UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

Lady Blanche laughed carelessly; but the sound of that laugh was a death-knell to Alison. Once an impulse came to her to rise—to clasp that woman's hand in her own and say, "Spare me!" but she knew it would be useless—useless as though she knelt at the foot of a marble statue. She folded her hands, and, raising her beautiful, colorless face, waited for the blow to fall.

Lady Blanche rose from her seat with the eyes of all present fixed on her; she went over to the fireplace, and, turning herself so that she could look straight into her victim's face, she said:

'You have kept up your disguise well, Alison Trente, but you have not deceived me. Mother—Louisa—do you not know this person who calls herself an artist and an Italian? Do you not recognize in her our ex-governess, the lady who eloped with the gay colonel—Alison Trente?'

'The girl is mad!' cried the countess in dismay, while the duke clasped his hands crying:

'A scene—by Heaven, a scene!'

'No,' said Lady Blanche, 'I am not mad; I am unmasking an impostor. I tell you this woman, who has stood before the queen, who has visited princesses, who has dared to mix with us as our equal is our ex-governess, Alison Trente.

There was a moment of silence after that—dead, painful, terrible silence—during which two gentlemen arose. Lord Carlyton went up to Lady Blanche, his face white with rage.

'I do not believe you,' he said; 'you would not dare to utter such a calumny but that you are a woman, and a man cannot slay you,'

Nugent Avenham went to Alison, and, touching her cold hands gently, he said:

'The hour is come when you want a friend. I am here to serve you.'

'You can believe me or not, just as you choose; Lord Carlyton,' said Lady Blanche, in a tone of triumph; 'I am telling the exact truth. Your wife is no more an Italian than I am. She was the daughter of English parents; she lived at Loamwood and my mother in an evil hour for us, brought her to our house, and she eloped from there with a gallant officer, who was famous for running away with ladies and never bringing them back again.' She drew back with a look of indescribable insolence. 'You do not believe me!' she cried; 'ask—her—herself—whether it is true or not.'

'Blanche—Blanche!' cried Lady Eva; 'do not say such terrible things. Nugent, can you not silence her?'

Nugent looked up calmly.

'Let her say her worst,' he replied, 'then we will answer her 'I will speak, my sister—not you.'

CHAPTER LXII.

A TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

'Blanche,' cried the Duchess of Charterly, 'I am horrified that you should have choosen my house for such a scene. It is incredible—it is disgraceful!'

'It is true,' she cried triumphantly.

'I do not care in the least whether it be true or not,' replied the duchess, angrily. 'I know nothing against Alison Trente, except your absurdly jealous story. The lady whom you have so grossly insulted is the wife of my honored guest; it matters little whether her name is Alison Trente or Asalita Ferrari. You are mad to behave in this fashion. I will never forgive you for it, and I will allow no more of it. I am under my own roof, and I expect to be obeyed.'

'Stay!' said Lady Blanche. 'Perhaps, when you have heard all my story, you will not be so indignant with me. I have only told you the beginning. Look well at her, the woman you have worshiped for her beauty, and made a queen. I will tell tell you her history. I will not spare myself—be sure that I shall not spare her. She came to Loam Abbey to teach my little sisters, and at the same time I had a lover.'

'He never was a lover of yours, Blanche,' cried the duchess, indignantly.

'He was my lover,' said Lady Blahche, 'and I loved him. This woman, Lady Carlyton, lured him from me; she was more beautiful I suppose, than I. She lured him from me, and kept up an intrigue with him for—I cannot tell you how long it lasted. She eloped with him leaving some false, opologetic letter for me. I discovered her secret for I found in her room the torn remnants of a letter sent by him to her; I have kept them until now.'

By this time the whole group of listeners had left their chairs and gathered round her. There was a slight stir among them as she unrolled the fragments of a disclored letter and placed them on the table.

'Who so disputes my word or doubts it,' she continued, let snch a one read the words addressed by Colonel Montague to his beloved Alison Trente.'

A slight shudder passed over the pale, beautiful woman, listening with royal calm to her doom. Lady Blauche looked up more triumphantly than ever.

