

That Awful Ache of Lumbago Rubbed Away For All Time

Hoora! No More Suffering—Every Ache Goes Quick.
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Lumbago is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins and back. At times its agony is intense. Severe spasms of pain shoot in all directions, and become more severe on stooping.

In treating lumbago or stitch in the back, it is necessary to keep warmly covered to prevent a sudden chill. Attend to this, and then apply Nerviline freely.

Almost instantly you feel its warm soothing action. Right through the cords and muscles the healing power of Nerviline penetrates.

Quick as a wink you feel the stiffness lessening. You realize that a powerful pain-subduing remedy is cur-

ing the pain, is easing your distress, is making you well again.

Nerviline quickly cures backache and lumbago because it has the strength, the power and penetrating force possessed by no other known remedy. Its amazing curative action is due to certain extracts and juices of rare herbs and roots, combined by a secret process, and forming a truly magical medical marvel.

Any sort of aches in the muscles and joints Nerviline will cure quickly. It cuts the pain right up—relieves stiffness, restores the muscles to their wonted elasticity and vigor.

It's the quickest thing imaginable for rheumatism, sciatica or neuralgia. As for earache, toothache, sprains, or strains, nothing can excel good old Nerviline.

Get the large 50 cent family size bottle, it's the most economical; trial size, 25 cents. All dealers.

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XXXVII

Adrian St. Just refused to accept the decision of his beautiful, imperious lady-love. On the receipt of her letter he went without loss of time to Lancewood.

"You refused to marry me before," he said, "because you could not leave your home; that was the sole reason."

"I had no other, Adrian," she replied.

"That reason no longer exists. You know how much I would do to please you. I am perfectly willing to live at King's Rest for six months of the year, and to spend the other six months at Lancewood. I will help you to take care of your home. Its interests and its welfare shall be dear to me—nay, dearer than my own."

"It is not that," she replied. "I know that you would do just as you say; but—believe me, Adrian—I cannot marry you."

"My beautiful, capricious darling," he said, laughing, "I shall believe no such thing. Why should I? I know you love me; and I shall listen to no reason, no excuse, no scruple. I shall never cease praying and pleading until you are my wife. You say 'No' this time; I shall come again. You may say 'No' the next time; I shall come even after that. What is to be done with such a determined lover?"

"I cannot tell," she replied; "but you will find, Adrian, that I mean what I say."

"So do I, my darling; and I would wager my whole fortune that you are Lady St. Just before long. I will not take 'No' for an answer, unless you tell me that you have ceased to love me. Is it so? I know you speak truly when you do speak. Have you ceased to love me?"

"No," she replied; "I have not."

"Will you tell me why you refuse to marry me?" he asked.

"I cannot, but the reason is a grave one," she replied, sadly.

"I shall come again," said Lord St. Just. "You love me, and you will marry me in time—I am sure of it. These recent terrible events have startled and unnerved you. Vivien,

my queen, my darling, I will be generous; I will give you a year to reflect over your decision, and after that period has elapsed I shall come again."

He went away and she was left alone to do the best she could with her life. She did the best she could have done. She spent no time in idle lamentation and mourning. An ill deed had been done. She would not undo it; but she would do her best to atone for it.

From that hour she commenced a life that was given up to doing good. Never had the honor of Lancewood been upheld as it was now. At first she directed every energy to the reforming of abuses. She sent for all the old servants whom Lady Neslie had dismissed—she placed the household on the same footing on which it had been during her father's lifetime. Order, punctuality, neatness, regularity, and method once more reigned within the house. Once more the bell rang morning and evening for the servants to assemble for prayer in the hall—a proceeding at which Miss Neslie had laughed scornfully. Once more Lancewood took its proper position; it became the leading house in the county—the house to which all others looked up. Once more the owner of Lancewood became the great county magnate; carriages stopped before its gates, people looked up to its residents as they had been accustomed to do.

It was a work of time, but Vivien accomplished it at last. It seemed to her that the traces of her ladyship's residence at the Abbey could never be effaced. The pictures had all been removed and changed; the magnificent old oaken furniture, so thoroughly in keeping with the grand old walls, had been exchanged for modern trifles that appeared out of place. When the old Abbey looked once more like itself, Vivien began her out-of-doors reform. She worked incessantly that she might have no time for thought. She filled her days with good deeds that the hours might not, as they passed, remind her of her sin. She was not happy; every one remarked how changed she was. She had grown thoughtful, sad, reserved. If any one found her alone, there was a strange nervousness in her manner—a half buried fear, as though she expected something unwonted would take place. She was kinder, more patient, more considerate—she forgot herself in attending to others.

