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Whither the Fates Call.

(By Martha Cobb Sanford.)

Elsie Reynolds had just finished her first year of teaching. She had not enjoyed the experience particularly, and now that the train was carrying her back to the East which she loved, she wondered how she could have even half pledged herself to return in the fall. But she had, and at length she admitted to herself the reason for it.

It was not the work! Work she must have somewhere, to be sure, but it was not necessary to seek it at so great a distance from home. No, it was not the work, but the friends she had made. Or rather, to be strictly truthful and spare herself no blushes, it was one friend, Gilbert Chandler.

The admission came as a revelation. For six months she and Gilbert had been good comrades, and they had parted as comrades, exchanging promises to write to each other during the long summer vacation if it were not too hot and if they were not too busy, etc. But Elsie had made the identical promise to half a dozen other men, more or less, who had come to the train to see her off. For Elsie was pretty and popular—and Gilbert Chandler had by no means a clear field.

Had the truth been told him (by anyone save Elsie) he would have dismissed it with a smile of incredulity.

But Elsie had no intention of telling him—indeed, having discovered the state of her feelings, she had no intention of favoring him with information of any kind. Gilbert must write first. On that point she was inflexible, even after a month of anxious waiting.

Other men wrote but the seals of their letters she broke listlessly, and answered them only in the hope that through them she might hear something of Gilbert. At length they served her purpose.

Over and over again Elsie read the unbelievable words: "You've doubtless heard about Chandler's illness," the letter ran. "Pneumonia has now set it, and that, with the typhoid complication, knocks his chances for recovery about out. And just as he was beginning to be looked upon as a young lawyer who must be reckoned with. Tough luck!"

Elsie crumpled up the letter and sobbed her heart out. There was no one to comfort her—no one who would even understand.

The summer was nearly gone before Elsie received further news. Gilbert had lived through the awful crisis, but not to receive his full health. In fact, the doctors had ordered an entire change of climate and occupation, and in consequence he had given up all his youthful ambitions, said good-by to the world of friends and activities, and taken up life with his sister on a small ranch in Texas.

Then, to all who knew her, Elsie Reynolds did a surprising and unaccountable thing. She resigned her position in the western boarding school and accepted the thankless task of teacher in a district school in Texas.

Her alleged reason—that she was tired of civilization, and hungered for primitive experience—was termed sheer madness. Yet there was no one to hold her back. She was fatherless and motherless and perforce self-supporting.

For the next two years there were two very small institutions in the Lone Star state that prospered amazingly. One was a forlorn, one-room schoolhouse, the other, a pocket handkerchief ranch which surrounded a brave, but unpretentious, little bungalow, but the latter had never guessed the existence of its wide-awake neighbor of the west.

And when a letter arrived there one summer morning announcing that Elsie Reynolds was passing through Texas on her way east and, if convenient, would like to stop off for a few days to visit old friends, the bungalow opened wide its doors and windows with astonishment and let the sun in like some unexpected guest, come to warm and cheer its lonely heart.

During the days that must pass before she should come, all was one busy whirl of anticipation. To Gilbert Chandler and his sister

the actual presence of a friend from their old-abandoned world would seem nothing short of a glimpse of heaven.

Arrayed in its sudden acquisition of muslin ruffles and chintz flowers, and quite consciously proud of its honey-suckle perfume, the little house fluttered and beamed with expectation.

At last the great day arrived. Gilbert rose early. His brown face radiant with happiness, saddled the two horses and went to meet her.

The ride back over the rolling prairie, which for each of them held its special meaning, was tremulous with things unspoken. From full hearts little save commonplaces reached the lips.

"You have been travelling, Elsie?"

"I, travelling?" she laughed back at him merrily. "No, same old story, Gilbert. Teaching."

"But you're brown as a Mexican, and you don't look the least bit fagged—though that's damning you with faint praise," he added, looking at her with very frank admiration.

"Where have you been teaching?"

"Oh, let's skip sordid details," Elsie answered evasively. "Don't you love this country?"

