater than I can bear!"

"You would not if you could," he repeated, coolly, smiling so strangely her blood seemed to change to ice in her veins. "I thank you sincerely for your appreciation of me. I did not dream, however, your aversion to me was so deeply rooted. That makes little difference, however. I shall make you my wife this very day all the same; business, urgent business, calls me away from Elmwood to-day. I shall take you with me as my wife."

She heard the cruel words like one in a dream. "Rex! Rex!" she sobbed, under her breath. Suddenly she remembered Rex had left her—she was never to look upon his face again. He had left her to the cold mercies of a cruel world. Poor little Daisy—the unhappy, heart-broken girl- bride—sat there wondering what else could happen to her. "God has shut me out from His mercy," she cried; "there is nothing for me to do but to die."

"I am a desperate man, Daisy," pursued Stanwick, slowly. "My will is my law. The treatment you receive at my hands depends entirely upon yourself—you will not dare defy me!" His eyes fairly glowed with a strange fire that appalled her as she met his passionate glance.

Then Daisy lifted up her golden head with the first defiance she had ever shown, the deathly pallor deepening on her fair, sweet, flower-like face, and the look of a hunted deer at bay in the beautiful velvety agonized eyes, as she answered: "I refuse to marry you, Mr. Stanwick. Please go away and leave me in peace."

He laughed mockingly. "I shall leave you for the present, my little sweetheart," he said, "but I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes. Hold yourself in readiness to receive me then; I shall not come alone, but bring with me a minister, who will be prepared to marry us. I warn you not to attempt to run away," he said, interpreting aright the startled glance she cast about her. "In yonder lane stands a trusty sentinel to see that you do not leave this house. You have been guarded thus since you entered this house; knowing your proclivity to escape impending difficulties, I have prepared accordingly."

"Heaven bless me!" she cried, in

You can not escape your fate, my little wild flower!"

"No minister would marry an unwilling bride—he could not. I would fling myself at his feet and tell him all, crying out I was—I was—"

"You will do nothing of the kind," he interrupted, a hard, resolute look settling on his face. "I would have preferred winning you by fair means, if possible; if you make it impossible I shall be forced to a desperate measure. I had not intended adopting such stringent measures, except in an extreme case. Permit me to explain what I shall do to prevent you from making the slightest outcry." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small revolver heavily inlaid with pearl and silver. "I shall simply hold this toy to your pretty forehead to prevent a scene. The minister will be none the wiser—he is blind. Do you think," he continued, slowly, "that I am the man to give up a thing I have set my heart upon for a childish whim?"

"Believe me," cried Daisy, earnestly, "it is no childish whim. Oh, Mr. Stanwick, I want to be grateful to you—why will you torture me until I hate you?"

"I will marry you this very day, Daisy Brooks, whether you hate me or love me. I have done my best to gain your love. It will come in time; I can wait for it."

"You will never make me love you," cried Daisy, covering her face with her hands; "do not hope it—and the more you talk to me the less I like you. I wish you would go away."

"I shall not despair," said Stanwick, with a confident smile. "I like things which I find it hard to obtain—that was always one of my characteristics—and I never liked you so well as I like you now, in your defiant anger, and feet more determined than ever to make you my own."

Suddenly a new thought occurred to him as he was about to turn from her. "Why, how stupid of me!" he cried. "I could not bring the parson here, for they think you my wife already. I must change my plan materially by taking you to the parsonage. We can go from here directly to the station. I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes with a conveyance. Remember, I warn you to make no outcry for protection in the meantime. If you do I shall say you inherited your mother's malady. I am well acquainted with your history, you see." He kissed his finger-tips to her carelessly. "Au revoir, my love, but not farewell," he said, lightly, "until we meet to be parted nevermore," and, with a quick, springy step Lester Stanwick walked rapidly down the clover-bordered path on his fatal errand.

