

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT



REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER XXXVII.
FOR ROYAL'S SAKE.

Full of hope and joy, dreaming of his love—Daisie—Royall, Sherwood went to death through the gates of sleep.

The waters gave up his bruised body the next morning, and on his lips was a smile—the smile that Daisie's caress had left shining there.

Two days later he had a grand funeral, at which Mrs. Fleming was the chief mourner, for his young widow was too ill to attend it. She had a relapse from the awful shock of the news, and hovered for days between life and death.

When she was well enough to sit up again, she found two very tender letters awaiting her perusal. One was a very fond and tender note from Annette, proffering her sympathy, and telling her of the grand funeral, and how beautiful the new mound looked in Greenwood, all banked with fragrant flowers.

The other letter was from Mrs. Fleming, whose pride, crushed and broken by the death of the cousin she had truly loved, stooped now to crave forgiveness of her she had wronged.

Think kindly of his memory, now that he is gone; for indeed I am most to blame, and I feel that Heaven has punished me for my sin in taking him away, when we were always so fond of each other, having no nearer kin. I know you can never be real friends with me; but won't you pretend to be friends, so that the world—Royall's world and mine—need never know how that marriage came about? I would like to come and see you, so that people might say we love each other for Royall's sake. May I? And, Daisie, will you please me by wearing black for him? It would please him if he could know. Of course you will marry Lord Werter after a while; it is only right you should. I have not a word to say. I loved him myself—perhaps Royall told you that—but Dallas cared only for you, and you two will be happy together at last, despite all my wicked scheming. It is the will of Heaven. Oh, if you could find it in your tender heart to pity and forgive me!

The next mail carried the repentant woman an envelope sealed in black, and one tear-blotched line:

I forgive—for Royall's sake. DAISIE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
"LOVE IS LORD OF ALL."

Two years, and the grass was green on Royall Sherwood's grave.

Many times had a beautiful form, robed in somber black, knelt by that low, green mound; many times had Daisie hung flowers upon the broken marble shaft, and watered them with her gentle tears.

For "pity is akin to love," and Daisie did not have to pretend a sorrow she did not feel. Her grief was deep and fervent for the hopeful life cut off in its morning.

Once, when Lottie Fleming had come with her to the grave, she had said mournfully:

"Oh, if he had lived I must have learned to love him by and by—he must have won me by the strength of his own love. Now I will always live single for his sake."

"No, Daisie, do not say that in your grief and remorse, for there was another who was so cruelly wronged in

the past that you must soon begin to think of his claims. You know whom I mean, dear."

Yes, Daisie knew. Soon after Royall's death he had sent her one sympathetic line:

God bless you, my sweet little Daisie!

And so noble and gentle was his heart that he did not, for more than a year, intrude on the quiet mourning for the dead by recalling himself to her memory.

Yet Dallas knew that she would not forget.

When a year had passed, Mrs. Fleming showed how much her heart had changed by saying:

"You ought to lighten your mourning now, Daisie. Lord Werter has been very patient and forgiving, but he will be coming soon."

And within the month came another short letter:

May I come now, Daisie? Or have you changed?

The answer went back:

Be patient a little longer that we may not seem cold or selfish to the world. But I am the same loving Daisie.

Pretty Annette was married long ago, and had made her wedding tour to Europe. When she returned she had much to tell of the glories of Lord Werter's ancestral home, and of the month she had spent as his guest.

"Oh, Daisie, how dearly he loves you, and what a happy bride you will be! Almost as happy as I am with Ray!" she added, with a fond glance at her adoring husband.

Ray Dering was a changed man—purged of his worst fault by sorrow and suffering, and humbly grateful to Heaven that had permitted him to atone for the evil he had wrought.

Lottie Fleming, too, was changed for the better.

She had conquered her love for Lord Werter, realizing at last its hopelessness.

And from hating Daisie Bell with the passion of a jealous rival, she had grown to love her as a sister.

"Who could help from loving you, Daisie? You are so noble and good! No one but an angel could have forgiven me my sins," she cried over and over.

So when Lord Werter crossed the sea to claim his bonny bride, she was unselfishly glad that the long-parted lovers would be happy at last.

All due respect had been paid the memory of her cousin, who had been dead two years, and Daisie had a right to her happiness. Even Aunt Alice, who was the most censorious of mortals, agreed that it was so, and she and Doctor Burns came from Gull Beach to the grand June wedding that took place from Mrs. Fleming's home, where Daisie had lived the most of the time since Royall's death, to please the repentant woman.