Gilbert followed her gaze out over the luxuriant wealth of grassy meadows and beyond, to the high grim mountains.

"Yes," he answered loyally. "I do love it. It has given me back my life."

To Elsie it seemed as if her heart must cry out and demand the whole truth.

"Do you mean that you are really well and strong again—or merely that you are grateful just to be alive?" was the question that begged to be asked, but she forced it back relentlessly.

Gilbert himself broke the tense silence between them.

"See, there's the shack," he said joyously, indicating the little gray bungalow set cozily in its frame of orchid green.

Elsie gave a cry of delight, put her horse to the gallop and rode straight and fast towards the open door.

The rest of that light-hearted, sun-filled day passed like a flash. At the end of it, however, came the inevitable moment when confidence and the exchange of mutual experiences and future hopes would no longer be denied expression.

Gilbert watched Elsie's dark head resting against the vine-covered post, as she sat on the low steps of the porch and his heart bounded toward her in a mighty yearning.

"It is time now to tell me where you have been these two long years, Elsie. Don't you think so?"

Elsie continued looking out on the endless stretch of prairie lawn before them.

"Right here," she said at last, sighing happily.

"Here?" questioned Gilbert in amazement. "Well in Texas," Elsie amended teasingly. "Please, be serious, Elsie."

"I am perfectly. For two years I've been teaching in a district school down here."

"In the name of heaven, why?" demanded Gilbert.

But Elsie would not let her hand be forced. She must know first how the game was to end.

"It is my turn to ask a question," she said. "You have succeeded here wonderfully, haven't you, Gilbert?"

As he looked down at her his smile had so much pride and pathos in it that Elsie longed to throw her arms about him and to tell him that she knew—she understood.

"Pretty well," he admitted, "for a perverted young lawyer."

"Don't," begged Elsie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

"Why, bless your sympathetic little heart," exclaimed Gilbert, noticing the tears in her eyes. "I've no kick coming over the law business. Am I not a healthy brute again. What else counts beside that?"

The joy that leaped into Elsie's heart as Gilbert spoke these words sent the color flying to her cheeks. That Gilbert might not observe her agitation, she jumped up and pretended to be training a vagrant honey-suckle vine.

"But if you are really well again, you'll go back to the law, won't you?"

"Perhaps, some time," answered Gilbert thoughtfully. He was pacing up and down the porch now. "You see, I've been out of it all now for two years, and it would take some time to get into the running again. Down here I'm making my way better than I hoped. I think there's a big chance for success. And I'm well here—gloriously well." He stopped speaking for a moment, then added, looking wistfully into the little home and lowering his voice. "The hardest thing is having my sister go back. She's to be married this fall, you know. She been a brick."

Emotion checked his further speech.

The next moment, with a little broken sob Elsie was in his arms, and the lovers gave themselves up to the ecstasy of their emotions.

Suddenly Gilbert held her at arm's length from him, nearly crushing her slender hands in the agony of his renunciation.

"No, Elsie," he said hoarsely, "I cannot, I will not let you. I have no right. It would

be asking you to sacrifice too much for me. You would die of ennui down here.

But Elsie's eyes were shining, her face was radiant with happiness.

"You forget, dear," she said gently, "that I've made it my country, too—that I have no sacrifice to make. You are my all. Besides," she added roguishly, "it's leap year, and you've no right to refuse me, Gilbert."

RICHARD GRAY.

Acquitted on a Murder Charge--Remanded Until May 19th, On Charge Of Incest.

The trial of Richard Gray on a charge of murder, began before His Honor Justice McLeod in the Circuit Court held at Upper Woodstock last week and resulted in a verdict of "not guilty."

The grand jury after retiring elected John A. Lindsay foreman, heard the evidence of Deputy Sheriff Foster, Estella Gray and Dr. Field and returning brought in a true bill for murder. To the charge the prisoner in a clear voice pleaded not guilty.

