"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes:—

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone."

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Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER VI.

The tableaux were long and warmly applauded. Lord Lynne made a very handsome cavalier; but no painter ever drew a face so perfect as that of the young girl who stood by him. The rapt love, the coy, pretty, coquettish attitude—there was but one voice in its praise.

Then the curtain rose upon another and far different scene. Half hiding in a kind of grove or artifical bower there stood a pale, lovely, fair-haired girl. Her sweet face told its own tale of terror and hope. Her fair hair had fallen around her like a soft, shining veil, and her white hands were raised and clasped in supplication. It was Agatha Lynne as Amy Robsart. Standing near her, looking with haughty eyes, and cold, disdainful face, was the royal lady, who would fain have crushed the gentle life of the fair girl who stood between her and her love. A terrible moment was that in which the royal lady looked upon the gentle girl, and knew who she was. It was faithfully rendered. There was something almost sublime in the concentrated passion of Inez Lynne. Little mercy would she feel or show to one who stood in the way of her love. There was something, too, in the pathetic entreaty of the young face that looked into hers.

There was a hush when the curtain fell upon that picture. Those who looked felt its force and passion.

Then came the pretty balcony scene,—the lovely love-lit face of Inez Lynne shining like a star in the depth of night, and Lord Lynne as Romeo, looking as he supposed Romeo to have looked after the words—

"Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

It was perfect as a picture; as a piece of acting it was wonderful. But there was neither semblance nor acting in the passionate heart of the beautiful Juliet; and when the curtain fell, and the sounds of applause reached her ear, Inez raised her eyes once more to the face of Lord Lynne. This time the love did not die out of it; but he stopped gallantly, and kissed the little white jeweled hand. He meant nothing by it; but it was not in human nature to be blind to the love that glowed in that beautiful face.

There were other tableaux, taken from some of the most exquisite of the world's poems. One of Enid and Geraint, where Agatha and Allan Leigh acquitted themselves with great credit; another of Guinevere and King Arthur; and the last of all taken from a French picture, where Inez, as Marie Antoinette, sat, the center of a group, the most brilliant and beautiful of all. Then the music sounded again, the curtain fell, and the tableaux were ended.

"Wonderful!" "The greatest treat!" "The greatest surprise!" "So charming!" and such-like murmurs filled the room. They discussed Agatha and Evelyn, Lord Lynne, Bertie, and Allan, but few named Inez, and when they did so, it was with lowered voices. They recognized the genius, the passion, the grandeur of her nature. She was a new revelation to them, was that beautiful Southern girl.

The tableaux were ended, but the consequences of them never ended for Inez Lynne. Now that philip had looked on her with such love in his face, even though it were but acting, never could she bear to see that same bent upon another. There was a wild dizzy joy that filled her whole soul, and she murmured to herself, "I love him so dearly and so deeply, he must love me in return."

CHAPTER VII.

The ball-room at Lynnewelde was a magnificent apartment. Nothing could be in better taste than the decorations. The scene was picturesque and dazzling; the innumerable lights, the rich hangings, the costly and fragrant flowers, the exquisite dresses of the ladies, the gleaming of rich jewels. Faint, exquisite perfumes seemed to steal upon the air, the musc was of the best, and the whole scene one of animation and enjoyment.

If Lord Lynne could have consulted his own inclination, he would have opened the ball with Agatha; but the Countess of Strathdale and her daughter, Lady Victoria, were present, and stern etiquette pointed to the tall, plan Scotchwoman, and Philip could not but obey.

"Keep the first waltz for me, Agatha," he whispered.

"I have just promised Allan," she replied. "I am so sorry. Ask Inez; she likes waltzing."

And again, as Lord Lynne drew near his cousin, he was struck with her astonishing beauty. Inez had arrayed herself for conquest that evening. "He loves magnificence," she said to herself, "and my dress shall please him;" and please him it did, for his eyes rested upon her as they would have done upon some rare picture. Her dress was of some glowing soft material, mingled white and gold. A coronet of superb opals, the last gift of her father, shone in the midst of her wealth of hair; opals were clasped round the firm white throat and the exquisite arms, and a deep-crimson rose, artistically placed in the bodices of her dress, gave sufficient color to relieve the white. The brilliant, passionate face was radiant in its beauty; the dark eyes flashed as they had never done before, for she had hoped at last—this haughty girl, who spurned alike love and lovers—that Lord Lynne loved her. She had no reason for it, save that his eyes had softened when he gazed upon her, and his lips had touched her hand; he was coming, too, to ask her for the waltz, the dreamy, delicious music of which had just begun. If she had known he sought her in compliance with Agatha's request, she would not have smiled assent. She would have trampled upon her own heart rather than have owed one act of kindness from him to another.