Ah, what a meeting they had, those two fond lovers, once so cruelly parted, now united till death by the marriage vow!

Sorrow had only intensified their love and made their trust in each other's constancy more perfect. With hearts full of joy they clasped hands at God's holy altar, and sailed away, leaving sorrowing hearts behind them, but sure of a glad welcome awaiting the bonny bride in her new home.

THE END.

Happiness At Last;

Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER I.
(Continued.)

Now, as she had a particularly eloquent face—eyes, lips, and brow, which reflected and expressed every passing emotion—it was not to be wondered at that as she stood at the corner of one of the walks, looking from side to side anxiously, she should attract attention.

A nurse-maid dragging two children behind her, remarked to the eldest:

"Look at that pretty lady; she've been an' lost her wiy."

A young man glanced at her, and waited, longed to speak to her and offer assistance; but he was young and shy, and he too passed on. Then came the gentleman who had come from behind the dens. He was walking slowly, with his eyes fixed straight before him, and he did not see the girlish figure and the anxious face until he was close upon her. And he too looked as if he would have liked to pass by.

But something in the gray-blue eyes, in the delicate lines of the girl's white brow, stopped him, against his will. He pulled up, raised his hat, and in

a grave voice that was not by any means unmusical, said:

"I beg your pardon. Are you looking for any one? Can I help you?"

The girl did not blush, but turned her eyes upon him with an almost boyish frankness.

"Oh—thank you," she said, rather hesitatingly; for how could he help her? "I have wandered from my people, and lost them. I have been searching for them everywhere, but can not see them."

He looked at her—glanced would be the better word—and he saw a slim, girlish figure clad in gray with a simplicity almost Quakerish; a clean-cut, oval face, grayish-blue eyes with dark lashes, and a mouth that struck him as rather large. The face, he knew even at that first moment, was beautiful—what men call a fascinating one; but he did not think much about it. She was at this, their first meeting, just a girl—probably a school-girl—who had lost her mistress or her mother.

And the girl, as her eyes rested on him placidly, incuriously, saw a well-dressed man, with a handsome face with dark-brown eyes and hair. There was a suspicion of gray about the temples, a look of gravity and sadness in the eyes which perhaps struck her afterward. But for the moment she only noticed that he was good-looking and had a distinguished air, and that he seemed rather wearied and a little bored, but too well-bred not to try and conceal it.

No voice whispered in her ear: "Behold this man! he is your fate; the man who will change the current of your life; the man whose slightest word, lightest smile, will have power to move your heart to its very depths."

So she smiled at him with her eloquent mouth, with her frank blue eyes, and the man looked gravely into the face, scarcely noting its fascination.

"Where did you leave them?" he asked.

"Under the trees on the lawn by the lions' cage," she replied. "I strolled in there and wandered further than I intended; when I came back they were gone."

"No doubt they only left for a time; they may have gone back," he said.

"Oh, do you think so?" she said, with a touch of relief in her voice, a smile in her eyes. "But I can't find it again. I've gone round and round until I feel as if I were in a maze."

He smiled.

"I think I know the place you mean; and if you will allow me, I will take you back to it."

"Thank you," she said, simply; and as if his offer were quite a matter of course, and to be accepted as readily and naturally as it was made.

"This way then," he said.

They walked on side by side. He did not look at her curiously, admiringly, as most men, as nearly all the sons of men would assuredly have done, but gazed straight before him as he had done when he had come upon her; and he did not speak for some moments. There was indeed something so strange in his preoccupation that the girl began to think he had forgotten her; and she glanced up at him with a naive, half-mischievous smile in her eyes.

He happened to catch the glance, and as if he had suddenly remembered her existence and proximity, he said:

"Is this your first visit to the Zoo?"

"Yes," she replied. "My very first. We have always lived in the country."

(To be continued.)

Everybody Knows Dr. Chase's Receipt Book

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THE WEALTH

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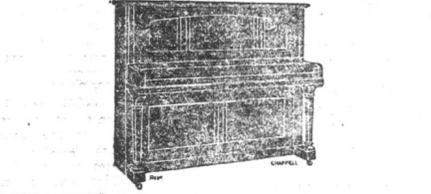
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