In the distance the little babbling brook sang to her of peace and rest beneath its curling limpid waters. "Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "what was the dark sorrow that tortured your brain, till it drove you mad—ay, mad—ending in death and despair? Why did you leave your little Daisy here to suffer so? I feel such a throbbing in my own poor brain—but I must fly anywhere, anywhere, to escape this new sorrow. God has forgotten me." She took one step forward in a blind, groping uncertainty. "My last ray of hope had died out," she cried as the memory of his cruel words came slowly back to her, so mockingly uttered—"the minister would be none the wiser—he is blind."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Lester Stanwick returned to the cottage he found that quite an unexpected turn of events had transpired. Miss Burton had gone out to Daisy—she lay so still and lifeless in the long green grass. "Heaven bless me!" she cried, in

alarm, raising her voice to a pitch that brought both of the sisters quickly to her side. "Matilda, go at once and fetch the doctor. See; this child is ill, her cheeks are burning scarlet and her eyes are like stars."

At that opportune moment they espied the doctor's carriage proceeding leisurely along the road. "Dear me, how lucky," cried Ruth, "Doctor West should happen along just now. Go to the gate, quick, Matilda, and ask him to stop."

The keen eyes of the doctor, however, had observed the figure lying on the grass and the frantic movements of the three old ladies bending over it, and drew rein of his own accord to see what was the matter.

He drew back with a cry of surprise as his eyes rested on the beautiful flushed face of the young girl lying among the blue harebells at his feet. "I am afraid this is a serious case," he said, thoughtfully, placing his cool hand on her burning forehead; "the child has all the symptoms of brain fever in its worst form, brought on probably through some great excitement." The three ladies looked at one another meaningly. "She must be taken into the house and put to bed at once," he continued, authoritatively, lifting the slight figure in his strong arms, and gazing pityingly down upon the beautiful flushed face framed in its sheen of golden hair resting against his broad shoulders.

The doctor was young and unmarried and impressive; and the strangest sensation he had ever experienced thrilled through his heart as the blue, flaring eyes met his and the trembling red lips incoherently beseeched him to save her, hide her somewhere, anywhere, before the fifteen minutes were up.

A low muttered curse burst from Stanwick's lips upon his return, as he took in the situation at a single glance. As Daisy's eyes fell upon Stanwick's face she uttered a piteous little cry: "Save me from him—save me!" she said, hysterically, growing rapidly so alarmingly worse that Stanwick was forced to leave the room, motioning the doctor to follow him into the hall. "The young lady is my wife," he said, with unflinching assurance, uttering the cruel falsehood, "and we intend leaving Elmwood to-day. I am in an uncomfortable dilemma. I must go yet I can not leave my wife. She must be removed, doctor; can you not help me to arrange it in some way?"

"No, sir," cried the doctor, emphatically; "she can not be removed. As her physician, I certainly would not give my consent to such a proceeding; her very life would pay the forfeit."

For a few moments Lester Stanwick paced up and down the hall lost in deep thought; his lips were firmly set, and there was a determined gleam in his restless black eyes. Suddenly he stopped short directly before the doctor, who stood regarding him with no very agreeable expression in his honest gray eyes.

"How long will it be before the crisis is past—that is, how long will it be before she is able to be removed?" "Not under three weeks," replied the doctor, determinedly.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, sharply. "Why, I shall have to— He bit his lip savagely, as if he had been on the point of disclosing some guarded secret. "Fate is against me," he said, "in more ways than one; these things can not be avoided, I suppose. Well, doctor, as I am forced to leave to-day I shall leave her in your charge. I will return in exactly two weeks. She has brain fever, you say?"

The doctor nodded. "You assure me she can not leave her bed for two weeks to come?" he continued, anxiously. "I can safely promise that," replied the doctor, wondering at the strange, smile that flitted like a meteor over his companion's face for one brief instant.

"This will defray her expenses in the meantime," he said, putting a few crisp bank-notes into the doctor's hand. "See that she has every luxury."