'Alison Trente left England with Colonel Montague; they went to Italy together, and lived in Florence very happily for some time. They were devotedly attached to each other. There was only one drawback, I believe, and that was that no kind of religious ceremony had hallowed the union—there was love, but no marriage; an unfortunate drawback we must allow. Then, alas, for the so-called fidelty of men, Colonel Montague became Lord Cardyne, and he seems to have tired of his fancy; he married the Lady Camila D'Isio, and we hear no more of Alison Trente, until there is a rumor of a suicide. A young girl has flung herself into the river—I am sorry that I cannot be more explicit—into the river; but listen, and remember—with a dead babe in her arms!'

Another terrible shudder, and the royal head of that beautiful woman dropped as a rose falls. It was a strange scene, a marvelous scene. The vindictive accuser, her eyes lighted with hate, her face flushed with eagerness, standing in the midst; on the one hand the horror-stricken group of friends, on the other the unhappy lady still seated, with Nugent Avenham standing erect by her side.

'You hear and understand—a dead babe in her arms. Then we hear no more of Alison Trente. Word is sent to her betrayer in England; and if he be like the rest of men, he was relieved by the intelligence. So ends, apparently, the story of Alison Trente. But—one might believe the old story that witches will not drown—there was a rescue. Some gentlemen, rowing on the river, picked up Alison Trente. I have papers here that show where she was taken and how long she remained there, that show where she went afterward, and establish quite clearly the connection between the ex-governess and the artist; that show, quite clearly, Alison Trente and Asalita Ferrari one and the same person. Moreover, I can trace for you how Alison Trente returned to England, with the fame of a grand artist, forsooth; how she allowed an honorable gentleman to woo her, and to marry her, without telling him the truth; and I can tell you after she had married him, she went to visit her old lover.'

'Stay!' cried Lord Carlyton; 'I will not hear another word—not one.' His voice was a voice of thunder; the hand he raised with a gesture demanding silence trembled with rage. 'I say and repeat,' he cried, 'that I do not believe one single word that you have uttered against my dear and honored wife. Asalita, look up, these foul slanders shall all be crushed; my life, my darling, they shall not hurt you!'

'Who looks guilty, myself or Lady Carlyton?' asked Lady Blanche. 'Do you think I would dare to advance one word of this if it were not true? Look at the papers spread out there for you to read, and I can bring witnesses to prove every fact that I have related. This will be a shorter method of proving my words; there sits your wife, thore sits Alison Trente, turn to her, and ask her whether what I have said is true or not—look in her face, and ask her if I have lied.'

'I will not,' he replied; 'I will ask her no questions. I do not doubt her; I will swear by her truth and her purity—swear until I die!'

'A great loss of faith!' she sneered. 'You will not ask the question simply because you dare not; I will ask it for you. Answer me, Lady Carlyton—are you Alison Trente or not?'

'You shall not torture her!' cried Lord Carlyton.

'Torture!' said Lady Blanche. 'Why should it be torture? If I am speaking falsely, let her deny it; let her fling back my words in my face; let her crnsh me with my own falsehood. If I speak truly let her own it. Answer me, Lady Carlyton—are you, or are you not, Alison Trente?'

No answer from the white closed lips; but the dark eyes, raised an agony of entreaty to her husband's face, said so much.

'Silence is not fair to me,' said Lady Blanche; 'nor, Lord Carlyton, is it fair to you. I bring certain accusations against your wife; if she can refute them, let her do so; if she cannot, it will clear me from all stigma of falsehood. I assert that I have told the truth; let her deny it if she can. I appeal to the duke whether I am right or not. Let his grace decide whether Lady Carlyton should speak or not.'

'I am greviously annoyed at the whole scene,' said his grace. 'I would not have had such a thing occur in my house on any account; but, considering all that Lady Blanche has brought forward, considering that through the marriage of Lady Eva we shall in all probability be related, I should say most decidedly that it would be better for Lady Carlyton to deny, if possible, this most strange story.'