Ignorance is sometimes happiness, and Inez was really happy as she moved in unison with that music. She was, as are all Spanish ladies, a graceful dancer. No haste or awkwardness—easy, and with graceful dignity she seemed to make the music and the motion one. Lord Lynne had never danced with her before; it was her unusual superiority that made him say, "That is the best waltz I ever had in my life. If I were a Spanish courtier, I should say that every day develops new gifts and graces in my charming cousin."

It was simply a pretty complimentary speech, such as Lord Lynne had often whispered to his partner. There was nothing in it to cause her heart to thrill and tremble, and her cheeks to glow.

It is pitiful to think how people can help to delude themselves. While she, with the whole force and strength of her wild, Southern nature, loved him, and walked down the room by his side as one in a dream. Lord Lynne was saying to himself, "Now I will seek my darling to-night,—I will ask her to be my wife."

Then Bertie Bohun, half timidly, came to beg for one dance. He was dazzled by the brightness of the face that smiled upon him.

"You are very kind," he said, as he led her to her place in the quadrille, "to dance with me."

She looked at him in amazement as she repeated, "Kind;—what do you mean?"

"If I wehe a king with a crown, or a general covered with orders and medals, or a duke with the garter and the ribbon of St. George, he said, awkwardly, "I should feel more at my ease, and more worthy of dancing with you."

It was a boyish speech, but it came from the depths of an honest, boyish heart. He might be young and awkward, but he loved this beautiful girl with the whole strength of his simple, candid nature.

Inez laughed merrily at his florid compliments,—a delicious, silvery rippling laugh; but it tingled his cheeks with shame as he heard it.

"Ah, you are laughing at me," he said, trying to conceal his mortification. "I thought you would laugh if you ever knew I dared to presume to admire you."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," she said, the smile lingering on her lips and in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

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A Complexion Chat.

It is not generally realized that a good or bad complexion depends almost entirely upon the condition of the blood.

When attempting to improve a bad complexion endeavour must be made to purify and enrich the blood by good diet, thorough cleanliness, deep-breathing and healthy outdoor exercise. Powders, creams and lotions help to improve the surface of a skin already well nourished, but they are naturally powerless to bring about any good results when the blood is impoverished.

Good food which suits the digestion will keep the blood well nourished and so improve the complexion. Meals of the tea and bun variety, alcohol, excessive use of condiments, too much rich or sweet food, are harmful, while food that overheats the blood should also be avoided by the seeker after a clear complexion.

A daily warm bath is necessary to keep the skin in good condition and the use of a superfatted soap is advisable. Cold sponging has an excellent tonic effect on the skin and keeps wrinkles at bay. Steaming the face has great cleansing effect, but should only be employed occasionally when really necessary, as too frequent steaming removes the natural oil of the skin.

Deep breathing is of great assistance in bringing colour to the cheeks. Thirty deep breaths taken fully and slowly every morning in a pure atmosphere should be a daily exercise for those who are too pale.

Sleeping with wide-open windows uncurtained is also beneficial, while plenty of outdoor exercise in all weathers, except fog, is very improving to the complexion provided the surface of the skin is protected against cold winds and hot sunshine by the use of a good face cream.

Buttermilk is a good remedy for summer freckles, but should be applied without delay to give the best results.

A simple treatment for a too greasy skin is to wash the face in very hot water, employing vigorous friction. Then, rub in a little fresh lemon juice or a good spirit lotion.

Fresh oatmeal lotion made like a very thin gruel is beneficial to a face wash for dry skins. This type of complexion also demands the daily use of a good greasy face cream thoroughly well massaged into the skin.

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Robed in its gown of springtime's petals fair
Fresh as a girl with daisies in her hair;
I've seen the splendor of the green sea,
Beheld the snow-crowned mountain's majesty,
And cherished roses in my garden there;
Days I have known untouched by grief or care
When it was glorious alive to be.
I have not walked alone. Good friends and true
Have shared the way with me, and by their love
This life of mine took on a brighter hue;
I've gloried in the skies which smiled above,
I've taken much the world has had to give,
And "spite of care, it has been good to live.

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