He was about to re-enter the room where Daisy lay, but the doctor held him back. "I should advise you to remain away for the present," he said, "your presence produces such an unpleasant effect upon her. Wait until she sleeps."

"I have often thought it so strange people in delirium shrink so from those they love best; I can not understand it," said Stanwick, with an odd, forced laugh. "As you are the doctor, I suppose your orders must be obeyed, however. If the fever should happen to take an unfavorable turn in the meantime, please drop a line to my address, care of Miss Plama Hurthurst, of Whitesons Hall, Allendale," he said, extending his card. "It will be forwarded to me promptly, and I can come on at once."

Again the doctor nodded, putting the card safely away in his wallet, and soon after Lester Stanwick took his departure, roundly cursing his luck, yet congratulating himself upon the fact that Daisy could not leave Elmwood—he could rest content on that score.

Meanwhile the three venerable sisters and the young doctor were watching anxiously at Daisy's bedside,

"Oh, my poor little dear—my pretty little dear!" sobbed Ruth, caressing the burning little hands that clung to her so tightly.

"Won't you hide me?" pleaded Daisy, laying her hot cheek against the wrinkled hand that held hers. "Hide me, please, just as if I were your own child; I have no mother, you know."

"God help the pretty, innocent darling!" cried the doctor, turning hastily away to hide the suspicious moisture that gathered in his eyes. "No one is going to harm you, little one," he said, soothingly; "no one shall annoy you."

"Was it so great a sin? He would not let me explain. He has gone out of my life!" she wailed, pathetically, putting back the golden rings of hair from her flushed face. Rex! Rex! she sobbed, incoherently, "I shall die—or, worse, I shall go mad, if you do not come back to me!"

The three ladies looked at one another questioning, in alarm. "You must not mind the strange ravings of a person in delirium," said the doctor, curtly; "they are liable to imagine and say all sorts of nonsense. Pay no attention to what she says, my dear ladies; don't disturb her with questions. That poor little brain needs absolute rest; every nerve seems to have been strained to its utmost."

### To be Continued.

## APPRENTICE AND MASTER.

Their Relations in France During the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

Apprenticeship was an important institution in France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and was regulated with the utmost care, as will be seen by the following account of "An Idler in Old France."

By the rules of the book the master was held greatly responsible for his apprentice; and under a wise and kindly roof, the lad who was learning to be a master workman and a ruler in his little world might lead a happy and profitable life.

Often he did so, and when the day came that he might claim his freedom, he chose to remain the paid servant, friend and fellow worker of the master who had sheltered him from boyhood and taught him all his craft, rather than to seek a fortune less assured elsewhere.

During the years of his apprenticeship the patron, or master, was to feed, clothe and shelter him, in the homely wording of the clockmaker's rule, to cherish him "beneath his roof, at his board, and by his hearth." Nay, it was strictly enjoined upon the master to treat his apprentice "as his own son," and in some trades he was bidden to remember that his responsibility did not end on the threshold of the workshop, that the "soul and morals" of the little stranger had claims on his solicitude.

In a day when the streets of Paris were not very nice for anybody, and were more or less dangerous after dark for anybody, the master was instructed to be careful on what errand he despatched the youngster; and the pastry-cooks, whose apprentices were often sent to fry cakes and creams upon the public ways, were continually warned to prevent the lads from falling among evil company.

It seems certain that, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned, the rules, precepts and admonitions were not only framed with great good sense and care, but were very rigidly enforced upon all masters who had youths and lads in their employ.

High and low, in the society of that day, the rod and birch were flourished, with small discrimination and less nicety; and if the tutors of little princes had leave to whip them freely, apprentices could not expect to come off too lightly at a master's hand.

FAMILY WEAKNESS.

The young man's mother had come to call on his wife. Charles is always talking about the delicious coffee you used to make, sobbed the young wife.

It's hereditary, replied Charles's mother; his father used to talk the same way about his mother's coffee.