A few months passed, and there was no one left uncared for on the

estate. The sick, the aged, the poor, were all relieved. People, speaking of Miss Neslie, said that she was especially kind to children. She never passed a child without thinking of little Oswald. A little scene that occurred in the Hydwel Road struck her once like a blow. She was driving along, when she saw two boys fighting. One was much older, much bigger than the other. Vivien could never, without reconstituting, pass anything of that kind. She stopped the carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"He has taken three pence from me!" sobbed the little boy.

"Is that true?" asked Vivien of the elder.

"Yes, it is true enough," was the reply, "but I am his eldest brother."

"Why have you taken his money from him?" asked Vivien.

"Because he would have spent it all on a cake, and have eaten it. I shall buy something that will last." The children wondered at the expression that came over the beautiful, sorrowful face. The words struck her like a blow. What could she say? On a larger scale, this was just what she had done—taken her brother's inheritance because she could put it to a better use. Then she said to herself that her motives were nobler—so noble, indeed, that they justified her almost in what she had done. She drove on quickly, and never stayed to see how the combat ended.

Time passed on, and the beautiful order in which the Lancewood estate was kept was noticed by every one. There seemed to be no poor. The laborers were well paid—they had decent houses to live in. Schools were built for the children, almshouses for the aged. From between the tufted trees one saw the spire of a new and beautiful church. The farmers were not asked to pay a rent that was ruinous. People thought themselves fortunate in being under the rule of Miss Neslie.

She would never marry, it was said; she was devoted to Lancewood. She intended to spend her life there in doing good. Those who saw her, beautiful, rich, the mistress of a large estate, the worshipped head of a large household, said to themselves that she, above all others, was to be envied; they little knew what was hidden under the calm, proud beauty of her face.

A year passed, and Adrian St. Just came again. But this time she refused to receive him; she went away to the sea-side to avoid him, and he had to return without having seen her. She told him frankly why she had done so; it was because seeing him gave her more pain than pleasure—she would have had to say "No" to him again—it was better to avoid the meeting. But his lordship did not give up hope—he said to himself that the task of his life would be winning this beautiful, noble woman, who seemed so resolutely to flee from all love. He wrote to her, telling her that he should return the following year, and every year in fact until she smiled upon him.

"I shall live unmarried for your dear sake," he said; "and while I live I shall never despair."

She was not happy—perhaps in all the length and breadth of the land no one was more unhappy than she. There were hours when she could not endure the memory of her sin—when her proud, noble nature recoiled from it, and she hated herself with an intensity of hatred—when she could not endure the sight of the sunshine or the song of the birds—when she dreaded the light of day and the darkness of night—when life was a torture, and the memory of her sin a terrible burden that seemed to grow heavier. There were times when, kneeling, with contrite tears, she begged of Heaven to pardon her, and repented with her whole soul; but the day never came in which she was willing to undo what she had done, or restore what she had unjustly taken.

So far as human life could be perfect, her's was perfect, with the exception of one blot. With tears and sighs she owned to herself that above all others it was the sin of her lifetime; yet she would not undo it or wish it undone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A year and a half had passed away, and Vivien Neslie was once more



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firmly established at Lancewood. She had fallen into an even method of life that never varied. To keep up the hospitality of the Abbey, she gave grand entertainments, but they differed greatly from the gay revels held by Lady Neslie. Mothers with young daughters no longer refused invitations to Lancewood; on the contrary, they were eagerly sought after, and an entire there was a passport everywhere.

Miss Neslie was no advocate of women's rights; she had no idea of standing on a platform and delivering rapid lectures; she would have declined the study of medicine, except so far as it was common; she laughed at the notion of lady-barrister. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, she took a keen womanly interest in politics—in all social matters. She could discuss the probability of the return of a new member, the best plan for model cottages, what was really needed as regarded the improvement of the laborer's condition, the most approved school buildings the prospects of the crops, with equal facility.

She was one of the women essentially born to command. She would have been lost in an inferior position. She had grand administrative powers. Old dwellers in the county looked with envy at the fine flourishing estate, at the order, the method, the prosperity. She was a woman of large mind. Any one going to her with a plan, a scheme, an invention of any kind, was sure to be encouraged. She adopted all modern improvements; she spared neither thought, labor, nor expense, and it pleased her to hear on all sides high praise of Lancewood.

Her life was a busy one; yet she would fain have done more to drive away the specter that haunted her, the remorse and regret that never grew less. She went to church, but she did not join in others' prayers—how could she, while her injustice and sin remained? She opened the pages of her Bible, but closed them, for words telling of the reward and the blessing that followed justice were sure to trouble her.

"Do right come what may," were words that continually sounded in her ears. She thought of them until even her clear mind grew confused. Was it right to do as she was doing?—making Lancewood what, even in its palmiest days, it had never been before, or was it right to restore the estate to one who would simply ruin it? Did the means justify the end? Could it be possible that good ever arose from evil—that wrong could ever be right? She pondered these questions long and anxiously, and then she decided that Lancewood was her dearest interest, and that she must attend first of all to that.