'Certainly,' added the Countess of Bleseaton. 'My daughter has said so much that it is needful we should know the truth. I could never allow my daughter to ally herself with a family bonded by a marriage with Alisoon Trente.'

There was a subdued oath from the lips of Nugent Avenham; but he did not lose his hold of the cold white hands clasped in his own.

'I quite agree,' said the duchess; 'Lady Carlyton should confirm or deny——'

'She shall do neither,' interrupted Lord Carlyton, indignantly. 'My wife is like Caesar's wife—above suspicion.'

Lady Blanche laughed aloud.

'It will all be very pretty and very romantic,' she said, 'if the truth could be hidden. As it is, I challenge Lady Carlyton myself. If I have spoken falsely, let her tell me so; if truthfully, let her at least own it. If she remains silent, I call upon all present to consider that a proof that she is guilty.'

'Speak, Alison,' whispered Nugent Avenham; 'it will be the wisest course now.'

She looked up at him with a vague, dazed expression, as of one who had been tortured past all bearing. His heart ached as he saw her. He turned suddenly to Lady Blanche.

'You are a woman,' he cried; 'why do torment her?'

'Because,' she replied, with a sudden flame of passion—'because I hate her!'

'Speak, Alison,' he whispered again; 'it will be the wiser plan now.'

They watched her as she rose from her seat, the same imperial grace and dignity infolding her like a garment—her pale, noble face, her queenly head, her clasped hands—they watched her, the light shining in her jewels and gleaming in the amber brocade, as she walked slowly across to where her husband stood. She sunk on her knees at his feet—she forgot the whole world—she thought only of him and of herself, She looked up at him.

'Basil" she said, simply, 'can you ever pardon me? I thought that God had forgiven and men had forgotten my sin.'

He bent over her.

'Is it true, then, my wife, this story of your youth?'

There was another interval of painful silence—a silence so intense that one might have heard the falling of a rose-leaf—a silence so painful that kindly hearts listening grew sick with suspense and dread.

'Speak, my sister.'

But from the white locked lips of Lady Carlyton just then there came no word.

'Is it true, my wife?' repeated Lord Carlyton. 'Have no fear—tell me all.'

There was infinite love, infinite pity in his voice, infinite pathos in his tones—his very soul seemed to shine out from his eyes to her.

'It is—true!' she replied, bending her beautiful head low in her humility and her shame; 'it is true, but I thought God had forgiven and men had forgotten. If I had not believed that, I would never have wronged you by marrying you. I cannot ask you to forgive me—my sin is beyond pardon.' There was another moment of silence, then the Duke of Charterly spoke.

'I protest against this,' he said. 'My Lady Blanche, while the world stands I will never forgive you; from this moment we are strangers. You ought not to have used my house for such a scene.'

'I have but done my duty,' she said, sullenly; 'I have unmasked an adventuress.'

'You have ruined a noble life,' said Nugent Avenham; while Lady Eva went up to the beautiful woman who had met her doom with such queenly dignity. She knelt down by her side, and clasped her arms round her.

'I cannot bear it,' she said. 'I would rather have died myself than this should happen to you. I cannot bear it.'

'Eva,' cried the countess, 'come here to me; this is no scene for you.'

While Lady Carlyton was as one who sees not, hears, her whole heart was waiting for the next words that her husband should speak. They were not long in coming; he laid his hand on her bowed head.

'I forgive you, my wife, even as I believe the great God forgave you long ago.'

And Lady Blanche, listening to those noble words, knew that her vengeance had been taken in vain.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"CAN YOU PARDON ME?"

As Nugent Avenham, whose mind was always keenly alive to the poetical and the beautiful, watched the scene, he said to himself that it was more like one from a grand old tragedy than from real life. Lady Carlyton rose as those last words of her husband reached her. She stood before him in the full glow of light, the amber and white draperies falling in statuesque folds round her queenly figure the gleam of her rich jewels contrasting with the pallor of her face. She stood before him erect and graceful, yet with her queenly head and noble face bowed in unutterable shame, her white hands clasped listlessly. So may Katharine of Arragon have stood while men whispered to each other and lied way her fair fame. So might hapless Katharine Howard have stood while the terrible truths told about her were lessening each moment her chance of life. Thrice accursed the sin and the wrong that could have bent that beautiful head and have crushed that noble heart. It would be well if every girl tempted to hear one word of love, without hearing the word marriage also, would remember the picture of a woman who had genius, yet who was crushed by her sin when it found her out.