Proposals to tax cyclists are growing in favour with the English parish councils.

PIANO KEYS FOR CHILDREN.

Half-sized pianos are being made in Germany for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so these pianos are made with keys half the usual width in order to prevent such injury.

HE KNEW.

Mamma—You know, Johnny, when mamma whistles her little boy she does it for his good. Johnny—I wish you didn't think so much of me.

EFFECTS OF HEREDITY.

Students of heredity assert that children born of very young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are usually delicate, serious and old-fashioned, manifesting a dislike for juvenile sports.

## IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

### INTERESTING NEWS OF JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Record of Occurrences in the Land That Brings Supreme in the Commercial World.

Bristol has been given £70,000 for a free library and museum. Manchester is beginning an improvement scheme to root out slums. Manchester is paying 5s. per ton more for gas coal this year, or £100,000.

Col. Balfour has temporarily withdrawn his resignation of the command of the London Scottish Rifles. Sir James Chance has intimated a contribution of £50,000 to the endowment fund of Birmingham University.

The Duke of York has been appointed colonel-in-chief of the Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment. A new theatre in London is to be opened at noon and kept going till midnight—a sort of animated picture gallery.

Orders have been received at Portsmouth dockyard to prepare four 40-ft. steam pinnaces for service in Chinese waters.

Although one of the richest men in the army, Lord Kensington looked almost like an ordinary "Tommy" whilst on active service. Over £200,000 is to be spent on a new dock at Chatham, which, when finished, will be the largest on the banks of the Medway.

Sir John Bridge, of Inverness Terrace, Surrey, late Chief Magistrate of the London Police Courts, has left an estate valued at £66,384.

The late Isaac Gordon, of money lending notoriety, has left £24,000 in cash, £70,000 in bonds, and about £500,000 in outstanding debts. A wonderful talking machine has been constructed, and is said in a trial at Brighton to have made itself heard at a distance of ten miles.

Lord Salisbury's son, who played so gallant a part in the defence of Mafeking, is to receive a special decoration at the hands of the War Office.

Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer of the stirring song "Soldiers of the Queen," was at one time a Manchester organist, and was known as Thomas Barrett.

Excluding warships, there were 499 vessels of 1,031 tons gross under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter ended June 30th last.

A mournful procession, comprising a lady, a butler, a nurse, two servant maids and four children attended a funeral at the Dog's cemetery, in Hyde Park, the other week.

The post of town clerk of London is vacant. Mr. Stewart, the holder, has been tempted by the offer of the management of the Allsopp's business at a salary of £3,000 a year, against the £2,000 given by the London City Council.

Stockport boasts the largest Sunday school in the world, nearly 5,000 children being on the roll of the institution. The recent annual procession was a gigantic affair, old scholars travelling long distances to join in the walk.

Notwithstanding the great enlargement of the city of Liverpool in 1895, when out-districts all round the city were added to the municipality bringing the population up to the estimated total of 700,000, a movement is on foot for further extension.

At Ipswich a few days ago, a timberyard foreman found in a timber stack near the dock a signal shell, otherwise a rocket, and without examination placed it beside a workman named Arthur Branch, who made an effort to examine the interior of the rocket, and was immediately killed, while two other men were so badly injured that they are not expected to recover.

A WONDERFUL OLD LADY.

Lord Rosebery's mother, the duchess of Cleveland, is a wonderful old lady. Though she is in her eighty-first year she is full of energy and is a delightful companion. The London King mentions, as an illustration of her love for travel until she was over 70 years of age, and since then she has made many a journey, including a tour to India, the West Indies and British South Africa. The duchess was married to the late duke of Cleveland in 1854, three years after the death of Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's father.

WINDMILLS FOR DYNAMOS.

A new idea for utilizing the power of the wind in order to produce electricity has just been successfully tried. Windmills are too uncertain to permit of their being used for driving dynamos, so it is proposed that windmills be used to pump water into a high reservoir or tank, and this water would drive a dynamo in an ordinary way by means of a turbine. Although the windmill might work fitfully, it would be sufficient to keep up a constant supply of water so that the production of electricity would be continuous.

## DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America 20 YEARS IN DETROIT. 250,000 CURED.

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

NO CURE—NO PAY. Reader, you need help. Early action or inferior cures may have weakened you. Experts who have diagnosed you, are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

250,000 CURED. Young Men—You are pale, feeble and languid; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form, and various countenances reveal the blight of your existence.

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CURES GUARANTEED. We treat and cure: GLEET, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMI-NOSS, LOSS OF BLADDER AND KIDNEY CONTROL, NEURALGIA, FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUOTATION BLANK FOR HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

## DO YOU FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNING?

Does Sleep not bring Refreshment? Do you feel wretched, mean and miserable in the mornings—as tired as when you went to bed? It's a serious condition—too serious to neglect, and unless you have the heart and nervous system strengthened and the blood enriched by

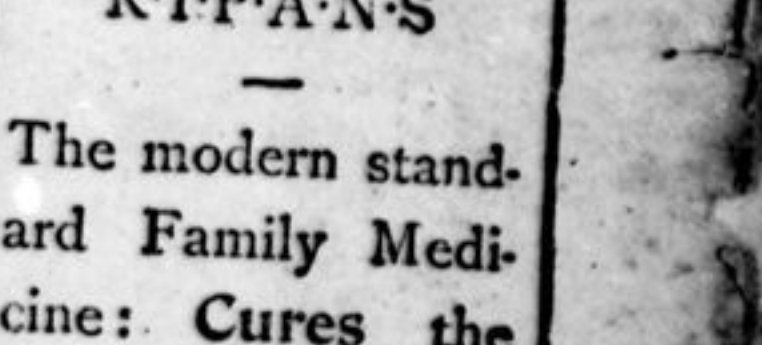


Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, collapse is a most certain to ensue. Mr. Fred. H. Graham, a well-known young man of Barric, Ont., says: "I have had a great deal of trouble with my heart for four years. I was easily agitated and my excitement caused my heart to throb violently. I had dizziness and shortness of breath, and often arose in the mornings feeling as tired as when I went to bed. I was terribly nervous. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done wonders for me. They have restored my heart to regular healthy action, giving me back regular restful sleep, and making my nervous system strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25 at all druggists or by mail. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## R-I-P-A-N'S

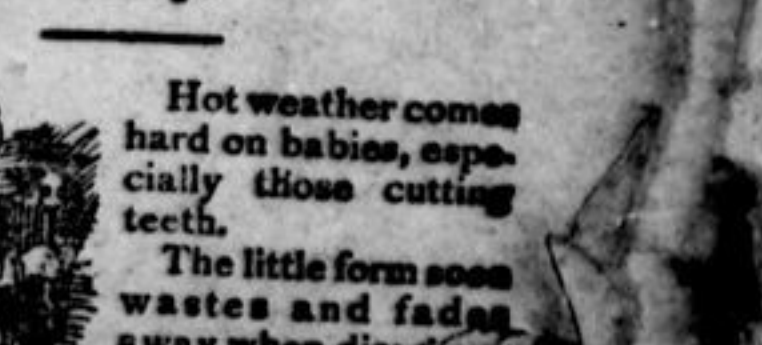
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



ONE GIVES RELIEF.

## IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?

Watch him carefully.—On the first indication of Diarrhoea give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth. The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it. As you love your child, mother, and wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no other remedy so safe to give to children and none so effective. Mrs. Chas. Smith, Steel Lake, Mich., says: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that was ever made for diarrhoea, dysentery and summer complaint. It is the best thing to give children when they are suffering. I have always used it in our family and it has never yet failed."

## The Ability of Dr. Chase

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Concession, Ont.:—Mr. James Dellibunt, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance, and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate. I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now, and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me." Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., Concession, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellibunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement. You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.