There came a day when all these questions were suddenly settled.

It was a clear, cold, frosty day in December, and Vivien had been working very hard. The winter was unusually severe and frosty, the people suffered much from cold. She had been round the estate, giving with the bountiful, royal hand relief where it was needed. The poor and the rich cried, "Heaven bless the good lady of Lancewood!" while she herself cried for mercy because she was a sinner.

On this cold December day she came in from her long drive almost frozen herself. She took off her warm, rich furs, and stood for a few minutes before the cheerful fire. It was the twilight of a December day. A haze lay over the fields and hills; the trees stood like huge bare giants, the air was clear, brisk, and cold, a gray shade was falling over the land, a gray shade that gave a peculiar yellow light. She was standing in the drawing-room, and in that weird, strange light the room seemed to glow with radiance—the firelight cast a ruddy, cheerful blaze that contrasted forcibly with the grayness outside. As she looked round, her heart warmed to her beautiful home; but for the shadow lying over her life, how happy she should be! Then she

half wished that Gerald Dorman had cared less for her. In such a case he would never have done what he had. Her thoughts wandered to him. She had heard from him once or twice. He had written short, sad letters containing no particular news. It seemed like an answer to her thoughts when a footman entered with the letter-bag. It had been delayed in the morning, owing to the state of the roads from the frost, and had not arrived until Miss Neslie had left the Abbey, on her long round of visits.


She opened it mechanically. There could be nothing to interest her very greatly. The first letter she saw was one with a deep black border, addressed to her in Gerald's handwriting.

What did it mean? The other letters felt unheeded from her hand to the floor. "A gasping sigh parted her lips. What did it mean, that broad black border? What did it portend?"

It seemed to her that an hour had passed between the first moment that she had seen the letter and the moment when it lay open before her.

Then Gerald's words seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

(To be Continued.)



IMPORTANT WARNING!

The Rifle Range on the South Side Hill will be in constant use from daylight till dark for Musketry Practice until further notice. All unauthorized persons are therefore prohibited from approaching the Range within two hundred yards from either side or within 1,000 yards of the targets to the Eastward. Any unauthorized person so doing will be liable to arrest, besides incurring serious danger from rifle bullets. This prohibition does not extend to any part of the hills west of the 1,000 yard firing point.

(Signed),—
JOHN SULLIVAN,
Inspector General Constabulary.
W. H. RENNIE,
Captain (in charge of Musketry Instruction).



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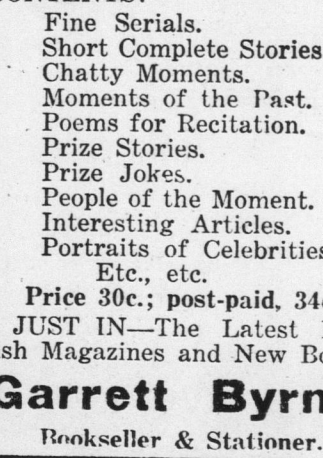
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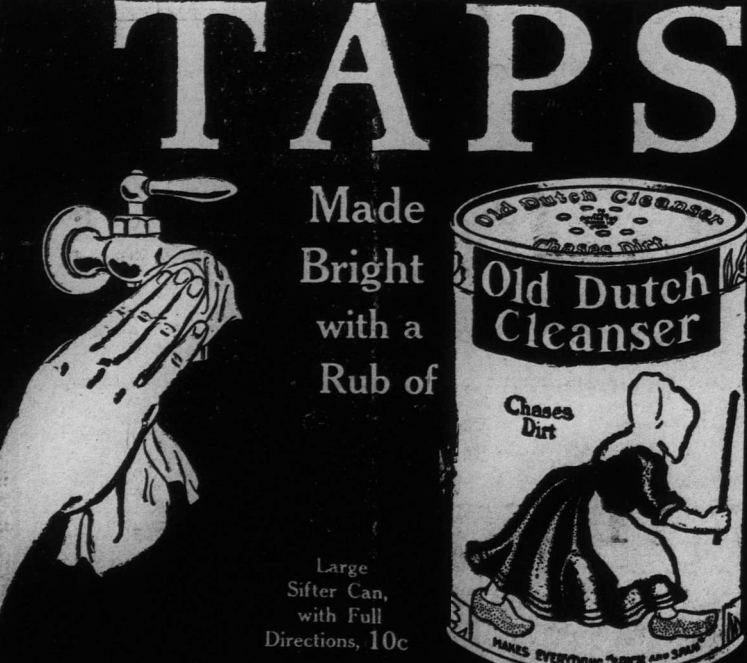
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