She stood so silent and motionless in the crimson glow of the fire-light, all eyes fixed on her, all hearts save one aching for her, then, without raising her clasped hands, she looked up at her husband. She seemed to forget all else save him—to remember him only—the world fell from her. She was alone with him—alone—awaiting her sentence and her doom. Then, looking with those sad, dark, luminous eyes into his face, she said:

'Will you listen to me for one moment! Will you hear me speak?'

'Say what you will, my wife,' he replied.

She continued:

'I am guilty. I confess to the truth of much Lady Blanche has told you. I was young, motherless, vain, tempted by my passionate love for the beautiful; the artist soul in me, which had then no vent, raged like a tempest. I had no friend, no adviser, no guide; I was more utterly alone than any one else could be. It is no excuse. I do not offer it as one; it is but a reason—a reason why I fell. I loved life; I had an artist's passion for beauty and for color that helped to tempt me to my fall. Oh! Basil, think of it; think of it before you condemn me—so young, so loving, so tender of heart, and left alone, no one caring whether I lived or died. There came to me, as there comes to many who have neither father nor mother, a temper. How could I tell that he was a tempter? He came with sunshine in his eyes, honey on his lips; he filled the cold, black-gray world for me—filled it with light, with color and warmth. He spoke kind and tender words to me; it was the first time I had heard them, and they bewildered me; he tempted me and I fell. I went away with him, as my enemy tells you; we lived, as she tells you, in Florence. Ah, my God!'

She paused a moment, then went on:

'I did fling myself in the river, holding, as she tells you, my dead child in my arms. There I thought, there I hoped, there I prayed that Alison Trente died with her sin and her sorrow; but Heaven had pity. I was rescued—no matter by whom or how; my babe was buried, noble charity watched over me, and I woke from my long delirium of sin and suffering—woke to understand my sin, to know what I had done, what I had lost, what I had endured—woke to the knowledge that my place among good women was forfeited.

'But,' she continued, with passionate earnestness, raising her clasped hands, there was something within me, which wou'd not die—a life I could not end. God, in His goodness, had given me a genius, and that would not die, as all did. Ah! listen to me, Basil—listen and judge. I thought, vain and foolish as I was, that I could atone for my sin; I thought I could live it down—that I could learn to be so great, so noble, so generous, all memory of it should die. Oh! hapless woman that I am. Listen to me Basil. I set myself to work to redeem my life. I thought from the wretched work of the past to build up a fair and graceful edifice. I thought from a shadowed life to make one of pure and perfect day—I have failed. I found that I had genius, the gift of God; I have cultivated it. I worked as few people work, from sunrise to sunset. I read and studied in the quiet hours of the night always thinking to myself, 'I shall live it down! I shall live it down!' And when, after long and arduous toil, the reward came, when the world with one voice called me an artist, when glorious creations went forth, the work of my hands, my one thought was, 'I shall live it down!'

Then wealth and fame followed, but I never used it for myself; it went for the poor, the sick, and the needy. I spent every hour that I could take from my work in acts of charity; I nursed the sick I watched the dying, I took charge of orphans, I never once turned a deaf ear to the voice of misery. I prayed—ah, me! how I prayed, by night and by day—that God would have mercy and pardon my sin. I held out the hand of mercy to the young, the tempted, the weak. If I saw a girl listening in the sweet-scented evenings, and I knew that love not marriage, was the theme, I warned her. If I met one fallen, unhappy, deserted, I won her back by prayers and tears. I served God as only those can serve Him who have sinned against Him, and I said to myself that He would take compassion one me, and that I should live it down. Then the world offered me its homoage, as it does to the successful; my name was known, my pictures did good, men owned themselves better for seeing them; and then, when fame, honor, wealth, respect, esteem, all were mine, I thought I had lived it down—when the great and the noble courted me, I thought I had lived it down.'