Solicitor General McLeod prosecuted aided by J. C. Hartley, and Hon. W. P. Jones, who as solicitor general was prosecuting Gray at the preliminary examination defended the prisoner.

The jury was sworn as follows: H. H. Smalley, C. E. Gallagher, Harding Crain, John Brown, Amas Demerchant, Eber Kearney, Henry B. Smith, John Farley, Wilmot Robinson, Henry Post, Michael Keenan and Frank Hayward.

Solicitor General McLeod addressed the jury in an able speech, giving the facts of the case from the birth of the child on January 22nd last, claiming that it was born alive, and that it was taken out of the bedroom by the prisoner and deposited by him where it was found about a mile from the house by Wilmot Lawrence and Leonard Wolverton on February 12th under a log and covered with snow.

Estella Gray swore that she lived in Upper Knoxford, was the daughter of Richard Gray and was seventeen years of age last December. She had lived all her life with her parents with the exception of three years when she was with her Grandfather Shaw in Somerville, that she gave birth to a child on January 22nd, that the child was born alive, that her father took what she supposed was the child after it was wrapped in a blanket by her mother out of the room through the kitchen and shed out doors, inside of half an hour after its birth.

The spectators were ordered out of the room during a part of Miss Gray's evidence. Wilmot Lawrence and Leonard Wolverton swore to the finding of the body, notifying Sheriff Foster, who took the body to the coroner in Bath.

Ralph Whitney swore he resided in Houlton, was a policeman, assisted Foster to arrest prisoner near Houlton on February 8th. Neither Foster nor he offered any inducement or in any way threatened the prisoner to secure the confession which he made.

Whitney was about to give the confession of the prisoner when Hon. Mr. Jones objected to the evidence on the ground that neither Foster nor Whitney warned the prisoner not to make a confession, as it might be used against him on trial. Mr. Jones quoted authorities on the subject. The Solicitor General also read opinions contra.

Deputy Sheriff Foster was the first witness on Wednesday. He told of his information of the crime, of the search for the prisoner and finally his arrest. He was followed by Dr. Commins, of Bath and Dr. Fields, of Centreville, who testified to the result of the post mortem. They swore that the child was born alive inasmuch as the lungs floated when immersed in water. This opinion was not changed by cross examination.

The crown closed its case and the defence offered no evidence.

Mr. Jones addressed the jury and he was followed in an able speech by the Solicitor-General.

Judge McLeod refused to allow the Solicitor-General to question Ralph Whitney concerning an alleged confession on the part of Gray immediately after his arrest, and also sustained Hon. Mr. Jones' objection to the calling of Mrs. Gray, wife of the prisoner, on the ground that she was neither competent nor compellable.

Judge McLeod began his address at half past two, speaking only twenty minutes in an impartial and concise manner. After presenting the salient facts the learned judge told the jury they must address themselves to the following questions:

1st—Was the child born alive?
2nd—Did the prisoner carry it away from the house?

3rd—Was it living when he took it away?
4th—If dead when he carried it off, had he killed it?

The jurymen were out just twenty-five minutes when they brought in a verdict of acquittal. Through their foreman, Chas. E. Gallagher, the verdict was announced at half past four.

Gray seemed unmoved at the finding, in fact during the whole afternoon it was notice

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ed that he was of a more cheerful disposition than previously had been the case. He told his friends that he confidently looked for acquittal.

Upon motion of the Solicitor-general, the prisoner was remanded to jail until Tuesday, May 19, when an indictment for incest will be laid against him before the grand jury.

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NOTICE OF MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the first general meeting of the shareholders of The Woodstock Cold Storage Company, Limited, will be held at the office of The Carleton Creamery Company on Connell Street in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Friday the eighth day of May next at the hour of eight of the clock in the afternoon for the purpose of organizing the Company, electing directors and transacting all such business as may legally be transacted at a general meeting of the Company.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock this twentieth day of April, A. D. 1908.

J. FRANK TILLEY, ANDREW MYLES, J. A. HAYDEN, Provisional Directors

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