Her voice sunk into a wail that was pitiful, painful in its agony, in its despair.

'I came to England, Basil, as you know, when the fervid sun of Italy had grown too strong for me, and my heart yearned for the cool green of my own land. Here I met—so far my enemy is right—my lover, the man who betrayed me, the man who had sworn to love me with an eternal love. I met him, he looked at me, and passed on without knowing me; he believed that Alison Trente was dead. She had been nothing to him—a summer's toy, a caprice. a passing fancy, a whim; and to gratify it he had thought nothing of sacrificing an immortal soul. He believed that the hapless girl he had destroyed was dead; he looked in my face and told me, with a slight sigh, how much I resembled one of his old loves. Oh! cruel irony, cruel parody of words—one of his old loves! I said to myself that I had indeed lived down my sin when my tempter failed to know me.

'I had called myself Asalita Ferrari, and by this name the world knew me. I had my revenge—a different revenge from that which my enemy has taken upon me. I found my betrayer's young wife unhappy, ill at ease, wretched, and I made peace between them. I taught her to love him—it was so that I paid my debts. And then, when I had made harmony and peace between them, I said to myself, 'Now I have lived down my sin; God has forgiven, man has forgotten it.' Then—ah! Basil, would that I could die and free you—then I met you, and loved you. You asked me to be your wife; I stopped to think. I had sinned in the ignorance, the vanity, and folly of my yonth; I had sinned, but my atonement had been long and biiter. Surely, I said to myself, my prayers and my tears have availed me, my sin is past and forgiven. Alison Trente was dead; the artist who had risen from her ashes had done no wrong. I married you. You know best whether you have seen the trace of my sin in me.'

She ceased, and, as the soft, clear voice died away, a stream of sweet melody seemed to end. Then once again she looked at him—she saw only him.

'Tell me,' she said gently, 'do you understand, Basil?'

'I understand, my darling,' he replied.

She held out her hands with an air of earnest entreaty.

'Can you pardon me?' she said; 'the world may do as it will, may punish me as it will, if you forgive me. Do not fear to speak to me; I have borne so much I can bear my doom.'

He went over to her; he took her hands in his own; a light almost divine in its tenderness and pity came over his face.

'What will you say to me?' she cried. 'Shall you curse me and send me from you?'

'No, my wife—my Alison! for I love that name of your unhappy youth; but I say to you that which I have already said to yourself, 'God forgives your sin—men never forget it.'"

Her head was bowed as she listened, then she raised it.

'But you,' she said faintly, 'can you forgive me?'

'Shall I be more severe than the great God?' he replied. 'I forgive you, Alison. I say, my dear and honored wife, that you have lived down your sin; but, alas, that I must add, the consequences can never be lived down; the stigma of it, the stain of it, the shame of it must remain with you until your life's end. The purity, the innocence of woman is so essentially God's law, that who so forfeits it loses a place they can never regain. Even I who loves you, who honor you, who esteem you, who would give my life for you, even I cannot shield you from this. It is the one error that the world may even pardon, but never forgets. I—Alison—I forgive you, as I pray God, in the hour of my need, to forgive me.'

She had listened intently, with ears that seemed filled with strange words, with eyes that were gradually losing all sight; with white locked lips from which came no sound, and as he uttered the last words her tall, stately figure swayed like a flower in a strong wind; then, with a cry never forgotten by those who heard it, the beautiful woman fell, with her face at her husband's feet. They crowded round her then, but he waved them back.

'Nugent,' he said, 'they have driven her to her death. Do not let them touch her; order the carriage for me, and I will take her home.'

As he held the silent, motionless figure in his arms, he turned to Lady Blanche. 'Your vengeance has succeded,' he said, 'inasmuch as you have shadowed her life; it has failed, inasmuch as I love her better that ever,' Lady Blanche turned scornfully away, taking the sting of his words with her.

CHAPTER LXIV.

UNEXPECTED PUNISHMENT.

An hour or two later, that same evening, some strange scenes were passing among those who had been present at Lady Blanche's vengeance. Lady Eva had wept most bitterly; the countess had great difficulty in consoling her.

'How can Nugent love me now?' she asked. 'How can he endure the sight of me? It was the most cruel thing ever done on earth.'

To console her, Lady Bleseaton was obliged to send for Nugent, and it required all his philosophy to console her—she was most indignant, angry, sorry, bewildered.

'Shall you give me up because of it,' she asked Nugent, 'or ought I to give you up? Oh, Nugent, I am so grieved that my sister should have brought this sorrow on you and yours.'

'I was unwomanly, it was ignoble, said Nugent; 'but we must not forget that it was true. Still, Eva, it need not part us my darling.'

She looked up at him, half smiling through her tears.

'There ought to be some giving up, Nugent, I am sure, but I cannot make out on whose side it should be, whether on yours or on mine.

To be continued.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

THE GLOBE

Job Printing Department.

WE HAVE IN STOCK A FINE LINE OF

"Globe" Job Print Dep't.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
TAGS, BILL HEADS, Etc., IN STOCK.

Wedding, Invitation, Visiting, Memorial and Programme Cards,

Which we will Print in the Latest Styles and at Reasonable Rates.

A. J. MACHUM, Proprietor.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ladies Fine Kid Boots.
Ladies Boots in great Variety.
Gents Boots in Calf, Buff, Grain Kangroo, No. 1 make and quality.
A Fine lot of Boy's Girl's and children's wear, also a Fine lot of American Rubbers.

These goods will be sold at prices that defy competition. I Buy direct and my expenses being small, I can sell cheaper than the cheapest.

Terms Cash from this date.

N. HARRIS,
Cor. York and King Sts.

J. H. TABOR,

—DEALER IN—

CONFECTIONERY,

Ice Cream, &c.

QUEEN STREET,

Fredericton, - N. B.

Royal Hotel

Fredericton, N. B.

Mrs. B. Atherton, Prop

Fredericton, N. B. July, 5th, 91.

T. AMOS WILSON,

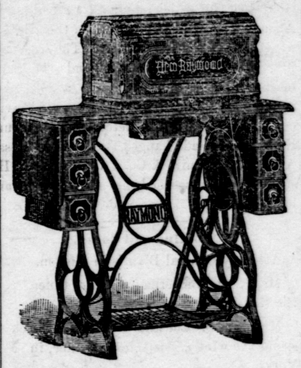
BOOKBINDER

—AND—

Paper Ruler.

Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.

Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 27.



To whom all it may concern.

The NEW RAYMOND is the best family Sewing Machine now in the market. The reasons why it is the best is because it runs the easiest, makes no noise and makes the best stitch, and never gets out of order. Has all the latest improvements. Sold Low and on easy terms. Call and see them. Sold wholesale and retail to agents.

Agents wanted now in all unoccupied territory.

Also, a large stock of Pianos and Organs.

246 Queen Street, FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McCATHERIN.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

FREDERICTON MARBLE WORKS.

ALL KINDS OF

CEMETERY WORK

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Carleton St., between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.

JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

YEARS OF VARIED and SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE In the Use of CURATIVE METHODS, that we Alone own and Control, for all Disorders of

MEN Who have weak or UNDEVELOPED, or diseased organs, who are suffering from ERRORS OF YOUTH and any Excesses, or of

MEN Who are NERVOUS and IMPOTENT, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to

FREE BOOK OF HOME TREATMENT — MEANS & METHODS EXCLUSIVELY OUR OWN — FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE — COPYRIGHTED 1898

guarantee to all patients, if they can POSSIBLY BE RESTORED, our own Exclusive method and appliances will afford a CURE! There is, then,

REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT, as set forth in our WONDERFUL BOOK, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TO-DAY. Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS. ERIE MEDICAL Co., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

TAGS!

AT THE 'GLOBE' OFFICE.